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RUTH WATERBURY, ED

JUNE

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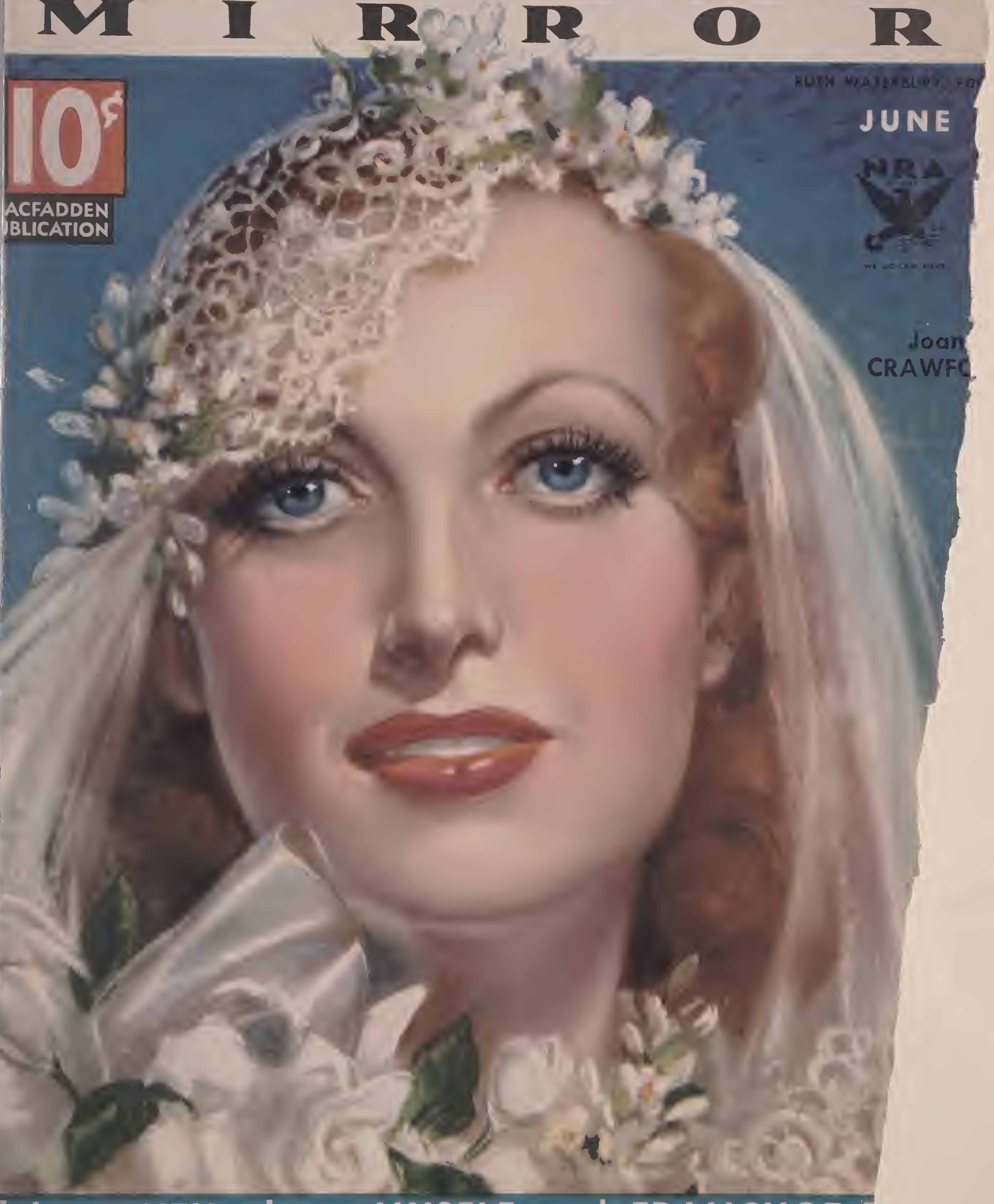


Joan
CRAWFO

"The TRUTH about MYSELF and FRANCHOT T

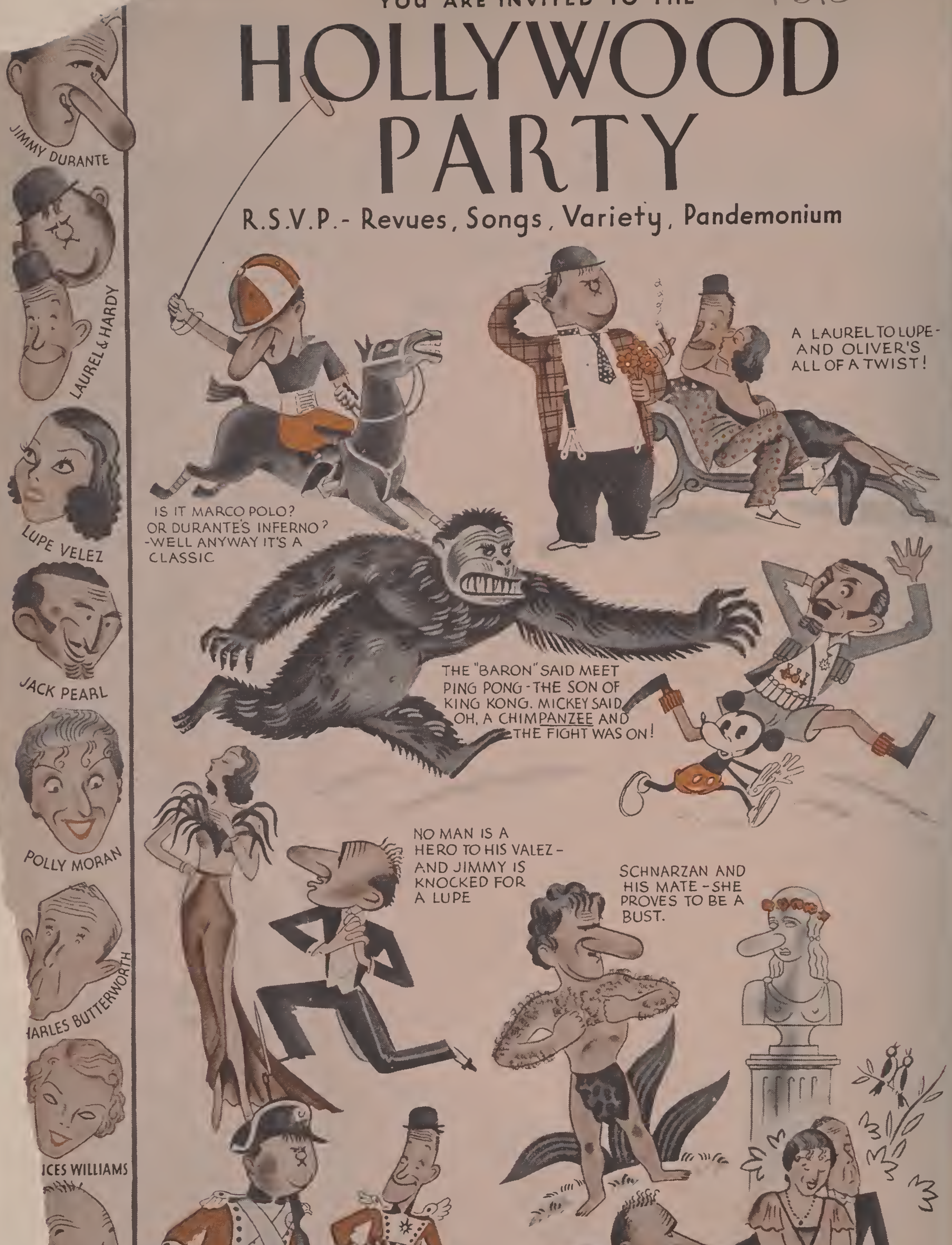
Re[illegible]led By JOAN CRAWFORD

P51.5

YOU ARE INVITED TO THE

HOLLYWOOD PARTY

R.S.V.P.- Revues, Songs, Variety, Pandemonium


JIMMY DURANTE
LAUREL & HARDY
LUPE VELEZ
JACK PEARL
POLLY MORAN
HARLES BUTTERWORTH
ICES WILLIAMS
) HEALY
KEY
IS IT MARCO POLO? OR DURANTE'S INFERNO? -WELL ANYWAY IT'S A CLASSIC
A LAUREL TO LUPE - AND OLIVER'S ALL OF A TWIST!
THE "BARON" SAID MEET PING PONG - THE SON OF KING KONG. MICKEY SAID OH, A CHIMPANZEE AND THE FIGHT WAS ON!
NO MAN IS A HERO TO HIS VALEZ - AND JIMMY IS KNOCKED FOR A LUPE
SCHNARZAN AND HIS MATE - SHE PROVES TO BE A BUST.
HYSTERICAL FACTS! NAPOLEON IS STILL FRENCH PASTRY AND BISMARCK IS ONLY A HERRING.
WHAT IS BUTTERWORTH TO POLLY - WHEN POLLY WANTS A CRACKER? - A WISE CRACKER.
alajalov

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

movie MIRROR

he ONLY Film Magazine Edited from Hollywood

RUTH WATERBURY
EDITOR

Ernest V. Heyn, New York Editor

ASHER, Associate Editor

WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL, Art Director

VOL. 5 No. 7——JUNE, 1934

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They're telling us that Movie Mirror is Hollywood's favorite fan magazine. Anyway Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg seem to be enjoying it

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★ DICK POWELL ★ GINGER ROGERS ★

Funniest and fastest of all the great Warner Bros. musicals! Produced with all the smartness and variety of "Wonder Bar" and "Gold Diggers"—but entirely and sensationally different! Your chance to see a host of famous radio acts in action, in an uproarious inside story of the ether studios! Don't miss . . . . . .

★ PAT O'BRIEN

"20 MILLION SWEETHEARTS"

★ ALLEN JENKINS

With all the great personalities pictured here, plus Three Radio Rogues, Muzzy Marcellino, The Three Debutantes, Joseph Cawthorn, Grant Mitchell. A First National Picture directed by Ray Enright.

★ TED FIORITO & HIS BAND

Mae West in "IT AIN'T NO SIN"

with Roger Pryor, John Mack Brown. Duke Ellington & Band . . . Directed by Leo McCarey

if it's a PARAMOUNT PICTURE . . . it's the best show in town!

The HIDDEN HOLLYWOOD

Your Editor Unearths the Very Latest Lowdown

Ruth Waterbury

They went to an opening together, did Janet Gaynor and Gene Raymond — and Hyman Fink snapped 'em in this grand pose. Matter of fact, they go out together frequently and, as for their amorous intentions — well, read what Gene has to say

GENE RAYMOND declares there is nothing to the fact that he and Janet Gaynor are being seen together frequently.

"No engagement, no marriage," Gene says, "But oh, how I like the girl!"

* * *

LOVE STORY

Here's the side of Hollywood you hear so little about—a sentimental story about two of its most sophisticated people.

Not many people know that Edmund Lowe is a very devout Catholic, yet he took frequent excursions away from the glitter of his daily life to the quiet backwaters of his church. He made one of those retreats just a few weeks before he went East on that final, fatal trip with Lilyan Tashman. As he left the monastery he had visited in northern California, his Father Confessor gave him two rosaries which he had blessed for him.

Eddie gave one to Lilyan. It was always her habit to keep Eddie's latest gift near her and thus the little rosary was in her hands when she died.

To have her buried with it meant that there must be two ceremonies—one in Lilyan's own Jewish faith, one in Eddie's church, so both services were held to make sure that the little remembrance should not be taken from her. And today, Eddie Lowe, going mute and sombre-eyed about Hollywood, hiding his grief as best he can, carries the other rosary constantly with him.

* * *

SILLY RUMOR DEPARTMENT

Discard the legend that Jean Harlow is about to become a mother. Jean's studio knows exactly where that report started—in an Eastern hospital that has sent out many similar reports about other stars. The inner Hollywood knows of this hospital's cheap way of getting its name in the paper by whispering that prospective film mothers have engaged rooms there. But to stop the rumors would be more trouble than to ignore them.

* * *

CYNIC

Found at last—the man who enjoys Hollywood's fast fading romances! "I love movie divorces," cried Harrold Grieve, the interior decorator of many film homes. "Every time a star decides to get rid of a husband or wife it means the house must be completely done over." Currently in the redecorating stage are Jack Gilbert, because of Virginia Bruce's exit, Joan Crawford (you guess why), Mervyn LeRoy, just married, Hardie Albright and Martha Sleeper (honeymoon stuff).

* * *

WHISPER WHISPER

The head man of what studio is very interested in what lovely blonde? . . . Which member was it of what famous Hollywood romance who refused to be quoted about the other, confessing the romance might break up any minute? . . . What Hollywood recent separation is very sad, since it is the too-late autumnal love of a great personality? . . . What very famous screen charmer meets her newest male interest at the prize fights weekly while her regular escort accompanies her, all unsuspecting?

* * *

IN Hollywood, where physical beauty is ever present, the two current belles are Esther Ralston and Virginia Bruce, both divorcées, both interested in staging comebacks. No less than a dozen important film men with whom I have talked during the last month have mentioned either one or both of them and always they say the same thing.

"They are more beautiful than ever," is the comment.

Personally, I wonder if it isn't that both Esther and Virginia have a dove-like quietness, a poignant sweetness, a gently drooping quality that makes men want to protect them. Old stuff, but it works in filmdom as well as elsewhere.

★ ★ In this, the best picture made since "ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT," which was the greatest picture of all time, Carl Laemmle has the honor to present

Margaret Sullavan

with DOUGLASS MONTGOMERY

★ IN ★

"LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW?"

A FRANK BORZAGE PRODUCTION

Screen Play by WILLIAM ANTHONY McGUIRE

★ ★ IT'S A UNIVERSAL PICTURE

At Joan Crawford's birthday party, our editor, Ruth Waterbury, was the only writing person asked! Can you find Clarence Brown, Franchot Tone, Joan, her mother, Gene Raymond, our own Ruth and Esther Ralston?

inside stuff

by PETER ABBOTT

With Photographs taken by

HYMAN FINK

HOT NEWS: **Jimmy Dunn** has fallen in a very big way for Patsy Lee, former dancing girl, now under contract to Fox.

After **Charlie Farrell** finished "Change of Heart" with **Janet Gaynor**, Fox did not re-sign him for another picture. And we'd been hoping they'd continue to team Janet and Charlie.

Sydney Fox is receiving roses from **Douglass Montgomery** but is most frequently seen out dancing with Erwin Gelsey.

Margaret Churchill's baby arrives next month. Which will make **George O'Brien** a daddy.

Cameraman **Hal Mohr** and **Evelyn Venable** look as though they mean business. Mohr says he'll be able to talk about it after November—not before.

Marlene Dietrich is seen dining out again these days with Director Rouben Mamoulian.

Dorothea Wieck and **Judith Allan** have been dropped by Paramount.

Any quarrels there may have been between **Charlie Chaplin** and **Paulette Goddard** have been patched up. They're cooing again.

* * *

JOAN CRAWFORD'S birthday was everything that such a famous day should be. Early in the morning flowers began to arrive on the "Sadie McKee" set, from friends and fans all over the world. Members of the crew sent her enough white flowers to last a lifetime. Franchot's present was a beautiful pair of star-sapphire and diamond earrings—they fit on like a clip, instead of dangling, are wing shape and follow the slope of the ear. Another present that thrilled Joan was a huge white china rabbit. It was filled with her favorite gardenias and the attached card bore this message "Happy Birthday to my girl" from May Robson.

* * *

YOU'D never guess what good neighbors ZaSu Pitts and Claudette Colbert have finally become. For years they've lived next door to each other, but never met. Then when ZaSu went to Paramount, and Claudette was working on "Cleopatra," someone introduced them.

DeMille wanted Claudette to gain weight, so ZaSu sends a pint of cream from her own cow, every morning. And in return, Claudette invites ZaSu's children over to use her swimming pool—the one where Garbo used to dunk in seclusion.

* * *

SOMETHING that could happen only in Hollywood. One of the most prominent dentists among whose patients are Ronald Colman, Adolphe Menjou and Greta Garbo was busy whacking away at a bicuspid when two prospective customers walked in.

One of the girls said in the intimate Hollywood way that she had just signed to work in the chorus of Mae West's new picture. The bitter-looking chorine said that she went along but didn't get the job.

The dentist out of politeness asked why. At that the girl reached for the hem of her dress and whipped it ove her head. When the dentist had caugh his breath he saw that she had her bathing suit on under the dress. "See. I'm too skinny for the beef trust. They want heft."

The dental office didn't settle down to its routine for days.

* * *

THE newest foursome in Hollywood these days, is that of Lupe Velez, Johnny Weissmuller, Adrienne Ames and Bruce Cabot. They are seen at the fights and take each other to their respective previews. But cafe owners are in despair when they see these patrons enter because whenever she dines out Viva Velez draws pretty pictures all over the table cloth. The minute she departs, there is a mad scrambling of customers, who slash and tear the cloth, trying to get the drawings for a souvenier.

* * *

THE "Tingel-Tangel Theatre" in Hollywood, is a tiny European music box, sponsored by Francis Lederer. All the famous ones attend the eighteen acts of "different" vaudeville, and enjoy the food and refreshments served at the bar, between the acts. A swell place to see the stars!

A swell candid camera shot of Leslie Howard and Spencer Tracy at the Riviera Polo Field. Do you think it's polo they're discussing?

Herbert Marshall went to see his wife off to New York. They're saying it was their final farewell!

At a charity affair at the Pantages Theatre, these three beauties—er—no, they're Frank McHugh, Charlie Butterworth behind the mike, and Bing Crosby

Among the spectators one night was Connie Bennett with Gilbert Roland. And of all people, the usher would pick on the tempestuous Bennett to place in the wrong seat. When she was asked to move, Connie obliged—right straight out the door. The show was going on, but that didn't prevent her from making a few choice remarks before she left.

* * *

A short, short story. A little over a year ago, Ramon Novarro went to Europe. His beautiful modernistic hillside home was occupied by Myrna Loy, who consented to be his guest and look after it.

Recently Ramon departed again. This time for a concert tour of South America. Just before sailing, he advertised for a responsible party to live in his house—and pay rent.

* * *

C. B. DE MILLE in all his glory was directing a scene for "Cleopatra." There were hundreds of extras walking around, each one wearing little more than an Egyptian loin strap and headpiece. Just as they got ready to shoot, several property men came on the set and distributed heavy woolen stocking feet, to be worn over their sandals. This, of course, to deaden the sound of scraping feet on marble floors, which purpose they served well.

In a far corner stood a little old lady, who was visiting from out of town.

"Isn't Mr. DeMille the nicest man," she beamed, "giving all those men feet warmers so they won't catch cold!"

* * *

GINGER ROGERS is a red carnation twirler. Whenever she studies her script or reads a book, the ever-present flower is in her hands. She keeps a supply of them in her dressing room and insists they always be red.

* * *

EARL BENHAM, who makes those swell-elegant clothes for all the famous ones, tells this one on Jimmy Durante.

"I saved a woman from drowning once," says Jimmy. "She went into the bathroom to take a bath, and while in the tub she went to sleep and slipped down underneath the water—and if I hadn't been looking over the transom, and hollered real quick, she might have been drowned."

* * *

And here's another one on Jimmy Durante. He was getting the low-down on Eskimo lovemaking from Mala, the Magnificent. Among other things, "Schnozzle" was informed that the Eskimos kiss by rubbing noses.

"I should have been an Eskeemo," croaked Jimmy. "What a lover I would have made—what a Casanova!"

* * *

ADRIAN adds a word of praise to the memory of Lilyan Tashman. "Lil was a constant inspiration," says Adrian, "and none of us knew how sick she really was. When we made her clothes for Norma Shearer's picture, "Riptide," she would stand for hours, until the tiniest imperfection was altered. She was always enthusiastic, always appreciative and never had a word of complaint."

* * *

HEATHER ANGEL, the ethereal one who played the "now I'm here, now I'm not" role in Berkeley Square is thoroughly earthy in real life. Her newest pastime is playing polo with the boys. Charles Farrell and Big Boy Williams have learned after a few good whacks on the shins that this hard riding English gal needs no quarter.

* * *

NORMA SHEARER has another gentleman in her household besides Irving Thalberg who knows what he wants and usually gets it.

Irving Thalberg Jr. accompanies his mother to the studio every morning but insists on sitting on the chauffeur's lap and "driving" the car himself.

Below, Hymie Fink got us the first picture showing Francis Lederer with his sweetheart, Steffi Duna. They've been That Way for a long, long time

We're always glad to have a chance to show you this lady. So Hymie has instructions to snapshot Jean Harlow whenever he gets a chance!

Here's proof of the interesting item about Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Goddard in "The Hidden Hollywood," page 4. Caught at the Tingel-Tangel Theatre

inside

O-O-OH Dear! ZaSu Pitts finally got to meet Mae West. It happened in the Paramount commissary when ZaSu was working in "Cleopatra" for DeMille.

"You're not near as big as I thought you were," wailed the comedian. Then realizing how her remark sounded, she added, "I mean this way." (Business of making her hands go up and down.) Then she decided to start all over again. "How do you like your picture, Miss West?" she sighed. "You ought to like it—you wrote it." By this time poor ZaSu was beyond all human aid. Feebly waving one hand, while she chewed the nails of the other—she slowly backed out of sight without saying another word.

* * *

ESTHER RALSTON who has the second lead in Joan Crawford's "Sadie McKee" has turned song writer. Earl Oxford who works with her in the last part of the picture was late for rehearsal one morning. While waiting for him, Esther took her pencil in hand, lined up the chorus and went into concentration. When the hour-late Oxford arrived, his welcome was loud and lusty. The chorus was dancing like mad as they and Esther warbled in the best musical comedy manner—

"All we do the whole day through
is wait for you.
Do you think this is all we have
to do?
You are late and how we hate
To sit on drafty sets like this.
You be careful or it's the gate.
All we do is sniff and sneeze;
We're catching cold.
By the time that you arrive
We'll all be old.
Rocky Comfort's calling you.
If you're late again the hell with
you.
There's a train that's leaving now
So toodle oo."

Oxford has his retaliation song ready but Esther has been on time ever since.

* * *

JEAN PARKER met Lupe Velez on the M-G-M lot the other day. Jeanie is wearing her hair somewhat after the fashion of "Little Women." Jean looked at Lupe's similar bangs and said by way of conversation "So you're copying my hair-do." Luckily Jean kept right on going. When she looked back a block later, Lupe was still telling her in profane English and explosive Mexican that she had done her hair "like thees" before Jean was dry behind the ears.

* * *

WHO do you think demands all the attention of a prima donna? None other than Nat Pendleton, who so convincingly plays those mug characters. In a scene from "Lazy River," Nat was supposed to swim under water and rescue Bob Young from drowning. But if you think Pendleton would go in the water before it was heated, you don't know your screen gangsters.

Shortly after this, the studio loaned Nat to Harold Lloyd. There was another water scene, but this time it was in a bath tub. And because the soap got in his eyes, Nat insisted they use whipped cream, before he would go on with the scene.

* * *

STRANGE tales come over the Cinema Underground about Mae West's "It Ain't No Sin." It is said that all the extras used in the picture must have been in pictures at least five years. A safeguard against gangsters. Mae's little tiff with the underworld has turned sinister. One also hears that the real reason that George Raft didn't play the lead opposite the strutting Mae is that the sawed-off shotgun boys sent word to Raft that it was thumbs down. Diamond Lil is in a spot.

* * *

Charles Laughton had to play an American on the London stage. This was before he even thought of Hollywood and its flickering lantern slides. He was up a tree, for the correct accent. Then light broke. He went shopping and came home triumphant. He had found a phono-

Another group at the Tingel-Tangel: Russ Gleason, Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres. We're wondering when the last two mentioned will up 'n' git married.

Now Ruth Chatterton shares with the great Greta the title: The Woman Who Walks Alone. You can read why in the fine story on page 26. This was snapped at the Vendome.

Little Marion Nixon, gallant divorcee, seems to h alone at the Tingel-Tang Theatre. She doesn't see to be having a bad tim at all, from the looks of

TINGEL TANGEL
THEATRE

stuff

CONTINUED

graph record that was just the thing. So he went to work and learned the typical American accent. The record was a speech made by Calvin Coolidge.

* * *

MILDRED LLOYD went to a fortune teller in Santa Barbara. Mildred made a special trip from Los Angeles to the mystic, having heard that she was a marvel. Mildred was dressed in her best Paris suit and felt like Chanel herself. The seer looked at Mildred and then into the crystal ball. She lowered her voice and prophesied, "Your husband will get work soon and things will be easier for you." Mildred came home to Harold and has never worn the suit since.

* * *

AT a large party in Hollywood, Lawrence Tibbett was one of the honored guests. Another was an exotic looking woman who was introduced as a Russian princess. In the course of the evening, she waved her long cigarette holder at Tibbett, requesting him to sing. Could he sing a song of her poor Russia?

Mr. Tibbett said surely and took his stance at the piano. He sang magnificently, so touchingly that the princess was in a state of collapse after hearing her native tongue once more.

When Tibbett finished, one of his friends rushed over to him and said "Larry, I didn't know that you could sing in Russian."

Tibbett answered: "I can't. I was just pleasing the lady. I made up the words."

* * *

W. C. FIELDS is forced to move out of his house. Termites are moving in. They are busy little housekeepers, those ants, so busy that your house falls down around your ears if you stay long enough.

Termites have gotten into the famous and beautiful Murnau house in Tahiti. The natives of the South Sea Isle consider it a blessing. They begged Murnau not to build the house on the site of the burial grounds of the Kings. He was offered any other place on the island that he wished. But he was not superstitious. He built his mansion, by far the most beautiful in the South Seas. Murnau was killed in an automobile accident, a violent death.

Next a San Francisco woman took the house. She killed herself, leaving no explanation. Douglas Fairbanks had the house next. His luck has been none too good. So the natives regard the termites as the instruments of the gods.

* * *

GUESS what happened when "Dracula" and "Frankenstein" got together? They scared the—daylights out of each other. Belas Lugosi and Boris Karloff were working in the "The Black Cat." The first day the company worked on a stage where many of the old Universal sets are stored.

It just so happened that each forgot something and returned, long after the rest of the company had gone home. The night watchman, thinking everyone had departed, switched off the lights. The two "monsters," groping their way in the dark, suddenly came in contact with each other. Their behavior was anything but what you'd expect from two gentlemen who make a living by creating horror!

* * *

When asked what she enjoyed the most in America, Madeline Carrol, beautiful English school star recently imported by Fox remarked, "I like your comic cuts." Which means that Madeline likes to read our funny papers.

* * *

HE may be all the world to his adoring public, but to Mrs. Leslie Howard, Leslie is as difficult as a small boy. Whenever she wants him to go out places, she has to resort to every known artifice. Leslie would much rather stay home and fool around in his dark room. But one evening, she finally succeeded in getting him to accompany her to Hollywood's very fashionable Colony Club.

When Bob Montgomery and his attractive wife left for New York, Irving Thalberg and the missus, Norma Shearer, went to the Santa Fe station to see 'em off.

Just as she entered the place, beaming with pride, she happened to look down. On Leslie's feet were a pair of old red house slippers. Back to the house they went. And chuckling to himself, Leslie went back to developing pictures.

* * *

THE day Frances Dee finished her latest picture, Joel McCrea rushed to the studio to get her. Suddenly he remembered that he wanted to buy her flowers. He didn't want to disappoint her and he hated to keep her waiting.

Out of the studio he dashed and headed for the nearest florist. When he got back, there was Frances tapping an impatient but dainty foot. But after she saw the huge bouquet of yellow roses, her heart melted. Love!

* * *

YAS suh, it was a Hollywood wedding—the likes of which have never been seen before. And it happened right on the sound stage where "Murder in the Vanities," was being filmed. One of Earl Carroll's "colored cuties," a local importation decided suddenly to marry one of the ebony-hued boys in the orchestra. So they pinned a corsage on the bride's dancing costume, Director Mitchell Leissen gave her away and with such players as George Raft, Bing Crosby, and Carole Lombard as spectators, the bride marched down the aisle to the hottest wedding march ever played.

* * *

IRENE DUNNE, who claims all records as a long distance wife, has her own ideas on marriage.

"Husbands, the really good ones, are like boys, always," says Irene. "Naturally some things they do, some of the boyish stunts, are irritating. But one must close her eyes to that and remember the one big thing—her deep-rooted love for her husband."

And that, little kiddies, comes from a lady about whom you never hear divorce rumors.

* * *

NOT so long ago a little girl worked as a candy wrapper in a Hollywood five and ten cent store. One day she happened to look out the window and see Joan Crawford sitting downstairs in an open car.

So thrilled was she that she forgot everything, but seeing her favorite star in person. The floorwalker came along, and before firing her, advised her to get a job with Joan Crawford if she wanted to stand and look at her.

Several weeks later, the floorwalker met the girl on the street.

"What are you doing now?" he asked.

"I'm working for Joan Crawford," was the flip reply, "I took your advice, applied for a job as her stand-in and got it."

* * *

And now with "Cleopatra," well under way, a certain smart-cracking comedian in Hollywood wants to know why DeMille doesn't change his name to "B. C." instead of C. B.

* * *

BEBE DANIELS was sitting in her dressing room, getting ready to go on the set. Suddenly, out of a corner came a tiny mouse. It took one brief glimpse at Bebe, surveyed the entire room and then slowly went back to its hideout again.

"Guess I'm losing my popularity," said Bebe as she patted on her make-up. (*Continued on page* 93)

HEY! speak for yourself

Movie Mirror awards Seven Prizes each month for the best letters—$20 first prize; $10 second prize; five prizes of $1 each. Just write in what you think about talkies, stars or stories. Keep your letters down to 200 words or less. Address: "Speak foi Yourself" 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

$20 PRIZE LETTER

A Fan's Rebuke to Fans

"Speak for Yourself," Movie Mirror graciously tells us. And I notice that the fans are not a bit backward in criticizing and finding fault with stars. I wonder if they ever stop to wonder what the stars think of them?

The riot at Lilyan Tashman's funeral was one of the most disgraceful things I've ever heard of. And the way the fans battled policemen, and generally disgraced themselves when Clark Gable arrived in New York, was an orgy of bad taste.

I think those fans had better start improving themselves before they start criticizing the stars. I wish Editor Ruth would give that type of fan a good talking to, and that they would heed it. For I am a movie fan, and I don't want to be ashamed of that fact.

Margaret Kelly,
San Francisco, Calif.

$10 PRIZE LETTER

Movie-Miracle

Behold! A miracle has happened! The great moguls in Hollywood have at last given an author credit for knowing how he wanted the characters of his story to talk and act. Lucky Samuel Hopkins Adams! They filmed his story "Night Bus" without changing the plot, situation or dialogue. All they changed was the title to "It Happened One Night" (said title having nothing to do with the story, as the action covers quite a few days and nights) but even that did not spoil a grand picture which contained some of the snappiest dialogue and unusually amusing situations ever filmed.

If only other producers would profit by the success of this picture and give us more pictures that aren't rewritten until the original story is lost in the shuffle.

Producers of "Little Man, What Now?" please note—and don't—please don't omit that "smoked salmon" sequence of Fallada's quaint book.

Starr Icyda,
Chicago, Ill.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

Talkies Uplift More than "Sinkers"

Being one of those itinerant souls who's forever broke, busted and on the bum, an occasional second-run showing of one of those supposed four-star gems, is all I can afford to attend nowadays, particularly when I feel that a talkie would be more uplifting than a couple of sinkers and a cup of Java.

Which, however roundaboutly, brings me to the sage observation that the supposed four-star gems of today, with one or two exceptions, are four-star gems. Whenever such pictures as "Henry the VIIIth" or "Cavalcade" are offered us, it's plain that the talkies are destined to become one of the most important and wholesomely entertaining of arts, many highbrow snickerings to the contrary, notwithstanding.

In short, money still being notoriously scarce, it's getting to be so that I'd rather see a good talkie anytime—and by good, I mean GOOD, without squeaming all over town later—than eat.

Louis E. Palffy,
Minneapolis, Minn.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

Cagily Speaking

Mary Carlisle—an adorable kitten.
Jimmie Durante—laughing hyena.
Johnnie Weissmuller—shaggy Newfoundland.
Otto Kruger—blue-blooded greyhound.
Jimmy Cagney—self-satisfied Pekinese.
Wally Beery—genial old walrus.
George Arliss—sagacious chimpanzee.
George Raft—sleek Sealyham.
Lewis Stone—silver-haired fox.
Stuart Erwin—playful collie.

Virginia H. McDowell,
Ronceverte, West Virginia.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

Movie Colleges too Luxurious

With all the wonders it has produced, why can't Hollywood, just once, give us an honest-to-gosh, true-to-type picture of school and college life? They've given us plenty of college films all right, but the sets are too luxurious, and the clothes too expensive, and the classroom atmosphere never seems quite the real thing. Even the football games don't click. I'm a university graduate and none of my college days possessed the glamor the movies tint the school films with. If my memories are thrilling, it is only because romance and glamor are the afterthought on adventure, not because they are reality. And so I wonder, can the producers fill an order like this?

Kay Matthews,
Seattle, Wash.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

Good Movies Should Be Shown Again

A good movie is like a good book or a beautiful picture. We think about it for days, weeks—even years. But there is one difference. We can reread a good

(*Continued on page 93*)

JOAN CRAWFORD Reveals "The Truth About Myself and Franchot Tone"

"I DO not believe in marriage for two people living in Hollywood."

That, flatly and definitely, is what Joan Crawford says today when you ask her about the possibility of her marrying Franchot Tone. Franchot has stated, again and again, that he wants to marry Joan, and that he will keep on asking her to marry until she consents.

Joan, on the other hand, has remained silent, has uttered no definite statement, one way or the other, until she granted me this interview.

For Joan to be cagey about anything concerning her emotional life reveals the change that has come over her. The amazing Crawford of today is not the girl of "Dodo and Billie"; not the happy girl-wife of the home that was called "Celieto Linda," which means "Little Heaven," the mistress of the honeymoon house where mechanical doves kissed over the doorway every time a guest rang the doorbell.

When I said to her, "Joan, for your own sake, wouldn't it be better to explain whether or not you are going to marry Franchot," her eyes grew sombre and her mouth stern.

"I do not think it is fair for a woman who wants a career as much as I do to marry," she said. "I do not think that would be fair to Franchot. There is only one possible way that I could ever consider marrying again and still have my interests in Hollywood. I would insist that a clause be inserted in my contract, whereby I was allowed six months out of the year to get as far away from this place as possible. In that time I would forget that it even existed. I would go away, on that holiday, with the man I loved, and we would play together, do the things we liked to do.

"Then when we came back to Hollywood, we would settle down to hard work. We would live the sort of superficial life you are forced to live here. But it would not bother us because we would have something bigger and finer waiting for us in the outside world.

"But I do not believe that I will marry again. I tried it once and failed. Possibly the day will come when I will say, "Oh, all right, I'll try it again. Right now, I doubt that. But if I should remarry, I would never give another interview on my married life. Hollywood teaches you that your private life belongs to the world. It does not. It should not. Letting the world look into your home, letting it know what you are thinking and doing takes away everything that is beautiful and sacred.

"Recently when I was making 'Sadie McKee' I had the most sickening thing happen to me. I was doing a scene where I have to walk over to a table, pick up a magazine and casually glance through the pages.

"Just as the lights were set for the scene, I noticed the cover of the magazine I was supposed to read. It was an old movie magazine and the cover line was 'We are Married the Modern Way, Says Joan Crawford.' I was never more embarrassed. At the time that I gave that story, I was utterly sincere. None of us knows what lies in store for him. But I never want to be quoted again on anything I may live to regret.

"I was talking sincerely when I gave out those stories but I also let myself be quoted because I did believe that I owed my private life, thoughts and emotions to the public. I had been trained to that belief. Writers came to me and made me feel that their very bread and butter depended upon my giving them such stories. I thought I was

Her one and only interview about her much-discussed romance

by JERRY ASHER

supposed to give them out. It never occurred to me to think of myself.

"RECENTLY I read an interview of Carole Lombard's. She expressed what I myself feel. She said that a wife appears at her best in the studio, powdered, rouged and marcelled to perfection. Her daily, impersonal associates see her at her best. When she goes home she is tired. Maybe she doesn't feel like keeping on her girdle or having her hair set. She wants a comfortable pair of old mules on her feet, instead of spike heeled pumps. So for her husband, for the man she loves and who loves her, she lets down. Around the one person with whom she should appear her best, she grows a little careless. It is not thoughtlessness or neglect. It is just Hollywood and the sort of life you are forced to live working in pictures. I do not think that is fair to the man I would marry.

"It is because of these things that I am so afraid of falling deeply, terribly in love. It demands so much. You want to give too much. Perhaps I expect too much. But that is only because I feel I am capable of giving the love I expect in return. But when love turns into marriage, it does something to people. I am not speaking generally but again of marriage in Hollywood. Marriage makes lovers just people. They struggle and sacrifice until they attain each other. Then once they are united, the little thoughts and attentions that mean so much are forgotten between them. Their life together loses its glamor and possession becomes an empty thing."

Now you do not have to be more than the most amateur psychologist to realize that only a girl who has been terribly hurt by love would give such statements.

Talking to Joan today I kept thinking of the Joan of a year ago, of April, the fourteenth, 1933 to be exact. That was the day on which she got her divorce from young Doug.

She asked me to meet her that day, after she left court, at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel. I remember her as she entered the lobby of the hotel, walking with a quick, nervous step. Her face was deadly white, her large eyes even larger than usual. She was dressed in black and white, a little black hat, a black and white checked suit.

We went into the tea room and sat at a table in a secluded corner. Joan stared straight ahead and did not utter a sound. Time passed. Occasionally she would light a cigarette while the match shook in her nervous fingers. For the first time since 1929 she was a free woman. But the prospect then was not a happy one.

Finally she spoke. "I'll never marry again as long as I live," were her first words. "There's no such thing as honesty or true love. If anyone ever catches me believing in anything I hope they give me a good sock in the jaw."

She was cynical and bitter that day, hurt almost beyond endurance, and yet before we left, she stopped in one of the shops in the hotel and bought a gift for her hairdresser, who had testified for her in the divorce proceedings.

It had been just around Christmas, four months preceding this time that she had first met Franchot Tone. Joan was restless and miserable and the last thing she wanted was an unknown actor in her

(Continued on page 66)

scoop! The Real Trip

by GRETA MONTEBELL

This grand snatch shot of Katie Hepburn was taken as she stepped out of her cabin during her trip on the S. S. Paris. It appears exclusively in Movie Mirror

THIS is the story that Katharine Hepburn believed would never be told—the inside story of her trip abroad, and of her strange change of tactics when she came back.

It is one of the most unusual, revealing stories I have encountered in more than ten years of reporting, for it is the story of a gallant woman who had made a habit of courage but who at last was beaten and licked by life—and who ran away!

When Katharine Hepburn sailed on March 17 on the S. S. Paris, accompanied by a single woman friend, Miss Suzanne Steel, a singer, friends said she had sailed with the idea of being gone for months—of taking Lily Pons' house at Nice, and spending the lovely spring months there.

She spent four days in France, and then returned on the same liner on which she had come!

Why?

At once a million rumors were launched, like dogs unleashed from their chains. They said she had come back because Ludlow Smith, her husband, demanded that she return. Believing that she had gone to France to get a divorce, he had threatened to talk. And Katharine had returned to make her peace with him. That was one rumor.

Then there was that other story—a simple, businesslike explanation. She had suddenly motored from Paris to Havre and boarded the S. S. Paris a few minutes before it sailed because she had received a telegram from RKO, saying that the picture "Joan of Arc" was being held up pending her return.

And there were other stories, all based on wild speculation, on gossip and rumor.

Listen!

There was no truth in any of these stories.

Far from being anxious to talk, Ludlow (Hepburn) Smith refused to see reporters at all. His secretary had been given orders to keep all interviewers away. A registered letter sent to his office requesting an interview was returned without even a curt note of reply. Another registered letter sent to his home was refused.

The story that Katharine Hepburn came back because she had to make "Saint Joan" was another myth, a screen of dust thrown up to camouflage the truth. Her contract does not require her to be back at the studio before June 1 to make

Story of Hepburn's Abroad

Exclusive Revelation of Katharine's Voyage and the Emotional Crisis Behind It

Here, in this luxurious sitting room and bedroom, Katharine Hepburn took her ease while on the ocean. She shared these accommodations with her friend, Suzanne Steel, who was her only companion during the voyage.

this picture, and it will take weeks for the scenario writers to adapt the story so it can be filmed.

Then what was the real reason for Katharine's change of mind and heart? And why did she change her tactics with reporters? When she left, she was cold, sullen, rude. She barricaded herself behind her cabin door and refused to see reporters. When cameramen tried to get a snapshot of her, she fled from them.

When she landed in New York on her return trip she was charming and amiable to reporters and photographers. She amazed them by pleasantly asking them to come to her rooms for a drink; by answering all their questions smilingly; and by posing as many times as they wished.

To reveal the reason for her change of heart, I am going to tell you the real story of Katharine Hepburn's trip abroad. It is the account of an eye witness who kept track of Katharine's movements while at sea. I am also going to tell you for the first time the story of a man who has definite influence over Katharine.

Because she is so human, she can be influenced by the people she knows and trusts. In Hollywood, there is Laura Harding, her friend, and in New York there is this man who is privileged to know and understand her, as you shall see.

WHEN she left New York her mood was as bitter as the rudeness with which she closed the door on reporters. For the first time she had taken a step backward—tasted the salty bitterness of defeat, and she was running away. Never before, no matter what had happened to her, had she admitted in her mind and heart that she was licked. Not for a moment. But now—now! Oh, she was so tired, so terribly, horribly tired!

For the moment she hated everything—even the work that she had once loved.

It wasn't just one thing that had driven her to desperation—it was everything, everything piling up, accumulating, driving her frantic.

Do you remember the headlines after the opening night of "The Lake"—"'I Was Lousy,' Gallant Kitty Hepburn Admits"?

Oh, it had been easy to be gallant then, when there was only one needle of defeat pricking into her soul. When there was Leland Hayward, her manager, standing behind her, urging her, "Be yourself, Kitty. Don't be afraid of these reporters. See them and be polite to them. Tell them what you honestly think."

"I never saw or heard such a performance in my life as mine," Katharine Hepburn told them. "My voice was not in the top of my head as it always is when I'm excited; no, sir, it was fifty feet above my head. My head was empty. My heart was empty. I was shrill, strident, staccato. I was stiff and amateurish. I was lousy. No wonder the critics panned me. If I had been the critics, I would have roasted myself right off the stage."

It hurt Katharine terribly that she'd disappointed all those kids sitting in the balcony, the youngsters who had watched her pictures with shining eyes and who had spent their hard-earned dollars to come and see her in person. For the first time she began to have doubts about her own talents!

Then, on top of that, she saw a preview of her picture, "Spitfire," and she had to admit to herself that it was one of the worst of her screen ventures.

Even that wasn't the bitterest portion of her defeat.

She knew that the most precious part of her private life was in danger, even though she

(*Continued on page* 90)

Together again

The most *Glorious* sweethearts of the Screen

Janet
GAYNOR
Charles
FARRELL

Just as they captured your hearts in "Seventh Heaven" and "Sunny Side Up", they'll win you again in this lovable romance of young hearts, young love—

CHANGE OF HEART

with
JAMES DUNN
GINGER ROGERS

Produced by WINFIELD SHEEHAN
Directed by John C. Blystone. From the novel "Manhattan Love Song" by Kathleen Norris

FOX

CHARLES FARRELL ~ JANET GAYNOR

Together again—in "Change of Heart." And for the first time since "Tess of the Storm Country." Despite everybody's eagerness to team Janet and Charlie in real life, he's happily married to Virginia Valli, and she's going places with Gene Raymond. Sorreh!

ANN SOTHERN

Once she was Harriette Lake, promising protegee of the late Flo Ziegfeld. Her first part was "Let's Fall in Love." You've also seen her in "Melody in Spring," Paramount, opposite Lanny Ross and you'll be seeing her with Stu Erwin in "The Party's Over," made by Columbia, her home studio. It was in Los Ang that Ziegfeld discovered

CLAUDETTE COLBERT

Beyond these hills lies her brilliant future, rose-tinted by the acclaim her role in "It Happened One Night" has brought her. She'll be Cleopatra to Warren William's Caesar in the Cecil De Mille production. Then an airplane story with Gary Cooper. Grace, charm, versatility . . . and a keen, understanding mind besides. That's Claudette

JOEL McCREA

A big event is in the offing for Joel. He's to be a papa, as we announced last month, he and Frances Dee McCrea are pretty thrilled about the prospect. You've recently seen him billed as the Perfect Lover in "Gambling Lady," starring Barbara Stanwyck. Now he's working on "Green Mansions" in which he goes native with the exotic Dolores Del Rio

JEAN PARKER

There's no harder working youngster in Hollywood than this talented girl. She eats, sleeps, and dreams her career of acting, day and night. You saw her with Bob Young in "Lazy River," RKO picture. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, who have high hopes for her, have put her in the next Marion Davies opus, "Operator 13" and she'll also be in "Malibu"

DICK POWELL

"Twenty Million Sweethearts" was an appropriate title for his latest picture, though slightly exaggerated perhaps. Anyhow, Dick refuses to settle down to any one gal, but manages to have a swell time as a fancy free bachelor. Again appropriately, "Dames" is the title of his next film, and that sweet gal, Ruby Keeler will play opposite him once more

MARGARET SULLAVA

After she finishes "Little Man, What Now?" in which she plays opposite Douglass Montgomery, La Sullavan will make another for Universal called, "Angel." An appropriate title, too, because she's calmed down considerably in recent weeks—quite a change from the first flurries of temperament which made her as hard to handle as La Hepburn

The BURNS and ALLEN

TO millions of people Gracie Allen and George Burns are clowns. You will read a hundred stories about Burns and Allen, the inimitable, the inspired comics. But never has the story been told about the real man and the real woman and how they achieved laughter.

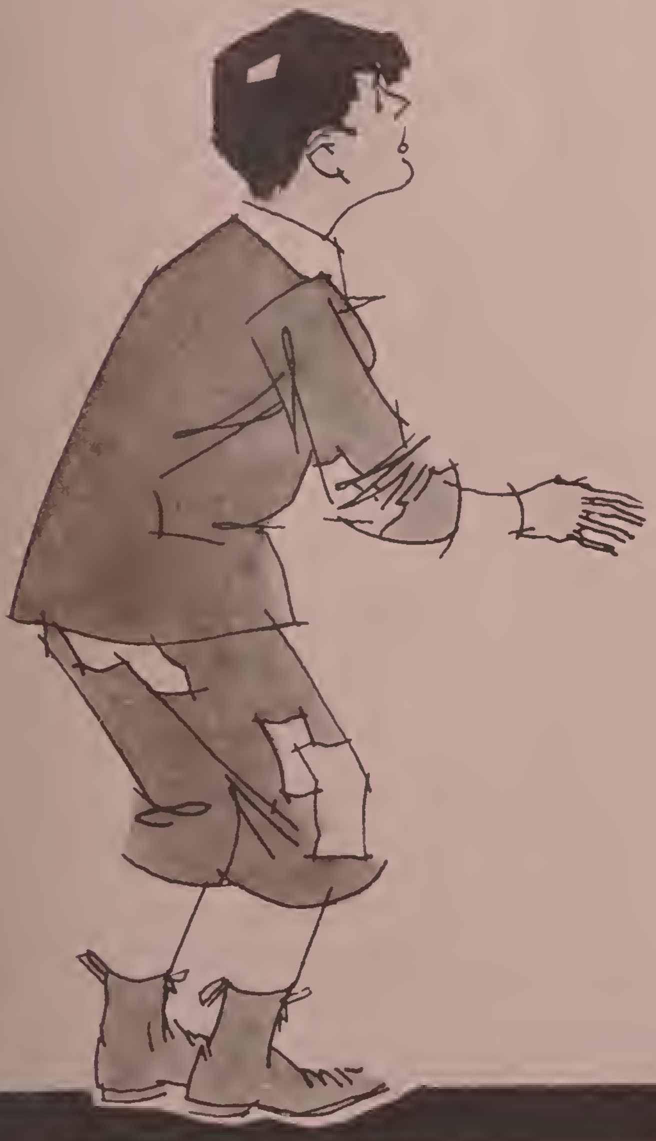
They laugh today, George and Gracie, because life is very sweet to them. They are in love, successful, happy and prosperous. But it wasn't always that way with them.

There is another side to their story, but I really do believe this is the first time it has been told. It goes back to their very childhood.

George Burns was born in New York's teeming East Side. He had five sisters and four brothers. His earliest recollections were of hunger—and of his mother's bitter struggle to provide bread for her brood. When the sugar-bowl was full that was a red-letter day. Meat and eggs and milk were Epicurean delights reserved for others.

Night after night his mother sat sewing under an inadequate light. Her fingers flew from early dawn. Being a seamstress wasn't the easiest job in the world. And it took *so much* cutting and basting and stitching to even buy bread for the hungry youngsters.

Not one of the children was old enough to work. They had come scant years apart. And the mother's fingers flew



If that little boy, Georgie Burns, singing for pennies in saloons—and that little girl, Gracie Allen, frail and frequently ill—could have seen themselves as they are today, they wouldn't have believed their eyes!

YOU'VE NEVER HEARD ABOUT

by JACQUELINE MOORE

faster when she looked on their eyes deep-set with hunger; at their bodies nervous with unchildish ambition.

The neighbors, in the freemasonry of tenements and poverty, came forward with unasked-for advice. Put the children in a home, they counselled. Farm them out for adoption. You'll kill yourself trying to get bread to put in their hungry mouths. Somewhere in the midst of their shrill harangues, they would look into the burning eyes of the mother—and go away with a shrug of the shoulder. There was no use talking to a woman like that—to a woman who was fiercely protective . . . who believed that the bad years would fade like a fog and that the good years would come.

At six, George Burns knew what it was to wake in the morning, to eat a dry roll for his breakfast, and then to spend an interminable morning in school with visions of food floating before him. And, characteristically, he did something about achieving his desires.

He organized the Peewee quartet, made up of neighborhood boys. They were all between six and eight—all hungry, all adult before they were ever young.

Sometimes George sang tenor—sometimes base. It all depended on the way he held his head. He had it all doped out—if he held his head high, he sang tenor. If he dropped his chin until it rested on his breast-bone, then he was a basso. The quartet held rehearsals in tenement areaways. And soon it was ready for professional appearances—in saloons, in back yards, on street-corners.

There was an unwritten rule that they were to search each other at the end of the day to be sure there was an even division of what they earned. They looked even into each other's mouths. A dime was easy to slide under the tongue. Nice boys, but they knew what poverty could do to them!

Sometimes George took as much as fifty cents home to his mother after a good day. Fifty cents! It meant bread and a pound of sugar—and a piece of soup-meat.

FOR two years that quartet continued. At the mature age of eight, George decided that he wasn't making money fast enough. So he and another boy joined forces. They would go to the saloons in amusement parks. Certainly, there they would find a harvest of pennies and nickels—and dimes perhaps.

To start them, George went to work in a dry-goods store for three dollars a week. That money he needed to buy wooden shoes for a new routine he and Al Burns, the other youngster, had in mind.

Fortified by those shoes which they regarded as the last word in showmanship, they went to Canarsie (*Continued on page* 68)

In the early lives of Gracie and George lies the answer to their phenomenal success

Why the Chatterton-

by JACK GRANT

WHEN Ruth Chatterton and George Brent were first married, Hollywood shook its head and muttered into its beard—false whiskers, of course—"It cannot last."

Now that Ruth and George have announced their separation, Hollywood is nodding its head, saying, with a smirk, "See, I told you so."

After Ann Harding and Harry Bannister caught the rumor creators napping, their divorce coming as a surprise bombshell, tales began to fly concerning each and every married member of the film colony—all pointing to an eventual split-up.

Ruth Chatterton and George Brent among the many others were caught in the vortex of this sorry state of affairs. Their romance and marriage were frequently the subject of dinner table conversations that, if the talk was any criterion, should have been conducted at a trough instead of a table. Talking started from the moment Ruth made public her contemplated divorce from Ralph Forbes for the purpose of marrying George. It continued furiously until the present moment. Yet to my absolute knowledge the rumors of unhappiness were utterly without foundation until about six months ago.

I dislike exceedingly bringing myself into this story. It is necessary, however, that I be qualified as a competent witness in the case that Hollywood is attempting to bring against the Brents, jointly and singly. I have known Ruth since she played "Come Out of the Kitchen" in 1916 and George since he made "The Rich Are Always With Us," his first picture under Warner contract. During these years I have enjoyed their friendship. In fact, George Brent is the only man in Hollywood who has ever called me "Jackie" and gotten away with it. Is this enough to qualify me?

I admit a prejudice where both are concerned. But it is my intention here to give you enough facts about their private life for you to draw your own conclusions—facts gleaned from personal talks and observations.

HOLLYWOOD gossip did not separate Ruth and George. Had gossip been able to cause a rift, it would have occurred long ago. The unusual situation of an ex-husband being the closest and most intimate friend of a newly-married couple caused countless tongues to wag violently. So few of us are really civilized that an understanding of such civilized conduct was somewhat difficult. It was comprehensible that a woman could be divorced from a man and still retain his friendship. But that her second husband could be a pal of her first—it passed belief. All the sympathy went to George for having to put up with

They enjoyed the same sort of thing, these two . . . a quiet game of chess, perhaps . . . but there were those devastating circumstances which they could not surmount!

Brent Love Died

The true inside story of Hollywood's latest and most tragic break-up

Ruth's insistance upon keeping Ralph Forbes "on the string." What a consummate egotist, they said, to believe herself capable of holding two men at the same time!

It would be impossible to compute the number of times I have visited the Brents at home when George has been the one to propose, "Let's have Rafe over tonight" or "now" or "tomorrow" or whenever the occasion might be. "Rafe," by the way, is the English pronunciation of "Ralph." Everyone who knows him calls him Rafe.

Now you may argue that George's condescension to fraternize with Rafe was dictated by his desire to please Ruth—that his love for her was strong enough to make worthwhile a sacrifice of personal feeling. Such an argument shows a lack of knowledge of the character of both men.

Rafe Forbes is a highly sensitive individual. He would be the first to sense insincerity, no matter how fine the acting. He, too, is an actor and knows all of the tricks of his trade. Brent would never have fooled him with false gestures of friendship.

George Brent is not a conventional person. The only emotion he tries ordinarily to hide is an inherent shyness, and that is badly concealed under an assumption of a gruff exterior. Once you know him, you recognize the fraud. He is hard to know but well worth the effort.

Forbes is an Englishman, Brent an Irishman. Both are true sportsmen. That is the bond between them. And it was cemented in the single moment when George came to Rafe to inform him of a love for Ruth, then Mrs. Forbes. Their friendship at the time was but a few months old.

George called on Rafe one morning while the latter was dressing. "I can't come to your house any more," he said with characteristic bluntness.

"Why not?" asked Rafe, bent over to pull on a sock.

"I'm falling in love with your wife."

The pause was for no longer than a split second. Then Rafe said quietly, dispassionately, "You exhibit the best of taste." And put on the other sock.

How could two men fail to respect one another after having lived such a dramatic incident?

When Rafe subsequently learned that Ruth also loved George, he stepped aside rather than interfere with their happiness. And this is the man gossip would have us believe a contributing cause to the separation of the Brents. There is even talk that Ruth plans to remarry him. I most certainly doubt it. Ruth and Rafe were more like brother and sister during their latter years of marriage. They are sincerely fond of each other but not as husband and wife. Capable of analyzing their feelings, marriage would be simply a formality.

No, when George telephones Rafe to invite him to dine, fish, ride or hunt or merely to talk, it is because (*Continued on page* 78)

The Hidden Romance of RICHARD DIX

by SONIA LEE

RICHARD DIX sits tense and dejected in his dressing room as he remembers too vividly, too sharply another day—and a woman called Mary!

And he tells a story never told before—a story of an abiding love in his life. Of a love that burned fervently in a dark place and illumined his life with wisdom and with beauty and with a rare, a selfless devotion and sacrifice.

And it explains wholly Richard Dix—the complex—the Richard Dix who has been the despair and the delight of Hollywood's most glamorous ladies.

Because he knew what love could mean—because within him there was a shrine to a great love—all other loves were but reflections in unreality of the reality he had known.

His soul sought sanctuary deep within his memories. But Hollywood saw only the debonair and gay bachelor, who by some curious process had immunized himself against marriage. He was a heartbreaker and paradoxically a monk. Nothing touched the inner Richard Dix, the man who held a vision of the One Woman—the One Woman he had known!

While the world laid its gifts at his feet in tribute to his genius on the screen; paid tribute to the man who made dozens of motion pictures memorable; paid tribute to the man who made of "Cimarron" a classic—he was a phantom, living for a remembered ecstasy, detached and curiously alone!

Men have loved women and women have loved men with a high purpose and wide charity—but few mortals have had the courage to sentence themselves to a never-ending loneliness that the beloved one might profit.

But such a love had come to Richard Dix—a sublime, a heroic love. And the woman was one whom the world might call without soul—one whom the world would catalogue as BAD!

Although that was not her name, it is fitting that she be called Mary in this tale. For as Mary of Magdala before her learned what it was to deny the flesh; as another woman discovered in repentance and in humbleness her own spirit—so this Modern Magdalene met her hour of trial with *greatness!*

Okay! Anytime you want to interview me about anything—say so—I'll break all engagements—Nuff Sed!!
Richard Dix

Here's Richard Dix's own comment about Sonia Lee's beautiful story of the unknown woman in his past

RICHARD DIX met her on a night when his star was high—when the future opened before him in splendor and in glory. He was playing in "The Song of Songs," in a mid-western town. At that evening's performance the audience had done him honor with tumultuous, unrestrained applause.

He was very young—and full of hope as he began walking, after the play was over, the few short blocks from the theater to his hotel.

It was midnight and out of the shadows there came this girl called Mary—a hesitant, a suppliant figure. Wordlessly she blocked his path—and he looked at her—and in an instant she became more than a woman for an hour!

On that deserted street a miracle happened! A Modern Magdalene was stripped of her profession—and became a beloved woman!

Today he remembers vividly the shock when his eyes met her luminous, pansy-blue ones, with their long fringe of lashes, a smudge against her disillusioned cheekbones. As he tells it now, his hands become taut, his absent eyes search within the years, and he recaptures that first, that startling emotion he experienced as he tells this epic of love which only three people have heretofore known.

Hers was the usual story of a young, of an untried girl abandoned in the first year of marriage with a child to support; of long and bitter months behind the counter of a ten cent store; of the inevitable end as a Lady of the Shadows.

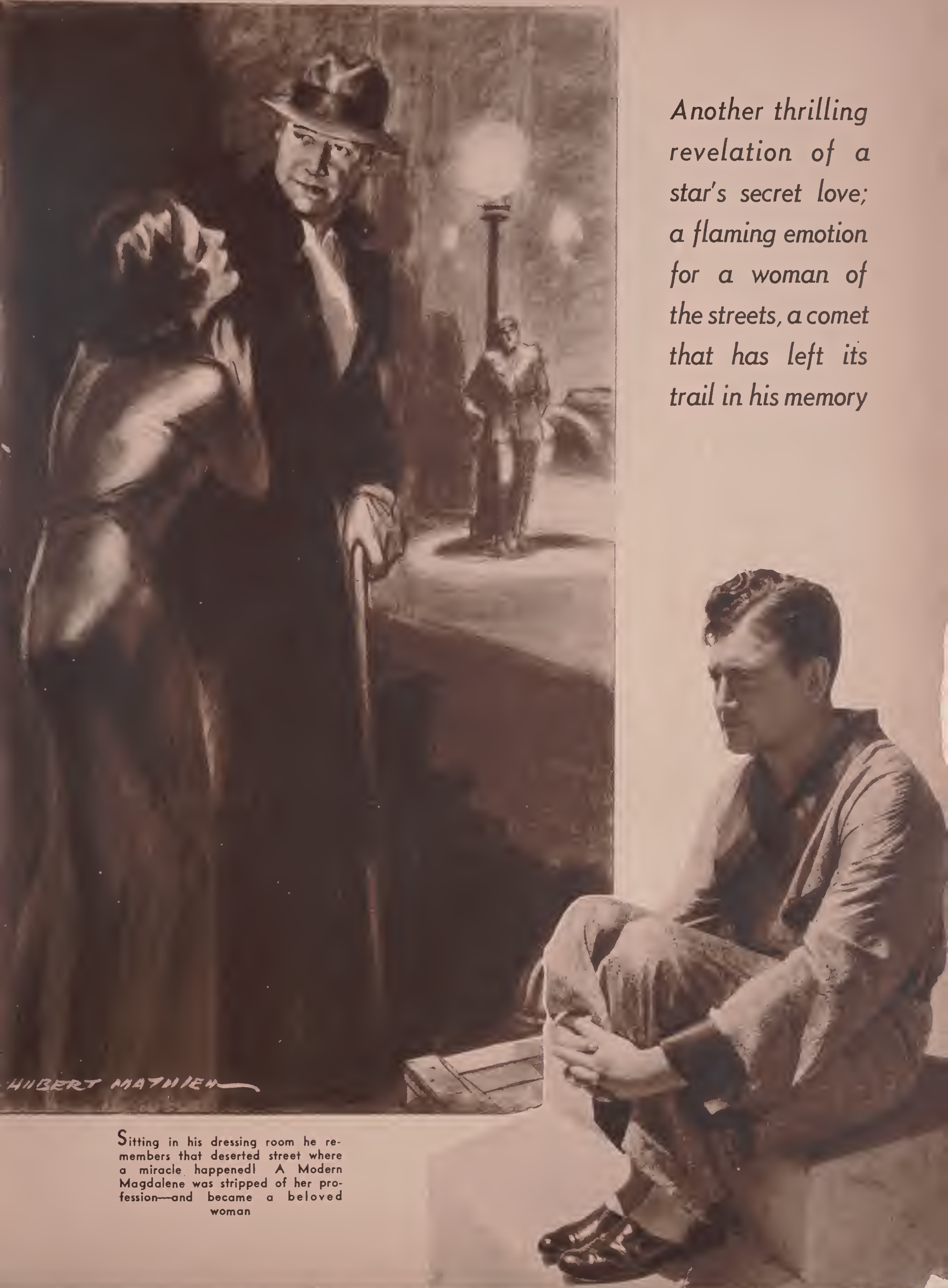
For days they met as friends—in wonder at themselves and at this thing which flamed between them—too precious to destroy by hasty gesture or word. He plumbed her mind and found there beauty and understanding. Mary had the rare ability to make a man believe in himself—believe in his powers and his destiny. To make him draw a fine and a straight line to his goals. To strengthen his potentialities with faith and unswerving purpose.

For three years Richard Dix had Mary at his side—Mary no longer the Lady of the Night but the girl who held a guiding light for him—a Mary who could impart courage to him when he needed it most—a Mary who could make him laugh; who could make him feel intensely; who could make him feel aware of himself and his own abilities.

There was talk of marriage. Richard Dix urged it with passionate sincerity. Over her objections, he introduced her as his wife. Many people knew her as Mrs. Dix. "Tags aren't important in themselves," she told him. "What difference does it make whether I am married to you with book and candle or not? We have found the true essence of marriage. I love you—that's enough for the moment. Be content. Let's wait."

LIFE wasn't always a ringing song for them. They met poverty together and disappointment. In those days Mary proved her worth and her inherent fineness many times. She knew all the short-cuts to economy; sacrificed the few small trinkets that they might be fed and housed. And when his star shone brightly again, many material things, many luxuries were hers. They were the visible

Another thrilling revelation of a star's secret love; a flaming emotion for a woman of the streets, a comet that has left its trail in his memory



Sitting in his dressing room he remembers that deserted street where a miracle happened! A Modern Magdalene was stripped of her profession—and became a beloved woman symbols of Dix's gratitude and love for her. Yet they needed nothing to define that invisible union between their spirits—a union as substantial as a ship's cable. And through days of failure and through months of success his plea remained unchanged. She must marry him—not because he doubted her love—but because fittingly and properly she must be his wife.

Richard Dix will marry again—and a contented marriage will be a monument to the girl who knew the meaning of sacrifice!

And at last, when Mary realized that she could no longer combat his imperative and loyal insistencies, she agreed. Yes—she would marry him. And they chose a day. And on that day Richard Dix woke with a strange ecstasy—but over that ecstasy there was an undefinable burden, an overlay of tragedy. To this day he can neither describe it nor analyze it. He only knows that he insisted that Mary must be with him every moment until the ceremony that night. She went with him to the barber's and the haberdasher's. Waited for him until he attended to the innumerable details with which every busy man's life is filled. And as she waited she pondered about the future.

Mary's eyes held a tender and a luminous light. There was something of the Madonna which touched her delicate face; there was a trance-like quality in her walk. The license was in his pocket and Mary was on his arm. They would celebrate that night—just before their wedding—with a dinner and a bottle of champagne. They sat at a table in a hideaway where wine could be bought. Richard Dix drank Mary's health and to their happiness. But Mary sat quietly, watching him with hunger and with despair, like one destined to blindness who must quickly remember the outline and the substance of every beloved object. Who must absorb instantly and desperately a hundred memories for an illimitable darkness.

Richard Dix says today that Mary must have poured her champagne into the bowl of flowers at her side. At the moment he thought she was drinking with him glass for glass.

He only recalls that suddenly everything was blank—and after an endless and dreamless interval he woke in his own apartment to find Mary and the small signs of her presence gone.

NOT until weeks later did he become aware of that strange mood of hers—after hours of agony when each moment of their last day together became etched forever in his memory.

On the bed-stand, propped against the reading lamp was a note in her round and meticulous writing. His bewildered mind fumbled at her absence and the message. His trembling hands unfolded it—and he read:

"You're going up, Rich—way up! I'd only be a mill-stone around your neck. No matter how I might live or change my life to suit yours, what I've been will always be an obstacle, impossible to live down or overcome. No matter where you are or what you do, remember I'll always be watching you. Remember—you're going up. I love you, and you're the only man I've ever loved or ever will love."

For Richard Dix the world suddenly ended. He knew Mary too well to believe that it was only a gesture of sacrifice, the thoughtless product of hysteria. She had never meant to marry him—that he knew then! She loved him far too well, too tenderly, too sensitively, too protectingly to give his future as hostage to her past!

The Modern Magdalene had set out on her lonely roads again!

A distrait, a frantic Dix rushed from city to city in search of her. He haunted the corner where they had first met; sought out the ill-starred friends of her early days; spent hours in station restaurants praying that memories might bring her to some place interwoven with their love—and their three years together.

The prophecy in Mary's note came true. Richard Dix went up—way up! Clamoring electric signs heralded his fame. One success followed another. His heart was dead—but his talent flamed!

Endless day followed endless day!

Moons came as slivers in the skies—bloomed to fullness, and faded away. Calamity settled on the world. The Four Horsemen swept the Earth with their cruel swords. Newspapers heralded war and famine and pestilence; earthquakes and floods and catastrophes; great men died and were forgotten!

The world was tired and that weariness was reflected in the very marrow of Richard Dix who remained inconsolable . . . never ceasing his search, always hoping—drawn as if by a magnet to the seething streets of the great cities—hunting for, a pair of pansy eyes with sooty lashes.

Richard Dix had money and fame. In Hollywood he was an enigma, a charming bachelor who withstood the blandishments of women as lovely as poems.

Not one of the enchanting stars whom he escorted to formal dinners and premieres ever guessed that Richard Dix was seeking a woman who could rise above petty emotions and temptation; a woman who knew how to deify love until it gleamed with purity.

There was a War in Europe! To Richard Dix it suddenly became tangible and dreadful

(*Continued on page 75*)

The LOWDOWN on Joan Blondell

He's her first love, is husband George Barnes, and once she knows he's on the set, wild horses won't drive her home

She won't try to fool you about anything, least of all about her worrying

by GAIL ROGERS

THE first night Joan Blondell was in Hollywood she came with some other people, to my house for dinner. She was a little bit worried over her first picture, "Penny Arcade," which she had been brought out from the New York stage to make for Warner Brothers. She told me she had a contract to make one picture.

"Be sure and tell people you have a long contract," I counselled her. "It's good business."

"But I haven't," she insisted. "Why lie about it?"

Others listening in took my side of the argument, but Joan was firm. She didn't have a contract and she wasn't going to tell anyone she had. I thought to myself, "She'll get over being that honest, if she stays in Hollywood."

That was four years ago. Joan stayed on, as you know. She was an immediate success; she became one of the brightest stars in pictures; but she didn't change a bit. I consider her the most honest girl I know.

They tell a story about her at the studio. When it was decided to keep her on after her first picture they told her they wanted to write her life story for the publicity department files. The most imaginative member of the department was assigned to write it. However, on the day that Joan was to meet him and tell all, she was ill, so without further delay or any aid of facts, he wrote a story of Joan's life. And what a life! He told of her being kidnapped in China; hit over the head by brigands in Africa and included many other highly colored but untrue experiences. When it appeared in print Joan stood on her head.

"She raised hell," one of the boys in the department told me, "and she's been denying the story ever since."

On the set where she was working in "Without Honor," I tried to talk to her with the entire company standing in a circle around us. "I can't talk to you with all these people listening," I protested, but she only laughed. "I don't mind. Ask me anything. I don't care if they hear. But be sure you have your purse when you leave.

"I don't lie about my age because there are too many pleats around my eyes. I couldn't get away with it," she cracked. And then, in a more sober vein: "There's nothing important enough to lie about. I don't think it's necessary to try to live up to my job just because I've been lucky enough to become a star. I'm no different than I was when I went to Santa Monica High School. As a matter of fact, many of my friends now were my classmates then."

JOAN'S childhood was a happy one. With her parents, her elder brother and younger sister, Gloria, she traveled all over the (*Continued on page* 96)

The Five Most Interesting

OFTEN we hear it said of an actor, not to mention an actress, "That's what Hollywood has done to him!" Now Hollywood does, to be frank, sometimes work a change in persons, even one for the worse. But for once, at least, it has wrought one for the better.

This means, of all people, John Barrymore!

Never have I known such a change in anyone—and I've known Barrymore for years. He used to be as "touchy" as dynamite and quite as violent. There was no telling when or where he would blow up.

But something has changed him almost beyond recognition, smoothed him down, softened him, mellowed him, since coming to Hollywood. Stranger still, the longer he remains the milder he becomes.

It is not giving him a bad name to say that in the earlier days of his stage career John of the Barrymores was the *enfant terrible* of the theatre. And you'll find that many of his pranks brought him into direct *conflict* with notoriously interesting women of the stage.

There was that wintry New York night when, with Florence Reed as its star and young Barrymore playing an American newspaper reporter, the performance of "The Yellow Ticket" came to an abrupt end. The wayfaring heroine of that poignant Russian drama was an earnest pedestrian who, on her nocturnal wanderings, was required by law to carry a yellow ticket. But on that particular evening she was thoughtfully presented with a long strip of Yellow Taxicab tickets by the sympathetic Barrymore, who paused to explain he couldn't bear to see her tramping through the pitiless snow.

Completely overwhelmed, Miss Reed promptly ordered the curtain rung down, then demanded that Barrymore be fired on the spot. He was. Next morning the innocent victim of his own charity was vastly surprised to read in his newspaper a statement by his erstwhile manager that the untimely termination of the previous evening's performance had been due to a sudden attack of gallstones suffered by John Barrymore.

Even so far along in his career as "Peter Ibbetson," in which he played the name-rôle, Barrymore took a desperate chance of ruining a scene just for the fun of it. In it with him was Constance Collier.

Barrymore had noticed she loved to take her time as she sat on Peter's deathbed, always lingering over her parting words, "Now I must leave you," and he was so touched by her devotion that he kindly arranged to prolong her visit. When, at last, Miss Collier was ready to leave she found to her consternation that she couldn't get up. With a large safety-pin, Barrymore had fastened her dress to the bedspread. She literally had to tear herself away, with a ripping sound distinctly heard in every part of the house.

It was not until he appeared in "Richard III" that the actor who was to become the greatest Hamlet of his time began to take his work seriously. One night he was distracted by the coughing of a man in the audience. Finally, the persistent barking caused Barrymore to stop the per-

OLORES COSTELLO

GRETA GARBO

ETHEL BARRYMORE

Women in Hollywood according to John Barrymore

What intrigues him most about the screen are its women, says the former bad boy of the stage, who's changed almost beyond recognition by one of the five

by CHARLES DARNTON

formance. Stepping to the footlights, he angrily cried, as though speaking of a seal, "Throw him a fish!"

BENEATH the gracious exterior of John Barrymore runs a buzzsaw. Anyone who monkeys with it is liable to get hurt. His own mind the keenest of any actor I've ever met, there is one thing he cannot and will not tolerate, and that's stupidity. Men and women must be alert—*interesting*, before he will spend time on even talking about them.

Yet I must admit that until now John Barrymore always has been a human crossword puzzle to me. He was nothing less as we sat loafing and yarning in the restful library of his home, cloud-high in Beverly Hills, where all of his numberless books bear that comfortable look of having been read. At the same time, I was conscious of a marked change in him, that something, or someone, had steadied him, made him content. How to get at his secret I did not know, but tried to lead up to it by asking:

"What is there about the screen that interests you most?"

"Its women," he (*Continued on page* 76)

KAREN MORLEY

KATHARINE HEPBURN

John Barrymore, to be seen next in Columbia's "Twentieth Century," chooses well: First, Hepburn whose chief screen fault he quickly discovered during "Bill of Divorcement." Next, Karen Morley, included despite her wisecrack about the Barrymore brothers. Third, Ethel Barrymore, who's able to make John forget she's his sister. Of course, Garbo is on his list, but for reasons which are as unexpected as her inclusion is expected. And finally—number five: the woman whom Barrymore hates to talk about but does, reluctantly, in this fine story: Dolores Costello Barrymore.

It's a bit of one-sided dagger-looking between Gloria Stuart (left) and Margaret Sullavan (right). Maggie hasn't anything to be sore about and Gloria would say she hasn't either—not MUCH!

THE "call boy" at Warner Brothers was paging Joan Blondell. For hours he had been paging her. He'd even reached the point where he was looking behind things, and under them, for the elusive Joan, who was wanted in the Front Office, pronto! He was beginning to be exasperated. "I've looked all over this lot," he fretted, "and that girl isn't anywhere to be found."

"Have you . . ." inquired a local weisenheimer, ". . . looked in Genevieve Tobin's hair?"

And sure enough, there she was, kids, right where she's been (figuratively) ever since she made that picture, "Goodbye Again" with Genevieve, . . . and *"again"* and *"again"* as the girls frequently muttered under their breath when the dialogue writer wasn't listening.

Of course, they didn't mutter anything out loud. That's where the new Hollywood feuds differ from the old Hollywood feuds. No nice girl mutters any more (much), or makes temperamental scenes (hardly), or stamps feet (oh, well, what's *that*) or throws anything (except maybe Lupe).

Unlike the good old days when Mae Murray used to whack Eric von Stroheim across the face with her Merry Widow fan, Hollywood feuds these days are good only for wisecracks . . . and it is a very poor feudist who would go so far as to drop a broad A, or to forget for one split second that she was a lady no matter how that other tramp provokes her!

There is, of course, no sense in being a hypocrite about it. I bet if you raked Hollywood with a fine comb you wouldn't find a single hypocrite. If you don't like somebody there's certainly no reason to allow him to suspect for one minute that you do. Under the Marquis-Of-Nothing-In-Particular-Rules-For-Quarrels-Among-Celebrities it is still permissible to squelch with a glance . . . toss heads . . . cut dead . . . and even complain to the press about that Camera Hog.

BUT even with such interesting leeway as this, I think you would go a long way before you'd find a more politely conducted feud than the one staged by Joan Blondell and Genevieve Tobin. No rough stuff, mind you. No big raucous scenes. Just a couple of peeved ladies reporting to work on the same set every morning with mutual stiff necks.

No one's quite sure what the cause was. But that's a comparatively small matter, and unimportant, because when no one really knows the guesses are so much more hectic. One of the most popular guesses was that Genevieve Tobin had once "gone" with George Barnes, who is married to Joan Blondell . . . and who was also the cameraman on this endurance contest. And you know how a lady feels about another lady who has even had a nodding acquaintance with her present husband before she ever put eyes on him, or even suspected he existed! And then there's that other story that Genevieve counted spotlights on the set and discovered

Looking DAGGERS At Each Other

Boy, how they get into each other's hair, this new crop of Hollywood feuders!

By DOROTHY MANNERS

Georgie Raft, below, and Mae West, on the other page, had a perfect wow of a time when they started to work together on "It Ain't No Sin." Well, Georgie's not in it, now, and if you want the dirt, read this story

almost all of them concentrated on the blonde halo of Mrs. Blondell Barnes when she (Genevieve) had a blonde halo of her own to be backlighted . . . making two good stories and a sides-choosing selection for everybody.

I DOUBT if even an expert gossiper could call what's going on out at Universal City between Margaret Sullavan and Gloria Stuart a feud. It takes two to make an argument and heaven knows Margaret Sullavan isn't arguing. Why should she . . . what with "Only Yesterday" and "Little Man What Now?" tucked on her belt? Besides, she's too busy running away from Hollywood, dodging interviews and getting in "cat naps" on the set, to really dispute a point with anyone . . . even with Miss What's-Her-Name-Stuart. So you'll just have to check Miss Sullavan out of it, really. She hasn't the foggiest idea what it's all about.

That leaves Gloria Stuart . . . who has. It isn't fair to say Gloria's mad at Margaret. That would be bad grammar. But whether you know it or not (so (*Continued on page* 70)

It wasn't just a case of "Melody in Spring" (Lanny Ross' picture) versus "She Loves Me Not" (Bing Crosby's). It was worse than that—just because of little Dixie Lee Crosby!

LOVE'S

in Season

Under blue skies . . . fanned by magic breezes . . . what do you find yourself thinking of? Right the first time—it must be love! And just to prove they've got the same idea: on the opposite page, upper left, are Tom Brown and Judith Allen, in "The Witching Hour." Upper right, Cary Grant and Sylvia Sidney, in "Thirty Day Princess." (What a foil for each other, this new combination!) Below, Warner Baxter and Madge Evans, in "Stand up and Cheer." On this page, right, Carl Brisson and Kitty Carlisle, in "Murder at the Vanities." And below, James Dunn and Ginger Rogers in "Change of Heart"

MARION DAVIES: Angel of Mercy

THE crackle and swirl, the razzle-dazzle, the mad rush that is Hollywood's social whirl have been a part of Marion Davies for years. No spotlight-lit opening but there are automatically set aside a dozen or so of the best seats for Marion's party; no Mayfair dance is complete without her.

She is known the world over as Hollywood's most celebrated hostess. Her week-end parties are famous. Never a royal visitor comes here from foreign shores but he or she is entertained by Marion. Her home is a melting pot for literary and social lights, world renowned artists, royalty, men high in political circles and the cream of Hollywood film circles.

She is beautiful, popular, rich. Her gaiety is infectious. You can't be around her without feeling it, and suddenly becoming gay, too. She is ever the focal point for any fun that's going on. Apparently she has the best time any girl ever had; apparently she never bothers her pretty head about anything but having a good time. That's the Marion Davies that you know. Now I'm going to tell you about a Marion that I discovered by the sheerest accident.

On the Marion Davies set when she is making a picture there is more darned fun. There is always music. If the script doesn't call for music there is an orchestra anyway—just for fun. And Marion is the gayest of the gay, always laughing, kidding, making fun of her own mistakes. But if there is one person on that sound stage, among the dozens—sometimes hundreds—working there, who is in any kind of trouble, worried or sick, Marion is drawn to that person like a magnet. She learns about the trouble and does things about it.

WHEN she was making "Peg O' My Heart" there were many children working in the picture. Marion heard about one little girl whose father, once a famous star himself, had not worked for a long time. Troublesome times had come upon the little family. When the children were dismissed Marion asked that this child be kept on for a few days. She knew what a few days' extra pay checks would

MARION DAVIES CLINIC
11672

The first story and exclusive photographs of her Clinic for Children give you a heart-warming sidelight of this star

By FRANC DILLON

mean. And tucked in the envelope, with the child's final pay check, was a $50 bill. There was no card, no inkling of where it had come from, but the child's mother knew and there were tears in her eyes when she told me about it.

That is just one example of the hundreds of kindly, thoughtful deeds that I had heard about; little things that Marion does both on the set and outside the studio.

But I did not know, until one day when I accidentally turned into the wrong road on my way back to Hollywood from the beach, just how much Marion Davies really was doing charitably.

On a funny little road near Sawtelle, California, which is a town midway between Hollywood and the beach, I saw a small sign which read: "This road to the Marion Davies Clinic." I certainly had never heard of any Davies Clinic and knew of no one that had, but I went the way the arrow pointed and came upon the amazing hospital the pictures of which you see on these pages and which were taken just for Movie Mirror, after I had dug out the story they illustrate.

In these fascinating first photos of Marion Davies' clinic you can see, in detail, the fruits of the good deeds about which the star characteristically refuses to talk. On the other page is the entrance to the Clinic. Right, you see children in the recovery rooms for surgical cases, and below, the room where parents bring children awaiting examination

I found the clinic but I couldn't get Marion to talk about it. She was convinced readers might think that she wanted to get publicity through doing good deeds, and that honestly is as far away from her intention as anything could be. She is modest and unassuming, this Davies girl, and the only way I could get the story was by visiting the clinic myself and then going to her friends to get the facts.

This is how it all started:

SAWTELLE is a Government hospital center for soldiers who are ill or wounded or too old to work. In 1926 it was first brought to Marion's attention that the children of these soldiers frequently had nowhere to go during the daytime. Mostly they were children of poor families and while their fathers were ill, their mothers had to work. So Marion decided to open a day nursery. She didn't realize what she was getting herself into.

She secured three rooms in a vacant store building, put competent help in charge and the little nursery opened its doors. It was an immediate success and grew rapidly, almost

The swimming pool, right, is where hydro-therapeutic treatment is given children who are crippled from infantile paralysis or are similarly incapacitated. It was the same treatment by which President Roosevelt was cured at Warm Springs, Georgia. Below, a convalescent child waits for the elevator that takes him to the rooftop solarium

too rapidly for comfort. It was impossible to admit children of veterans and keep other children out, for the poor waifs for miles around clamored to get in and Marion insisted that no poor child be turned away.

Inevitably the children suffered childish ailments and inevitably Marion secured doctors and nurses to care for them. Miss Ann Buman, an intelligent, lovely woman who combines rare tact and understanding with a marvelous sense of humor, was the first nurse called in and she is still there as Superintendent of the Marion Davies Clinic.

It was when as many as 200 children applied for medical treatment in one month that Marion realized there was a far greater need for a clinic than for a day nursery, and that she must have larger quarters. She found a suitable location and purchased an entire block in the neighborhood on which she built a first-class, fire-proof, earthquake-proof hospital. A little more than a year from the day the little nursery was opened, the Marion Davies Clinic began to function in its beautiful new, well equipped home.

The territory surrounding and to be served by this clinic is a large one and includes Sawtelle, Palms, Venice and dozens of auto camps, so it was with the future needs of the community in mind that Marion built the substantial, spacious building in 1927. She made sure that there would be sufficient room to accommodate every needy child living in that vicinity for years to come.

Any child living in this territory, up to the age of sixteen years, who needs medical attention of any kind and cannot afford to pay a doctor, may go to the Marion Davies Clinic and receive aid. Last year nearly 6,000 children were treated there for every imaginable ailment.

AT six-thirty in the morning the day begins at the clinic. Preparations must be made for operations, examinations, all sorts of treatments. At seven o'clock the children begin to arrive. Some days are set aside for surgical work, some for dental work, some for orthopedic work. There is no device known to modern surgery that is missing from this hospital. There is a small pool in which children suffering from the effects of infantile paralysis are taught to walk again in curative waters, just as President Roosevelt was cured at Warm Springs, Georgia. (*Continued on page* 84)

Behind this quaint Spanish facade, six thousand worthy cases are cared for annually

FREDDY MARCH Is Three Men

You can't understand Fredric March, the actor, till you know him as son, husband, and father

by adele whitely fletcher

In the oval, Freddy in "Firebrand," his next. The other picture shows him with his wife and Ernst Lubitsch

FREDRIC MARCH is three men at one time.

He is a son.

He is a husband.

He is a father.

And it is because of the way he comes through as these three men that he stands as high as he does as an actor.

The camera is uncanny. It has a weird habit of catching the true essence of those who stand before it. To imprint this upon the film for the world to see.

The roots of Fredric March strike deep. We who go to watch him on the screen feel this. And are attracted by it. So that we go again. And again.

Consequently the contract that Twentieth Century made with Freddy recently continues to be the talk of Hollywood. The envy of some. A goal for others. Most actors would have shouted to the world from the housetops, about that contract. Actually Freddy never told anyone till he told his father first.

It was like this.

It had taken a lot of arguing to get that contract and it was three o'clock in the morning before Freddy left the meeting in his lawyers' offices. It had taken hours to consider, pro and con, all the clauses. It had proved a great strain. And Freddy had an early call at the studios.

With Myron Selznick, his agent, he drove to the March house in Beverly Hills. Freddy carried a bottle of wine and glasses up to the big bedroom where Florence March, waiting for him, had long since fallen asleep over her book.

"Wake up," Freddy and Myron called to her. "Everything's set. And we're opening champagne to celebrate!"

"We're going to call Dad," Freddy said.

Florence wasn't in the least surprised. She's quite accustomed to this sort of thing. Freddy has always paid his father the compliment of keeping him appraised of his affairs. Never is Mr. Bickel permitted to get his first news of his son from the newspapers' movie columns.

At last Long Distance rang them back.

"Hello, Dad," said Freddy. "I called to tell you everything's signed, sealed, and delivered. Myron and I just got back. We're all together here in Florence's room."

He gave Mr. Bickel all the details.

Then Myron reported those things Freddy had been too modest to repeat, how plans were being completed to make March the first male name of the screen.

Florence finished the conversation.

They were all cooperating to keep an elderly gentleman from feeling as neglected as lots of parents do. They made him feel himself to be the very important father of a clever and dutiful son.

WE next come to Freddy as a husband. . . .

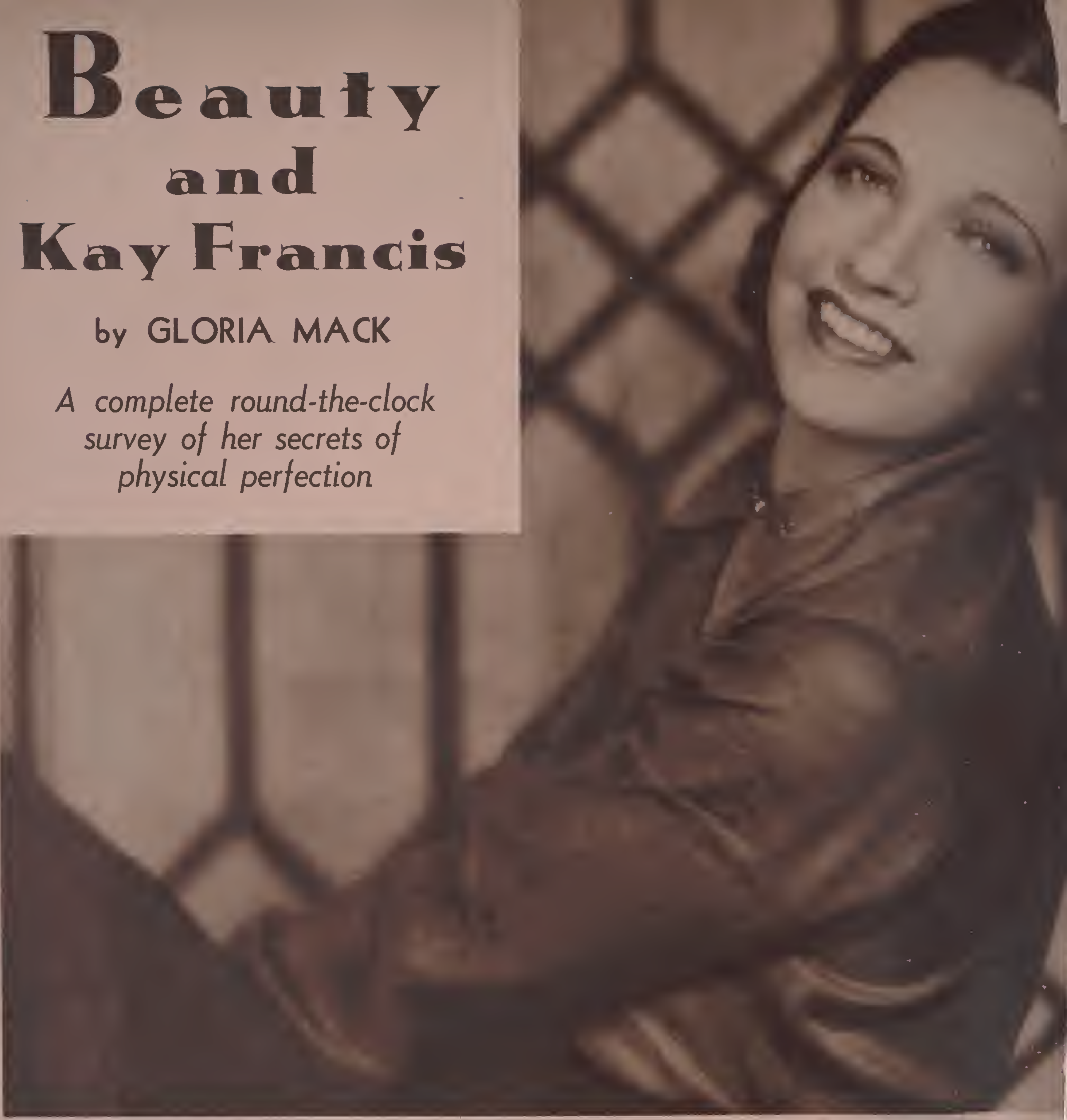
On Saint Valentine's Day a year ago Freddy's present to Florence March was a new roadster. He wanted it to be a surprise. The negotiations for the trade-in of her old car he managed with the greatest secrecy.

He went to great lengths to run the car downtown and have it appraised one afternoon (*Continued on page 82*)

Beauty and Kay Francis

by GLORIA MACK

A complete round-the-clock survey of her secrets of physical perfection



TO get any information on any subject whatsoever out of Kay Francis is a difficult matter. Even a beauty interview. You'd think with a woman as beautiful as Kay it would be a cinch to find out those facts from her. But it isn't. So when finally I got an appointment to talk to her about her beauty secrets, I treated her exactly like a prosecuting attorney questioning a reluctant witness—and that way I actually got the glamorous brunette to talk.

Our interview went like this:

MYSELF: I want to go through your whole beauty day, Miss Francis. Tell me how you are awakened in the morning. Does your maid call you?

KAY: No. I simply wake up. When I was a little girl I trained myself to wake up at any hour I desired. It's just a matter of habit and subconscious suggestion.

MYSELF: Do you do setting-up exercises as soon as you arise, following them with a cold shower?

KAY: I do not. I hate exercises and shudder when I think of cold showers. What I like is to take a hot bath, the hotter the better, and to simmer there until I wake up. If I have to work, I can't simmer, but I do take the bath hot.

MYSELF: Do you use anything in the water, salts, soda, starch or the like?

KAY: I only use mildly scented bath salts. When I first get up, I'm not entirely awake, and I like to open my eyes gently with pleasant thoughts for the day. If I followed the rigorous procedure your questions imply, I'd hate the life I live, the people I know and the work I do.

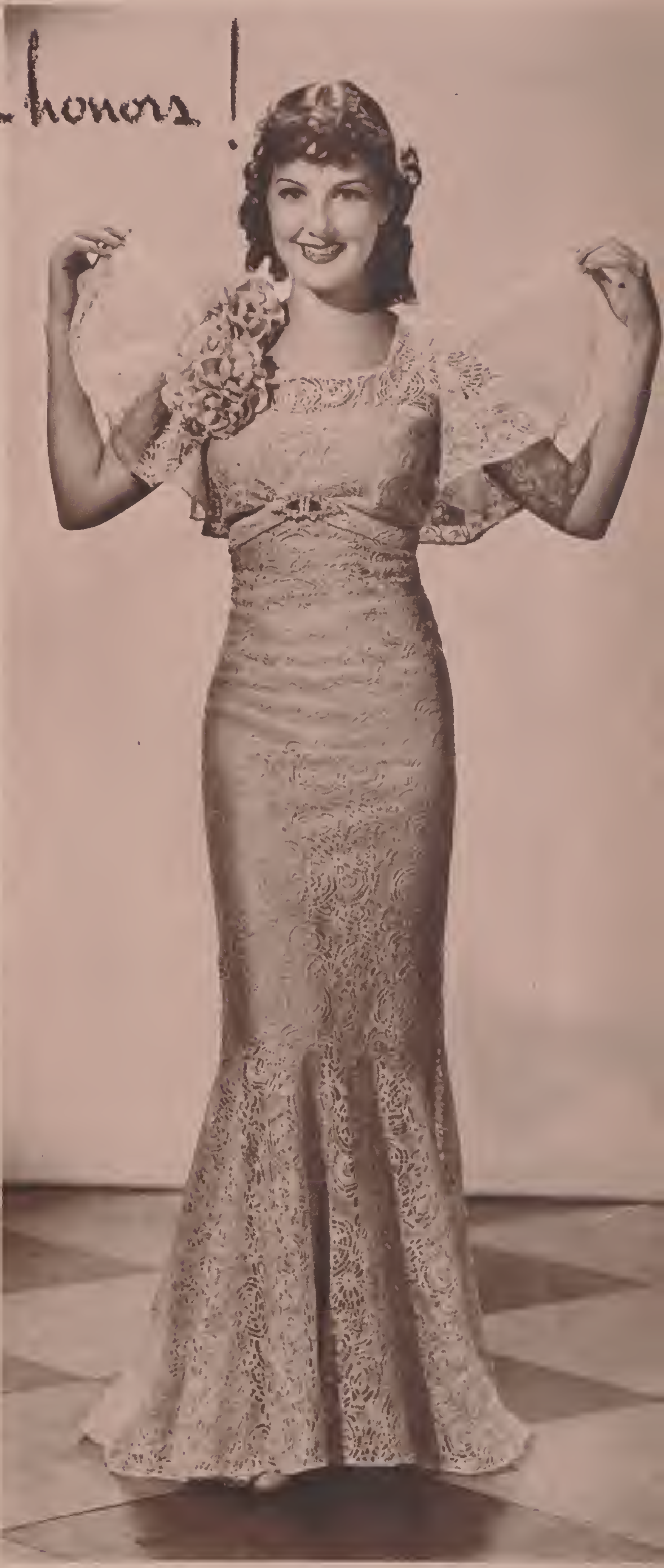
MYSELF: Heavens, I'll talk of gentler things. Do you believe in washing your face with soap? Some people don't, you know.

KAY: Why not? We wash the rest of our bodies, however I don't put too much emphasis on the use of soap. After my bath I always cleanse my face with a mineral oil and then steam it with hot towels and finish off with dashes of cold water.

MYSELF: But don't you think hot towels make the face muscles flabby? I've heard that.

KAY: So have I but I don't believe it. I don't think there is anything more beneficial than bringing the blood to the surface of the face so that any (*Continued on page* 86)

Graduate with fashion honors!



JEAN PARKER

says

"ALWAYS SIMPLE CHARM

and suggests this all-important frock for the sub-deb on graduation day

LINEN LACE

over

RUSTLING TAFFETA

with

COVERED SHOULDERS

PRINCESS LINES

and

FLARE *below the* KNEE!

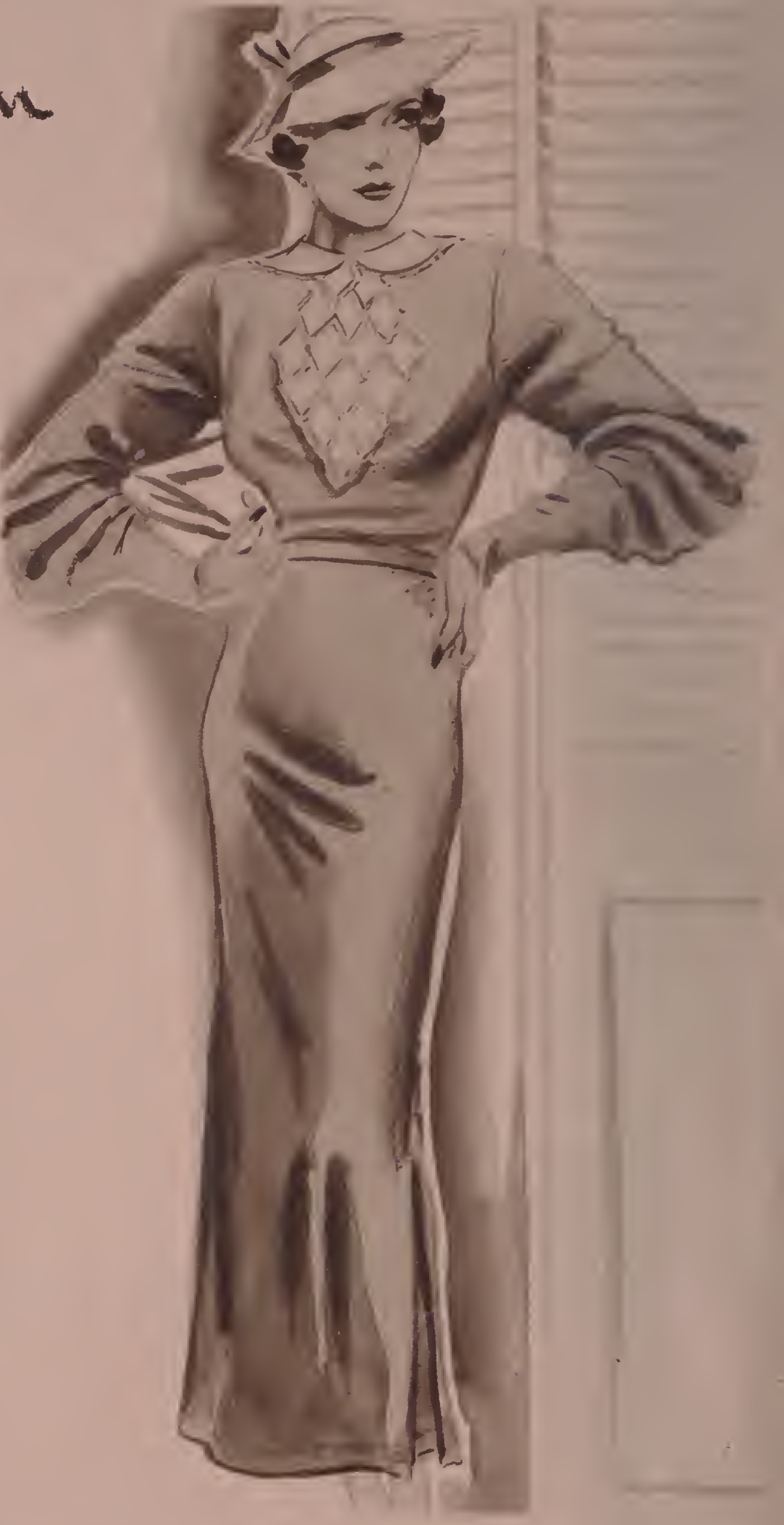
Selected from the French Room of the May Company,
Hollywood and Los Angeles

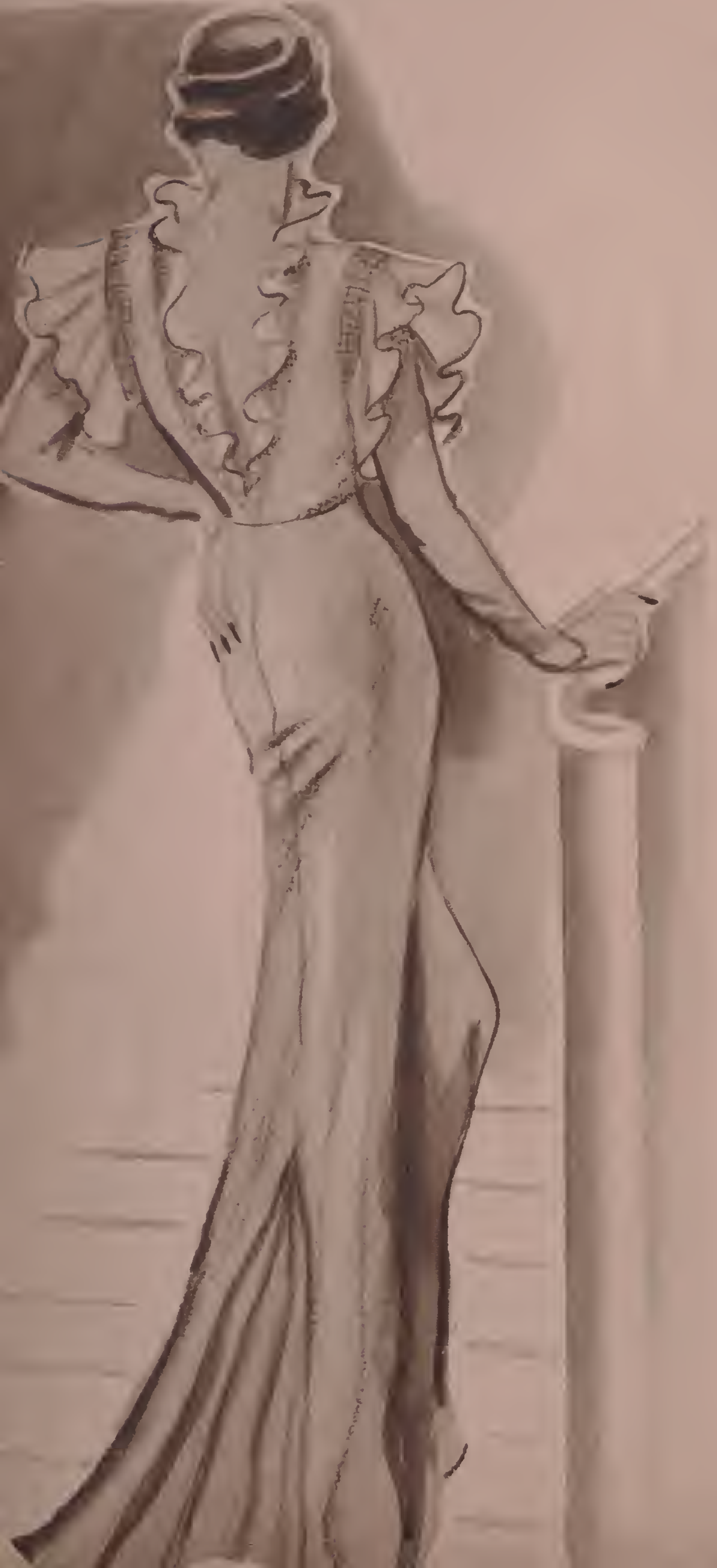
star fashions • • by • • gwenn walter

Chatterton Charm

and of it Howard Greer, one of Hollywood's foremost designers, has said, "Miss Chatterton possesses a rare charm and sophistication and yet expresses these attributes in the most simple manner. Any woman could model her wardrobe from that of Ruth Chatterton's and feel perfectly dressed, for Miss Chatterton is never very eccentric or bizarre"

Deft fingers were fitting Miss Chatterton as I sketched these Greer creations—*so excitingly new* that bastings were still the only support of their graceful and sweeping lines

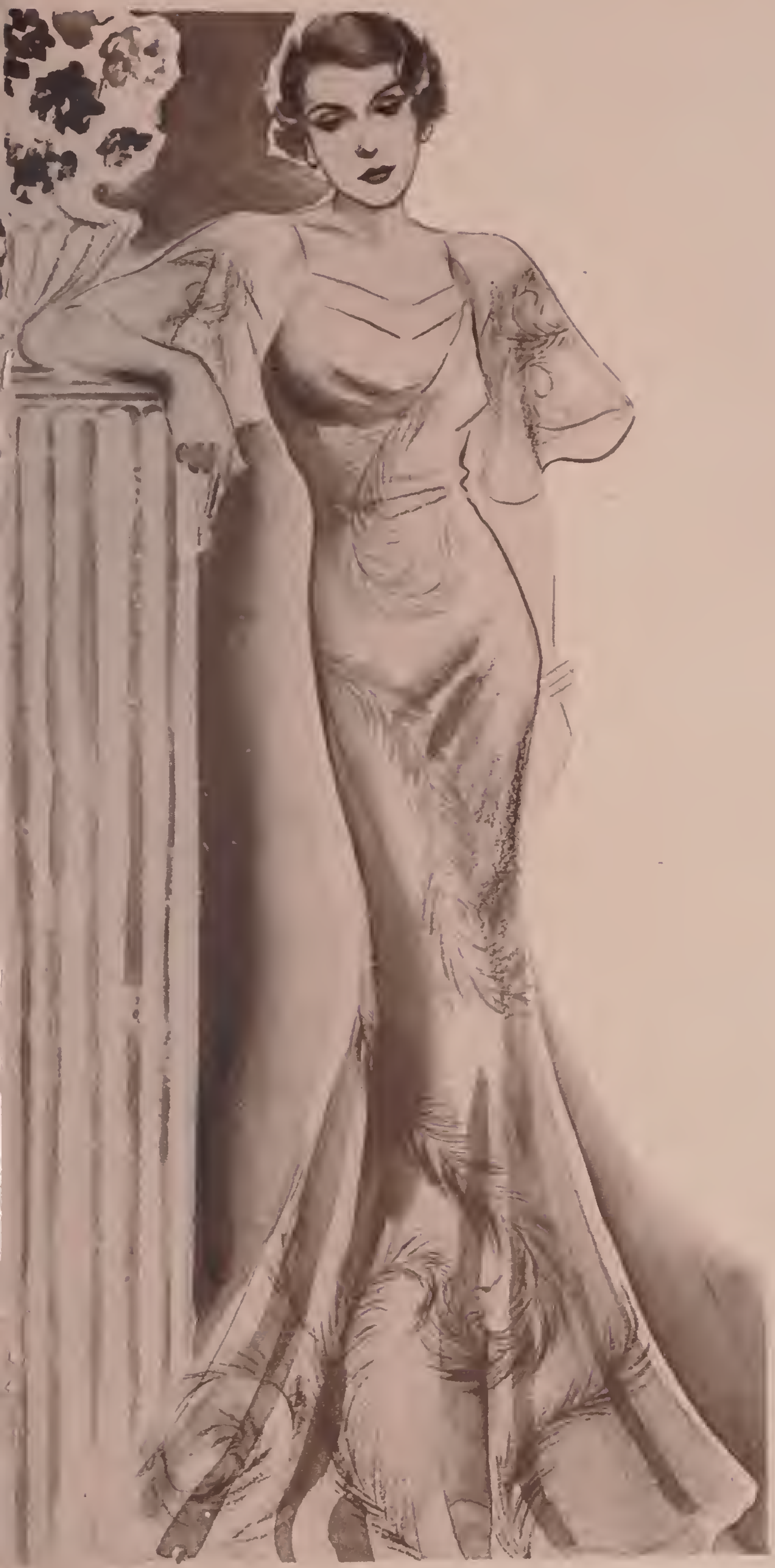




QUAND-MEME . . . *(on the left)* A dinner gown of crepe. The color—cool yellow. The skirt—exquisitely simple with the fulness carried backward where it falls in soft folds that trail to the ground. The waist—higher in front than in back. The shirred frills around the neck and armholes—of white mousseline—I knew your eye would be intrigued by their jutting fulness at the throat and the chic way they shelter the long tight-fitting sleeves. *The sleeves could be left out if one lives where it is just too hot*

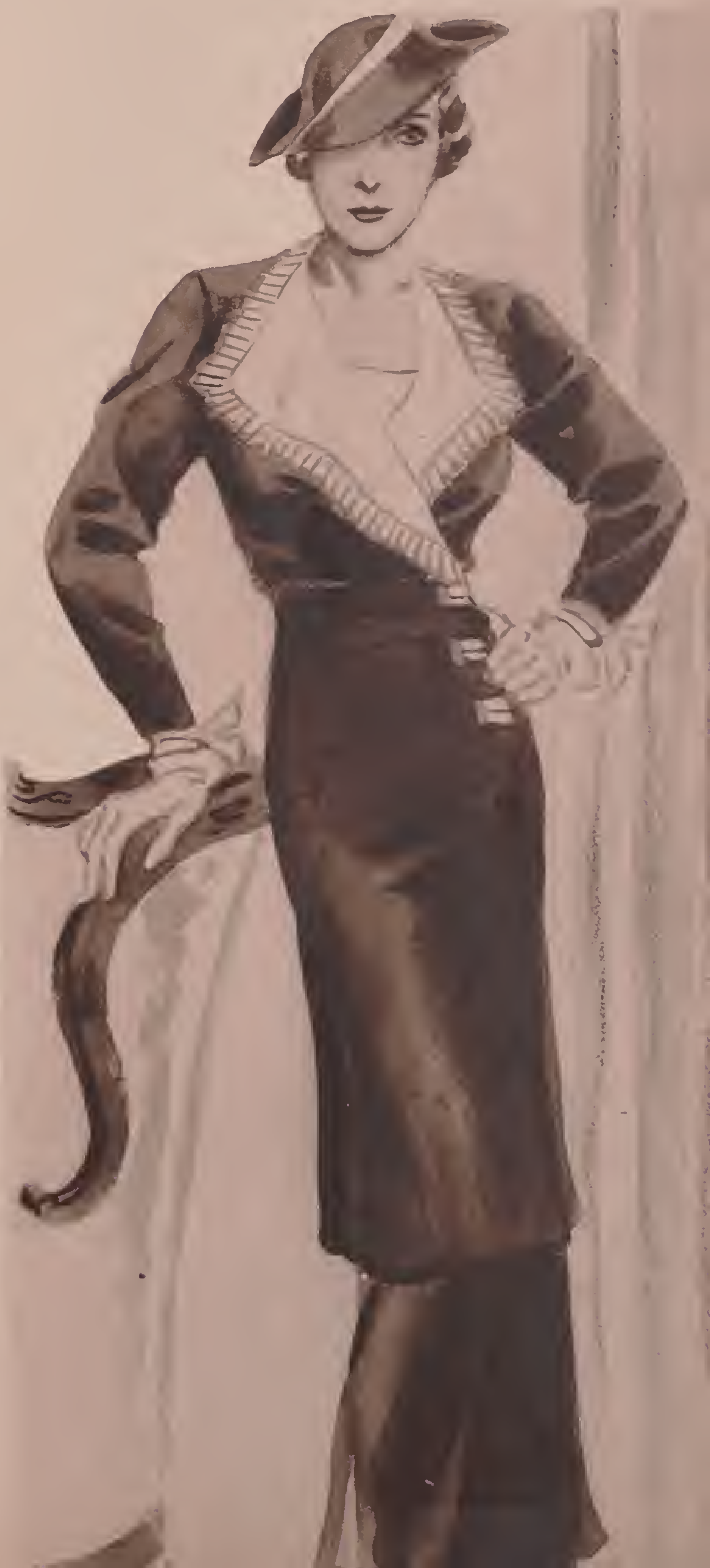
KATIE . . . *(above)* It is fashioned of green crepe *and would be equally smart in a gay print.* Inverted pleats add gracefulness to the straight skirt. The sleeves are long and their outer elbow fulness becomes a moulded line on the inner arm by means of several large tucks. The demure Eton collar is of white linen and cascades in a jabot formed of squares edged in tiny lace. This street frock could travel, shop, go to business or grace any important luncheon

star fashions • • by • • gwenn walters



BANTY . . . *(on the left)* Willowy feathers painted on mousseline. Howard Greer would be the one to capture those fluffy, warm, fashionable feathers of Winter and Spring and make them a fashionable note of Summer. The pink of the gown is a wee bit lighter than its painted feathers. It has a taffeta slip—cape sleeves—and a skirt *flared out for-sure* by horsehair braid. The back is moderately low. Garden parties were invented for just such gossamer-like, filmy gowns as these!

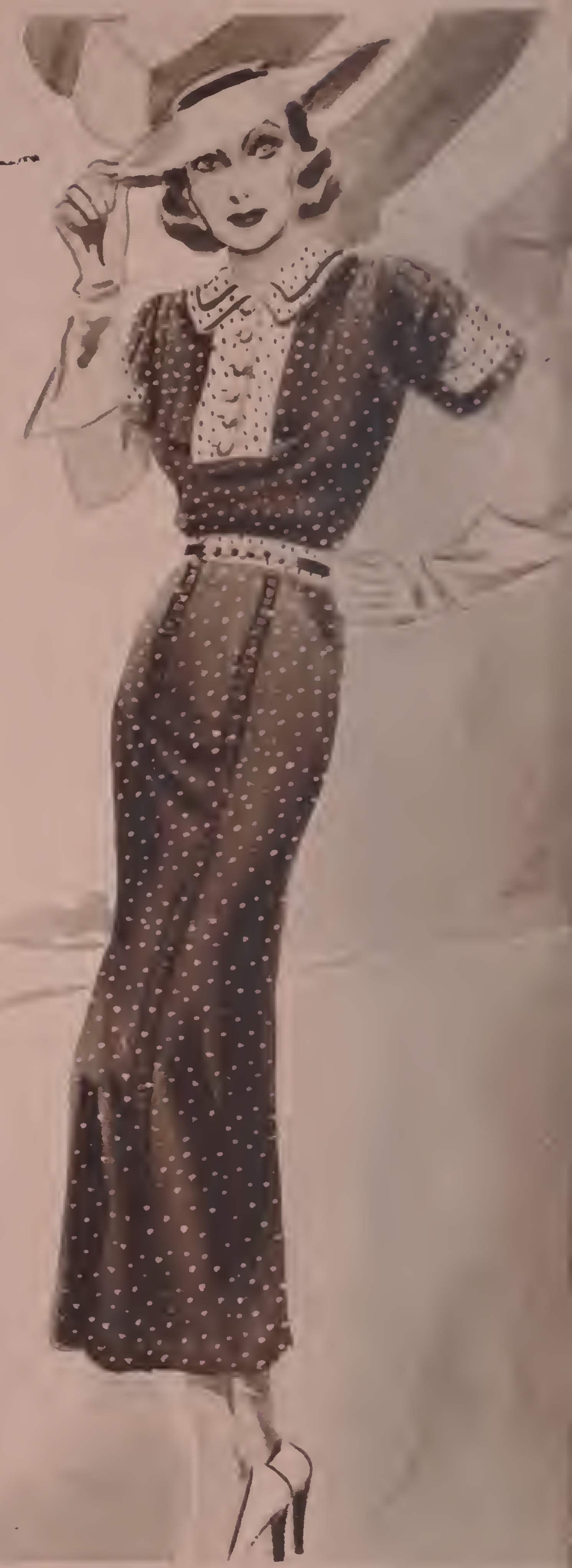
EPEAL . . . *(on the right)* A tunic dress—just as exciting as t sounds and shrieking with new fashion. The color—light navy lue. The trim—white grosgrain ribbon edged with contrasting blue. The tunic is snug-fit by appliqued bands of self-material and the lower skirt is slit on both sides. Cartridge pleats edge the collar and separate the tunic bands at their side closing. he straight cuffs end in simple ties. Intensely wearable and ound to attract. Note the modish hat that goes with it!

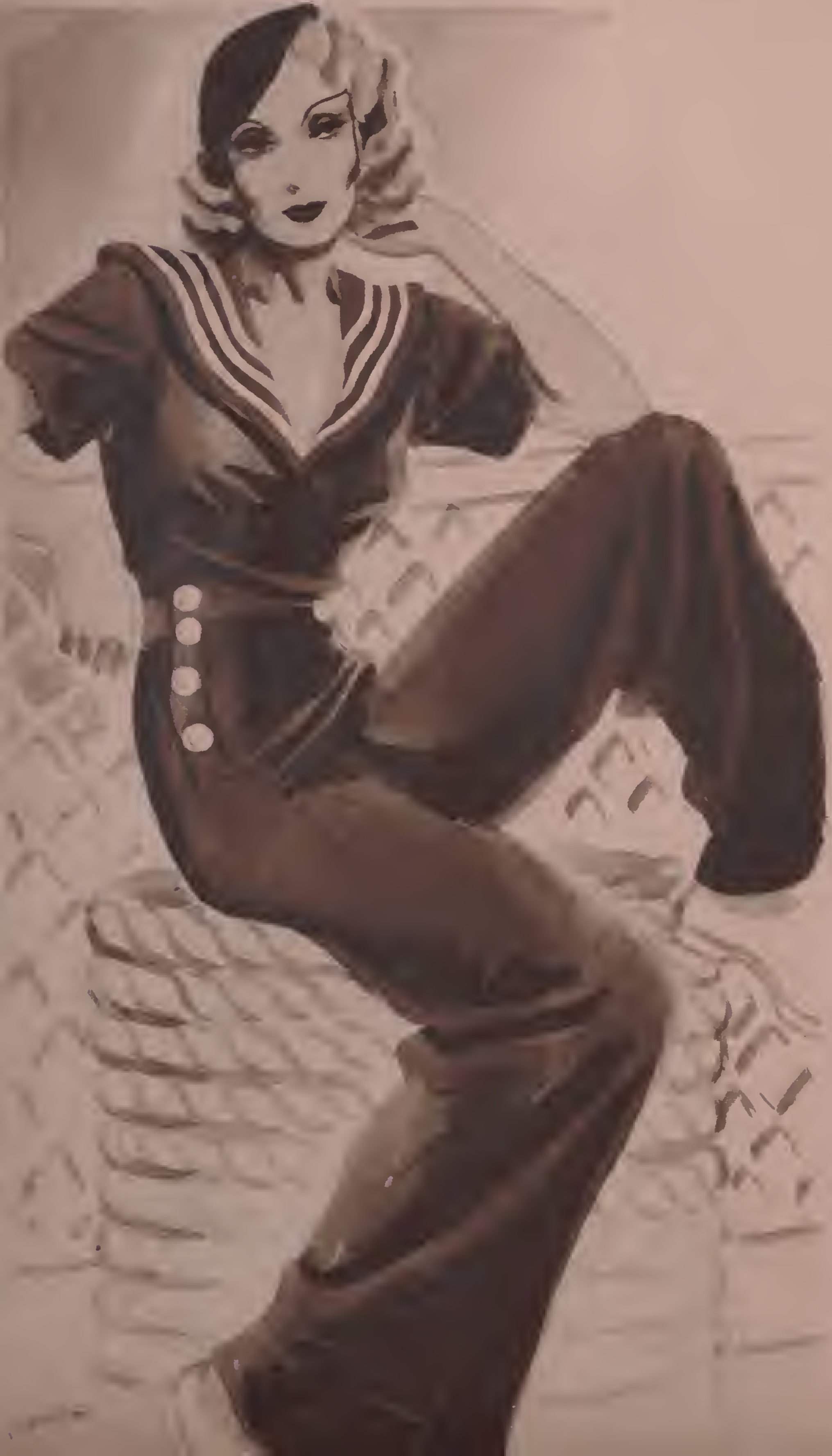


star fashions • • by • • gwenn walters

New under the Sun

One morning soon you'll wake up and behold summer! Have your wardrobe ready. Hollywood says that your frocks should be fashioned of linen, starched lawn, piqué, tidy gingham checks, tub silks, crisp cottons plus crepes for dressy wear. You should choose them in white—and then in any color. Trim them with frou-frou, exquisite buttons and buckles. Then protect these precious togs with large hats to ward off the scorching rays of the sun



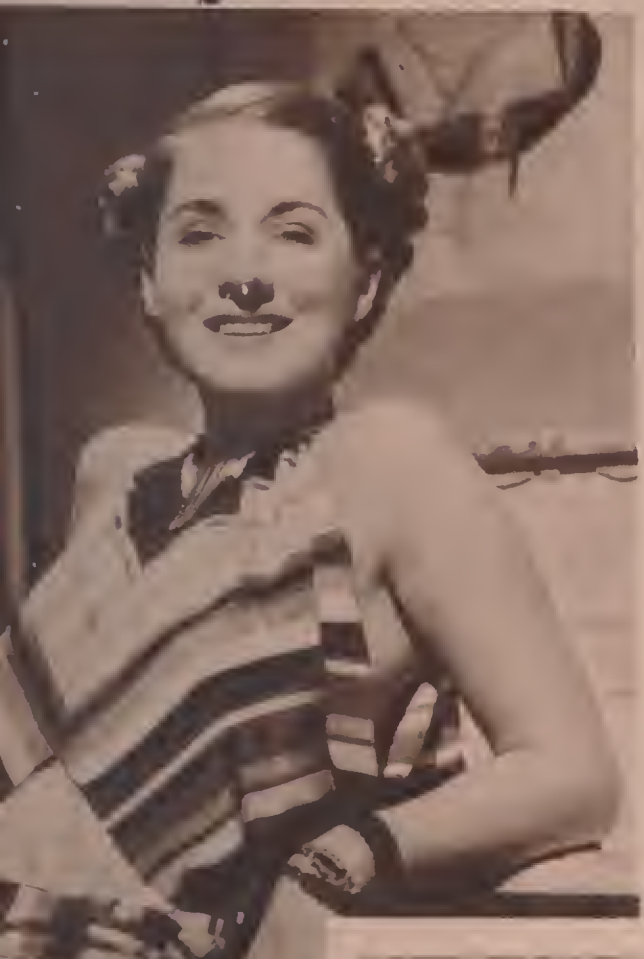


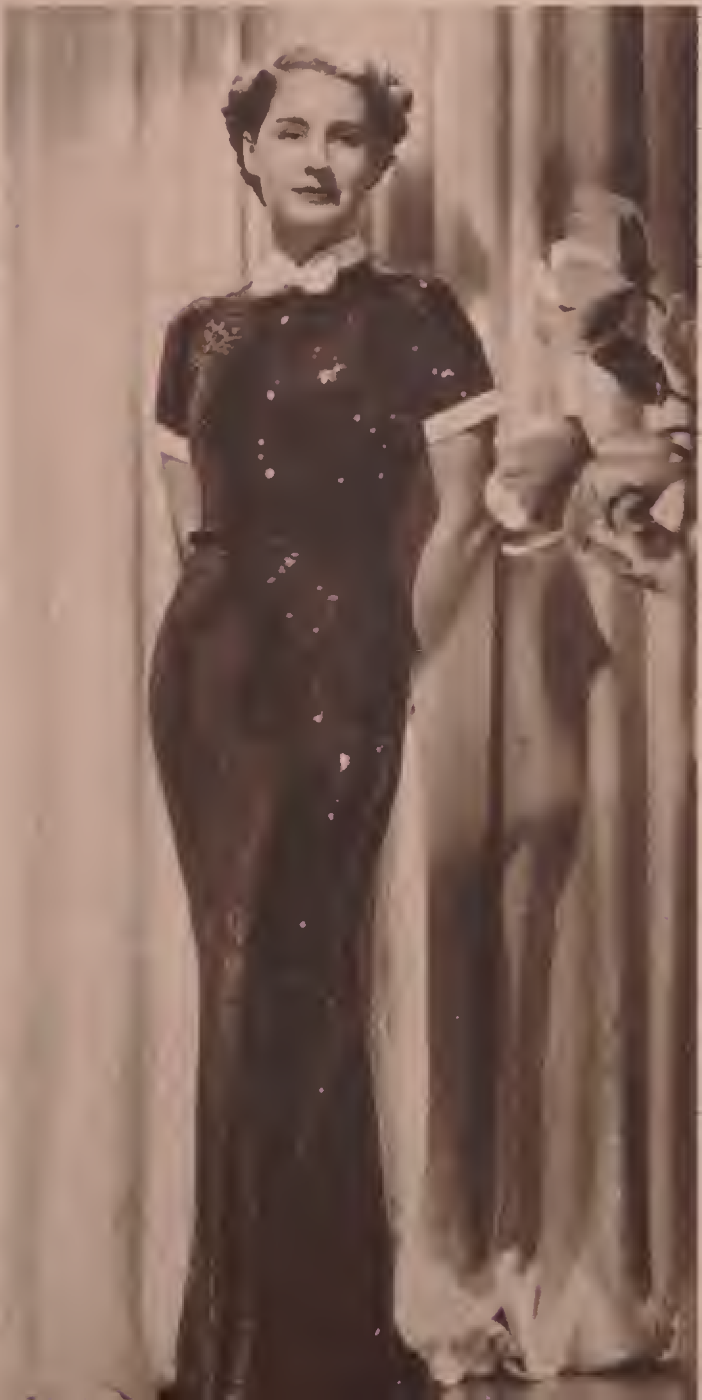
JOAN CRAWFORD *(above)* fitting a crisp brown dotted swiss at Honey-Bun Hereley's sport shop. The shirt-bosomed blouse and sleeves are neatly tucked. The skirt is plain except for two tiny rows of tucks marching up and down between the seams—back and front. The vestee, collar and cuffs are of white dotted swiss. The buttons are crocheted. The stitched belt boasts a brown grosgrain ribbon insert. And to top it, a white Toyo panama hat

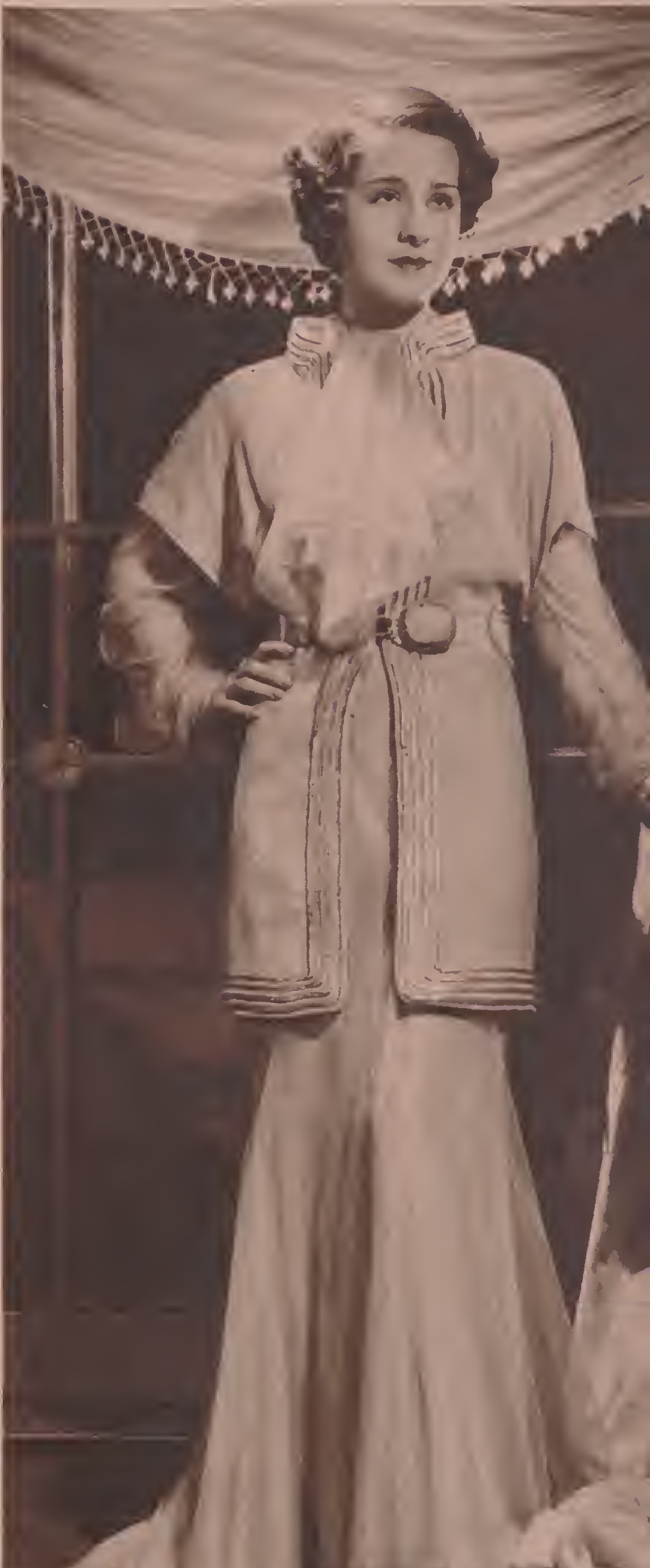
MARLENE DIETRICH *(on the left)* buying trousers that you too can wear. This two-piece slack suit is of light navy blue silk. The trousers are cut sailor-fashion and fastened with large pearl buttons. The middy blouse is trimmed in white silk braid. Marlene ordered an exact copy of her suit for her little actress-daughter, Marie. Do you wonder that I like snooping at Evans sport shop star fashions • • by • • gwenn walters

After 6 o'clock

from the screen wardrobe of NORMA SHEARER







ROMAN STRIPES *(on the left)* as festive as the land of their birth. This smart cocktail jacket of striped silk laaps under the arm and exposes a deep V-back. A blouse like this will transform one of your evening gowns colorfully

MASCULINE TOUCHES *(on the right)* as displayed in the collar, bow-tie and cuffs of this sequin gown are of pique. A charming new note araund which to create a smart summer gown

ORIENTAL CHARM *(above)* enters the fashion world. This three-quarter jacket is edged in bands of gald and fastens with old gold and white jade. It covers a matching blue dinner dress of chiffon which is as important as its jacket in fashion detail. It has a skirt with lawer fullness, long flowing sleeves and a double jabot that adds softness and grace

JOE E. BROWN'S FAREWELL PARTY

BELOW—
Joe E. Brown sets out for China to be gone several months. So Louise Fazenda comes to the press party in his honor.

ABOVE—
Hyman Fink, who shot these exclusive photos, gets lotsa help from Dorothy Burgess and John Mack Brown. Flash!

TOP CENTER—
A nice family group: Joe's mother joins the gang wishing her son and his missus bon voyage. (They ate with chopsticks at the party!)

BELOW—
They're happy not because Joe's going away but because it's such a swell party. Dick Powell, Mary Brian, Alice Faye, and Guy Kibbee.

ABOVE—
Joan Blondell and hubby, George Barnes, pose with Dot Burgess for a fine Fink photo.

LEFT—
Good-bye, Joey, don't eat too much chop suey! So says this cute group: George O'Brien, Dot Burgess again, and George E. Stone.

Rochelle Hudson seems happy and we don't blame her. Stardom, oblivion and a comeback—all before she was eighteen. You saw her with Will Rogers in "Mr. Skitch." Now Fox has given her a swell part in "Nine Million Women." She's headed for big things

Is this a mirage or is it really Velez? That angelic smile, those melting eyes—Oh Lupe, Lupe! Anyway, "Strictly Dynamite" is the title of her next picture (Jimmy Durante is with her again), and she's also in the tardy "Hollywood Party." Lupe's going on a personal appearance tour soon—Hollywood won't be Hollywood without her

POOR DOROTHEA WIECK

Little Wonder That She's the Unhappiest Star in Hollywood!

by GEORGE MADDEN

WHISPERS, only half heard, and all the more dangerous on that account. Gossip, gaining in the retelling until it reaches almost terrifying proportions, and not to be traced back to any original source. Those things are making the Hollywood life of Dorothea Wieck a dreadful nightmare. Never a very happy woman since she has been in this country, she is now a badly frightened woman.

Her year's contract with Paramount is now at an end. The studio has made an announcement that this contract will not be renewed. Dorothea Wieck is scheduled for no pictures at this time. I know that she herself believes that her career in American pictures is finished. The girl who started out with such high hopes from Germany, a year ago, may soon return, even in doubt of the reception she will receive when she gets there.

And why should the career of this brilliant actress end so suddenly? Is it because there have been silly, groundless rumors that she, together with her husband, are spies for the German government? Is it because a former friend, seeking revenge, started the report that she was unfriendly to the race which has been persecuted in Germany? Or, is it because Hollywood believes that she is cold—lacking in the warmth and emotion demanded by the screen? You may hear all of those things in Hollywood.

All of that Dorothea Wieck can deny. She can deny them in all honesty, because they are not true. But it is not easy to make one voice heard above so many voices. She needs friends to help her fight, and she is almost friendless in a land far from her own home. Her young husband, Ernest von der Decken, is with her now, but he, also, is unfamiliar with America and American ways. And he is a very sad young husband. He feels that much of her trouble can be traced to him, although the fault was not his.

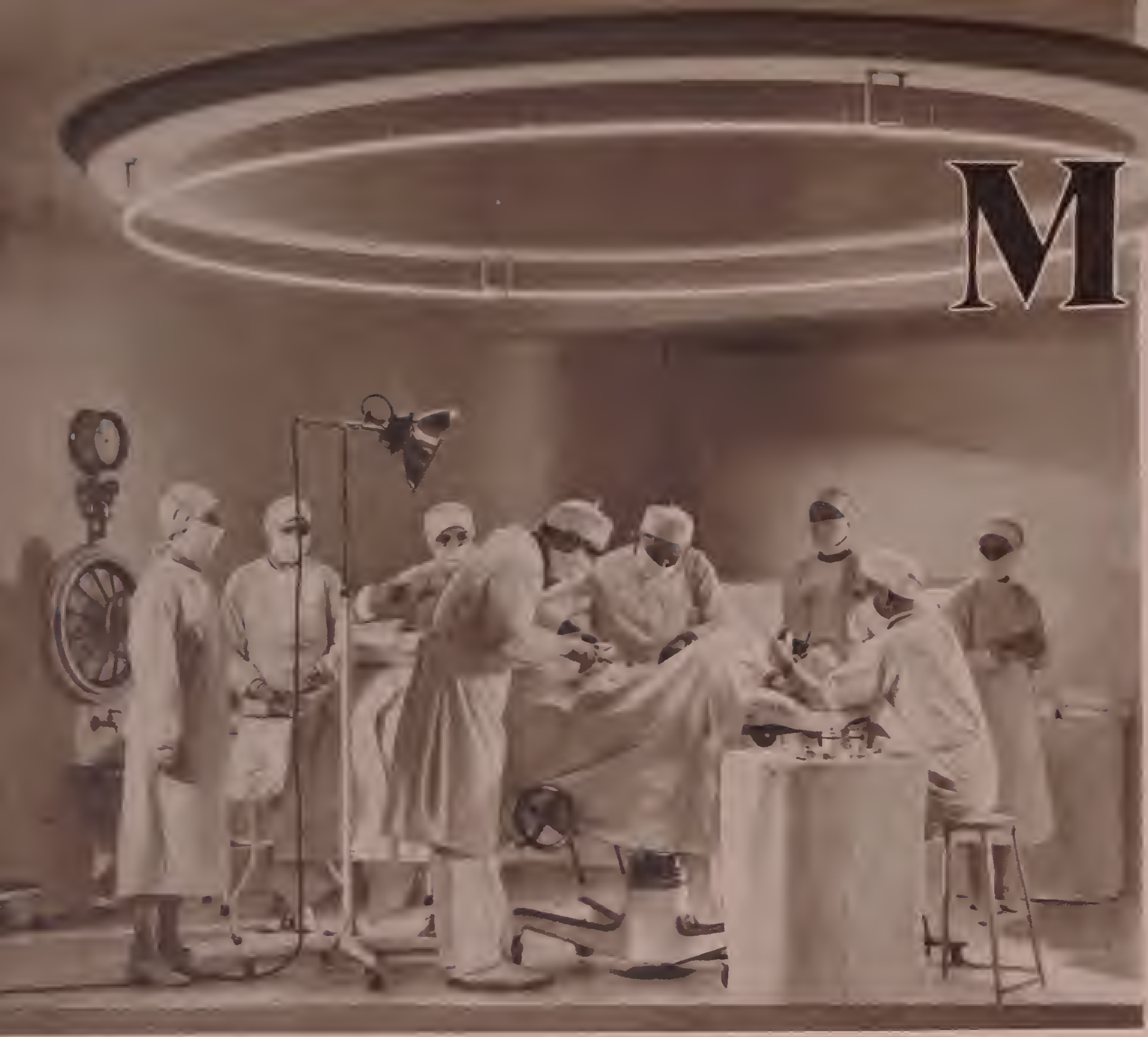
Ernest von der Decken has served as film critic on Berlin newspapers, but most of the time he has been known as a "free-lance" writer, writing on assignments from the editors. Since he has been in Hollywood he has interviewed several of the stars, sending his stories back to Germany.

Dorothea stated that her husband was a newspaper man when she came to this country. By gradual steps, familiar to everyone who knows the picture colony, the story was magnified by writers until the young man became an editor. And, finally, he was one of the most influential men in Germany's new regime. Naturally there were people here ready and willing to dislike almost any representative of that government.

WHEN she arrived in this country the great furor was to begin in Berlin. It was not long in coming. Soon the news was headlined that Herr Hitler would demand the return of all Aryan artists to the Fatherland. Local newspapers lost no time in seeking out Dorothea for an interview.

"I will not go if the order comes," she was quoted as saying.

What she had really said was that she *could* not go. She had a year's contract with Paramount, and was legally tied. Her worries had begun. She loves her own land, of course, and had no wish to antagonize her countrymen. On the other hand, given a chance, she was prepared to be happy and make the most of Hollywood. (*Continued on page* 81)



MEN

A Metro-Goldwyn-
Mayer Production
from the Play by
Sydney Kingsley.

Fictionized by
Dorothy Emerson

MR. HUDSON was a wealthy man, a very wealthy man. Just now he was recovering from an illness, but he could see dollars and cents in their proper light, sick or well. Nor did he soften his views even when speaking to Dr. Hochberg. Hochberg was a world-famous surgeon, head of this big hospital, and had been Hudson's friend since the time he had helped to bring his daughter Laura into the world. It was Laura's fiancé they were discussing.

"God, they make a slave of that boy!" Hudson said. "And he doesn't get a dime!"

Dr. Hochberg's deep-set, serious eyes twinkled a moment. This was a familiar tilt between them. "He's not here for the money," he countered. "He's here to learn. The harder he works, the more he learns. When he comes to me, his pay is going to be twenty dollars a week, but there's a chance to learn. Why, the man I have with me now even has a cot rigged up in one of the laboratories where he sleeps . . . sometimes."

"For twenty dollars a week!" Hudson boomed out the words with ineffable disgust.

Hochberg spoke softly, and Laura, standing besides her father's chair, leaned forward to listen.

"George is a fine boy," the doctor said. "He has great promise. The next five years are crucial in his life. They're going to tell whether he becomes an important man or not."

Laura broke in, resentfully: "George is an important man right now, Hocky, to me."

"To *you!*" Hochberg looked at her as though she were nothing compared to the science of medicine.

Laura smiled at him entrancingly. This was Hocky in a difficult mood. "Well, don't I count?" she asked.

George's voice unexpectedly took up the question: "Who says you don't?" he called, as he joined the group. He kissed his fiancée and smiled proudly at the two older men.

"George darling; I haven't had a real kiss for days."

George gave her another and then drew back to gaze at her hat. "Where did you get it? It looks like a sail-boat. No, it's becoming, I do believe! How beautiful you are. Isn't she, Dr. Hochberg?"

"Hm, she looks all right." Hochberg answered dryly.

"I'll kill that man!" Laura made a face at him.

His expression softened. He had known Laura for a long time. She made another face when he chuckled: "You should have seen the brat when I delivered her."

George beamed upon them all. Nothing could disturb his happiness now that the actual day for the wedding was set.

"You know," he said to Laura. "I can hardly believe it's really going to happen! And Vienna!"

"You don't know." Laura said. "Wait till you've seen the Prater. Lights all over, it twinkles with music and gay people."

"When I visited Eiselberg in Vienna, his students spent all their time working, with an occasional glass of beer for relaxation. That's what your honeymoon in Vienna will be, Laura." Hochberg spoke gravely, but Hudson had an answer:

"Don't you listen to that old fogey. You kids enjoy yourselves. You're only young once!" He shouted the last over his shoulder as his nurse appeared to wheel him away.

GEORGE looked at the older doctor: "You don't need me, do you?"

"Why not?" Hochberg began—but Laura shook a finger at him and he grinned. It was amazing to see how that grin dispelled the austerity of his face.

"All right. I'll call you when I want you." Hochberg turned away, stopped as if to add something, and then left them alone. They so seldom could be alone together.

IN WHITE

Should a woman sacrifice herself so that the man she loves can serve humanity?

THE CAST

Dr. Ferguson	CLARK GABLE
Laura	MYRNA LOY
Dr. Hochberg	Jean Hersholt
Barbara	Elizabeth Allan
Dr. Levine	Otto Kruger
Dr. Cunningham	C. Henry Gordon
Dr. Michaelson	Russell Hardie
Shorty	Wallace Ford
Dr. McCabe	Henry B. Walthall
Pete	Russell Hopton

"Sweetheart!" Laura murmured. It was almost quiet on the roof of the big building. Below, the New York traffic flowed incessantly, but the summer sun, the flowers and shrubbery of the solarium gave them a feeling of isolation. "Let me look at you. Your eyes are tired."

"I didn't sleep much," George admitted. "It was a pretty sick house."

They sat down and Laura pulled his head down on her shoulder. "You're overworked and I don't like it one bit. I don't seem to get a kick out of life anymore, unless you're around. And that's not very often, is it?" This last had an edge.

"We'll make up for it, later on, all through the years."

She shook her head. "It doesn't seem long enough." She paused and then went on with a rush. "I wish I'd lived all

Inch by inch, he loosened death's hold on her—risking everything for the child—till she smiled wanly at him . . .

my life with you. I wish I'd been born in the same room with you and played in the same streets."

George smiled at her tenderly. "I'm glad you didn't. They were ordinary and gloomy. It was all right for me, I was busy. All my life I've wanted to be a fine doctor, and when Hochberg picked me to work with him, it justified all the tough years."

"It means so much, doesn't it?"

It meant so much that George answered her flippantly with a hearty: "Yep!"

"And all the time you were working, I was being just another 'poor little rich girl.' Daddy gave me everything I wanted and I took it all for granted till you came. Then I was scared, afraid I might lose you, so now I have a career . . . you."

"Embrace your career," George said solemnly but he was cut short by the amplifier of the hospital's call system.

"Dr. Ferguson, Dr. Ferguson!" said the tinny voice.

"There it is again!" She said. George could see she was chagrined. "Always having to leave me. Well, I must get to the hair-dresser's to be made beautiful for tonight. I'll have you to myself then, anyway. We'll go to that little roadhouse where the music is good and the food swell, then a long drive up the Hudson." She was gathering together her bag and gloves.

When George spoke, the dismay in his voice made her look up sharply: "But darling. Please don't be upset. I can't make it tonight. I have to stay in. I'm desperately sorry. I tried to get out of it, but there's a transfusion. It's vital, really!"

"It's not just tonight, it's all the nights. Oh, George, what's our life going to be like?"

"Pretty grand!" He tried to coax the misery and disappointment out of her face.

"How can it be? George, after Vienna, when we come back, can't we arrange our lives like human beings? You could open up an office and have regular hours, specialize, or something."

They had been all over this before. George tried to be patient. "I'm going to work with Hochberg."

Laura gave a little wail: "That's just it. I know Hocky. I'll never see you."

"But darling, I've plugged all my life in the hope of just this. I can't give it up."

She was twisting her glove to tatters. The tinny voice called again, urgently.

"They're calling you," Laura said curtly.

George did not move for a moment. "I know," he said, and then, simply, earnestly: "I love you, Laura."

"Yes? Me and the rest of the world." The glove came apart in her hands, as George answered the telephone extension: "This is Dr. Ferguson. Who? Well, call Cunningham. It's his case."

Raising her voice, Laura said: "I can't go on like this. I'd rather break it off now . . ."

He turned toward her: "Laura . . ." but interrupted to speak rapidly into the instrument: "What! What's her temperature? Pulse? Is she pale, perspiring? Did she ask for food before it happened? No, no more insulin, absolutely. I'll be right down."

HE hung up, rose to his feet, and strode to the elevator without a word further to Laura. To George, this was not an unmannerly desertion. He loved her utterly, but the suffering people who placed their hope of life in his hands, came first. Now he was racing down to the room of little Dorothy Smith, and his mind sorted out what he had heard over the telephone. Must be complete collapse. She was an advanced diabetic. Could she rally before it was too late? He shut his lips grimly. It would be touch and go.

The reckless mood closed down on them. "You get so lonely, you feel tomorrow it's me, and all that matters is just being alive . . . now!"

It *was* touch and go for a tense quarter of an hour. The child was unconscious when he reached her, and to complicate matters, another, older doctor on the case disputed George's handling of the crisis. George tried to be diplomatic, and when that failed he took the hypodermic out of the man's hands, and continued with his own course of treatment. It enraged the doctor, and confused and terrified the nurse, but the child rallied. The other treatment, he knew would have been fatal. Inch by inch, he loosened death's hold on her, till she smiled wanly at him and then fell into a natural sleep.

With the victory won, George felt the reaction. In defying the older man, George had taken his career in his two hands. Looking back, years afterwards, he realized that on this day he had become wholly a doctor, who risks everything for his patient.

The outcome had justified his decision and forced the other doctor to eat his threats of reporting him. Above and beyond this, he had saved the child. His taut nerves were irritated by the nurse's breathless: "I think you were wonderful to stand up against him like that."

Not even turning, he said shortly: "Clean up this mess." He heard her moving about, gathering the discarded instruments. Then he heard a crash. The nurse had dropped the tray and stood swaying unsteadily. He caught her and eased her into a chair.

"What's the matter with you?"

"I—I—this is my first case with a sick child, and I got to like her an awful lot."

George could understand this. It was not so very far back to his own first case.

"What's your name? You're English, aren't you?"

"Yes. My name is Barbara Dennin."

"I know just how you feel, nerves all tied up in a knot, want to yell. Feel the same way myself. Take my advice. Get as far away from here as you can, tonight. Have a good time. Relax! Forget about the hospital and its patients."

She thanked him gratefully but explained it was impossible as she had an examination in the morning, Materia Medica, that she must study for. George offered her his notes. He was trying to be both sympathetic and businesslike. She was a darned attractive girl and she was hanging on his every word. "I'll leave the notes at the desk on the fourth floor. And now about the patient. If she wakes . . ."

THE rest of the afternoon was full of routine work, routine but never monotonous, when death may, and suffering surely will be a part of it. He had dinner with the other internes and listened abstractedly to their chatter and chaff. Two of them were talking loudly about girls they were taking out. George sighed to himself. He badly needed this evening with Laura.

On his way to his room, a nurse informed him that "401" wouldn't need that transfusion after all. No need to stay in now. With a quicker step, George reached his room and called Laura. His eager happiness died and a dull resentment took its place. There was to be no evening together. She made that plain.

"Well, you can hardly expect me to be sitting waiting for the phone, whenever it's convenient for you. I've made other plans. I'm just leaving. Don't be childish. I'm in a hurry."

He spent the evening in his room alone, till Dr. Levine came in for a moment, and this visit left him more depressed than ever. It seemed like a warning. Dr. Levine had once stood just where George was, as a promising young interne in whom Dr. Hochberg was deeply interested. He threw away his chances to get married and went into general practice. It had all been a miserable failure.

What was a man to do with a woman who wouldn't listen to reason? Or did she too, have some reason on her side? He was just turning in for the night when Barbara Dennin tapped at the door and slipped in. "You forgot to leave the notes," she explained. She was prettier than ever, and her fluster at being in a doctor's room where she was not supposed to be, added to her charm.

George found himself delaying her going on one pretext and another. Finally the notes were found and she opened the door to leave, but darted back and closed it softly. "Head nurse going by!" she whispered.

"Better wait a few minutes. Sit down." He himself began a nervous pacing.

Her eyes followed him adoringly, the more so since she knew he was totally unconscious of the admiration he evoked among the nurses. His tall, powerful figure in the white clothes, his handsome, rather stern face that broke into the devastating smile, had broken many a heart unknown to their owner.

"You work very hard, don't you?" she asked softly.

"Work? Sure! What else is there, but work?" He stopped his pacing and spun around. "Got all the papers? Look, this is the important part."

They bent over the pages together.

She ventured another remark: "You know, when I thought Dorothy was going to die, I got the feeling that . . . I can't put it into words, as if . . . what use is it all?"

"Me too! Right now. I'm tired of work and blood and sweat and pain. One begins to wonder why anything makes any difference!"

The reckless mood closed down on them. She caught his arm: ". . . And you get so lonely, you feel maybe tomorrow it's me, and the only thing that matters is just being alive . . . now!"

They stared at each other, (*Continued on page* 72)

"I wish," Laura said, "I'd lived all my life with you. I wish I'd been born in the same room and played in the same streets"

Hyman Snatch Shots

Leila Hyams and Arline Judge split a bottle of Tabasco sauce between 'em at the Ambassador Hotel. Don't you think Arline's hat cute?

Here you have the three grandest friends in Hollywood—Randolph Scott, Virginia Cherrill Grant and Cary Grant. All dressed up, too

What a swell exclusive shot of Jean Harlow and her mother. Taken on Jean's birthday. It's inside the car which Jean gave Mrs. Bello that very day

Well, if Mary Carlisle hasn't lost pounds and pounds! Good work, Mary. She's coming out of M-G-M offices with some of her fan mail shrieking Mexican bandits riding bareback, the very blood-soaked soil of the border country, all go towards making a vivid, forceful portrait of a period in history that will live forever.

Your Reviewer Says: One of the most profitable ways of spending an evening, unless you are very weak-hearted.

For Children: It's as good as a lesson in school, but it is a bit full of murder and plunder for them.

The Perfect Guide for Discriminating Movie Goers

(✓ Check for good pictures.)
(✓✓ Double check for extraordinary ones you should not miss.)

✓"Melody in Spring" (Paramount)

You'll See: *Lanny Ross, Ann Sothern, the Gale Triplets, Mary Boland, Charlie Ruggles, George Meeker, others.*

It's About: *A fresh boy who sings, a girl, and her mother and father, the latter a collector who "collects" antiques relentlessly, even if driven to stealing them.*

This is a little bit of everything and all of it quite good and amusing. The weakness of the picture is that the two main plots rather bump along, never quite getting together, just when you think it is a musical comedy, it turns into straight farce, and after a lot of purely farcical scenes, it goes musical again.

Lanny Ross, making his picture debut from the air waves, is a singing lad who meets Ann Sothern, an engaged girl, while her car is parked at a wayside curb. He starts singing right then and there, much to her fiance's annoyance, and keeps on following Ann until he lands in her father's home, who, by the most amazing accident, happens to have a radio hour, and what could be more opportune?

Papa, superbly played by Charles Ruggles, is that type of collector who takes knobs from people's beds, and bells from people's cows. Mama, gorgeously portrayed by Mary Boland, tries to keep him out of prison. The picture wanders from America to Switzerland and is all pretty mad, but constantly romantic and amusing.

Your Reviewer Says: Good fun, if you like both silly comedy and grand singing. Lanny Ross is not so hot as an actor, though he may improve with more experience, but his voice is grand.

For Children: It's fine.

✓"Riptide" (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Norma Shearer, Robert Montgomery, Herbert Marshall, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Ralph Forbes, George K. Arthur, Lilyan Tashman.*

It's About: *A play girl who marries a titled Englishman, lives happily until her past crops up and has her life almost ruined by jealousy and misunderstanding.*

After an absence from the screen, in which time she has been to Europe, Norma Shearer returns in a picture quite similar to past productions. Once again we find Norma, very gay, very lovely and even a little more naughty than usual. Morals and cocktails are mixed with easy abandon, as the story unfolds itself.

Easily one of the most exciting pictures this year, "Viva Villa" deals with the life and times of the famous Mexican bandit, portrayed to perfection by Wally Beery. Above you see him with a pretty dancer and Leo Carillo.

"Riptide" brings you Norma Shearer again, after a long absence. It's good to see her once more, particularly since she's as gay as she was in "The Divorcee." Herbert Marshall (shown above) is one of the men and Bob Montgomery is the other

There is nothing terribly new or different in this picture, that stamps it as worthy of the fine cast and direction. Miss Shearer's performance is splendid. She makes the most of everything she has to do. But it does seem a pity that her return to the screen could not have been heralded with something more original.

Herbert Marshall is cast in the role of the titled Englishman, who marries Norma, knowing of her slightly-scarlet past. They are perfectly content until he is called to America. During his absence, Robert Montgomery comes in on the scene. As a playboy back in New York, he has known Norma. They have a harmless flirtation, but the papers play it up in sensational headlines. From then on jealousy and mistrust play havoc with the situation, that has turned out to be the old eternal triangle.

As usual, Herbert Marshall shows great sincerity. Robert Montgomery is so good that you are grateful every moment he is on the screen. Mrs. Patrick Campbell gets all the laughs as an eccentric dowager. There was little opportunity to observe the late Lilyan Tashman.

Your Reviewer Says: Pleasant and entertaining if you don't expect too much of the story which wasn't worthy of the cast or direction, and certainly not good enough for a Shearer come-back.

For Children: No.

✓✓ "You're Telling Me" (Paramount)

You'll See: *W. C. Fields, Joan Marsh, Larry "Buster" Crabbe, Adrienne Ames, Louise Carter, Kathleen Howard, and others.*

It's About: *A ne'er do well inventor, who spends most of his time drinking and annoying his family, only to end up being a millionaire.*

Here's a picture that was definitely made for one purpose. And the preview audience responded to that purpose by literally screaming with laughter.

W. C. Fields plays the rôle of an inventor, whose taste for liquor includes a thirst for bug exterminator. Among his prize accomplishments are scrubbing brushes to be worn on the feet, a nose holder-upper—for better breathing and a bullet-proof automobile tire. When he isn't working on these, he's either saying or doing something that causes his family no end of grief.

Louise Carter is Fields' long-suffering wife. A very slender Joan Marsh is the daughter, who cannot marry the rich boy she loves, because they live on the wrong side of the tracks. Larry "Buster" Crabbe is the boy, who is dominated by a blue-blooded mother, played by Kathleen Howard. Adrienne Ames makes a very lovely Princess, who befriends Fields and makes him a hero in the eyes of the townsmen. All these players handle their rôles exceptionally well, with Kathleen Howard registering an individual and interesting personality.

The picture is filled with laughs and thank the powers that be, some gags never used before. W. C. Fields never fails to get the most out of every situation. His inimitable way of reading lines makes them twice as funny. Erle Kenton, the director, may take a deep waist bow for his work.

Your Reviewer Says: One of the best comedies of the year.

For Children: Sure. They'll appreciate its humor.

Aline MacMahon's star steadily rises in the movie firmament. She's fine opposite Paul Kelly in "Side Streets." This was formerly called "A Woman in Her Thirties"

THE MONTH

"Finishing School" (RKO)

You'll See: *Frances Dee, Billie Burke, Ginger Rogers, Bruce Cabot, John Halliday, Beulah Bondi, Adalyn Doyle, and others.*

It's About: *What happens within the walls of an exclusive girls' school, when parents are too busy to watch their daughters.*

Charming performances and picturesque settings are wasted here on that same old plot of the neglected little girl in school who meets a man, can't tell her secret, and is about to attempt suicide only to be saved by the loyal hero.

That was a good story originally. But "Finishing School" comes too far behind "Eight Girls in a Boat" and the rest of that group to rate very high. Certainly it isn't the players' fault if they are unable to rise above a plot every twist of which, almost every speech you've heard in a dozen movies before this. There's the same silly mother, the same hard-working father, the same unbelievably innocent heroine, the same blundering hero. It's all too sad.

Besides making a very beautiful heroine, Frances Dee gives another capable and colorful performance. She always makes you believe in her, every moment despite her trite rôle. Ginger Rogers, as Pony, classmate of Frances, handles another wise-cracking rôle in her usual swell manner. Billie Burke is the flighty mother and registers in a big way. Beulah Bondi, as the principal of the school, is oh, so good! Bruce Cabot, as the interne, is satisfactory with little chance to show what he can do.

Your Reviewer Says: At least, the acting is very fine.

For Children: They'd be bored.

Too bad some fine performances in "Finishing School" are wasted on a story that's been rehashed once too often. Frances Dee is swell, as is Ginger Rogers, her wise-cracking chum

"The Trumpet Blows" (Paramount)

You'll See: *George Raft, Adolphe Menjou, Frances Drake, Sidney Toler, Katherine DeMille, Nydia Westman.*

It's About: *A young bull fighter who falls in love with the sweetheart of his devoted brother and overcomes his yellow streak of cowardice by slaying the most dangerous bull.*

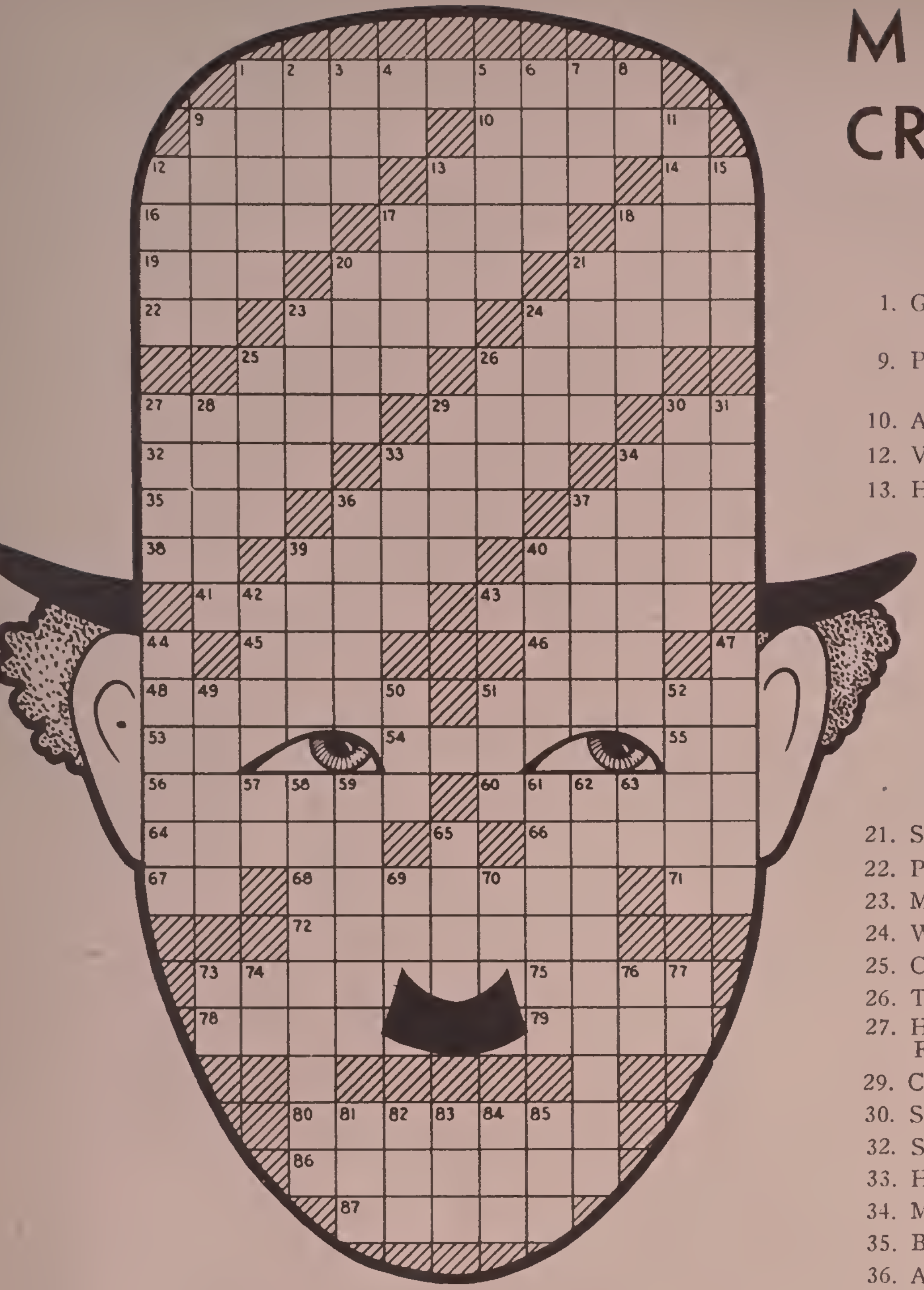
We have a sneaking suspicion that the Paramount executives are trying to cash in on the Raft-Valentino publicity campaign. If such is the case, the only comparison between Georgie and the late Rudy is slick black hair. In no other way can you liken this film to the ones made by the famous sheik.

The idea of this story was good. The background was interesting and the characters were certainly colorful enough, but that is as far as we can go. The balance of the picture was made up of unnatural and unconvincing dialogue, a plot that was many-sided, with little thought given to either. Somehow the sequences never seemed to be complete and we wondered why the players behaved in the strange manner they did.

Adolphe Menjou gave the best performance. But one didn't even care when this capable player turned out to be a notorious bandit. In fact one cared very little what happened, because everything was so inconsistently done. George Raft (*Continued on page 85*)

The cook made a mistake somewhere in "The Trumpet Blows," and the pudding's not so hot. George Raft, Frances Drake and Adolphe Menjou certainly deserve better

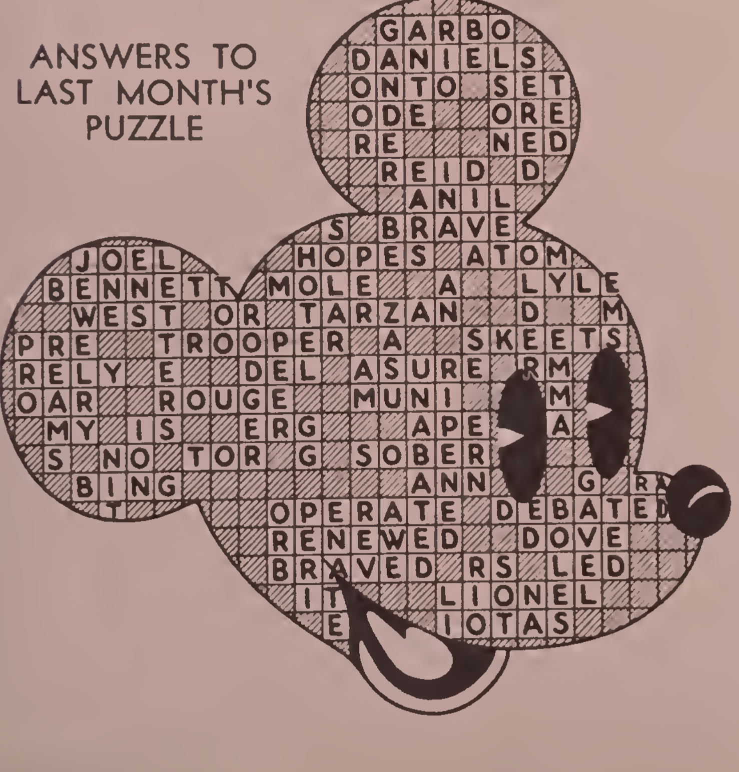
MOVIE MIRROR'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE



This Month's Puzzle

Movie Mirror awards $20.00 for the best original puzzle submitted in the month of March, to David F. Johnson, 209 South Spaulding Ave., Chicago, Illinois. Why not try your luck? You, too, may win the same amount. You must create a new and original puzzle. No trick words, no phoney definitions, please. All letters must be keyed. It must be submitted before June first. Address Puzzle Editor, Movie Mirror, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLE



ACROSS

1. Garbo's lover in "Grand Hotel"
9. Pertaining to or characterizing man
10. An old French coin
12. Vas you dere, Sharlie?
13. Her first name is Shirley
14. She played opposite Will Rogers in "They Had to See Paris" (init.)
16. Roadhouses
17. Shimmy sensation
18. He wrote "Fables in Slang"
19. A donkey
20. Sinclair Lewis wrote "—— Street"
21. She stars in 75 across
22. Point of compass
23. Moist
24. Watchful; vigilant
25. Certain
26. The eyes have it
27. He used to play with Flora Finch; deceased comedian
29. Cut
30. South West (init.)
32. Soon
33. Her first name is Thelma
34. Male title of respect
35. Babies must have one
36. A professional tramp
37. Festive dress
38. And (Fr.)
39. Small pointed headed pieces of wire, for fastening clothes
40. Rod La Roque's wife
41. She played in "The House of Rothschild"
43. Laurel and ————
45. To perform
46. Abridgement (abbrev.)
48. To bear witness to
51. Does not sink
53. Parent
54. Frozen water
55. What Elinor Glynn said Clara had
56. Excites with sudden fear
60. The drink of the gods
64. He was in love with Juliet
66. She brought lots of liquor back from France
67. Indefinite article
68. Pertaining to a star or stars
71. Ruby's husband
72. You are looking at him now
73. A big bad monster
75. Anna Sten's first American picture
78. Average; passably good
79. Engrave
80. This makes you seek your cellar
86. Helene Costello's ex
87. Ditches

DOWN

1. One of the funmakers in "Six of a Kind"
2. He made but one picture but he's famous on the radio
3. Hastened
4. Registered Nurse (init.)
5. Her first name is Lois
6. A word sometimes included in the wedding ceremony
7. Boy's name
8. The funny chauffeur in "My Lips Betray"
9. Pertaining to Hanseatic
11. A large sea duck of northern regions
12. Influence
13. To hold tight
15. The landlord collects it every month
17. Any exercise for diversion
18. His first name is Roscoe and he stutters
20. America's sweetheart
21. There's many a —— between the cup and the lip
23. He played in "Jimmy and Sally"
24. Dry
25. One who makes birth or wealth the criterion of worth
26. Pertaining to Indo-China
27. Home-run king
28. Uniformity
29. Cries hysterically
30. Looks like silk
31. King Kong's captivating captive
33. A Chinese secret society
34. Gary Cooper's bride
36. Cues
37. Queen Christina
39. Purplish brown
40. An ancient god
42. A food plant
44. A condiment popular in Italy
47. Pertaining to the stars
49. An eagle's claw
50. Poetic contraction of "it is"
51. Flat marshland
52. A crown
57. Part of the verb "to be"
58. Rewritten scenarios
59. Mary Carr usually acts as one
61. Star of silent days, Hammerstein
62. A flower
63. Tuesday (abbrev.)
65. Mountains
69. Each (abbrev.)
70. Lew Ayres' ex (init.)
73. From
74. Georgia (abbrev.)
76. North Carolina (abbrev.)
77. An exclamation
81. Pertaining to electricity
82. An automobile make
83. The Blue Eagle
84. A district in Scandinavia
85. The (German)

Isn't it a Shame?

Bright girl . . . good company . . . but her teeth are dull . . . her gums tender!

Don't let
"PINK TOOTH BRUSH"
ROB YOU OF YOUR CHARM

SHE has the kind of personality that *clicks!* She has the spark. But the dingy shadow of neglected teeth dims all the rest of her charm.

It's a case of people not seeing the personality for the teeth.

Yes—it is a shame. But it is more than that — it is a warning. The "pink" which appears so often upon her tooth brush should tell her that *brushing the teeth is not enough.* Her tender, bleeding gums say that gingivitis, Vincent's disease, or even pyorrhea may not be far off. Her flabby, sensitive gums must be restored to health.

The Answer Is IPANA

It is so easy to have sparkling teeth, healthy gums—to have your charm *shining through,* unhampered by teeth that can't pass muster. Eat the tempting modern foods, too soft to keep the gums firm. But—clean your teeth and *massage your gums* with Ipana, and these soft, modern foods won't harm your smile.

A daily gentle massaging of the gums with an extra bit of Ipana gives the teeth the lustre of health, and helps keep "pink tooth brush" at bay. Start with Ipana today!

DON'T TAKE CHANCES!

A good tooth paste, like a good dentist, is never a luxury.

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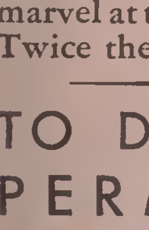

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ZiP *Cream Deodorant*
This delightful cream acts immediately. Large containers, 35c-50c

Joan Crawford Reveals the Truth

(Continued from page 13)

picture "Today We Live." She vaguely knew Franchot's name from Broadway but she told the studio in no uncertain terms what she thought of them for casting him in her starring opus.

Then she met him and the first day they were introduced Joan asked Franchot to stop by her house for tea. I don't suppose at the time she realized she was doing anything revolutionary for her, but she was. She makes friends very slowly as a rule, but she took to Franchot at once.

BY the time they had finished shooting "Today We Live" Joan and Franchot had become close friends. During the period in her life that Joan, as a girl, was slaving for every dollar she got, Franchot, growing up, was enjoying the best of education, having leisure to learn and mature. Joan likes people from whom she can learn.

At the time of her divorce, Joan was surrounded by men—Ricardo Cortez, Alexander Kirkland, Gene Raymond, Robert Young, many others.

But gradually after her divorce, almost imperceptibly, this group narrowed down to Franchot, and Franchot only. Slowly Joan was recovering from her soul sickness. Work would have been a blessing to her in those months but no story was in readiness so her days were crowded with reading, sewing and lying in the sun. Often in those days I talked to her hours at a time, while she lay in her garden sunbathing. She would insist she was happy again. Then, without warning, she would lapse back into one of her terrible spells of depression. She was going through the bitter lesson of getting acquainted with her new self while she waited for the old wound to heal.

Franchot moved up from Santa Monica, where he had been living, and took a house a few blocks away from Joan's in Brentwood. More and more evenings they spent together, not doing the late spots, but staying quietly at Joan's. There before a grate fire in Joan's library, Franchot would read aloud to Joan, Shakespeare, Ibsen, Shaw—and Joan would listen, as she worked on one of her hooked rugs, one foot curled up under her. More and more those evenings got to be a habit with them. That Franchot was deeply in love was quite evident.

Two people cannot live as simple a life as that unless they are deeply congenial, and that Joan and Franchot most definitely are. They are both highly ambitious. Franchot regards the world with the same seriousness with which Joan regards it, yet without taking it too seriously. Having been with the Group Theatre in New York, he is used to hard work and studio. The outside world means very little to him. He has few friends, but those he does have, he clings to. He believes that people eventually disappoint you and that life seldom does if you pour the right things back into it.

THIS is what Joan also believes: Someday Franchot hopes to be the stage's greatest actor, Joan, the greatest actress.

Recently Joan purchased the lot in back of her house. Besides a tennis court, swimming pool and projection room, there is also a miniature theatre. This is also another dream. Joan is as happy as a child over it. She and Franchot plan to produce little plays, acting themselves. Only a few close friends will be invited. Joan realizes that she cannot go on being a star forever. When that time comes, she wants to go on the stage. In the meantime she is preparing for it. Franchot, with his knowledge of the spoken theatre, is enthusiastic over her potential greatness.

Now on Saturday night Joan has a few friends for dinner. They are usually Franchot, Lynn Riggs a playwright and myself. She has few guests because there are so few people she feels she really can depend upon as friends. She runs pictures and afterwards she and Franchot have long discussions about them.

To all outward appearances they are very much in love. Yet Joan says:

"I do not want to say that I will or will not marry again. At the present time I do not know. What the future holds remains to be seen. There is so much between the thought and taking the fatal step. Franchot Tone and I are very deep friends. But it is so much bigger than that. We have so much respect and admiration for each other. And we want to keep both. Until things are adjusted, we will remain as we are."

Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone (the hand holders) rehearse with director Clarence Brown, on the "Sadie McKee" set

There's an *Old fashioned Notion*

that the "best comes high" . . .

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The Burns and Allen You've Never Heard About

(*Continued from page 25*)

Park on the outskirts of New York, to put on their show. They were all set—how could they fail to get a shower of silver?

But not even a penny fell at their feet when they hit the first saloon. Again and again they danced. They even sang. Nothing happened. Across the swamp they saw the lights of Bergen Beach, another amusement park. Possibly there they'd get enough for carfare home.

They tucked their precious shoes under their arms, stuck their hands in their pockets, and whistling blithely, started to walk across the swamp. Hours later, the Fire Department was called to dig out two small boys hopelessly mired in the muck!

But nothing dampened the ambition of George Burns—nothing stopped him. He danced at amateur shows, and came home proudly bearing the half dollar participants always received. He danced and sang in saloons—"tenor, with my head held high" —George Burns says.

The years caught up with him. At sixteen he evolved a ball-room dance routine with a girl—got booking on a subway circuit. Not that he had finally escaped hunger and disappointment, but it was the beginning of success.

Many a time he walked Broadway with not a cent in his pocket. There were weeks when he haunted the offices of booking agents. But always he lifted his eyes to the stars. And because he had to laugh somehow he began putting words together in such fashion as to provoke laughter. He began to laugh for himself and the world began laughing with him.

GEORGE was playing in Union Hill, New Jersey, in an act of his own, when he met Gracie Allen.

At the moment she was studying stenography. She had abandoned the stage because she didn't know how to get a job. When she was on the stage with her sisters, they were the ones who looked after the practical details. They shielded their small and frail little sister from the gruelling agonies of job-getting. Before they left to go back to San Francisco to marry and to settle down, they got her a job with a stock company—the Larry Reilly players. She remained with this company for several seasons, and left them when she was refused feature billing.

But she didn't know what to do to get another engagement after that. She'd always had someone to look out for her. She had an idea that an actor or actress waited until someone came along and offered one a ready-made contract.

But no one came seeking her. She thought she was a flop and couldn't act. Besides her money was running low. She enrolled in a secretarial school—at least she could be a good stenographer.

One night after class she journeyed to Jersey to see a friend of her old vaudeville days. On the same bill was this George Burns who could make people laugh. He suggested that she become his partner. Georgie thought his interest in her was purely professional—but it was love.

While Gracie had never known pitiless need, ill health, accidents, have hounded her. Always a fragile child, every disease that came along struck her down. Half of her life has been spent on hospital cots. Illness does something to a person. There are long hours in which to shape philosophies. Long hours in which to separate the things that count from those that don't.

They understood each other almost at once, George and Gracie, and formed their partnership, which was to be for life. They started playing in five-a-day vaudeville houses for the munificent sum of fifteen dollars a week for the two of them. But it was all fun even when they had to go down to the boiler-room between acts to get warm. It was fun to smile at each other even if there wasn't a job in sight, even though their bill folds were empty and they had only the price of a dinner left. It was fun because they loved one another.

THEN came the day, you remember, when George, with a flash of genius, realized that he shouldn't be the funny man and Gracie the girl asking the straight questions. He asked the questions and let Gracie give the goofy answers. It was so unexpected, and so charming, and so downright silly, that success was theirs almost immediately. They were given a long term contract with the RKO theatres. They played all over this country and abroad. On one of their trips they made their radio debut with the British Broadcasting Company.

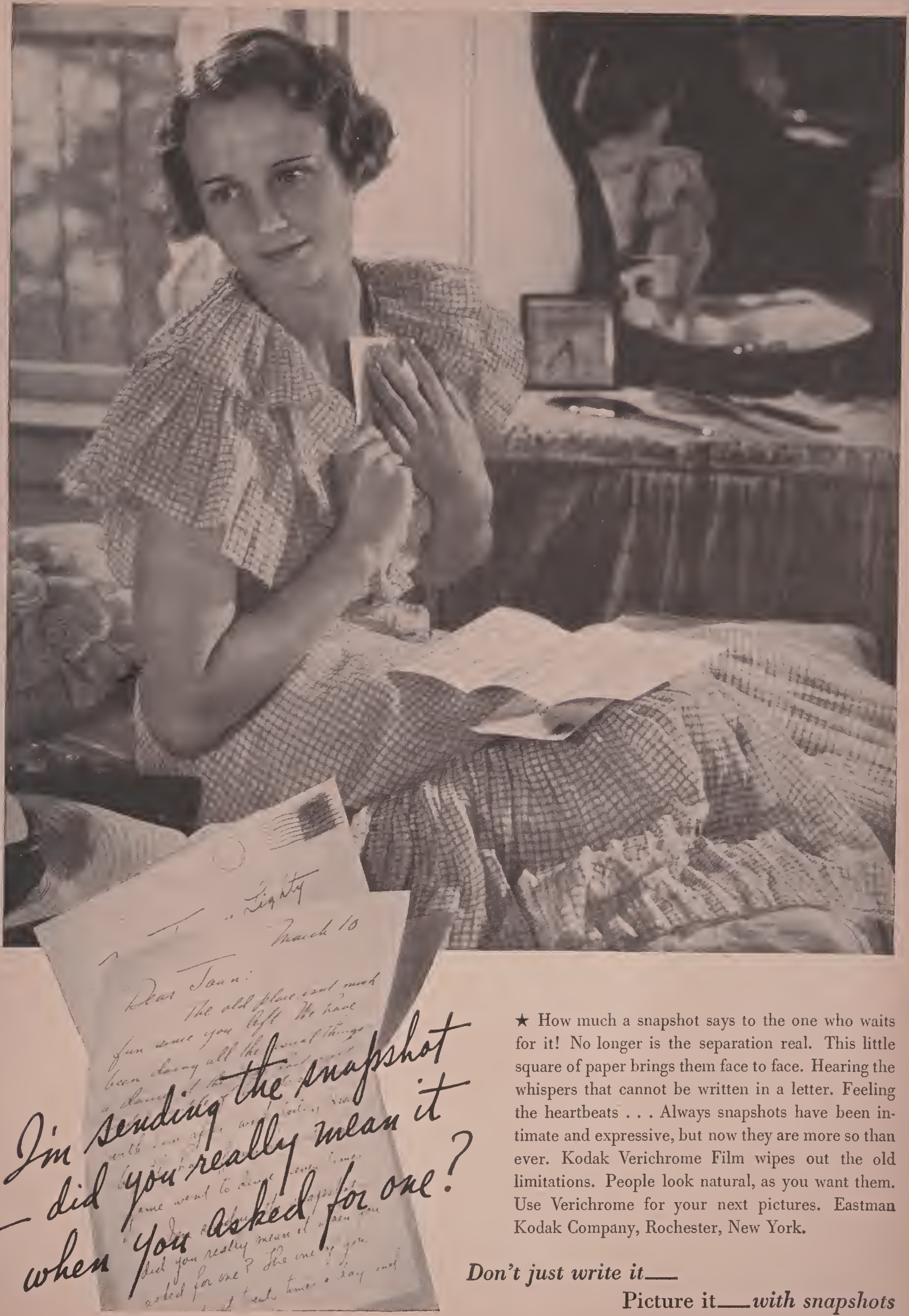
Some three years ago they established a vaudeville record. They played on Broadway seventeen out of eighteen weeks.

After three years of the partnership, they made it permanent by marrying. They've been married almost eight years now and poverty or success of Hollywood has not threatened their love.

Today they are magnets at the box-office. Dials are set and clocks are watched for their fifteen minutes on the air.

They are two of the happiest people in the world and they are as pleased as can be that they bring happiness to others. And they stay completely modest because they know how good it is to laugh after having cried, to be happy after having risen above poverty, loneliness and fear.

VOODOO on the set! Hollywood, the most civilized community in the world, goes positively primitive on the studio sets! Read this fascinating story in MOVIE MIRROR for JULY



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Millions of women prefer Winx to ordinary mascara. New friends are adopting Winx every day. Without delay, you, too, should learn the easy art of having lustrous Winx lashes. Just go to any toilet counter and buy Winx in either cake or liquid. Full directions in each package.

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If you also want a month's trial package of Winx Mascara, enclose 10c, checking whether you wish ☐ Cake or ☐ Liquid ☐ Black or ☐ Brown.

Looking Daggers At Each Other

(*Continued from page 35*)

few of us have movie contracts) it's pretty tough going to work hard at a studio for years and do your level best to improve yourself so you'll get dramatic parts, and live right, and hold good thoughts, and give a swell performance in "Beloved" . . . and then find that a girl who actually elopes from the studio all the time, and gives out interviews that she hates Hollywood and "everything," and doesn't care whether she ever makes another motion picture . . . should get all the plum parts. Especially that plum of plums, "Little Man, What Now?" It's really quite enough to drive a budding young actress back to the stage . . . which is exactly what Gloria is threatening to do if they don't comb those Sullavan tangles out of her hair pretty soon. And that's why Gloria's looking daggers at Maggie.

Before we get away from drowsy Universal, it may be noted in passing that if genial, beloved little "Uncle" Carl Laemmle had considerable more hair Lee Tracy would probably be in it!

NO matter how this present contract controversy between them eventually comes out . . . whether Lee is legally forced to remain at the studio that gave him his "comeback" chance, or whether he is permitted to go through with his newer Paramount contract, I doubt very much if Uncle Carl, or even "Junior," will give a yearly testimonial dinner to Lee Tracy. To the Laemmles there's such a thing as gratitude and to their way of looking at it that sterling quality was blatantly ignored when Lee went out and dickered for a Paramount contract right at the time he was making "I'll Tell the World" at Universal. Lee's side of the story is that his contract angling with Paramount was on before he signed with Universal.

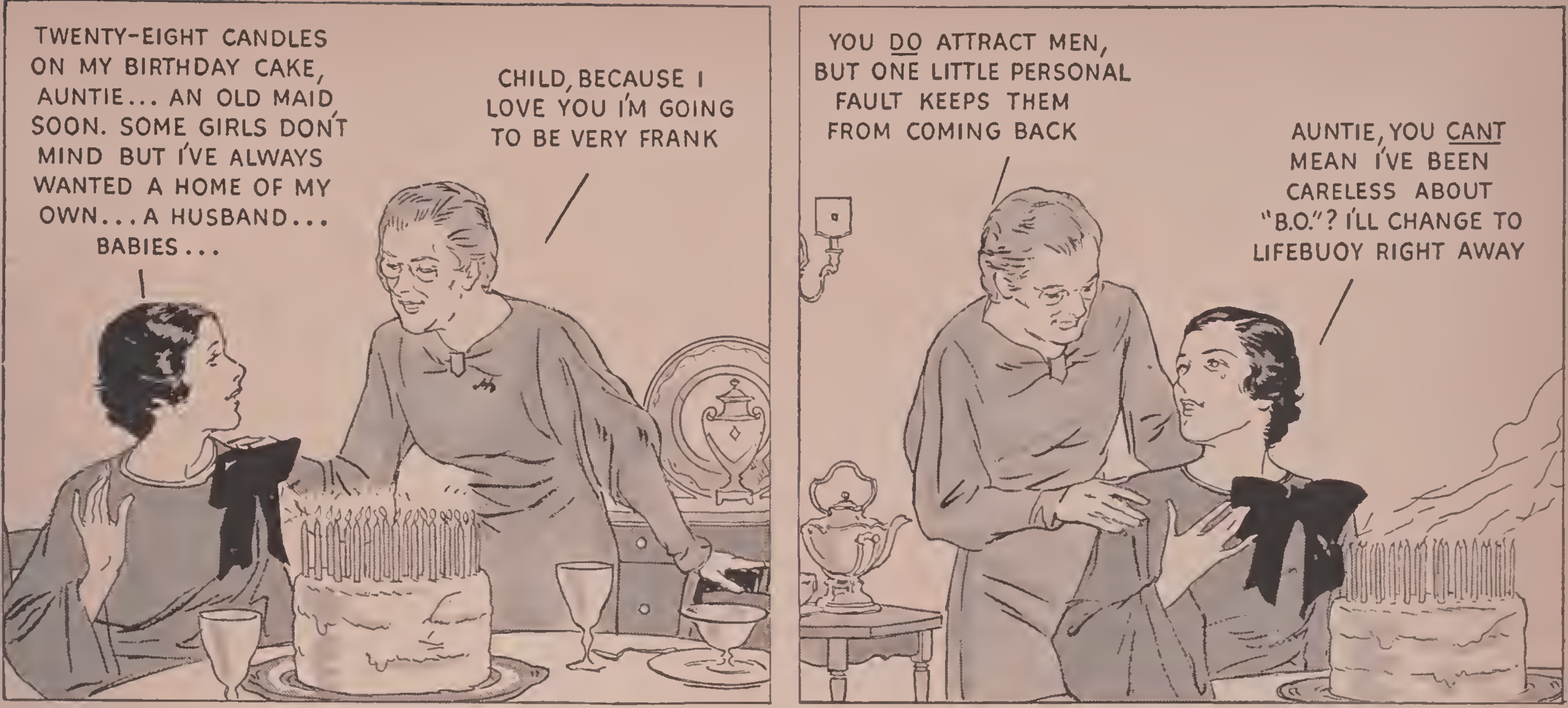
Now and then entire productions get tangled up, with everybody in everybody else's coiffure and the constant danger of not a lock of hair left to divide between the director, the cast and the crew. Such a cutie was "Wonder Bar," which boasted the out-and-out feud between Ricardo Cortez and Al Jolson (they both charged Camera Hogging), Kay Francis and Al Jolson (Kay didn't want to work in the picture anyway), Dick Powell *vs.* Jolson *and* Cortez, and the director who was on everybody's side against everybody else. The day Jolson had to pick up Cortez in his arms and carry him was a red letter day to those who noted the scene was shot and shot until Al nearly dropped in his tracks toting Ric's dead weight around. And then there was that day little Ruby Keeler dropped over on the set to visit hubby Al, and just barely nodded in the direction of her erstwhile screen sweetheart and co-star, Dick Powell, because Dick had been telling people Al took all the good songs and left him the remains.

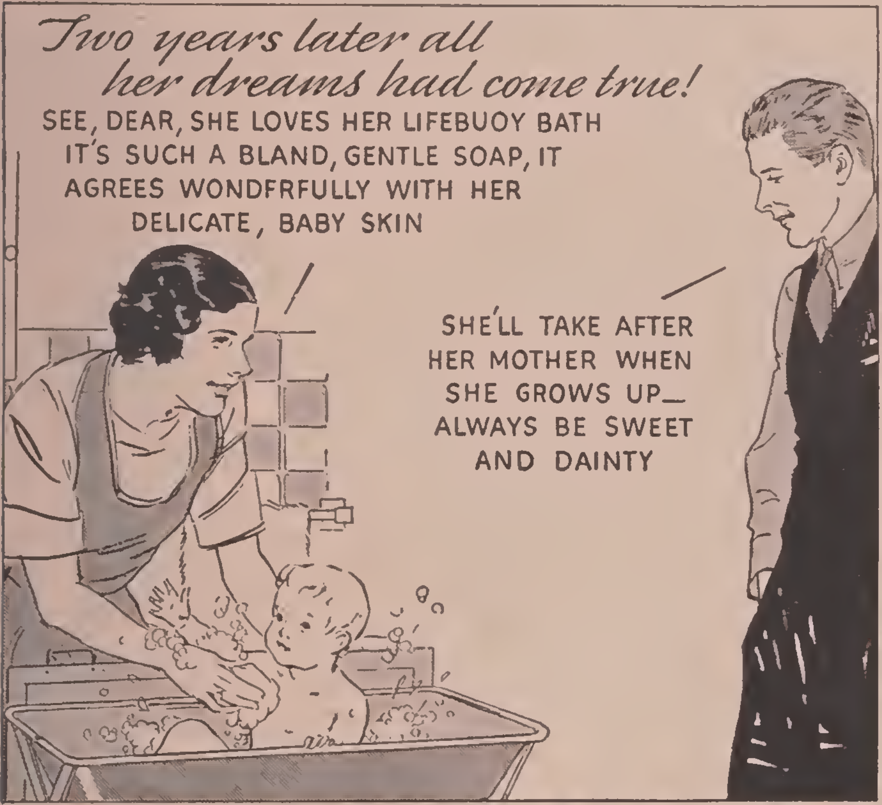
If by any chance our relentless cameraman, H. Fink, should crop up with a new "informal shot" of George Raft slicking down his perfectly slick head, you can rest assured it's because he has just succeeded in getting Mae West out of his hair. George gave many reasons why he felt he couldn't do justice to the leading man role in Mae's newest "It Ain't No Sin." He said he was tired. He said he needed a vacation. He said practically everything but what he thought, which was that Mae was getting 98 per cent of the footage, laughs, lines and closeups, with the remaining 2 per cent divided between camera effects and the credit titles. From the very beginning (which was about as long as Georgie lasted) it was apparent to everyone that Paramount's two hottest box office attractions just weren't *sympatica.* Mae has it in her contract that she has an awful lot to say about her pictures, and with George in the picture she had a lot to say about him. Mae's verdict on what he should wear and how he should wear it, what he should say and how he should say it (she wrote his lines, didn't she?) were just a few of Georgie's objections.

For a while everybody went around holding his, or her breath, lest something exciting should come off between radio-singer Lanny Ross and radio-crooner Bing Crosby. Don't get the idea the boys were jealous of which one would score the biggest hit in their two new Paramount pictures, "Melody in Spring" and "She Loves Me Not," respectively. Bing was one of the first to wish Lanny luck in his movie career . . . and he really meant it. But it did kinda get Bing, you understand, when his pretty, peppy little wife, Dixie, took a singing test with Lanny for the lead in his picture and Lanny insisted on singing the test songs in his key . . . which isn't Dixie's at all! Of course nothing much came of it, unless you want to count a cool nod or two between the boys for a couple of days, because Bing doesn't really want Dixie to work in pictures, anyway. And even Dixie doesn't care any more now that there's a new crooner on the way.

A LONG time before he ever came to Hollywood to act and sing in the movies Russ Columbo used to be a William Powell fan. But as I say, that was some time before Russ came to Hollywood and met Carole Lombard, who just insists on being friends with her ex-husband. They say that nothing riles Russ so completely as to drive by Carole's house and see Bill Powell's car standing outside, which means that Bill Powell is probably inside. Things have certainly come to a pretty pass when a Boy Friend has to step over an ex-husband when he calls on his best girl.

I've saved mention of the famous Joan Crawford-Jean Harlow feud for the last (for this month, anyway) because it isn't exactly a new feud . . . and it is by far the silliest. Here are two perfectly swell girls going around not liking one another for no reason whatsoever. In fact, there are some good bets up that if Joan and Jean ever did get together and dropped their ever-present guards long enough to exchange a few good jokes, they would not only develop into friends, but probably cronies. They are both grand scouts with a swell sense of humor apiece which they seem to forget only when Miss Harlow is mentioned to Miss Crawford, and Miss Crawford to Miss Harlow (though Jean isn't nearly as rabid as Joan). The reasons behind all this? No one knows.


TWENTY-EIGHT CANDLES ON MY BIRTHDAY CAKE, AUNTIE... AN OLD MAID SOON. SOME GIRLS DON'T MIND BUT I'VE ALWAYS WANTED A HOME OF MY OWN... A HUSBAND... BABIES...
CHILD, BECAUSE I LOVE YOU I'M GOING TO BE VERY FRANK
YOU DO ATTRACT MEN, BUT ONE LITTLE PERSONAL FAULT KEEPS THEM FROM COMING BACK
AUNTIE, YOU CANT MEAN I'VE BEEN CARELESS ABOUT "B.O."? I'LL CHANGE TO LIFEBUOY RIGHT AWAY

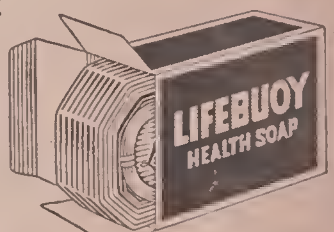

Two years later all her dreams had come true!
SEE, DEAR, SHE LOVES HER LIFEBUOY BATH IT'S SUCH A BLAND, GENTLE SOAP, IT AGREES WONDFRFULLY WITH HER DELICATE, BABY SKIN
SHE'LL TAKE AFTER HER MOTHER WHEN SHE GROWS UP— ALWAYS BE SWEET AND DAINTY

ANOTHER THING THAT'S ALWAYS ATTRACTED ME IS YOUR LOVELY SKIN
SCORE AGAIN FOR LIFEBUOY

WHAT an all-'round, 100 per cent satisfactory soap Lifebuoy is! Kind to tender baby skins—to a woman's delicate complexion—yet how thoroughly it cleanses! Its creamy lather does more than just remove surface dirt. It goes down into the pores, deep-cleanses, deodorizes. Stops "B.O." (*body odor*)—that unforgivable fault others so quickly notice, *always* resent, even in the prettiest girl!

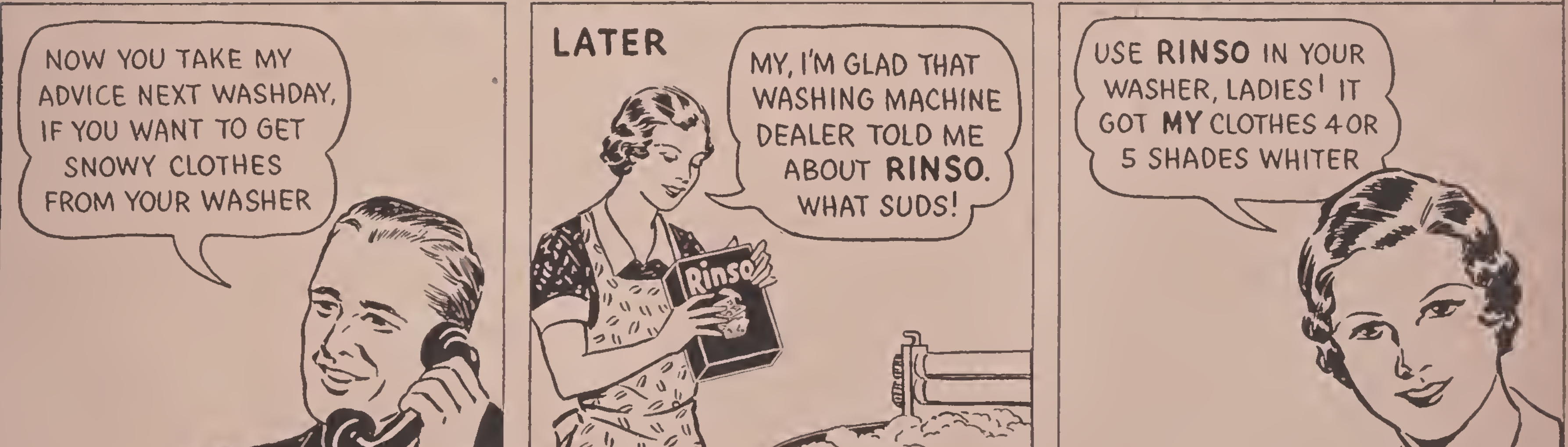
Rich lather always!

Lifebuoy lathers abundantly in hot or cold water, hard or soft. Its fresh, clean, quickly-vanishing scent tells you this purifying lather gives *extra* protection. Play safe—get Lifebuoy.


LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

SUDS THAT WIN SMILES ON WASHDAY

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART


NOW YOU TAKE MY ADVICE NEXT WASHDAY, IF YOU WANT TO GET SNOWY CLOTHES FROM YOUR WASHER
LATER
MY, I'M GLAD THAT WASHING MACHINE DEALER TOLD ME ABOUT RINSO. WHAT SUDS!
Rinso
USE RINSO IN YOUR WASHER, LADIES! IT GOT MY CLOTHES 4 OR 5 SHADES WHITER

RINSO GIVES LASTING SUDS IN HARDEST WATER
NO SOFTENER IS NEEDED

IN tubs, Rinso *soaks* out dirt—saves scrubbing. Clothes come white as snow, *safely*. Colors stay fresh and bright. Clothes last two or three times longer—you'll save lots of money. Rinso is tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Recommended by the makers of 40 famous washing machines. Wonderful suds for dishes and for all cleaning. *So easy on your hands!* Economical, too—a little goes so far. Get the BIG household package of Rinso at your grocer's.

THUMBS DOWN on her!

"NO, Jim, I'll take your Great Aunt Susie to the party, but I won't take *that girl.* I spent one miserable evening with her and hanged if I'll let myself in for another endurance test. Thumbs down on her!"

• • •

There is no quicker way for a girl to kill her chances of popularity and good times than to have the offensive odor of underarm perspiration on her person and clothing.

It's doubly hard to excuse when Mum makes it so easy to avoid.

A quick fingertipful of Mum to each underarm, and you're safe for all day. And the instant it's on—*that's all!*

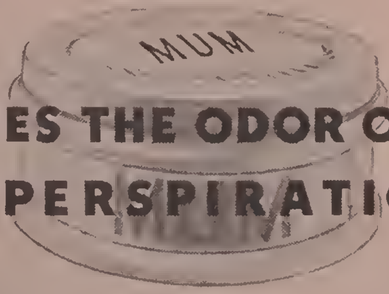
You can use Mum *after* you're dressed just as well as *before.* It's perfectly harmless to clothing. It's so soothing to the skin—even a sensitive skin—you can use it right after shaving the underarms.

Remember, Mum does not prevent perspiration itself—just destroys its ugly odor. Use Mum regularly and be safe. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 75 West St., New York.

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

LET MUM DO THIS FOR YOU, TOO. Use Mum on sanitary napkins and be sure of freedom from all traces of unpleasantness in this way.

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART



Men in White

(*Continued from page* 55)

and when she raised her lips, he drew her savagely to him.

THE wedding of Laura and George had been set for mid-winter. As the day drew near, they had made up their quarrel, quarreled again, made up, so many times that it had become almost a formula. Unconsciously it was wearing George down. The iron of his resolution was being assailed by forces foreign to him, each one of them as soft as silk, but the whole building up a pressure that made itself felt.

There was Hudson's often repeated conviction that young folks ought to enjoy themselves. There was the example constantly before George of what money and power can do to make life very pleasant, and none of this had entered into George's Spartan existence before. Last, most potent of all, was his love for Laura, and the growing knowledge that in her love for him was scant space for his work.

For a while, he refused to face the situation, allowing plans for the wedding to move forward on schedule, hoping to effect a compromise, still hoping to win Laura to a broader view. Then a single event forced matters to a focus.

He was offered an associateship with the hospital, to begin after his year in Vienna with Eiselberg. He did not guess that he owed the appointment to his marriage with Laura. A growing deficit in the hospital's budget must be met, and Hudson seemed the logical man to look to. Hudson entered gladly into the scheme, seeing that it would arrange matters as Laura wanted them.

When the offer was made, George realized very clearly that it gave him a magnificent opportunity to satisfy Laura. For George, the student doctor, it meant the end of his cherished association with Hochberg, the end of his hopes to contribute something, no matter how small, to the slender, precious equipment of knowledge with which doctors work. In his heart, he knew it meant plunging into practice before he was ready, but Laura's pleasure at the prospect made him proof against the thought of Hochberg's coming disappointment, and justified disapproval.

TWO days before the wedding, Laura drove him to the hospital and stopped to greet Hochberg in his office. The great surgeon, with his eyes on them both, said:

"I heard something today, I still don't know what to make of it. George, you want to accomplish something in medicine, don't you?"

"Yes," the younger man answered.

"And Laura, you love George, don't you? And you want to help him. Can't you see that he won't be ready for this appointment they are talking of? You mustn't urge him into it."

"I can't see how the appointment is going to hurt him," Laura said honestly. "If he goes into practice, we will have some time to ourselves."

"Time?" Hochberg spoke sadly, as one who knows he is beaten before he can begin his attack. "Time! There are only twenty-four hours in a day. He's working with me . . . or . . . I see. You have decided not to come with me next year."

"Hocky!" Laura cried. "We're young, we love each other."

Hochberg, answering Laura, but with his keen glance on George, replied: "Of course, my dear. It's your life, and George's. You've a right to decide for yourselves what you are going to do with it." He paused, and then went on briskly in a different tone: "Better get into your uniform, George. We may have to operate shortly. One of our nurses, that nice girl in Pediatrics, you remember, Barbara Dennin. It's peritonitis . . . some man is responsible."

"Some man!" George echoed the words and the knowledge of his own guilt came over him with sickening clarity. He had no time to think, Hochberg was hurrying him out.

Mechanically he donned his white clothes, and made his way to Barbara's room.

"How is she?" he asked a nurse.

The nurse answered him professionally: "Bad. 106 and climbing. Been delirious." She dropped the impersonal report and spoke with pent up feeling: "She kept calling for you. Better not go in till Dr. Hochberg goes. She's quiet now. If you went in she might start talking again. You don't want that, do you?"

"Why didn't she come to me? Why didn't I know?" George asked desperately.

A spasm of pain crossed the nurse's face. "That was my fault. I told her you were in love with someone else, engaged to be married, and to keep away from you."

"Where's her family? Have they been notified?"

"She's alone in the world. Here's Dr. Hochberg. Yes doctor, I've ordered the operating-room."

"You'll assist me, George. Come right up." Hochberg hurried by. "And George, Laura is going to watch the operation. It's good for her to see what we do here."

If little Barbara had wanted revenge, she might have found it in George's face at that moment. Her friend, the nurse, standing by him, saw it, and even she was moved to put a hand on his arm. She spoke rapidly:

"There's no time. Get to the operating room and clean up."

She was right. There was no time. He went through the familiar ritual of preparation, the elaborate washing, the antiseptic rinse, donning the sterile robes and gloves. He knew vaguely that Laura, looking so odd in the white overall they give spectators, was speaking to him, but he never knew what he said to her.

IT was all blurred. He found himself standing beside the patient, under the merciless flood-lights. No, this was not a patient, this was Barbara, sweet, gentle Barbara who had surrendered everything to him and come to this. Out of it all he heard only her broken words as the ether cone descended over her face, heard them as loudly and clearly as though she had shouted them: "George! George darling, I loved you. I don't care."

Hochberg's skill brought her through the operation, and George spent the night at

(*Continued on page* 74)

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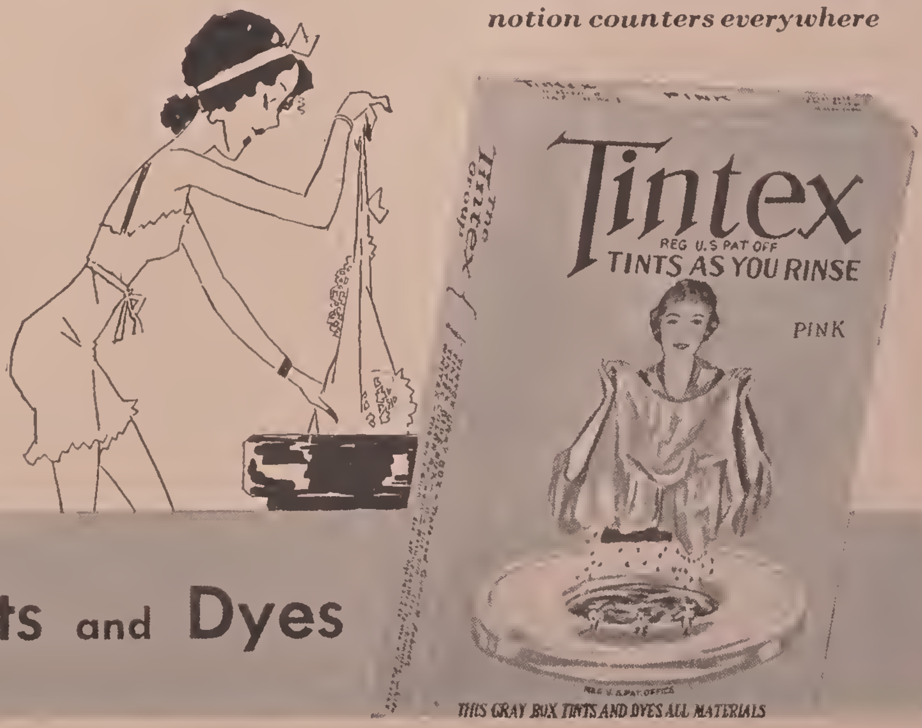

Tintex *World's Largest Selling* Tints and Dyes

(*Continued from page 72*)

her bedside, watching her like a hawk, bringing to bear every atom of his knowledge. In the morning her temperature was down. Hochberg, looking in again at noon, found her much improved, and after a close look at George's haggard face, bore him off to lunch, outside the building.

George said abruptly: "I'm going to marry her, if she will have me."

"Stop talking like an idiot. Pull yourself together. What about Laura?"

"She knows. She heard . . . in the operating-room. I kept phoning her all the morning. She wouldn't even talk to me."

"That's too bad. Or is it? Now there's work, my boy. Always remember that's the master word . . . work!"

"But you don't know what this Dennin girl's up against. It's not as if she were just a tramp. She's a fine, sensitive person, and she'll have nowhere to go, no one to turn to. I'm going to marry her."

Hochberg was unkind. He asked sweetly: "I see. You've saved some money then?"

"Out of what? I'm going into practice and if that won't pay, I'll get out of medicine."

Hochberg spoke of Levine, but George repeated: "I'm going into practice." He would have gone on, but Laura was coming toward them. She greeted Hochberg and ignored George: "They told me at the hospital you'd be here. I'm sailing on the Olympic tonight and I want to see you . . . alone."

George took his hat and went out.

HOCHBERG and Laura faced each other and it was Hochberg's eyes that fell: "I didn't mean to let you in for that, Laura. I didn't know about it."

She lit a cigarette. "Better now than later, Hocky. It wasn't your fault. What hurts is that he had no time for me. He was too busy for me, but he did find time to . . . That's what hurts, Hocky, hurts like the devil."

Hochberg glanced at his watch. "Hm, time I was getting back. Drive with me, will you, Laura?"

In the car, Laura said intensely: "You think I still care. Well, I don't."

Hochberg met her statement squarely: "That's fine. Then it doesn't make any difference to you that right now he's throwing his life away. He's going to marry her, and go into practice and starve and give up his studies, and maybe get out of medicine altogether."

Laura was silent till they reached the hospital. She followed the doctor in. Hochberg had more to say, and he took her to the library, but the inescapable voice of the amplifier summoned him and he was forced to go. From the shadows of the room, George called to her. He, too, had sought the peace of the room of books.

"Laura! I can't let you go away feeling like this!"

"What difference does it make how I feel?" If George had been less absorbed in his own grief, he might have noticed that Laura's voice expressed a new depth. The "Little rich girl" had been learning things about herself, about the world outside her own tight little world of padded luxury. "You love her, don't you?"

George said: "I love *you*, Laura."

She laughed hysterically. "Yes, you do."

He moved toward her and spoke rapidly: "I don't care whether you believe it or not. It just happens that I do."

No one could have disbelieved him and Laura asked wonderingly: "Then how? I don't understand. It doesn't make sense."

George passed a hand over his forehead. "I don't know myself Laura. Everything had gone wrong. There'd been a row with another doctor, and a patient died . . . and . . . well . . ."

"If we meant anything to each other at all, and things had gone wrong, you'd have come to me I don't give a whoop about the ceremony. But the point is that you didn't really care about me, want me, George."

"I wanted you more than anything else in the world that night, Laura. But we'd quarreled, and you wouldn't go out with me. You remember?"

"It was that night?" she asked.

"It was that night. I didn't want to give up working with Hocky. I couldn't give you up. And I was fighting you."

". . . Through her." Laura perceived much that made the picture less dark. "And now you're going to marry a girl you don't love. You're going to let a casual incident rob you of all the important things."

Joan Blondell autographs the April issue of MOVIE MIRROR for some admiring fans. Joannie's the gal on the cover, remember?

"It's not a casual incident, Laura . . . not any more. I'm not doing this because of what anybody might do or say. I'm doing it because that girl's life is smashed to bits, and I want to try and help her pick up the pieces, if she'll let me."

Hochberg came into the library: "I wish you'd look at that D'Andrea boy in 3431 right away, George."

George went out.

Laura looked questioningly at Hochberg. He said softly: 'She has no chance. I've just come from her. Blood clot on the lung. We've tried everything, adrenalin direct to the heart . . . everything."

"Is she suffering?" Laura was all woman at that instant.

"I saved her that. She wants to see you, Laura. Will you do it?"

"Yes. I think I can stand pretty nearly anything now. You get to, after a while in a hospital, don't you?" Her voice faltered as she followed him into the corridor.

SHE had control of herself when they reached the room. She almost broke again at the girl's words. They came so weakly, with long pauses as she sought for strength to go on with what she wanted Laura to know:

"Please don't hate me. I was so lonely. He was going to help me with an exam, give me some notes. And he'd had an awful day, Miss Hudson. He's going to be a great doctor. He needs you."

There was a very long pause, and Laura was frightened, but finally the eyes opened, and the weak voice said: "Would you mind sending him to me? I—won't keep him very long."

"Nothing we can do further," Hochberg was telling George outside the door.

"Then what's the use? What's the good of it all? Why go on? We don't know anything. We're only guessing." Thus George beat against the shadow of death.

Hochberg could speak out of his years of struggle with the shadow: "Steady, boy. There isn't a man in medicine who hasn't said what you've just said and meant it . . . for a minute. You're right, we are guessing. But at least our guesses are closer than they were twenty years ago, and twenty years from now, they'll be still closer."

Laura opened the door and beckoned to George, who went in without a word.

"Isn't there anything we can do, Hocky!" she said, after George had left. "She's so sweet."

"No, Laura. That little clot on the lung. We are helpless. Forty years I've spent in medicine, and I can't help her. Come down to the library with me. It is a question of minutes. Leave George with her."

"It's the only thing any of us want to do. That's why we're here. My father was a surgeon, a good one. I remember when I was a boy, about thirteen, he came into my room one night and apologized because he was going to die. He could have lived twenty years longer if he had taken it easy. But he wouldn't quit. He used to say, 'Above all else, humanity.' That's a pretty big thought, Laura. Alongside of it, you and I don't really matter much. I'll have to go now, dear. Wait for George."

LAURA was left alone in the dim room. Around her were thousands of books, the essence of lives like that of Hocky's father, like Hocky's life, like the life that George was striving to have, the life she had tried to bend to the ways of her world. These were but the dry bones. The hospital was the living flesh and blood of this great servant of man, the medical profession.

The last barrier of misunderstanding between George and herself ceased to be. She felt humble in her new knowledge.

She was prepared for the news, but when George came in and used the words, it was a shock.

"She is dead," he said, and neither spoke again till Laura roused and said gently:

"Goodbye, George. I'm sailing tonight. What are your plans?"

"Work, work."

"With Hochberg?"

"Yes, with Hocky, as we first planned. After Vienna, I'll come back here to him."

"You are right, George. I was wrong. It is bigger than any of us."

The amplifier blared: "Calling Dr. Ferguson."

With a tender smile, Laura reached for

the instrument and took her first call for George. She handed him the receiver and listened to his quick instructions: "I see. Apply ice-packs. Have the blood-count taken. I'm coming right up." He hung up and turned to go. As he left, he heard Laura saying: "I'll see you in Vienna. Oh, I know you'll be frightfully busy, but there will be moments."

In some strange way, the thought of Laura was no longer an alien distraction to be put away sharply while at his work. It was part of him himself, and its sweetness flowed through his whole being, into his work, and gave him new strength.

This was no compromise. In his soul, George Ferguson, man of healing, knew that Laura and he had already begun to work out the divine adjustment of life, love, and service, which alone gives meaning to human existence.

The Hidden Romance of Richard Dix

(*Continued from page* 30)

and personal. For one morning there was a letter on the library table. He knew that writing! It was a twin to that note which he always kept with him—the note which had become a talisman and an inspiration—whose words were his comfort and his staff in moments of need!

The letter was from Mary—and it read: "I am a Red Cross nurse now. I've watched you going up as I predicted—and it has made me very happy. I want you to know that I've carried on. Don't grieve for me—ever! I've been happy in my own way. Keep on going up! I love you—there has never been anyone else!

P. S. We go under fire tomorrow and we've been told to write our last letters!"

For a year Dix waited for word of her. His efforts to trace her through the War Department in Washington, through Red Cross Headquarters were unavailing. But even while he feverishly sought her, he knew through that psychic sympathy which had always existed between them that he would never see her again.

SOME two years ago Richard Dix married. But I think that from the first he realized that no one could supplant the Magdalene who had embraced willingly a woman's greatest martyrdom—separation from the one man she loves—from the man who loves her!

Richard Dix will marry again. He will marry a woman of tolerance and understanding, with a gift for companionship and a gift for laughter. A contented marriage would be a fitting monument to the woman who knew what sacrifice was.

"I have never been quite able to understand Mary's iron code which took her away from me. What we have been belongs to the past! Only what a person is today—what a person wants to be tomorrow should be written on life's ledger. I shall marry again, of course. But I've learned the meaning of compromise. I shan't look for a girl like Mary."

Richard Dix is silent for a long moment as he finishes telling the poignant, the dramatic story that only Mary and he and one other man have known until now.

AM I HAPPY!

My washes look like a million dollars now!

WHE-E-E! That sun dazzles you—shining on my washline!

See? Those clothes aren't yellow. They aren't gray. They're *white!*

How did I get them that way? Well, I've learned the secret. I've found that "*trick*" soaps just can't do a job in the tub.

What clothes need is *real* soap—soap that knows how to go deep into the tiniest little threads and get out ground-in dirt. And that soap is Fels-Naptha—the *golden* bar with *lots of dirt-loosening naptha in it!*

Make a test with Fels-Naptha next washday, just to see what I mean. The dirtiest part of your wash, I imagine, is the neckbands on shirts. Well, try Fels-Naptha Soap on those neckbands! See how quickly that stubborn dirt is loosened! (Naptha and soap are working for you—helping you do the rubbing!) See how easily Fels-Naptha suds—rich and lively—wash all that dirt away!

Yet—here's an important point—that wash of yours will be whitened—*safely!*

Fels-Naptha doesn't hurry clothes to the mending-basket. It's the best thing ever for dainty lingerie, silk stockings and woolens. It's nice to hands, too.

Get some Fels-Naptha Soap today and try it. Soak your clothes or boil them—use hot, lukewarm or cool water—machine or tub.

No matter how you wash your clothes, Fels-Naptha will turn them out *snowy-white*—in record time! . . . Fels & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

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EACH MORNING BILLY LEFT HOME WITH A CLEAN HANDKERCHIEF . . . . BUT BY THE TIME THE TEACHER SAW IT, IT WAS INDESCRIBABLE

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ONE DAY THE TEACHER GAVE BILLY SOME KLEENEX

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Perhaps your child is offending with dirty handkerchiefs

Now 18c
2 for 35c

KLEENEX
Disposable Tissues
ARE CLEAN . . . SANITARY

The Five Most Interesting Women in Hollywood

(*Continued from page 33*)

promptly answered. Here, then, was a clue to him.

"It is women," he said, "who give the screen its greatest fascination, its richest glamor. They light the screen as the sun lights a room. To do this, of course, they must have their own natural brilliance, and some have it to a dazzling degree."

We seemed to be on the right track, so I asked him to name the most interesting women he had acted with on the screen. Pondering a moment, he gave this list:

Garbo, Katharine Hepburn, Ethel Barrymore, Karen Morley, Dolores Costello.

AT mention of each he glowed with admiration. I wondered whether there might be anyone else in particular whom he had found disturbing, irritating, not to say "catty."

"One who was disturbing, yes, but not at all 'catty,' a magnificent actress—Nance O'Neill," he replied. "She scared me stiff. But that was on the stage, in Chicago, where I played my first important part. It was in 'Magda.' Miss O'Neill had gone through rehearsals quietly enough, leaving me wholly unprepared for what was to happen. I was given a uniform Charles Dalton had worn, and, as you know, Dalton is a giant of a man. My chest was by no means up to the requirements of the coat, so I was compelled to stuff that part of it with anything and everything I could find. Indeed, I was very chesty as I stood on the stage awaiting Miss O'Neill's entrance. She made it with a rush and roar which gave me such a terrible jolt that my chest instantly fell to my stomach, a transition which hugely delighted an unfeeling audience."

Barrymore then settled down to a sober consideration of his favorite screen actresses.

"Great as Garbo is," he reflected, "her greatest quality is her simplicity. She has it as the greatest actress of the stage, Duse, had it. Although possessed, too, of a powerful personality, giving her supreme command of every situation, Garbo never depends upon it and, strangely enough, doesn't even consider it a particularly valuable asset. When she told me this I was amazed. She merely feels that acting is her job—and she keeps everlastingly at it in the making of a picture. I've never played with anyone so wholly conscientious. When we were together in 'Grand Hotel' I marvelled at her. In playing with her the actor never has any trouble knowing what to do, for she always does the right thing. Her intelligence is like lightning, showing her to be not only a woman of will but a woman of ideas and a woman of brains. She comes right back at you every time, like mental tennis. Naturally, she hates to be interrupted, allowing nothing to interfere with her work."

This I could readily believe. For I happened to know that one day Arthur Brisbane walked on the set where she was working, whereupon she promptly walked off. When told in her dressing-room, where she impatiently waited, that she had disappointed a noted journalist, Garbo argued: "What of it? I wouldn't go to his office to watch him write, so why should he come to watch me act?"

"HEPBURN," now analyzed Barrymore, "is like Garbo in intelligence, yet unlike her in some other respects. To me, Hepburn typifies the modern American young woman, keen, straightforward and self-reliant. Acting with her was to me a new experience, because of her newness, like something fresh from a generation which seems to have risen with the morning sun. When an actress like her comes along she marks a step forward into an untrod field. Hepburn has made the very screen itself advance. At the first rehearsal of our first picture, 'Bill of Divorcement,' she looked angular and a little peculiar. I knew the importance of the part given her, for it had made stars overnight of Cornell in New York and Albanesi in London. When I came on as the father, Hepburn's eyes filled with tears that spattered all over me, and I said to myself, 'This girl has it!' The only trouble with her was that she was always working down-stage, and I had to take her and shove her up so that the camera would get her properly. That was an unusual experience for me—but excellent exercise."

He took time out for an impish smile before going on to Miss Barrymore.

"In my earlier days, when Ethel was watching my behavior instead of my acting—which perhaps was just as well—she could send a thrill through me that left me almost paralyzed, and even to this day she can do it. I've always been tremendously proud of her, both as my sister and as an actress. Yet, oddly enough, when I see her in a role I never think of her as my sister, only as the character she is playing."

There was no smile this time, just something close to reverence.

"Karen Morley," he declared, "is very real, wholly genuine. It was a delight to act with her. But I don't know how she felt about it. When Lionel and I played with her in 'Arsene Lupin' someone asked her, 'How do you like the Barrymore brothers?' 'Well,' she replied, 'John is always telling you how to act and Lionel's always asleep.' She did a beautiful job in 'Dinner at Eight.'"

PERHAPS praising your wife is like praising yourself, for in a sense it's only confirming your own judgment, and I could see that John Barrymore was reluctant to give his opinion of Dolores Costello as an actress. But he did bring himself to say:

"Dolores never had played an important picture part, just 'bits,' when she was chosen to act with me in 'The Sea Beast.' At that time she and her sister Helene were merely earning their bread and butter on the stage as showgirls in George White's 'Scandals.' They were with the show in Chicago, where a test of both was made and sent on to Hollywood. Warners' thought I'd take Helene, but I said, 'I want the other one.' I saw something unusual in her. They said I was crazy, but let me have her. Well, that little thing came on the set and stole the picture!"

Proud? He had to unbutton the top of his vest. I guessed then the secret of the change in him, likewise his evidently permanent desertion of the stage. I knew he had come to Hollywood with the intention of making only one picture, "Beau Brummel." So now I urged him to tell me what really had caused him to give up New York for Hollywood.

"Very well, I will," he decided, "and I'd like you to know I'm telling it for the first time. The real reason for my staying here is Dolores Costello. If it hadn't been for her I'd gone straight back to the stage after my first picture. She changed everything, even me, perhaps. And it took only one look at her to do it."

"Not love at first sight?" I marvelled.

"From the start," he declared, "she had me blinking—and ever since she's called me 'Blinky.'"

"Was it the same with her?"

"I'm pained to say it was not. For a long time, in spite of my dazzling charms, she couldn't see me at all. When I went to her house she used to go to bed and leave me talk with her mother. Indeed, my desperate courtship was carried on largely through Mrs. Costello, who lost so much sleep because of me that she had to take afternoon naps. It was only at the studio that I could directly employ all my strange fascinations on Dolores. One day I was wearing a costume that made me fancy myself as irresistibly romantic and to believe she couldn't possibly be indifferent to so glorious a being. Bursting upon her in the full radiance of the noonday sun, I was heartened by seeing the rapt look in her eyes. 'What are you thinking of?' I murmured, fondly assured she must be thinking of me. 'I was wondering,' she sighed, 'what I'd have for lunch—hamburger or hot dogs.'"

"Do you think," I inquired, "you will ever go back to the stage—to that great public you left behind?"

"I have a greater public here," he said.

Beneath a low-hanging tree I saw a little tea party—a strictly family affair—the beautiful Mrs. Barrymore and the two inevitably beautiful children.

Clear as day, now, was the mystery of the changed John Barrymore. There was only one word for it—home.

LAST MINUTE NEWS

The reason the Martha-Sleeper-Hardie Albright marriage was kept so quiet was because Martha's rich uncle, J. J. Murdock, is opposed to her marrying an actor. But love triumphed!

Myrna Loy is the movingest girl in Hollywood. Except, of course, la Garbo. Myrna has just taken a new Beverly Hills house.

That young fella with whom Isabel Jewell has been having dinner these nights is Milton Beecher, of the Metro publicity office.

Sydney Fox finally has her divorce.

Dick Cromwell is being seen a lot with Mary Carlisle. Mary's been previously seen constantly with Edgar Allen Woolf, the writer.

That Russ Columbo-Carole Lombard combination is getting to be a habit.

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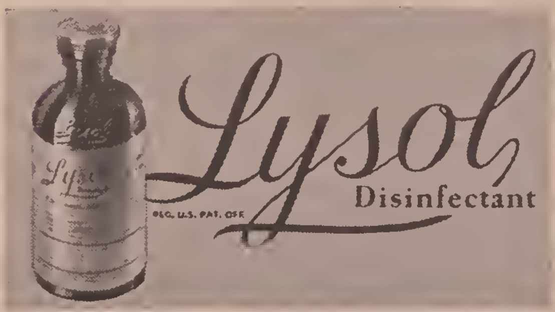

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Why the Chatterton-Brent Love Died

(*Continued from page 27*)

he wants him as a companion. I use the present tense advisedly, for Forbes and Brent are still seen together frequently.

IF you wish to get to the real cause of the separation of Ruth and George, you must leave Rafe out of it. What actually brought about the break was not a single occurrence but a series of unfortunate circumstances.

Ruth had reached the very peak of her professional success on the screen and George was one of the most promising of the new leading men when they married. She had only one more year to go on her contract. He was just starting a seven year agreement. I am certain that had he forged ahead as they both believed he would, they would have found real happiness together. She would have retired, content to be merely Mrs. George Brent.

George's star, however, did not rise as expected. Following his hit with Ruth in "The Rich Are Always With Us," one indifferent role after another fell to his lot. He played whatever assignments were given him without complaint but he saw his chances slipping. He simply wasn't catching on with the public.

Many so-called men, of course, are content to bask in the reflected glory of their wives—to spend money they have not earned—to be merely gigolos dignified by marriage. George Brent doesn't happen to be made from such a mold.

From the very first, he shared dollar for dollar every household expense. That Ruth drew a larger salary was not allowed to influence their mode of living for his benefit. What she earned in excess of her part of the expenses was banked in her own name. George could not force himself to touch a penny of her money. Unfortunately this was known by only a few intimate friends. But George knew and it helped when things began to go wrong.

Ruth's sympathetic understanding and her intelligent handling of the problem of their individual finances were masterful. Never once did she allow it to be even suggested that this was other than a partnership in every sense of the word. She constantly borrowed small sums from George. I recognize the reason now, although I did not then. It does give a man a definite feeling of superiority to hand his wife money.

I believe Ruth knows thoroughly the traits of masculine conceit. I believe she was aware long before she entered into it that her marriage to George would necessitate her catering to him. I believe she weighed personal inconveniences, even the occasional sacrifice of pride, against eventual happiness and made her choice.

Please don't misunderstand me. Ruth Chatterton is nothing if not subtle. George could not have realized what she was doing. In the joy of possession of a love, the like of which he never had previously known, he would not have stopped to dissect it. Men seldom play the game of love a fraction as adroitly as do women.

Besides Brent was too absorbed in the vagaries into which his career seemed to be leading him. A man of action, the busi-

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ness of waiting was foreign to his nature. It is not good for a man of his temperament to remain idle.

"What am I to do?" he would say. "I'm tied with a contract as firmly and securely as a prisoner in dungeon chains. I am not being given anything worthwhile on the screen. I can't quit, for the contract covers stage and radio, too. If I was suspended for insubordination, I could be kept idle the balance of my natural life. The months of suspension are only tacked on to the end of the contract. I'd never be free and acting is the only profession in which I'm trained. What am I to do?"

ONCE I countered the question with another. "What does Ruth suggest?"

"I've never asked her," was the prompt reply, "and I never will. If I'm not man enough to work out my own salvation, I'd better chuck the whole business."

Mention is made of this typical conversation as a specific answer to those who charge Ruth's interference was responsible for George's loss of standing. I am certain, she did not interfere—ever. Less than a month before their break I asked her why.

"I can't give advice unless I am consulted. Surely you wouldn't have me offer it gratuitously. George only tells me what he does after he has done it. He is brooding over this contract thing until he is nearly insane. I'm eager to help in any way possible but I can't until I'm asked. That would break the bargain we made when we were married. My only recourse is to try to distract his mind by simulating gayety."

Poor Ruth. The strain of taut nerves was beginning to tell on her, too. You can't keep acting twenty-four hours a day without feeling the tension.

To George's credit it must be said he did a bit of acting for Ruth. The only difference was that she recognized it as acting and he was unaware that she was giving a performance—a truly amazing one.

I have said that their unhappiness dates back about six months or shortly following their return from an European trip. They went bull-fighting in Spain with Ronald Colman and had a thoroughly good time. Ruth was taken ill on the way home and before she recovered, George fell sick. Their appearances alone in public started the rumors of a separation.

A bromide has it that where there is smoke, there is fire. Right, but who started the fire?

When George Brent appeared in support of his wife in "Female," his fourth such supporting rôle, they were ideally happy. There are two or three versions of the reason for this professional alliance, none correct. She did not force him into the parts. She was not "dictating" his career. She did no more than say, "There is a pretty good rôle in my next picture. Here's the script if you'd like to read it." The application for the assignment was left to him to arrange if he so wished. If you care to look back, you will discover George's best opportunities were in Ruth's pictures. That is why he played opposite her four times.

His next work after "Female" was in "From Headquarters." Then the script of "Mandalay" was handed him. He didn't like it and said so. In the row that ensued, Brent was suspended by the studio.

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RUTH was about to start work on her final film for Warners, "The Journal of a Crime." George, left to himself, began to brood. He was moody, morose, even sullen upon occasions. His friends, called by Ruth unbeknown to him and asked to rally 'round for the purpose of cheering him up, were sometimes greeted with a lack of cordiality. When they didn't come again, it only made things worse. I really believe, George fancied himself Hollywood's forgotten man.

Ruth entertained once or twice, a thing she never does when engaged in a production. It was reported to me by another of his friends that at one party, George was slightly rude to the guests. When his sulkiness had passed, he apologized.

Before Ruth finished "Journal of a Crime," there came a ray of hope. Consulting with attorneys, George discovered a legal technicality by which his contract might be broken. This was an obscure law, providing that an employer in California must grant a personal interview to any employee harboring a grievance. If he sued the studio for salary withheld by suspension, the technicality might help win his case.

Almost overnight, he became a changed man. He could laugh again. He did.

With Ruth's picture completed, he bundled her off to a house in Palm Springs. They stayed there until the case came to trial, entertaining and having fun. Week-end guests reported an excellent time.

Then the trial and the decision was lost by Brent. It must have been like the end of the world. He went back to Palm Springs and the entertaining ceased.

A COUPLE of weeks later, Ruth and George closed the house on the desert and came back to Beverly Hills. Within four days, she had boarded a train for New York. She promised herself a week to think things over. Then she wired that a separation was the only possible solution.

I know Ruth to be heartbroken over her decision. Her love for her "Irishman" has been the important thing in life for more than two years. Had the preservation of it been possible, she would have found a way. She has the intelligence, and the courage. May she find the happiness she deserves.

As for George, he, too, is right according to his own lights. Had he been any less of a man, he would not have won Ruth's love. It is not his fault that the masculine pride which is inborn in his breed cannot accept compromises. He has made his peace with Warners and is again regarded as promising star material. May he make good his second chance.

Both have been openly criticized by the press for having denied several times that their marriage had ended. Look at this sensibly. If you and your husband (or wife) were experiencing difficulties would you issue hourly bulletins informing the world how the conclusion might come out? Better be criticized for denials or for saying nothing than be held up to ridicule for changing your mind. Off-again, on-again marriages are a great deal more trying than a clean break. That the Brents have seen fit to announce a decision should mark it as final.

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Poor Dorothea Wieck

(*Continued from page* 51)

Known on the Continent chiefly for her unforgettable portrayal of the school teacher, Fraulein von Bernburg, in "Maedchen in Uniform," American studios offered a chance to build a glamorous career. She was no famous and pampered darling when she arrived here. For the first time she had the opportunity to earn a really good salary. She was determined to succeed in the Hollywood studios, tremulously eager to make the most of every opportunity.

After eight long months Paramount followed "Maedchen" with "Cradle Song," a tenderly beautiful story of a group of nuns. As excellent as that picture was it was a little too fragile, too poetic, almost too fine to be a great box-office success.

In addition she was publicized with perhaps laudable but scarcely wise enthusiasm. One advertisement pictured her with downcast eyes. Below the portrait was the flaming caption—"When she lifts her eyes, ten million women will be thrilled."

Her second and last picture was "Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen" and again she was the lady of sorrows. There were men in the picture, but romance was lacking. Dorothea Wieck was falling the victim of that most disastrous "typing evil."

She did not know how to fight for different roles. There was no Von Sternberg to carry the battle to the front office in her case. The average American actress would have put on a scene that would have had executives climbing out of windows.

Other worries were crowding upon her. A friend, in whom she had placed great trust, proved himself false. When she refused to forgive an unforgivable deed done under the guise of friendship, she found herself threatened and those spy rumors began mysteriously.

Friends might have been able to help her, but there were no friends. Bad advice from the beginning had prevented that.

A WOMAN, prominent in Los Angeles German circles, and who knew people in Dorothea's own set in Germany, tried to get in touch with her. She asked to speak to the actress and was taken to task by a manager for going over his head. The lady never called again. When Dorothea found out about it, it was too late to explain.

Dorothea has seemed aloof because she is unhappy, and because she is lonely. After a few efforts most of Hollywood gave up efforts of trying to win the confidences of this new German star. Occasionally she has lunched with Marlene Dietrich, but Marlene does not encourage friendships.

"I am not satisfied with what I have done in Hollywood," Dorothea says. "I have played the same role again and again. I would like a romantic role, where I could show a different kind of emotion. I am not cold. On the stage in Europe, and in pictures, I have played many romantic roles."

Ernest von der Decken feels that he has caused his wife nothing but unhappiness since he followed her to America. He may return to Germany in hopes that things will right themselves after he has gone.

If he leaves, once again she will be completely alone. Even a new contract would not be compensation enough.

Poor Dorothea Wieck.

MAYBELLINE eye make-up lends glamor to "smart 25"

MAYBELLINE eye make-up adds charm to "sweet 16"

MAYBELLINE eye make-up takes 10 years from "only 38"

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BEAUTIFUL eyes are your best asset at any age. Study the types shown above and see how each age is made charming by the addition of Maybelline Mascara to darken the lashes, Maybelline Eye Shadow to delicately shade the eyelids, and Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil to form graceful, expressive eyebrows. Then there is the delightful Maybelline Eyelash Grower, a pure, nourishing cream that will stimulate the natural growth of the lashes when applied nightly before retiring. Last, but not least, is the dainty, yet strongly constructed, Maybelline Eyebrow Brush for brushing and training the brows and lashes. Try these five famous eye beautifiers today and learn why over ten million women insist on *genuine* Maybelline eye beauty aids—for highest quality, purity, and harmless effectiveness. Purse sizes of all Maybelline eye cosmetics may be had at 10¢ each at all leading 10¢ stores.

MAYBELLINE eye make-up beautifies dignity of "queenly 50"

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smoothly forms the eyebrows into graceful, expressive lines, giving a perfect, natural effect. Of highest quality, it is entirely harmless, and is clean to use and to carry. Black and Brown.

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Maybelline Eyelash Grower

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Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert
in "It Happened One Night," a Columbia Picture

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Freddy March Is Three Men

(Continued from page 41)

when Florence was out. And it was one evening while Florence, innocently enough, sat reading in the living-room that Freddy conspired to take her car keys from her bag, drive to a locksmith, and have duplicates made.

It so happened that on Saint Valentine's Day Florence March was working at the Paramount Studios. The salesman was telephoned and instructed to come and take away the old roadster in which she had driven to work, and park the new car in its place, with a special Valentine sealed in a huge envelope on the front seat.

Pleased as Punch with himself, Freddy wandered over to the stage where Florence was working on "The Story of Temple Drake." They talked on the sidelines until she was called for a scene.

Leaving Freddy said, "So long, Darling. And—er, when you leave—er, if I don't see you again—er, you'll drive carefully, won't you?"

He hadn't meant to refer to automobiles at all. But somehow this slipped out.

Florence rested her hands on his shoulders. She turned him about so that he was forced to look her straight in the eye. This settled it.

"Fredric March," she taxed him, "what have you been up to?"

Telling about it Florence always has to laugh.

"If you could have seen Freddy!" she says. "If you could have heard him, my dear! Why he acted as guilty and self-conscious as a school-boy.

"And when he finally asked me to drive carefully! Well, I was positive a new car was downstairs. His whole manner told me so quite as definitely as any words could have . . ."

Freddy, telling about it, says, "How Florence knew I'd bought her a car I'll never understand. Why, I often ask her to drive carefully!"

As a husband, you see, Freddy's nice and warm and young and human. Like hundreds of other indulgent American husbands. Not at all the smooth sophisticated celebrity.

THIRDLY we come to Freddy as a father. . . .

Penelope is the real name of the March's eighteen months old, adopted daughter. But they call her Penny. It suits her better.

Penny . . . with a soft little curl forming a golden tunnel along the top of her charming head. With eyes so dark and serious that it is disconcerting when she turns them full upon you.

Freddy is so charmed by Penny. He gets such pleasure from having her in his house. Already he's planning her future.

"She must not develop an inferiority complex because she is adopted, because she doesn't know her own people," he says.

Freddy is going to tell Penny how when he and Florence had no baby of their own they decided to look for a little girl to be Penny March.

He's going to explain how they both agreed that only the very nicest little girl would do.

Then he's going to tell how Florence who had been searching for ever such a

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A Man, helpless, unable to stand or walk, yet was riding horseback and playing tennis within a year. An Old Lady of 72 years, suffered for many years, was helpless, found relief. A Little Child, paralyzed, was playing about the house in 3 weeks. A Rail Road man, dragged under a switch engine and his back broken, reports instant relief and ultimate cure. We have successfully treated over fifty-nine thousand cases in the past 30 years.

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long time came to him one day and asked him to go with her to see a little baby only a few weeks old.

"Are you quite sure this baby is the nicest little girl in all the world?" he's going to report asking.

And Florence smiling and saying: "You'll judge that for yourself."

Then he's going to tell how immediately the nurse brought her into the big white room where he and Florence waited he knew she was their Penny.

How, I ask you, can an inferiority complex result from this story?

IT'S Freddy March's instinctive and warm understanding of human beings, their fears, their hopes, and loneliness that makes him so charming, so delightful.

People are born with this precious sense, I suppose. So it becomes doubtful whether or not they deserve credit for possessing it. There can be no question, however, that those who have it prove the very grandest people to have around.

I find Freddy March a pretty strong argument against that old notion that actors must be forgiven if they fail horribly in every personal relationship.

It is the three men Fredric March is in his personal life who help him bring warmth and integrity and understanding to the different men he plays on the screen.

Freddy March and the missus were caught in the spotlight at "The House of Rothschild" opening. Stunning couple, the Marches

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Excitingly, savagely, compellingly lovely . . . this freshly different lipstick whose alluring shades and seductive smoothness bring to lips the sublime madness of a moon-kissed South Sea night! Yes, Savage does exactly that, for it colors the lips without coating them with charm-destroying paste. Apply like ordinary lipstick . . . rub it in . . . nothing will remain on your lips but ravishing, transparent color . . . color that clings . . . *savagely!*

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Send me complete information about VERALIN, in plain envelope.

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Address.......................................

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VERALIN

Marion Davies: Angel of Mercy

(*Continued from page* 40)

There is one large roof, surrounded by a high wall for sun bathing and spacious shaded porches where the little patients may lie in the fresh air. There is a fine surgery with every modern convenience; a dental surgery where feats of orthodontia and general childrens' dentistry are accomplished; a gymnasium where the ordinary equipment includes aids to corrective exercise; there are rooms where violet ray lamps and other electrical appliances are used; an eye, ear, nose and throat room; an X-ray room; a nursery where tiny babies are examined and treated; an orthopedic room where little bodies are straightened and made to grow healthy.

Recently a two-story wing was completed, which will contain about fifty beds, making a complete hospital in connection with the clinic. Heretofore post-operative cases have been taken to other childrens' hospitals for convalescence but from now on they will be cared for at the clinic. Children treated at this clinic are assured of the best possible medical advice for twelve of the finest childrens' specialists in Los Angeles are the doctors in charge.

In addition there is a free milk service which delivers milk daily to children whose parents cannot buy it. There is also the visiting clinic, composed of a group of doctors and nurses who visit sick children in their homes. The doctors give their services to the clinic free but every other operating expense is paid for by Marion.

TO relieve any embarrassment, a small charge is made to those who can afford to pay. At first thought this doesn't seem important but Marion thinks it is.

"If they pay ever so little they feel they are not accepting charity," she explains.

"Marion would do *anything* to prevent one child from being a cripple," a close friend of hers told me. "She has often said the only thing money means to her is the good she can do with it, the happiness she can bring to others. She doesn't expect any reward and never wants to be thanked for what she does. And she has said many times that she doesn't consider the clinic charity."

She takes the greatest delight in chiseling money from her friends for her clinic. Recently she was asked to endorse a certain soap. "All right," she replied. "I'll endorse your soap if you'll give me a thousand dollars for my clinic."

It wasn't easy to finance such a big undertaking, but Marion accomplished her purpose and it stands today an achievement in idealism.

An achievement almost as remarkable is the fact that although thousands of children have been treated there during the past seven years, no word of it ever got into print until recently. The pictures you see here in MOVIE MIRROR are the first photographs ever made of the place.

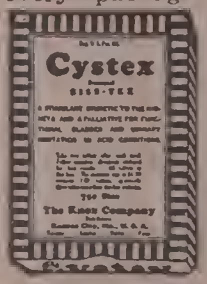
Perhaps, as Marion insists, this isn't charity. But to the mothers of these children it means more than charity. It has meant hope. And many of these same mothers could tell you more about this Marion Davies that you didn't know.

Kidneys Cause Much Trouble Says Doctor

Use Successful Prescription to Clean out Acids and Purify Blood—Beware Drastic Drugs

Your blood circulates 4 times a minute through 9 million tiny, delicate tubes in your kidneys, which may be endangered by drastic drugs, modern foods and drinks, worry and exposure. Be careful. Dr. Walter R. George, many years Health Commissioner of Indianapolis, Ind., says: "Insufficient Kidney excretions are the cause of much needless suffering with aching back, frequent night risings, itching, smarting, burning, painful joints, rheumatic pains, headaches and a generally run-down exhausted body. I am of the opinion that the prescription Cystex corrects a frequent cause of such conditions (Kidney or Bladder dysfunctions). It aids in flushing poisons from the urinary tract and in freeing the blood of retained toxins." If you suffer from functional Kidney and Bladder disorders don't waste a minute. Get the doctor's prescription Cystex (pronounced Siss-tex). Formula in every package. Starts work in 15 minutes. Gently soothes and cleans raw, irritated membranes. It is helping millions of sufferers and is guaranteed to fix you up or money back on return of empty package. Cystex costs only 3c a dose. At all drug stores.

Dr. W. R. George



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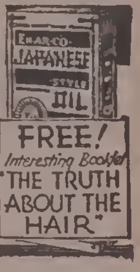
Mr. D. Mallory, Geer, Va., writes:
"My hair came out in patches and I was bald in spots. I used 2 bottles of Japanese Oil. It not only stopped my hair from falling, but grew new hair on the bald areas."

JAPANESE OIL, the antiseptic counter-irritant, is used by thousands for overcoming baldness, where the hair roots are not dead, falling hair, loose dandruff and scalp itch. Price 60c. Economy size $1. All druggists. NATIONAL REMEDY CO., 56 W. 45th St., Desk TR., New York.



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The Natural Body Brace ends sleepless nights, frazzled nerves, pain and strain, etc., which are the result of incorrect posture, misplaced organs, improperly supported abdomen, strained muscles or ligaments, weak back or spine. Straightens, strengthens and supports. Replaces misplaced organs. Comfortable, easy to wear. Over 300,000 satisfied users—men, women! FREE HEALTH SERVICE . . . a proved aid to thousands. Write Post card for free booklet and details of 30-day trial offer. (26)

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Attract and fascinate the man of your choice. Any woman or girl of ordinary intelligence, beautiful or plain, can learn from "Fascinating Womanhood" how to be and remain attractive to men. It tells you how to develop the power that is in you. Learn the principles of Charm that men cannot resist. Most cases of social failure and spinsterhood are due to lack of understanding man's psychology. Married or single you cannot afford to be without this secret knowledge. Send only 10c for the booklet, "Secrets of Fascinating Womanhood", an interesting outline of the secrets revealed in "Fascinating Womanhood". Mailed in plain wrapper. PSYCHOLOGY PRESS Dept. 25-F, 585 Kingsland Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Movies of the Month

(*Continued from page* 63)

had a pretty big load on his shoulders and it wasn't helped any by the unnatural lines given him to speak. Frances Drake is a newcomer who needs more experience before she handles long, complicated rôles. As a rumba dancer, she was exciting. There was some fine bull fight scenes and the musical background was unusually beautiful.

Your Reviewer Says: An interesting picture, handled uninterestingly.

For Children: Not especially.

✓ "Whirlpool" (Columbia)

You'll See: *Jack Holt, Jean Arthur, Donald Cook, Allen Jenkins, Lila Lee, Rita La Roy, John Miljan.*

It's About: *A carnival racketeer sent to prison on a manslaughter charge, meets his own daughter and learns how great father love can be.*

Melodrama is with us once again. This time it takes us from a cheap carnival show to the state penitentiary to the big Broadway racket to the newspaper game, to love among the simple folk. There's more plot to this story than a dozen others put together. It takes considerable footage to put it over. In fact too much. Still it is all vital enough to make us hang on to the surprising end.

Jack Holt is the owner of a cheap carnival He meets Lila Lee a small town girl and marries her. The same night there is a row at the show. A man is accidentally killed and Jack is given a sentence of twenty years. When Lila calls at the prison and tells him she is going to have a baby, through his position in the warden's office, he is able to forge his own death notice. Years later he becomes a broadway racketeer. A young lady reporter calls on him and recognizes him from a photo, as the father she thought dead.

Jack Holt gives a splendid performance as the carnival owner. As the father of Jean Arther he gives a restrained, yet sympathetic characterization. Although Jean is not nearly as attractive as a blonde, her return to the screen is marked by greater versatility and improvement. Lila Lee gives another one of her warm portrayals. Allen Jenkins is splendid as a tough guy with a bad case of indigestion. Balance of the cast are good.

Your Reviewer Says: The kind of stuff that movies are made of, but done in an expert way.

For Children: It won't hurt them.

ANOTHER FASHION SCOOP

for MOVIE MIRROR

You'll want to see the brilliant clothes Joan Crawford wears in "Sadie McKee," her new film. You'll find these beautiful pictures in the July Movie Mirror!

Equals $1 to $3 Brands in Quality

PARK & TILFORD'S
FAOEN
Poudre
FAOEN
COLD CREAM
FAOEN
CLEANSING CREAM
FAOEN

yet FAOEN BEAUTY AIDS COST ONLY 10¢

Every smart woman knows that it's the purity of the cosmetics she uses and *not* the price she pays that protects her complexion and enhances her beauty! So when a famous firm of analytical chemists certified that . . .

"every Faoen product tested is as pure and fine as products of like nature sold for $1, $2 and $3"...

the loveliest women in America promptly became Faoen-wise! Try Faoen Beauty Aids! They are *exquisite* as *well* as *economical.*

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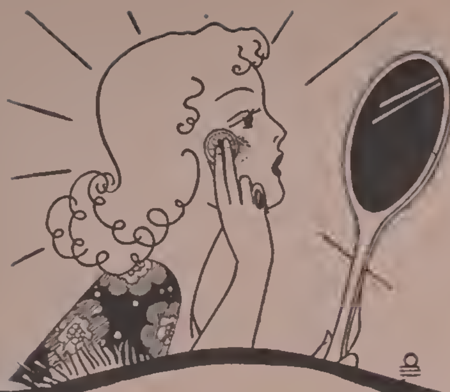

Stop Rouging!
Start Beautifying!

Don't use rouge just to make your cheeks red. Use *Po-Go Rouge* to be more beautiful! Po-Go is *hand-made* in France. That's unique among rouges. So is the way Po-Go flatters you. It's so smooth that it blends correctly, every time. It lasts much longer. And its five Paris-styled shades include the one that's best for *you.*

Even though it's better, Po-Go costs only 60c! At all toiletry counters, where you can also see the new Po-Go Lipstick — extra-permanent, greaseless, and in a gay, slim case. 55c.

Rouge shades: Brique (*naturelle*); Ronce (*raspberry*); Vif (*bright*); Cardinal (*brightest*); Saumon (*very light*). Lipstick in Brique, Raspberry, Cardinal. At all stores or send cash to Guy T. Gibson, Inc., Importers, 565 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

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NR TO-NIGHT
TOMORROW ALRIGHT

"TUMS" Quick relief for acid indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn. Only 10c.

Beauty and Kay Francis

(*Continued from page 42*)

impurities that may be lodged in the pores are carried away. The cold water I always apply after these hot applications closes the pores immediately. I never use ice, however, because I think the shock is too severe for the sensitive tissues, particularly around the nose.

MYSELF: Physicians say that drinking a lot of water is essential to a beautiful skin. Do you do this?

KAY: Indeed I do. I drink a large glass of water as soon as I get up, another when I get to the studio, several more during the day and at least a quart during the evening.

MYSELF: Let's talk about beauty diets. What do you eat for breakfast.

KAY: I never eat breakfast but for lunch or dinner I eat anything I choose. I do not find it necessary to follow a strict diet but I am sensible about the selection of my food. I believe most women are too heavy because they do not use common sense and moderation at the table. I eat everything except two things, fruit of any kind, and coffee. I dislike them both.

MYSELF: All right, if you don't have to diet. Tell me then about facials.

KAY: I have a facial pack about once a week, to draw the impurities from the skin and to tighten the facial muscles. When I am very tired, I have body massages, to rest and relax me.

MYSELF: Tell me about your make-up rules, not those for the screen, but for private life.

KAY: I always use a very simple make-up off screen, nothing but lipstick and powder.

MYSELF: No mascara, eye shadow or cheek rouge?

KAY: Not a bit. I never carry a bit of make-up with me during the day, except a compact with a down puff, which I think leaves you with a less powdered look, and a lipstick.

MYSELF: Did you learn to take care of your skin when you were very young?

KAY: Yes. I was taught the importance of keeping my skin clean and that the glow of a healthy complexion is greatly admired and that it doesn't have to be covered up with a lot of artificial color.

MYSELF: Do you believe that girls should pluck their eyebrows?

KAY: Unless the brows are too wild, I think the natural line is more becoming than any manufactured one.

MYSELF: Tell me about your manicures.

KAY: I have my nails done about once a week. I like them long and am very fond of dark polish. However, I usually match the polish to the gown I am wearing.

MYSELF: Do you like to see the entire nail covered with polish, which seems to be a smart fashion right now?

KAY: Yes, I think it's fascinating, especially if you are wearing exotic evening clothes.

MYSELF: I'm nearly finished questioning you, but do tell me about how you keep your hair so perfectly groomed.

KAY: You flatter me. I do precious little to my hair. It waves naturally. I have it washed about once a week, and my maid brushes it for me every morning.

What made their hair grow?
Here is the Answer

"New hair came almost immediately after I began using Kotalko, and kept on growing" writes Mr. H. A. Wild. "In a short time I had a splendid head of hair, which has been perfect ever since."

Frances Lonsdale also has **thick, wavy hair now,** although at one time it was believed her hair roots were dead. She used Kotalko.

Many other men and women attest that hair has stopped falling, dandruff has been eliminated, or new luxuriant hair growth has been developed where roots were alive, after using Kotalko.

Are your hair roots alive but dormant? If so, why not use Kotalko to stimulate new growth of hair? **Kotalko is sold at drug stores everywhere.**

FREE BOX **To prove the efficacy of Kotalko, for men's, women's and children's hair. Use coupon.**
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Please send me Proof Box of KOTALKO.

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Here's a chance to **feel great** again and win back that healthy **joy of living.** Take Rico-Brasil Maté. It **picks you right up.** Makes you feel like **going places and doing things.** Stimulates and helps to keep your system free from the **poisons** that **slow you up.** Why feel tired and worn out when you can take Rico-Brasil Mate, the great South American invigorator. Improvement noticed in 24 hours. Endorsed by Doctors and Scientists. Month's supply for $1.00 by mail postpaid with folder of facts. (Will send C. O. D. if preferred).

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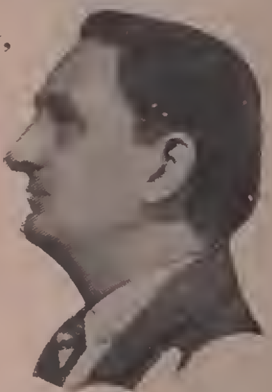

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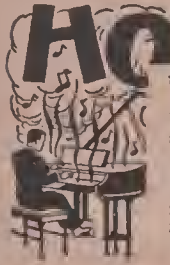

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Paris. Naturally, as soon as her real identity was discovered, everyone on board tried to devise methods by which to see and talk to her. All to no avail.

She was running away from life. Running away from people. They had hurt her so, pierced through the bright armor of self-assurance she wore as a protection. Her mind was in a turmoil. She didn't know what she wanted to do. All she knew was that she didn't want to face reality, people, situations. She spoke to no one, saw no one, mixed with no one, except the friend who was with her.

"I'm so tired!" she said. "So fatigued! All I want is rest . . . rest and peace!"

She would wake up in the early hours of the morning—eight thirty or nine o'clock. Then breakfast in bed would follow—a very simple one. Orange juice, brioche, coffee or tea.

Then up to the gymnasium, for an hour of training. She would choose a time when no one else was there. After her hour in the gym, she waited until the other passengers were having their lunch before she took a walk on deck alone.

WHAT tumultous thoughts raged through her mind as she walked!

"Kitty Hepburn! You're a quitter. They've called you gallant, they've called you brave, and yet you know that what you are really doing is running away from life . . ."

And still she shied away from people. Lunch was served in her cabin. For the first three days out she could hardly eat at all—she was so tired. Then a stewardess suggested that she might try eating cold cuts—they were light. She accepted the suggestion, and was able to enjoy her meals.

The afternoons she spent in her cabin—reading, writing, or talking to her friend.

At five o'clock, though, she would invariably get up from the couch on which she was lying, and in her pyjamas trot up to the salon, where a motion-picture was being shown. She adored the movies, and didn't miss them a single day.

By six-thirty, when the picture was over, she returned to her cabin, where her dinner was usually served by her stewardess, Marietta. Only on very rare occasions did she dress up for dinner and put in an appearance at the dining room. When she did, she sat at a table alone with her friend, Suzanne.

Never once did she visit the ball-room. Nor the bar. She drank only water.

Strangely enough, when she boarded the S. S. Paris in New York, a trunkful of clothes followed her. They were all carefully hung in the large closet in her suite. There was everything in that selection of dresses—evening robes, sports outfits, afternoon frocks. Yet, during the entire trip, with the exception of the few times she dressed for dinner, Katharine wore just one costume—a blue suit, with blue shoes and a blue hat.

One night she was sitting quietly on the arm of her couch, wearing a lovely negligee with beautiful ruffled lace. It was dark outside. The night was filled with peace. Katharine felt suddenly that she absolutely had to watch the glory of the night at sea from the upper deck. Quickly she put on her pyjamas over her negligee. Then she climbed up; and up there, alone,

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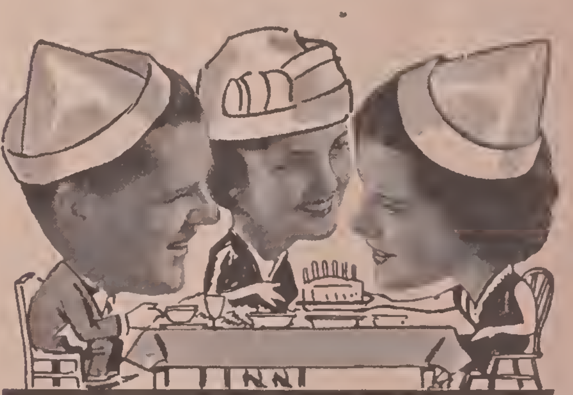

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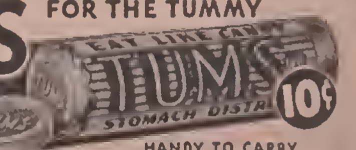

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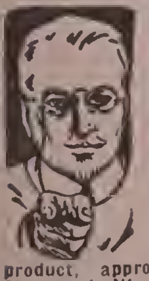

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she tried to face her own problems gallantly. She, who was all war and tempest and storm, had begged for peace. But there, on that moon-drenched deck, she decided not to run away any longer!

ON the gala night, the dining room was bright with colorful decorations.

That evening Katharine Hepburn put in an appearance. She had been wearing a sports suit or pyjamas for so long that everyone caught their breath at the sight of this new Katharine Hepburn, gorgeously gowned. As was her custom she retired to her cabin early.

One of the things included in her daily routine were the baths she took. That may seem a goofy thing to mention, but in her case it isn't. It seems that whenever she had nothing better to do, she would plunge into her own bathtub.

She spent four glorious days in Paris She had been scheduled to leave on Wednesday for the Riviera. Instead she motored back to Havre and boarded the liner on which she sailed! And on this second crossing her life was even quieter than going over. A bad cold kept her confined to her cabin for most of the trip. She spent many pleasant hours with Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Hemingway, the novelist and his wife.

What made her come back so suddenly?

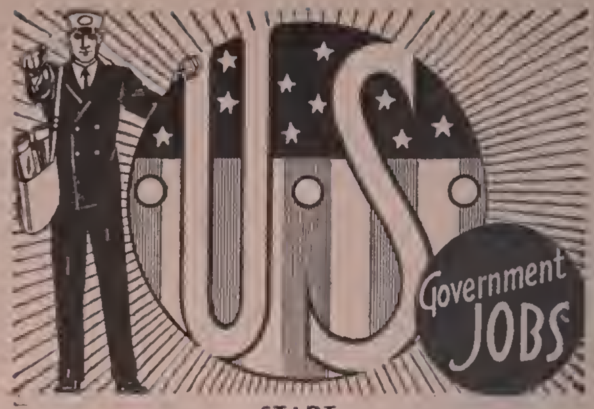
First of all, I think Katharine Hepburn decided that she was going back to New York, where problems would crowd thick and fast around her, and that she would meet them all with the best intelligence and courage she could muster. Secondly, she realized that when she left New York so suddenly and was rude to reporters, she had done a very foolish thing. Some day she might want those reporters on her side, to help her fight her battles.

I do not believe she reached this decision entirely by herself. As I have hinted, there is a man in New York whose judgment she respects and whose advice she listens to. Leland Hayward, her friend and business adviser. It was to this man she turned when all the critics were jeering at her for what they considered an amateurish performance in "The Lake." Hayward is one of the best-known and wisest of all the agents in New York, and she trusts him implicitly.

He takes a tremendous interest in Katharine's career. Katharine received several wires while she was aboard the S. S. Paris. What more natural than that this man, who knew of Katharine's fight for success and happiness, should warn her that she had left antagonism and a bitter hostile spirit among the New York newspapermen when she left for Paris? What more natural than that he should advise her to come back and undo the damage she had done and be gracious and friendly to the newspapermen who were only trying to do their job?

It was one thing to be interesting, exciting, temperamental, and quite another to be rude to newspapermen. Katherine had crossed the boundary. Whatever her own state of mind, she had no right to vent it on the ship reporters. So he must have counseled her. And Katharine in her heart must have known he was right!

And so Katharine Hepburn came back, ready to face all her problems with courage as the Hepburns always have and will.



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Inside Stuff

(*Continued from page 10*)

NOW that Robert Young has come up in the world, he has saved enough money to buy a home for his little family. So every day Mrs. Young would go out looking at houses and Bob would go back at night to give the official okay. Finally, Mrs. Young found just the house she wanted. She called for Bob at the studio and together they went to make a down payment. Bob walked in and practically swooned.

It was the home of his agent!

* * *

MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL has decided to save money at this late date. One hates to think of the money that has passed through her talented hands. And she loves to eat. There was an elaborate buffet in one sequence of Norma Shearer's "Riptide." Mrs. Campbell eyed the food then asked if one could eat it free. She was told yes. Her moment had come. She planted herself at the table and ate through long shots and close-ups far into the night. She was storing up, squirrel-fashion for the spring.

* * *

Speak for Yourself

(*Continued from page 11*)

book. Why can't we get a good picture back for us to enjoy all over again?

Such a picture as "Cimmaron" for instance. I've never forgotten it. It was history in the making. Oh, if I could only see it once more!

Wouldn't it be wonderful if there could be a review, say, every three years, of all honorable-mention pictures? We would enjoy the second showing as much, if not more, than the first showing. Who agrees with me? *Harry Schoenholz,*
Detroit, Mich.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

Would Stop Sentimental Sop

If movies are going to go musical comedy, why not a little satire behind them? "Forty-Second Street," "The Gold Diggers," "Footlight Parade," were all successes—the box office showed that—but I think their sweetness could have been stiffened up a bit. If it isn't the sweet chorus girl marrying the lead, then it is the lead marrying the sweet chorus girl. Of course, Guy Kibbee does satirize the wealthy but dumb backer, but as far as plot goes, or general atmosphere, it's mostly marshmallow-gooey sweet. What I'd like to see is not a movie adaptation of "Of Thee I Sing" but a movie musical comedy put over not only with smash-hit songs, stunning girls, and gorgeous sets, but with a plot that has a real cocktail fillip to it. We movie audiences don't need as much sentimental sop as you think.

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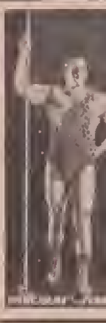

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The Lowdown on Joan Blondell

(*Continued from page* 31)

world. The family formed the Ed Blondell Company, which was extremely popular on the vaudeville stage. For years Joan attended a new school each week, and to each new school she brought an element of excitement which made her a main attraction. Always, her mother told me, she selected the most unpopular girl in the school for her chum and by the time Joan's week was over the unpopular girl was the most sought-after in the school.

You may think stage children have a hard life, but in the case of the Blondells you are all wrong. Joan and her little sister, Gloria, had plenty of toys. In each large city, to which they returned frequently, a trunk, packed with their toys, was always left behind so that when they arrived for their next visit months later, their dolls and playthings were waiting for them. And an extra room was always engaged at the hotel for a play room.

It was when Joan was about thirteen years old, when vaudeville was on the decline and the Ed Blondell act was no longer in the big money, that the family settled temporarily in San Diego and Joan began to worry. While other girls her age were taking their problems to Beatrice Fairfax, Joan tried to settle her own troubles—with the aid of her "worrying rock."

The worrying rock was a large, flat granite boulder on the edge of a little canyon near their home. There, curled up in the sunshine on the rock Joan could worry to her heart's content.

And how she did worry! The material troubles of the family had come at a time when Joan was beginning to ponder over life's complexities, so that between one problem and another she spent more than a fair share of her time seeking solace and comfort from her rock. She worried about the fallen fortunes of the family; about her future, since vaudeville was on the decline and things looked as dark for her as they did for her parents. Out of these troubles and the hours of thought she devoted to them grew the refreshing willingness of the present Joan to accept things as they come; to keep her lips stiff and her head high.

ABOUT this time the family moved to Santa Monica and shortly after a tiny cloud appeared in Joan's mental horizon. A real worry made its appearance.

Joan was permitted to attend a party with a boy friend, after promising to be home by 10:30. The boy had borrowed his father's car and off they went. The moon was shining and I'm sure it was spring, for the boy stopped the car.

"We had been at the hand-holding stage for some time," Joan recounted, "but this night he suddenly leaned over and kissed me. I was very religious at the time and it must have been the thrill of it that made me believe it was so wicked. I made him get out of the car and kneel down in the road with me while I prayed to God to forgive us. And I made him pray, too.

"The next day the boy went out of town on a vacation and and though there had been only that one innocent kiss I decided that I was going to have a baby. Here, for the first time in my life I had a real worry and my worrying rock was miles away in San Diego.

"I decided to confide in my chum, whose father was a doctor, and she advised a little research work in his medical library. We waded through huge volumes and found the going very difficult because we couldn't understand the words. The only tangible information we were able to gather was that I must eat lots of vegetables and be weighed frequently. For the next few weeks I ate so many carrots they were coming out of my eyes and I weighed myself several times a day with, of course, no noticeable results. I planned that as soon as the boy returned we would be married.

"When he did finally return and I told him we must be married right away on account of our baby, he said, 'What do you mean, OUR baby?' I asked him if he didn't remember kissing me in the car that night and told him as a result of that kiss I was going to have a baby. He laughed and laughed. He was much older than I—about sixteen—and then, in his fumbling way, he convinced me that people didn't get babies that way."

Although she laughs about that incident until she cries now, Joan confesses that it was a very real worry at the time. And she never outgrew the habit of worrying.

"Sometimes I worry for fear I won't be successful, and sometimes I worry for fear I'll be so successful I'll never have time to settle down to making a home and raising a family," Joan says now.

About her career she says, "I want to play a different type of role once in a while. It's all right to be a comedienne, but first I think I'm an actress and I'd like a chance to prove that."

It was in "Gold Diggers of 1933" that she had her first opportunity to play anything but comedy when she sang the hit number, "My Forgotten Man." Remember how grand she was? It was late at night when they recorded the song; Joan was tired; everyone was tired; but she realized it was her chance to show what she could do and she did. It was her rendition of that song that caused the casting director to put her in "Without Honor," her latest picture, in a role that is somber, dramatic.

"I'm the saddest thing in the picture," Joan explained. "I don't crack a smile all the way through it, but I don't care. It will give my face a rest.

"I want to work about twelve years more," she said thoughtfully, "but I would like to taper my work off so that I could make just one picture a year, maybe. I want to raise a family and I can't when I'm working all the time like I am now. George and I both want to have children of our own in about three years. Meanwhile we may adopt one."

JOAN'S husband, George Barnes, is her first love and after two years of marriage, the two are inseparable. George, who is one of Hollywood's ace cameramen, gave up a good contract with another picture company to work for Warner Brothers where he could be near Joan and, whenever it is possible, he photographs her pictures. When she isn't working she always goes to the studio to wait for him.

"George will be working late tonight and I don't want to see you around here," Joan's director, Lloyd Bacon, told her.

"I'll be here," she replied brightly.

"But I want you to get your rest," he insisted. "Go to bed. You have a hard day tomorrow."

"I'll be here," she repeated. And she was.

When Joan and George get home early from work and have no engagement they take their books and go to bed and read. First they put twenty symphony records on their electric victrola, "and by the time the records are played on both sides we are sleepy," Joan told me. "We like to read," she added, and a glance into any room in their house will bear out that statement. There are books everywhere—histories, biographies, best sellers—with no favoritism shown in their selection.

Frequently on Sundays they pack a lunch in the car and go places. They drive until they are hungry and then stop and picnic. If they have a few days off they often pack a whole camping outfit in the car and go to the desert or the mountains, where they sleep in sleeping bags and cook their food over a camp fire.

It was on this sort of trip that they were caught in a cloudburst recently and escaped to the nearest hotel for shelter. Warm and dry in a comfortable bed they suddenly remembered George's Airedale dog, left behind in the car. Up they got, dressed and waded out to rescue the dog and not until he was thoroughly dried out and put to sleep in a corner of their room were they satisfied.

JOAN is capable of great affection. She lavishes it generously upon her husband, her family, her friends. She worships her sister, Gloria, "and in all our lives," Gloria told me, "Joan and I have never had one cross word." To give one of her loved ones a moment's pleasure is Joan's greatest joy. And if anyone were mean enough to want to hurt her, it could be done by hurting someone she loves.

George plays the violin and to encourage him to play more Joan bought herself a little organ and took a music lesson. "But it made my back ache to pump it and my fingers ached and no music came out of it, so I gave up. I sent the organ over to Jimmy Cagney for his den and got George a baby grand piano for his birthday."

I suggested an electric piano as George's accompanist. "Oh, no!" she exclaimed, horrified at the very thought. "An electric piano would have no soul!"

No decorator had a hand in furnishing the Barnes' Colonial house which is presided over by Clarence and Chalmett, a good-natured colored couple. They have been there as long as Joan and George have and couldn't be pried away from "Miss Joan."

Every piece of furniture was chosen by Joan and George personally. It is simple, but neither good taste nor comfort has been sacrificed.

You never see Joan on parade. You never see her going places just to be seen. Generous, impulsive, sympathetic, full of fun, but ever ready to lend a helping hand to those less fortunate; loyal to her friends, a hard worker and sincere actress—that's Joan Blondell, the most honest girl in Hollywood.

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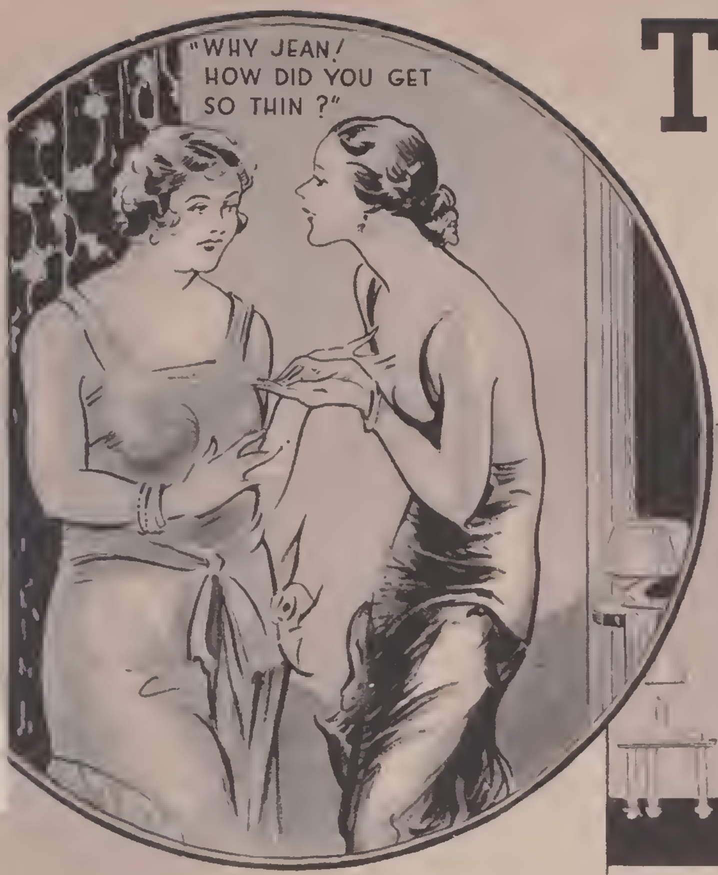
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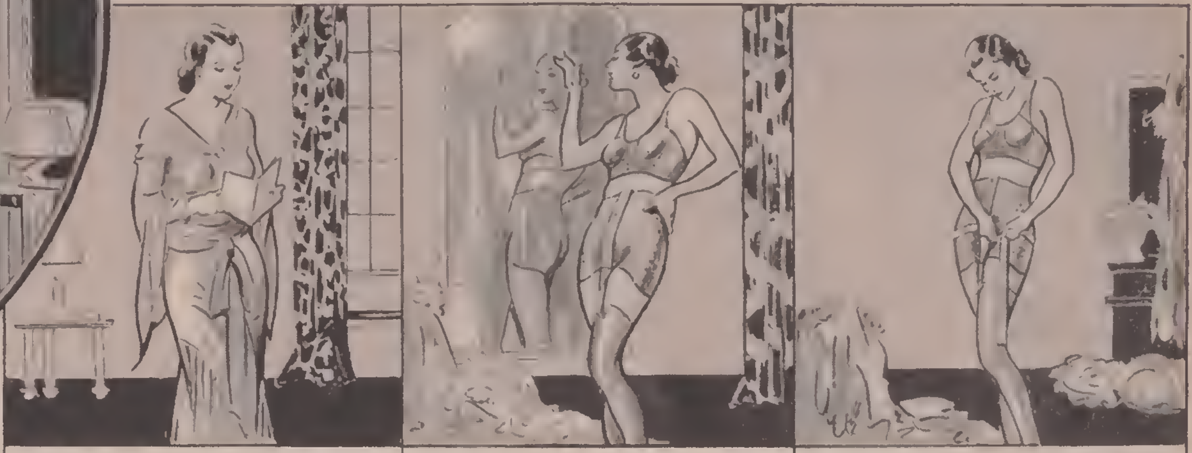

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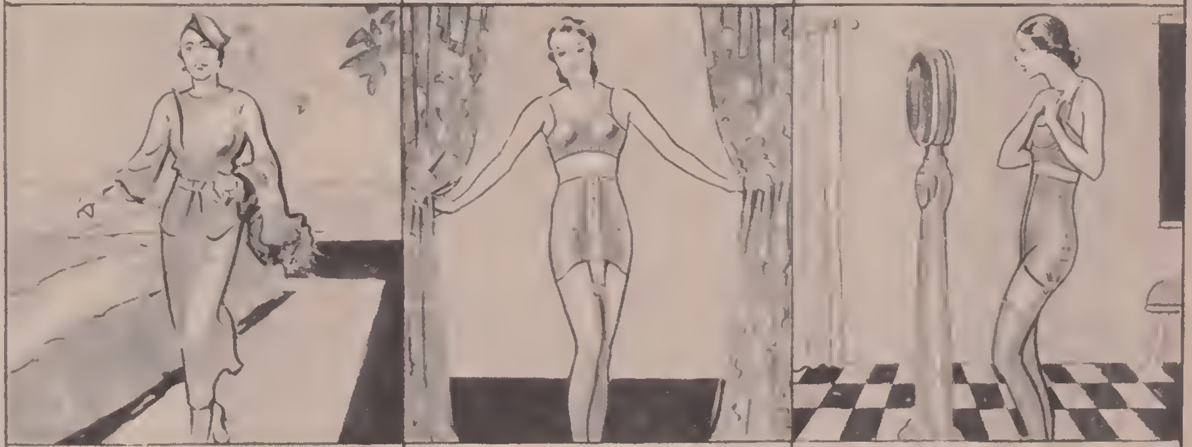

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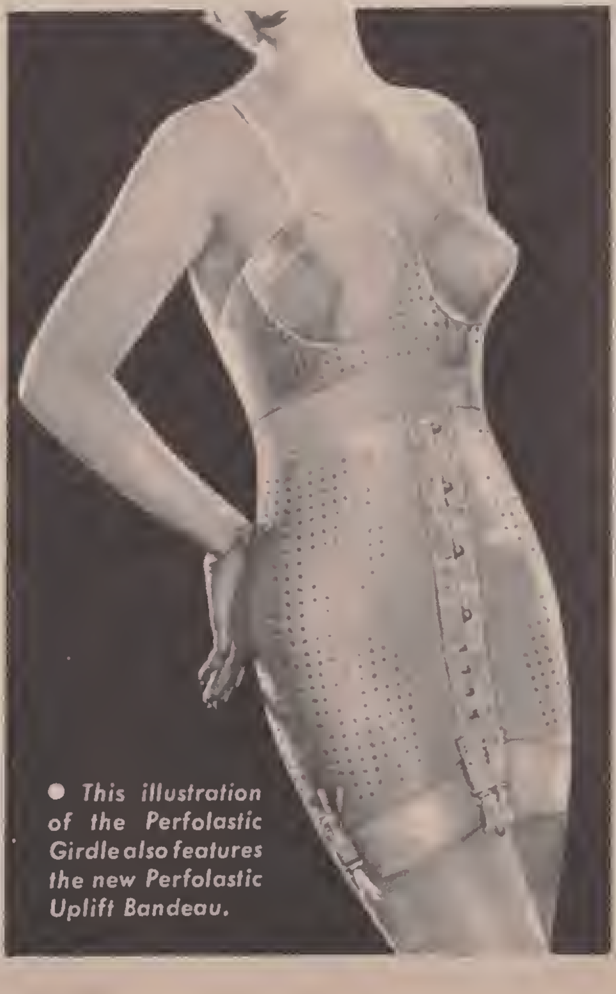

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movie MIRROR

RUTH WATERBURY, EDI

JULY

10

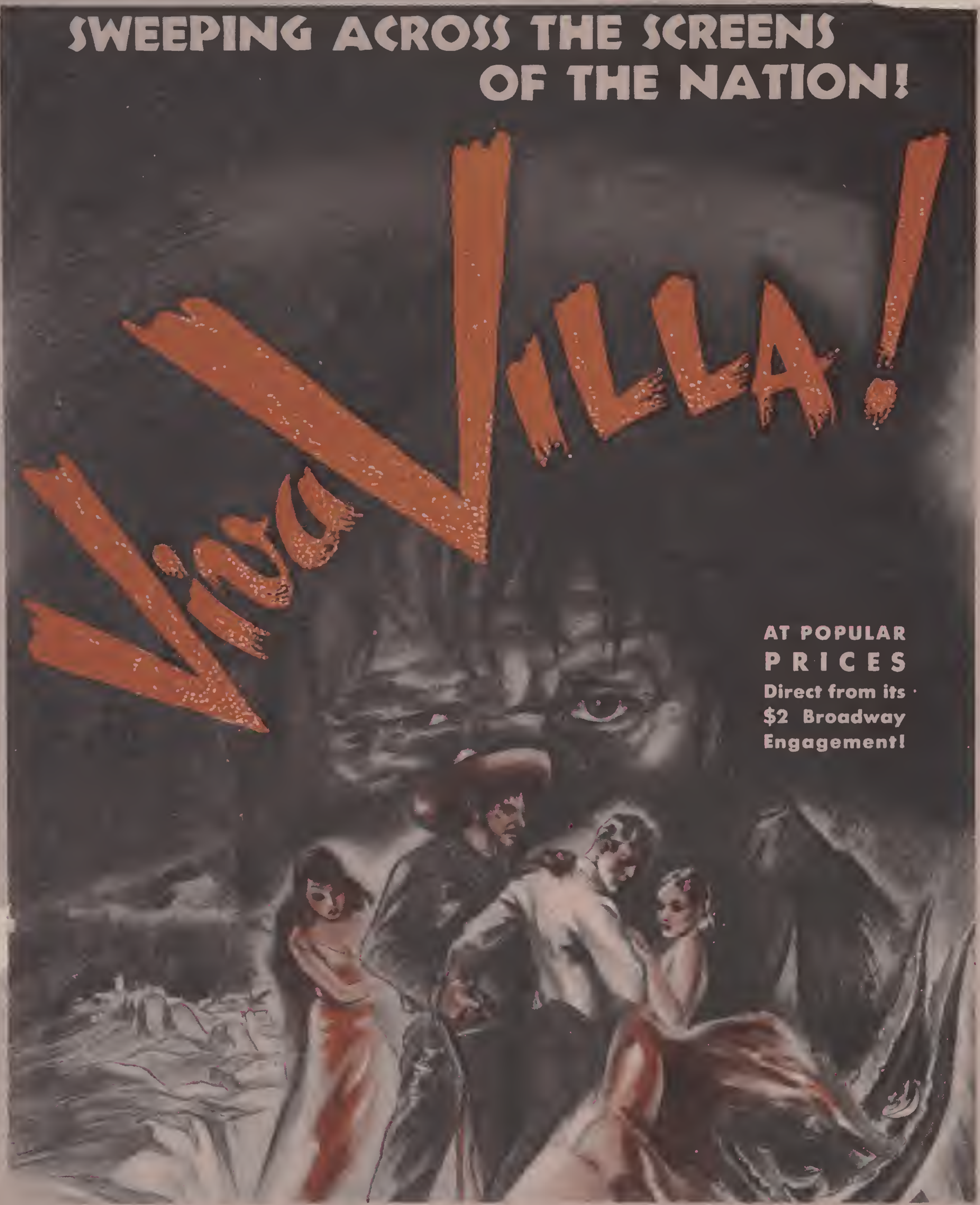
A MACFADDEN PUBLICATIO

Marlene DIETRICH

Why I'd Hate to be a Movie Star

FAITH BALDWIN

R[illegible] Page[illegible] JEAN HA[illegible]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movie MIRROR

The ONLY Film Magazine Edited from Hollywood

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VOL. 5 No. 8——JULY, 1934

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Don't answer until you've read the stars' startling replies to this provocative question! Next month—in the August

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MOVIE MIRROR (Copyright 1934) is fully protected by copyright, and the contents of this magazine may not be reprinted either
without permission. Published monthly by Syndicate Magazine Corporation, Washington and South Avenues, Dunellen, New Jersey. E
Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. Business office, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Haydock Miller, President; Wesley F. Pape, Secret
nedy, Treasurer; Engle-van Wiseman, Sales Representatives; Carroll Rheinstrom, Advertising Director. Entered as second-class matter Sep.
the post-office at Dunellen, New Jersey, under Act of March 3, 1879. Price in United States $1.20 a year; 10c a copy. In U. S. Possession
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The HIDDEN HOLLYWOOD

Your Editor Unearths the Very Latest Lowdown

by

Ruth Waterbury

THE story is always being told that marriage hurts a girl's career in Hollywood. Now comes the other side of it.

There was a boy, an exceptionally clean, handsome boy about Hollywood. Because he had nice manners, good clothes and was unattached, he was invited everywhere. Many a star cast her golden glances his way and offered to help him, one way or another. But because he was an idealist, he carved out his career by himself until he met a quietly beautiful girl one night.

She was the kind of girl he has dreamed about ever since his college days. She wasn't blatant or a great opportunist. They smiled once at each other and the miracle happened. They were in love.

The boy proposed to her almost at once and was accepted. He told her Hollywood wasn't such a dreadful place, and that she would find its people generous and kindly. And so they were married.

Immediately the invitations to the stellar homes stopped. His former hostesses, now that they couldn't flirt with him, were distinctly icy toward him. One very important star murmured she would show him what marriage would do to his advancement.

However, the joke is on the hostesses. For the young couple are so in love they don't even notice they are being snubbed, and the only thing they ask of life right now is to be left quite alone.

TOUCHING TRIANGLE

There is another story, too, which sounds like fiction but which is very, very true.

It concerns a blonde, a producer, and a young man in love.

The young man is in love with the blonde. The producer is in love with the blonde. And the blonde—well. . . . .

She has been working all her life, struggling up and up. She is very beautiful and at last she has reached her big chance. If the young man hadn't come into her life just at this time, everything would have seemed quite perfect. Now she knows nothing is perfect if he isn't part of it. The trouble is the young man isn't at all successful. He's delightful, handsome, very sincere, witty and earnest, but he just hasn't clicked. He was a hit on Broadway but Hollywood has offered him nothing at all. He would return East except for the girl. He wants to marry her but being proud, he won't live on her money.

The producer, meanwhile, is sending scripts of marvelous roles to the girl, roles which would make her a star overnight. Those roles, of course, demand that she stay in Hollywood, and her future will be much more brilliant if she sacrifices happiness for a career, and doesn't marry.

Meanwhile I saw her and the young man at the beach the other night, sitting close to one another, holding tense hands. It wasn't a popular section of the beach. It was just a spot from where you could see the moon rise and listen to the waves lapping the shore. They weren't saying a word, but their faces were very tragic.

GOOD DEED

In one scene of Dancing Lady, Joan Crawford, leading the chorus girls, danced toward a line of boys. The leader of the boys was named Earl Blackwell. Joan clasped his hand in the scene and went through a number with him. That was her whole acquaintance with him.

A few days ago, Earl Blackwell's father was seriously in need of an operation. Earl couldn't afford to pay for it and he was desperately worried.

Yes, you guessed the answer. Crawford heard about it. Immediately Mr. Blackwell, Sr., was whisked to a hospital and put under the best care. No bills went to young Earl.

Joan paid them. It is the kind of deed she does constantly, though she will probably be angry with me for telling about it.

FASHIONS IN PASSIONS

When Johnny Weissmuller went on his personal appearance tour a couple of years ago, Bobbe Arnst, his wife, stayed home.

This year when Lupe Velez, the current Mrs. Weissmuller went on a personal appearance tour, Johnny tagged along.

Query Department: Can you guess which star it is who declares she can't make up her mind which of her four devoted suitors she loves best?

THE Height of Realism or Something: Did you know that C. B. De Mille demanded that Claudette Colbert, as the dead Cleopatra, let a snake go crawling around her neck and chest for hours, and that Claudette obeyed?

See you next month. R. W.

What Are the True Facts of Hollywood's Latest Marital Break-up?

by JANE MARSHALL

The REAL Reason Jean Harlow's Marriage CRASHED!

CARMELITA GERAGHTY, one of Jean Harlow's best friends, was being married to Carey Wilson, the writer. Jean Harlow, only her lips smiling but with a look of incredible tragedy and heartbreak in her eyes, was matron of honor. As the strains of the wedding march were dying away, someone turned to Jean and said, "I'm glad that the rumors aren't true that you and Hal Rosson are living apart."

Jean's face blanched as though to ward off a terrible blow. "But they are true," she said, in a voice that was as quiet and hushed as death. "It's the only way out for both of us. I feel it's wrong for us to live together when we obviously are uncongenial. Hal probably will find some other woman who will make him happier than I could have done."

What dealt the final death blow to that marriage of Jean's and Hal Rosson's? What came between them?

For months Hollywood had been buzzing about the marriage. In Hollywood there is always present a certain element of gossip vultures, who tear and destroy at all marriages, all reputations. But in the case of Jean's marriage they surpassed themselves.

The most fearful gossip spread about that marriage. The professional gossip hunters licked their lips over the choice morsels. Jean was supposed to have married Hal Rosson not because she loved him, but because she had been secretly in love with a married man. Whispers! Whispers! Whispers that would not die! Whispers that were like some malignant cancer, that grew and grew.

They even found their way into print. If they had dared use Jean's name in connection with those idle, ugly whispers, she could have sued. So they twisted the story a little, and told it without any names.

Listen, you who care for the truth, who have sensed in the sensuous, pulsing, flaming beauty of this girl a courage and gallantry that neither fire nor water nor gossip nor malignant rumor could smash. I shall tell you the true inside story of her marriage.

I have known Jean Harlow for a long time. When Paul Bern died, a tragic suicide, a storm broke over her head, and her career on the screen wavered in the balance. She was even blamed for his death. With a word she could have dispelled all that, explained the reason why Paul had taken his life. But it was Paul's secret, not hers, and so her lips were sealed. It was Paul's doctor who finally revealed the grim secret of the marriage that could not be consummated and of how Paul's spirit had suffered under the galling thought that his marriage could never be anything but a mockery.

Don't crucify Jean Harlow again! She has the backing of the whole movie industry. She deserves yours, too.

Jean said to me: "I felt that I could not grow if I continued in this marriage. Hal was jealous of my friends and work. He did not want me to go (*Continued on page* 86)

Hollywood's MAD

Only when you know the fascinating code they live and love by can you piece together the jigsaw puzzle of movie morality!

By

LEE TRACY—ISOBEL JEWELL ● JOAN AND GEORGE BARNES ● CONNIE AND ROLAND ● JOAN AND FRANCHOT

MICHAEL FARMER, estranged husband of Gloria Swanson, let it be known in Paris recently that Gloria could have a six months' "fling" with her new boy-friend, Herbert Marshall, and if she wanted a divorce after that she could have one.

After their highly publicized elopement Jean Harlow was separated from Cameraman Hal Rosson only eight months later. He was her third husband.

Joan Crawford, with her divorce from Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., not yet final, traveled from Hollywood to New York on the same train with Franchot Tone.

A year before Constance Bennett had established the precedent by going 'cross country and then to Europe with the Marquis de la Falaise, to whom she was not yet married.

Before Ruth Chatterton was separated from George Brent she, Brent and her ex-husband, Ralph Forbes, made a cosy little trio and were seen dining and theatre partying together like old friends, as if there had been no former relationship between Ruth and Ralph.

Constance Bennett was seen at various smart Hollywood "places to be seen" and her escort was Gilbert Roland, yet she was the legal wife of Henri Falaise.

Marlene Dietrich goes everywhere with Von Sternberg although Marlene has a perfectly good husband.

Shall I go on? Or is this evidence enough that Hollywood's moral standard is as topsy-turvy as a bachelor apartment? As complicated as a jigsaw puzzle! Could you live by these standards? Could you allow your wife to have other sweethearts while she was still married to you? Could you be palsy-walsy with her ex-husband? Could you sanction trips taken by unmarried people?

No, you must admit that these, and many other, Hollywood gestures are pretty unconventional. But you've got to take Hollywood as it is—a town of curious ethics, strange codes and fantastic laws.

Did I say "laws?" That implies something hard, fast and immutable. It seems as if the sons and daughters of the cinema obey no laws. Yet Hollywood *does* have its standard of living, its own morality which if you are to understand its people, you must know. For Hollywood's unwritten laws are as hard and fast as yours, its code of ethics as real.

We all have some code by which we pattern our lives, by which we are able to divide right from wrong. Seemingly, to you and me, Hollywood is morally mad. But Hollywood doesn't believe that. Hollywood is un-shocked by things that would shock you and me and gets pretty upset by something that you and I would think perfectly okay.

AND this is because that isolated little community, its people quite cut off from contacts with the outside world, has evolved a satisfying code by which most of its citizens abide.

The first great rule of that code is honesty!

COULD YOU LIVE BY THESE

MORALS

CAROLINE SOMERS HOYT

THE GILBERTS ● GLORIA SWANSON AND MARSHALL ● THE BRUCE CABOTS ● MARLENE AND VON STERNBERG

Yes, these people are honest with each other. They may try to deceive the world—although with two hundred and fifty reporters always ready, in the film town, to tell you everything about their private lives that's pretty hard—but they are true to themselves.

Then that is their first commandment: "Do what you please as long as you don't sneak about it, as long as you're honest with yourself and the people most vitally concerned." And now I'm going to show you how that standard works.

Let's take the newest of the marital tangles—the one in which Gloria Swanson, Herbert Marshall, Edna Best and Michael Farmer are involved. It had been quite obvious to the film colony gossips for some months that Gloria and Herbert were enamoured of each other. But it was not a busybody who whispered this news to Marshall's wife. No, Herbert Marshall, himself, told Edna Best of his infatuation for Gloria.

I think it takes a bit of courage for a man to do that, don't you? And how did Edna take it? Like the good soldier she is, because she was wise enough to understand those things and to remember when Marshall had been married to another woman and she had fallen in love with him. In fact, the story goes that when Marshall's leg was injured in the war Edna Best took up nursing so that she could be with him, in the intimate capacity of nurse.

It was not possible for the news told her by Herbert Marshall to leave Edna unhurt. And she went to England because she couldn't stand by and watch the process of Gloria's and Herbert's romance. But it must have been a satisfaction for her to know that Herbert had told her. It certainly kept her from humiliation.

And Michael Farmer took the news like a gentleman and a scholar as I've already recorded up there in the first paragraph.

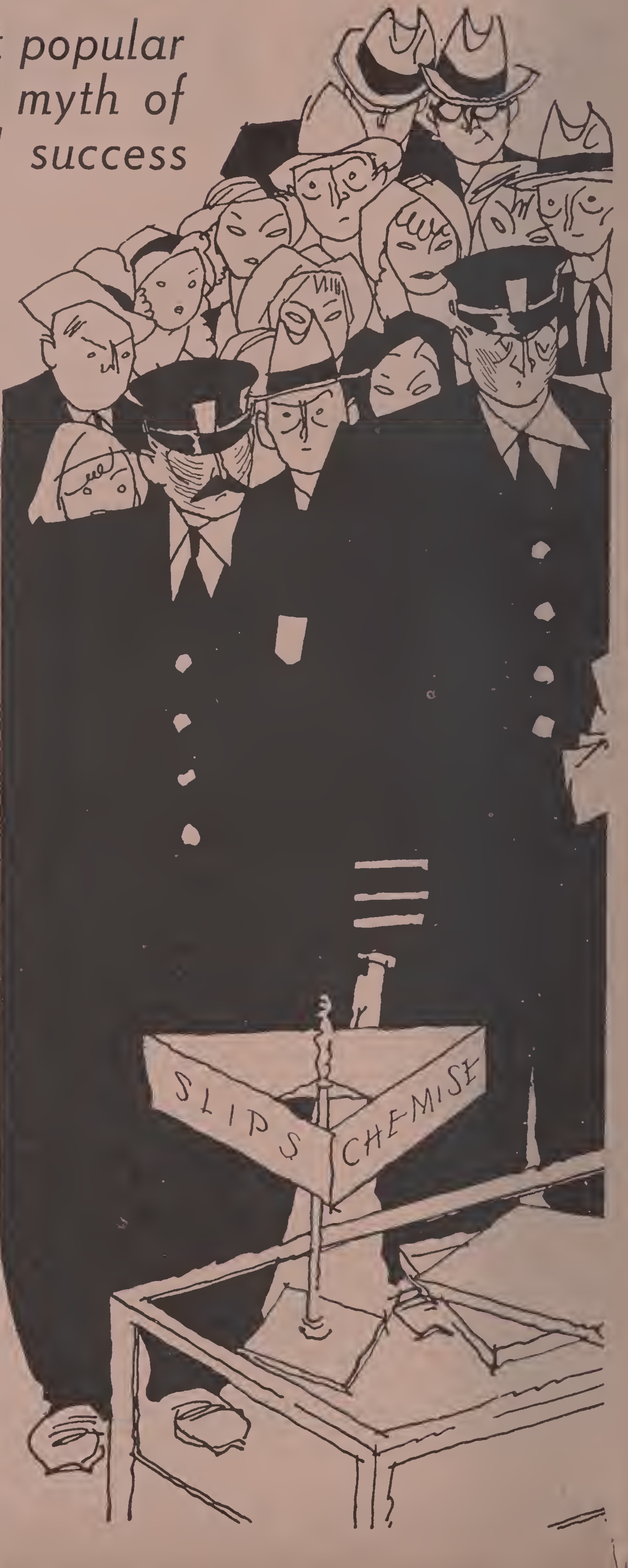
RUTH CHATTERTON did some high class dissembling to the press before her separation from George Brent. She repeatedly denied the persistent rumors of the estrangement, even going so far as to let one magazine print a story saying that they were perfectly happy. Toward the magazine that was an unethical gesture and Ruth should have known better. She should have denied the false rumor that Ralph Forbes was at the root of the trouble, but she should not have proclaimed that she and George were happy when they were not. But the fact remains that the three parties most vitally concerned—Ruth, George and Ralph—understood the situation thoroughly. They were all honest with each other.

Brent had, long before, proven his claim to honesty. He had, before his and Ruth's marriage, been a constant visitor at Ruth's and Ralph's home. One day he said to Ralph—as simply as you would say "It's a pleasant morning,"—"I'm afraid I can't come to your house any more until I tell you something, Ralph, I'm in love with (*Continued on page 76*)

STRANGE UNWRITTEN LAWS?

Why I'd HATE to

One of America's most popular authors explodes the myth of glittering Hollywood success



I'M no different from almost any other woman in the world. I have my moments when I tell myself . . . "I wish I were umpty-ump years younger and a lot better looking and very talented . . . it would be fun to be a screen star." But these moments always pass and leave me more or less content with my lot. Because, for many reasons, I would really *hate* to be a movie star.

Very recently there was—there still is—a lot of excitement about Katharine Hepburn and her Mexican divorce, and she is reported to have told the press that one paid a terrible price for fame and that a movie star's private life was the most precious thing she possessed. Of course, she knew when she said that, a movie star has *no* private life, to speak of—and even the little she has is often distorted into something of which you shouldn't speak . . . but do! To a much lesser degree this is true of stage people and of others who are constantly in the public eye.

The average woman, no matter what her profession, feels entitled to a few average experiences. She expects, as a rule, to fall in love and marry, to have children, to fuss around a kitchen now and then, and to go shopping and hunt for bargains. Even the richest women in the world do not deride these every-day experiences. The average woman expects to have friends whom she can trust and to run a household smoothly.

The motion picture star on the other hand has to *fight* for any and all of these commonplace things, and even if she secures them they are publicized out of all proportion, so that they become distorted.

Take the mere business of being a wife which is complicated enough for *any* woman. The movie star who marries is very apt to find herself the wife of a jealous husband or an inferior one. The most innocent glance or situation is liable to be misconstrued, and her home life becomes a series of scenes. Sooner or later the public hears about them, at second and third hand. And then there are motion picture stars who marry men with whom they are deeply in love, but who are themselves too strong in personality and in self respect to be content to bask in the reflected kleig lights and be supported by their famous wives. Irene Dunne and Aline MacMahon are cases in point. One is married to a medical man, the other to an architect. Both these men have pride and careers which occupy their time and interest and which demand their presence in New York. Their wives are therefore forced to be content with marital visiting, with long treks back and forth across the continent. Miss Dunne and Miss MacMahon are

be a Movie Star!

by Faith Baldwin

That day, when Joan Crawford shopped in a Manhattan store, flanked by a corps of alert policemen, her life was actually in danger! That's fame!

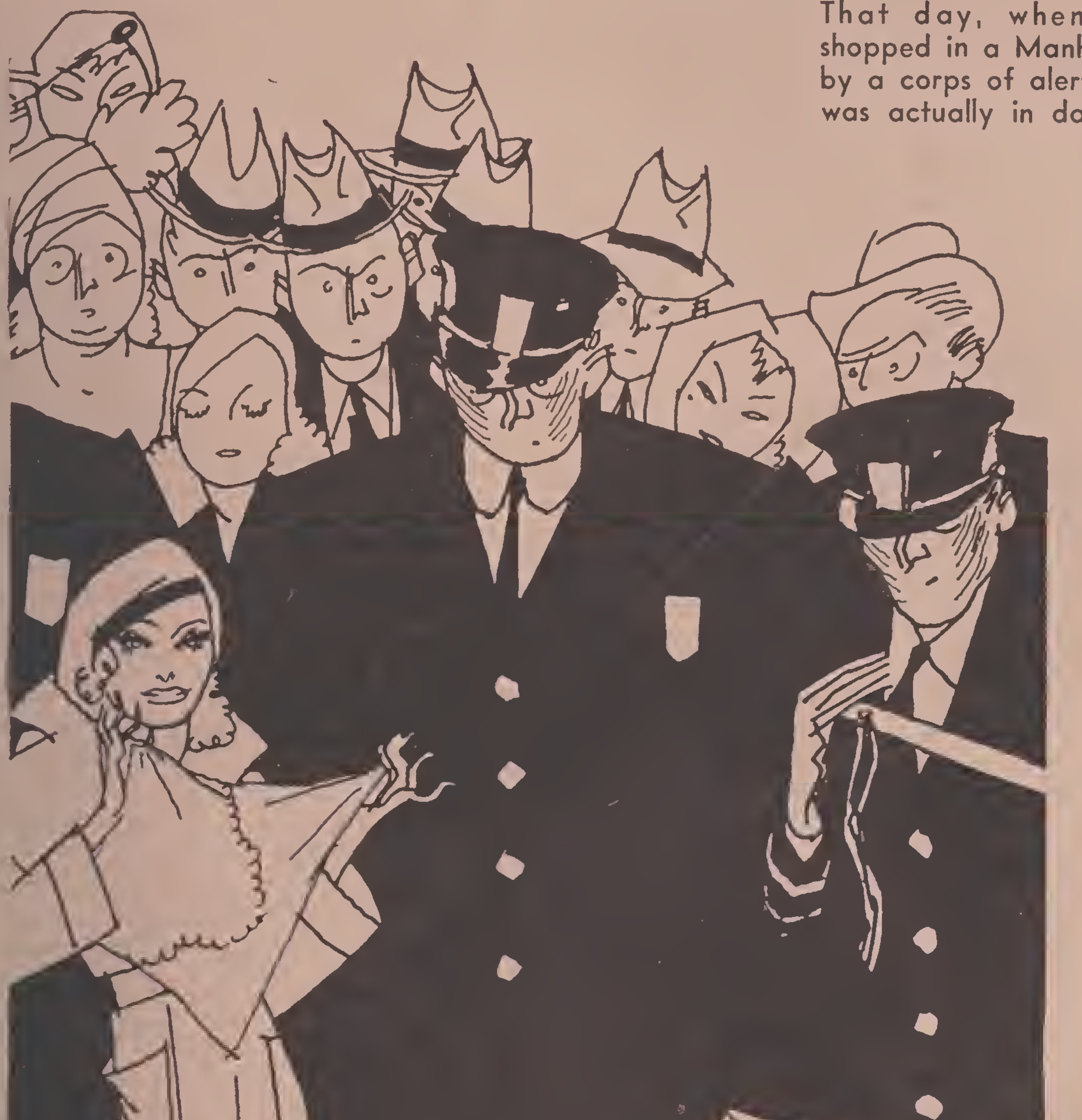


ILLUSTRATION
BY CARL PFEUFER

successful and beloved in their own field; their work, too, means a great deal to them. They must often be very lonely and yet they cannot indulge in the most harmless of male companionship, during their enforced separations from their husbands, because if they do the newsmongers will instantly report that they are this or that way about their perfectly innocent escorts!

IT is well known that movie stars pay about twice as much or more for the clothes they wear and for the ordinary things they use in their homes. So one penalty of fame is the price tag. These women can't even go shopping in New York or other big cities without a police escort and big crowds following. Recently, when Joan Crawford was in Manhattan she decided to go shopping with the result that the store was notified, a freight car was brought down and kept exclusively for her, police were posted in various parts of the shop but, even so, in the short distance from her car at the curb to the shop's side entrance, word of her arrival spread, the gathered crowd was so great that she was in actual danger of her life! I do not know whether it was upon this occasion or another that she bought a very costly feather boa and elected to wear it leaving the store. When she arrived at her car not one feather was left! It had been torn from her by the crowd.

Clara Bow had the same experience. When she returned from Europe she wore a very beautiful mink coat. But when the autograph hounds saw her they were so eager to get to her that the coat was completely ruined. After that, the practical Miss Bow purchased a coat of some inexpensive, tough fibred fur which could take it. It wasn't very becoming and it wasn't the sort of coat a movie star is expected to wear but the weather was cold and wintry; Clara had to keep warm and at the same time protect herself against further maulings with their expensive sequel.

Even in Hollywood itself where the good people (*Continued on page 68*)

INSIDE

Biggest news of the month is Jean Harlow's separation and impending divorce from Hal Rosson. Read the revealing story on page 5. Jean went right back to work at the studio after the announcement. Her chin's up!

Below, Hollywood's happiest newlyweds, Martha Sleeper and Hardie Albright, just after they said "I do." Here's luck, Martha and Hardie

LAST MINUTE NEWS: **Earl Oxford** has gone back to New York. He resumed his radio work when M-G-M failed to renew his option.

Wallace Beery is very proud of baby Carol Ann. He is teaching her to grab him by the ears, bend his head back and kiss him "like Garbo."

Jean Harlow's pending divorce is the most discussed bit of news in Hollywood.

They're calling him, "Bring 'em back alive Gable." **Clark Gable** went fishing but insisted on catching the huge salmon trout and putting them in a tub of water. He keeps the tub at home and whenever anyone wants a fish, he pulls one out. He gave the first to Jim, the barber at M-G-M.

From an inside source comes the information that **Freddie March** and his wife are adopting a baby.

Here's the hottest romance of the moment. It's **William Powell** and **Muriel Evans.** They visit every day on the set and are constantly seen together. They met while working in "The Thin Man."

The most beautiful scene in years was the one of the underwater swimming in "Tarzan." It took three months to photograph and was delicately and artistically handled. Yet, the

STUFF

by PETER ABBOTT

censors insist that it be reshot with **Maureen O'Sullivan** wearing clothes. And they've done it over.

Howard Strickling, publicity head of M-G-M, visiting **Marie Dressler** at the desert, reports her greatly improved.

Jeanette MacDonald wearing the costume of the "Merry Widow" could not sit down. So she has invented a bustle rest, which allows her to recline on her tummy, leaving the bustle unmussed, in midair. All patents applied for.

Connie Bennett called it a day at noon on the first day's shooting of "The Green Hat." It was a cold that sent Connie home.

* * *

WHEN Elizabeth Young reads this, she'll know why Raymond Milland looks so strangely familar to her. In "Many Happy Returns," Ray has to wear some torn overalls and an old shirt. Bursting into the makeup department, Elizabeth saw him using a phone.

"Please see that a message is left for me," commanded the lady. "I want some grease paint ordered and someone to make me up right away."

"Yes, ma'am," answered Ray, giving a deep waist bow. The next day Elizabeth saw him on the set looking very handsome in white tie and tails. And she's still trying to figure out where they met.

* * *

WHEN Martha Sleeper married Hardie Albright, he was playing on the stage in "Biography," with Alice Brady. After the ceremony, Martha accompanied him back to the theatre. There were signs all over his door and mirror and gay colored ribbons tied all over everything. And Hardie didn't have to act pleased. He was!

SIXTEEN years ago Irving Cummings was our up and coming curly-haired screen idol. In one of his pictures, a tiny blue-eyed blonde played his little girl. Today, Irving Cummings without the flowing locks is directing Warner Baxter in "Grand Canary." And the little girl of yesterday, Madge Evans is playing the feminine lead.

* * *

BING CROSBY even affects his leading ladies that way. They were shooting a scene in which Miriam Hopkins was supposed to eat a cake. Before the "take" they rehearsed it several times. Miriam would go through the gestures of eating the cake, but would leave it untouched on her plate. Bing suggested that she eat the cake, even though it was only

Handsome brother and sister? Guess again! It's none other than Marlene Dietrich and hubby snapped at the Cocoanut Grove. We thought she'd sworn off wearing mannish clothes!

Didja know that Bill Powell is the proud father of a growing boy? They're together at the party W. S. Van Dyke gave for children

After their joint work in "Thirty Day Princess," Sylvia Sidney and Cary Grant do a little joint broadcasting over Station KHJ, Los Angeles

As one countryman to another! Leslie Howard helps Madeline Carroll to ice cream at the Assistance League. An old English custom?

inside stuff
CONTINUED

a rehearsal. "I'll do it for you Bing," said Miriam, "because I like the way you sing."

* * *

WONDER if Sandra Shaw Cooper remembers this. She was under contract to RKO and was having a nice friendship with Bruce Cabot. Then one day Bruce lunched with Lupe Velez and Sandra expressed her feelings in no uncertain terms. Of course that was all yesterday. Today Bruce is married to Adrienne Ames. Lupe to Johnny and Sandra to Gary. And they all go places together and do things!

* * *

POOR Ronnie Colman. It seems that every fellow countryman looks him up the minute he lands in Hollywood. And if the studio refuses them admittance, there are loud wails of protest.

"Just wait till Mr. Colman hears about this," expostulated one.

"Do you know him?" asked the man at the desk.

"Certainly not," came back the reply, "but I'm an Englishman, isn't that enough?"

* * *

JOAN CRAWFORD has asked us to print this because she likes to keep faith with her fans. In "Dancing Lady" and in her next one, "Sadie McKee," Joan starts out in the world as the struggling working girl, who eventually becomes the gorgeous lady and marries the richest man in town. To make the contrast between the two characters strong enough, Joan wears her hair frizzed as the poor girl and sleek and sophisticated as the glamorous lady. Several of her fans have written to her, criticizing because her hair looks *unkempt*. Joan has a hairdresser at home every night of her life. She hopes the fans will realize she is trying to give a sincere characterization and that no one takes greater pride in her personal appearance than she does.

* * *

Warner Baxter's standin is just more than that. He looks so much like Warner that ofttimes he autographs books for the star. And they are such good friends that Warner tries to get him jobs and does his own standing-in, so the boy can make the extra money.

* * *

THEY were taking a scene for the Marion Davies costume melodrama, "Operator 13." An entire plantation had been built on the sound stage, with hundreds of extras running around wearing the pantalets and hoop skirts of the early sixties. Ted Healey, who is playing a medicine man in the picture, walked on the stage for the first time. "Bet this set cost more than the whole Civil War," cracked Ted.

* * *

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN had to have her hair shampooed in a hurry, so went in to see Jim, the studio barber. He did such a grand job that she went back to the "Barretts of Wimpole Street," set and told Norma Shearer all about it. Norma sent back word that she wanted to make an appointment, and now the actors on the lot who want a mere shave have to go off the lot.

* * *

WHEN the new wardrobe department at M-G-M is completed, Adrian is going to have the most unusual fitting room in Hollywood. The color scheme will be all shades of green, ranging from the palest to brilliant chartreuse. At one end will be a miniature stage. It is to be hung with Napoleonic-designed curtains and have special lighting effects. Adrian feels that this will give such stars as Garbo, Crawford, Davies and Shearer a chance to model their clothes and get the dramatic effect, before going before the camera.

* * *

EVERY morning Julie Haydon, who scored such a success with Francis Lederer in "Autumn Crocus," leaves her Hollywood home and goes for long walks in the foothills. On these walks she would pass a home, the architectural beauty of which she greatly admired. Recently she was invited to a party at Una Merkel's. Yes, you've guessed it. Una's house was the house Julie had admired. So now the girls take their walks together.

* * *

TALKIE TOWN TIDBITS

MADELINE CARROLL, who became quite popular in Hollywood, finished her picture and left for Eng-

At the Circus—Leila Hyams and husband Phil Berg, happy as kids, and twice as excited

Gail Patrick and Lyle Talbot (a new romance!) at the Al Barnes Circus in Hollywood

Mack Warner, Ruby Keeler and Al Jolson (just signed by Warner Brothers) drink a cupa coffee

with photographs by
HYMAN FINK

land. She plans to come back every year and make one picture.

Lew Ayres starts his second pix with Gaynor, "Servants Entrance," and Janet is right pleased, as she likes Lew.

Ho-Hum Dept. Alice Faye says that she really doesn't care for publicity and wishes they would leave her alone.

Spencer Tracy found a big surprise waiting for him on the Fox lot when he returned from vacationing in N. Y. Loretta Young is making a picture there and did not tell him until he saw her on the set.

Sally Eilers has left Fox. She's going to have a baby and then we'll see what becomes of Sally.

Irving Cobb and his daughter have been escorted around the studios and sets every day by their good friend, Will Rogers.

Glenda Farrell is making plans for a European trip. And refuses to deny that it's going to be a honeymoon with Robert Riskin.

Dick Powell is still attentive to Mary Brian, while Phillip Reed has switched from Marion Nixon for Margaret Lindsay. Not that Marion minds since she's so interested in Director Bill Seiter.

George Raft in New York has kept those wires hot to Virginia Peine.

Verree Teasdale and Adolphe Menjou are rushing their new Los Feliz Heights home, so it will be ready when they return from a European honeymoon.

Dolores Del Rio goes Chinese for the picture "Shanghai Orchid."

Mae Clarke and Sidney Blackmer are going together again.

Lunch time in the Indian Room at Universal found three chairs occupied. One had Genevieve Tobin, one had Junior Laemmle and the third held Genevieve's dog. Just who is interested in whom?

Margaret Sullavan has packed up bag and baggage and headed for London. And we defy you to try and get her address. The studios have no idea when she will be back, until the day she walks in.

Chester Morris is socking the bankroll in a swimming pool for his two children.

Boris Karloff is going to haunt Coldwater Canyon. He has bought the home, formerly occupied by Katharine Hepburn. He's deserting the Toluca Lake district.

Betty Compson is staging a swell comeback by definitely deciding to play characters.

The reason why Buck Jones is broke today. When he left Columbia he bought his own circus. When it went into bankruptcy, Buck dug down in his own pocket and paid off every employee and performer so they would not be in want.

Slim Summerville has once more recovered from his nervous breakdown.

Sterling Halloway admits he is the laziest man in town. He sleeps between every scene, never puts on makeup and refuses to comb his hair. And he was out here on a vacation, when discovered by talent scouts and so, of course, he didn't want to work.

Francis Lederer is going to breed horses on his new ranch at Oxnard.

Jean Harlow once more fancy free is beginning to get a little worried about the extra pounds she is putting on.

Clive Brook has gone to Europe—his first trip home in six years. He took his own car with him, his wife and his children and will tour his native country.

Irene Dunne has returned from another vacation, spent with her husband in New York. She shipped two jumping horses which she purchased in the East and moved into a new house with stables to accommodate them.

Thursday is the day that the divorced Bert Wheeler has his little girl visit him. He is the most devoted father in Hollywood and brings the baby to the studio where he has her with him all day long.

The Frankie Albertsons have kissed and made up. They were like a couple of love birds on the Ann Harding set, where Virginia was visiting Frank while he was at work.

* * *

DIANA WYNYARD has always claimed that she has never had time for marriage. But recently she was talking about her first stage appearance, which may account for her state of single blessedness. She was given a community dressing room, in which there were five other women. All of them were divorcees who were forced to work to support themselves.

Left, the Warren Williams were caught by our ace snooper Hymie Fink, at the Ambassador. They're reputed to be Hollywood's most devoted couple. They look it

Right, at the Harold Lloyd's surprise birthday party, Charlie and Virginia Valli Farrell appeared in these very cute costumes

At Harold's birthday party: Mildred Lloyd, center, with Gloria, left, and Peggy, right. The children retired soon after the guests came

Below, a happy couple snapped at Hoot Gibson's Rodeo: Adrienne Ames and Bruce Cabot. Lots of stars turned out for the event

Verree Teasdale and Guy Kibbee break a little bread together in the cafe at the Warner Studio, where "Du Barry" is in production

inside stuff

CONTINUED

TWO extra girls who hadn't seen each other for weeks met on Hollywood Boulevard. "Oh, my de-ear!" gushed the first, "I'm playing a slave girl in 'Cleopatra,' and I wish you could see the costume I am wearing. It's just *too, too* De Mille!"

* * *

EVERY dog has his day and "Flush," the famous dog of "Barrets of Wimpole Street" is no exception. While Norma Shearer was still making "Riptide," she would have the dog brought on the set to get used to the sights and sounds of talking pictures in the making. At night he would go home with Norma and sleep at the foot of her bed. In the morning back to the studio he would come again. This same procedure is being repeated during the making of "Barretts." It looks like Irving Thalberg, Jr., is going to have a permanent pet, for Mama Norma is becoming more attached to him by the moment.

* * *

HYMAN FINK, our photographer, who knows more stars in Hollywood than any other person, has a method all his own of getting what he wants. At a sneak preview of "The Scarlet Empress," Hyman was the only outside person who knew about it. Arriving early with his trusty camera, he proceeded to set up in the lobby. But the management of the theatre had other ideas and Hyman found himself on the outside once again. Undaunted, he waited until the arrival of Marlene Dietrich. "I'd love to take your picture, Miss Dietrich," said he, "but they won't allow me inside and I don't want to ask you to pose out in front." "Come with me," said the Dietrich. Once again Hyman was on the inside. This time they didn't dare send him away and Hyman saw the picture.

* * *

ROBERT YOUNG hired a secretary, who was new to Hollywood ways and expressions. Being tied up at the studio, he left word that he wouldn't be able to see any-

one until the following week. A friend arrived in town and called the Young residence. "I'm sorry," answered the new secretary. "But Mr. Young can't be had until next Monday."

* * *

THERE'S a sentimental story attached to a pair of Molly O'Day's shoes. Her first break came in pictures when Director Al Santell chose her to play the girl in "The Patent Leather Kid." In this rôle she wore her first pair of high-heeled slippers.

Recently Molly, staging a comeback, was chosen by Santell to play opposite Ann Harding in "The Life of Virgie Winters."

The first day on the set, Al noticed something strangely familiar about Molly's slippers. Then she confessed that she was cherishing them and would wear them on the first day of every picture, as long as she has a job.

* * *

OH for the life of an aviator! Pert Kelton, who owns and runs her own hotel in Hollywood, is building her own pent house. And, my dear, she is planning on having a glass roof, so she can take a sun bath whenever the mood seizes her. (Personal to Pert: Have a heart, the air mail must go through!)

* * *

IT was a calm and peaceful day until several local newspaper men burst in on the Paramount publicity office. "We've got it straight," they bellowed, "Claudette Colbert has just filed for divorce. We want Norman Foster's telephone number at Malibu beach, to get a statement." The boys were given the number and raced for the nearest phone booth.

"Hello," came a feminine voice over the wire. "This is Claudette Colbert, Mr. Foster is busy right now. Could I be of any assistance?"

You guess whether they got their story or not!

* * *

BELIEVE it or not, but here is what C. B. DeMille's third assistant yells out, just before they start to take a mob scene for Cleopatra.

"This is going to be a take. Get rid of your eye glasses, chewing gum and wrist watches. And remember—you're all *supposed* to be Egyptians!"

* * *

IT won't be long now before Tarzan will be speaking to his mate. Johnny Weissmuller is taking special lessons in voice training from Josephine Dillon, ex-wife of Clark Gable.

* * *

THE great mystery in the Ann Sothern household has at last been unravelled. On her dressing table, Ann keeps a tiny box of cotton, used to remove makeup. Every night when she would return home, most of the cotton had disappeared. She questioned servants and searched all over the house. But to no avail. Then one morning she noticed her pet canary acting strangely happy. She fluttered excitedly around the room and sang at the top of her voice. Investigation discovered for Ann, a downy nest of white cotton with four newly-laid eggs.

* * *

BY the time this is printed she will be safe at home again. So we can tell you about Garbo's hideout. It's a place called the Highland Inn, situated on a precipice, overlooking the Pacific at Carmel-by-the-Sea. The jagged rocks, wind-swept mesa and pounding surf, make it an ideal spot for the silent one to be alone.

* * *

HARRY WILCOXON is playing Marc Anthony in "Cleopatra" for Paramount. It is the first picture in this country for the English actor and it is all a little new to him over here. He had his most difficult scene in the picture on this particular day. He didn't come out on the stage until the crew was ready to shoot. It was the scene where Marc Anthony falls on his sword and kills himself after a long soliloquy on woman's fickleness. Wilcoxon did the scene and picked himself up. He heard a deafening clatter. He (*Continued on page 79*)

It's so seldom a large group of Hollywood's most important personalities stay put long enough for us to take a "shot" at 'em, that we publish this one, taken at the Ambassador, with high glee. Can you spot Leo Carrillo, Joseph von Sternberg, Marlene Dietrich, Jean Harlow, Joan Blondell, John Boles, Heather Angel, Edward G. Robinson, Dolores del Rio and Lowell Sherman?

SPEAK for YOURSELF

We're hoping that this swell photo of Rochelle Hudson will pep you up to the point of sitting down and writing to us—now!

$20.00 PRIZE LETTER

Claudette's Charm

Winsome Claudette Colbert who knows how to bring out the best in her co-stars without losing any of her own appeal, is my idea of an unselfish artist. She is worthy of all the praise she is getting, and I see she's rising steadily to bigger and better parts. Here's hoping that after she has reached the dizzy heights she too won't topple and disillusion her public. To me she symbolizes that beautiful ideal in the thought that she lives and lets live—not only in her career, but also in her love life, which is exemplary of no hampering possessiveness.

I truly look forward to seeing her in "Cleopatra" even as I have enjoyed every other rôle she has played, because she is such an intelligent actress.

Leonore Lois Tarof,
New York, N. Y.

$10.00 PRIZE LETTER

To Crawford the Credit

My life is very drab and colorless, though I long for adventure and excitement. Within me there is a really keen desire to do glamorous things, but somehow, and goodness knows why, I just never manifest myself. I merely let the days slip by in complete frustration, justifying them only by dreams and more dreams.

Maybe that's why I admire Joan Crawford so. In her I see ambition and the realization of it. Here is a girl who by dint of her hard work, sacrifices, and tenacity won her place among the great stars of this day. To most of the female species she represents the highest exponent of modernism—our present generation!

And who can truthfully say she doesn't bring stimulus into the lives of, say, people like me? It has never failed yet, but that after a Crawford picture, I leave the theatre newly inspired, with determination to throw off this cloak of lethargy and make my place in this world, as Joan Crawford did!

Irene Cohan,
Los Angeles, Calif.

$1.00 PRIZE LETTER

To the Chronic Critic

Why not regard all presentations as entertainment and not as gospel truth? You'll get a different outlook on pictures, if you do this. After all, the main thing about a picture is how does it rank as entertainment?

Mrs. C. A. Block,
San Francisco, Calif.

$1.00 PRIZE LETTER

Always Something New

With many rapid advancements being made in all phases of the motion picture industry, there is one development that to me is of paramount interest.

There was a time when the screen "stars" could be counted without taxing anyone's arithmetical knowledge. These celebrities were paraded before us so many times that we came to know every trick in their repertoire, every characteristic gesture and mannerism, every response in every situation. Stories, tailor-made for them, were cut and fitted so carefully around their personalities. But though we loved them and vigorously applauded their acting, there was a secret, even sinful, longing for something new and different.

Today, we may see a picture with a good cast and half an hour later fail to recall the name of a single actor. Our flagging interests and jaded whims are constantly being challenged by the unending stream of NEW personalities, NEW faces, NEW voices passing in review. The producers are tending to get their stories and then search diligently for the actors who can best portray the rôles found therein.

The future of such a theatre, constantly being fed with a new and vigorous life, is promising.

John W. Dunn,
Norman, Oklahoma.

(*Continued on page* 70)

Movie Mirror awards Seven Prizes each month for the best letters—$20 first prize; $10 second prize; five prizes of $1 each. Just write in what you think about talkies, stars or stories. Keep your letters down to 200 words or less. Address: "Speak for Yourself," 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Clark Gable—the grandest guy of all—who's recently come into his own as a truly crackerjack actor in "It Happened One Night" and "Men in White." For the immediate future, M-G-M is still putting him opposite their biggest girl stars—"China Seas" with Jean Harlow and "Chained" with Joan Crawford, unless plans change in the meanwhile

SHIRLEY TEMPLE

Ever since her grand singing and dancing performance in "Stand Up and Cheer," little four-year-old Shirley has been hailed by the public as a new favorite, despite her tender years. Fox, her producers, are pretty set up over their discovery. They loaned her to Paramount for "Little Miss Marker," in which she plays the title role. (You'll find the story of that charming little movie on page 52.) Her next appearance is in "Always Honest," with Jimmy Dunn and Claire Trevor

As always—Warner Bros. bring you the greatest of stars in the greatest of stories! Now..

KAY FRANCIS

Only a super-woman could have lived this story... Only a super-star could bring it to the screen! You'll marvel as you watch the supreme artistry of Kay Francis sweep triumphantly through a role only the greatest dared to play!

DR. MONICA"

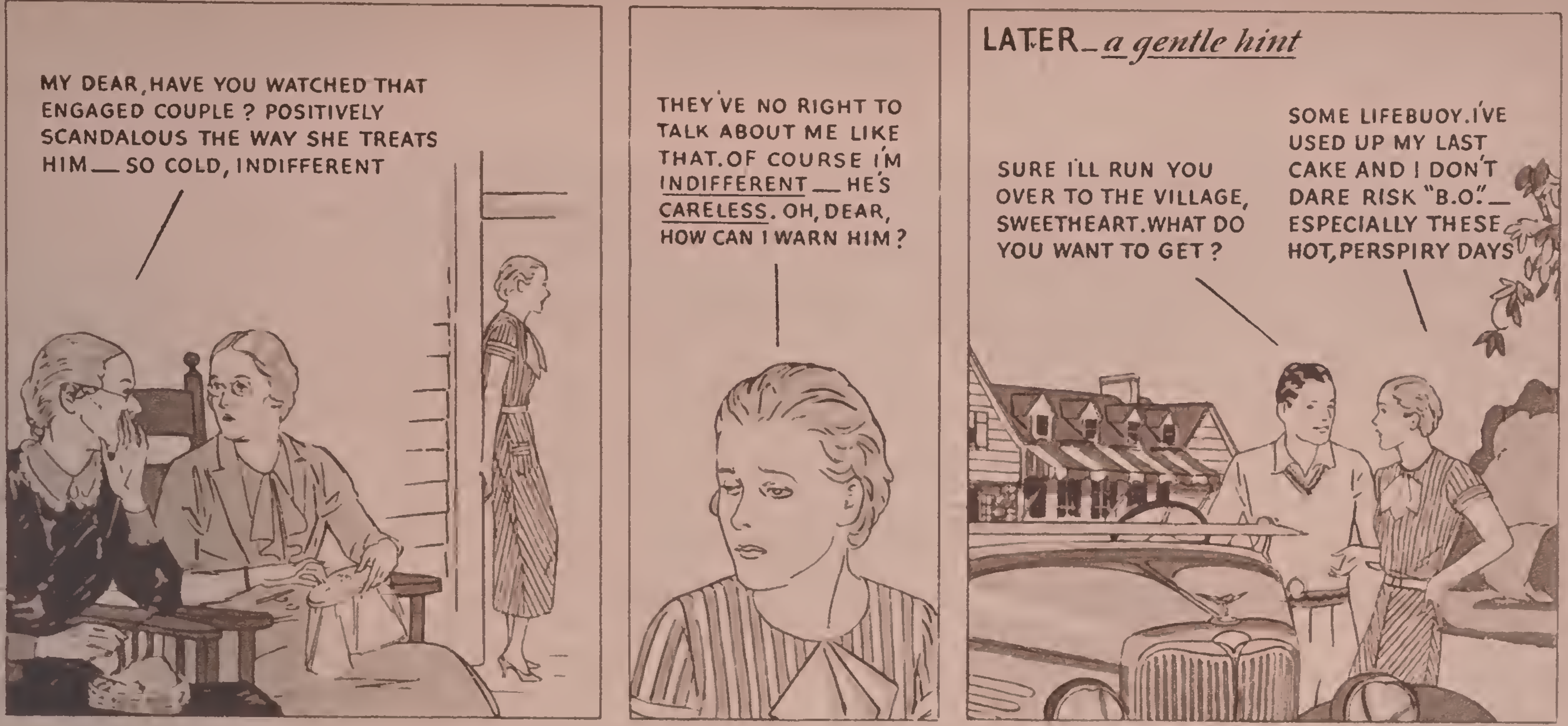
You'll thrill as four great personalities from Warner Bros. famed star ranks re-create the story critics warned could not be screened! You'll applaud it as the finest dramatic achievement of the present year!

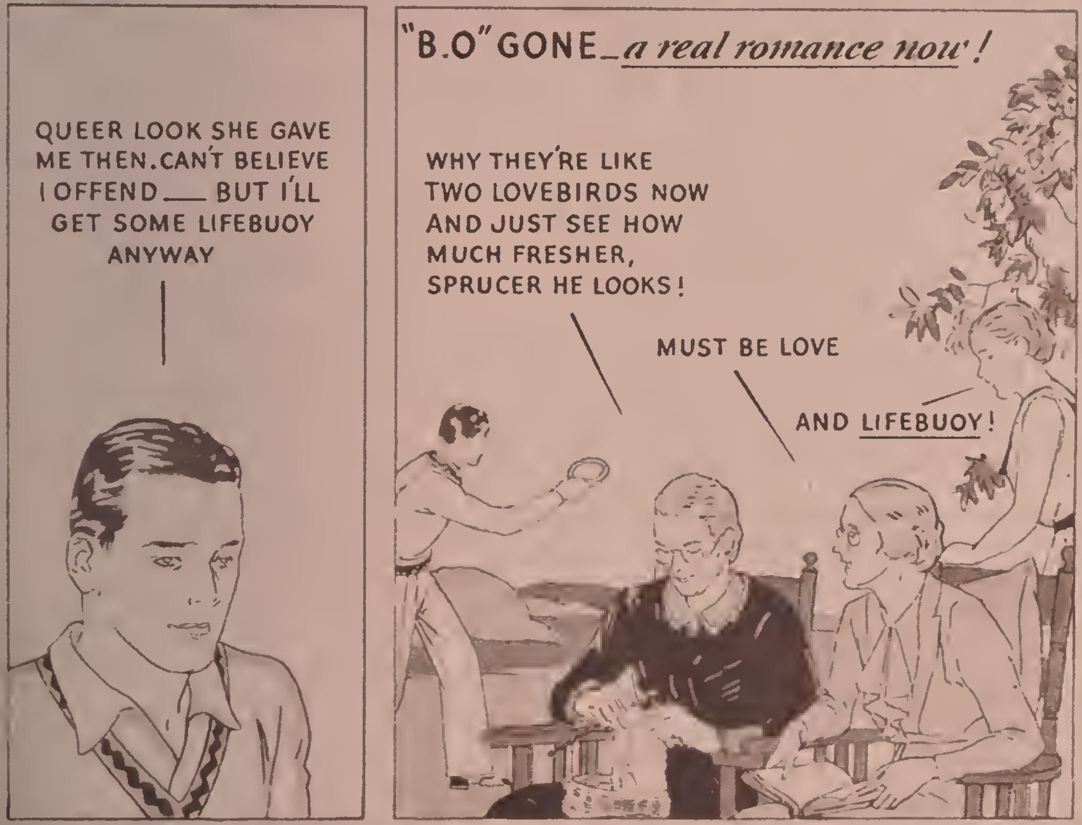
MUIR ⋆ WARREN WILLIAM ⋆ VERREE TEASDALE

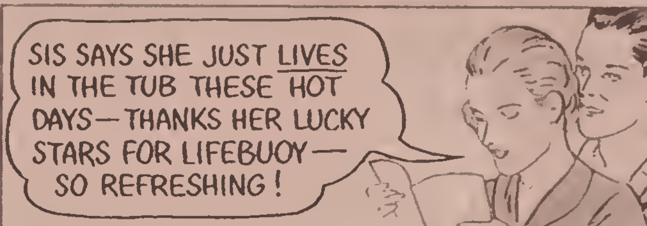
ected by William Keighley. A First National Picture

KENT TAYLOR

Several years ago, Paramount was trying out a new camera, and this young Iowan happened to be the model. They forgot all about the camera when they saw how the model screened! Since then he's appeared in a score of pictures, the last four bringing him into considerable prominence. In those, "Cradle Song," "David Harum," "Death Takes a Holiday" and "Double Door," he appeared opposite Evelyn Venable. He's to be in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"


MY DEAR, HAVE YOU WATCHED THAT ENGAGED COUPLE ? POSITIVELY SCANDALOUS THE WAY SHE TREATS HIM — SO COLD, INDIFFERENT
THEY'VE NO RIGHT TO TALK ABOUT ME LIKE THAT. OF COURSE I'M INDIFFERENT — HE'S CARELESS. OH, DEAR, HOW CAN I WARN HIM ?
LATER — a gentle hint
SURE I'LL RUN YOU OVER TO THE VILLAGE, SWEETHEART. WHAT DO YOU WANT TO GET ?
SOME LIFEBUOY. I'VE USED UP MY LAST CAKE AND I DON'T DARE RISK "B.O." — ESPECIALLY THESE HOT, PERSPIRY DAYS


QUEER LOOK SHE GAVE ME THEN. CAN'T BELIEVE I OFFEND — BUT I'LL GET SOME LIFEBUOY ANYWAY
"B.O" GONE — a real romance now !
WHY THEY'RE LIKE TWO LOVEBIRDS NOW AND JUST SEE HOW MUCH FRESHER, SPRUCER HE LOOKS !
MUST BE LOVE
AND LIFEBUOY !


SIS SAYS SHE JUST LIVES IN THE TUB THESE HOT DAYS — THANKS HER LUCKY STARS FOR LIFEBUOY — SO REFRESHING !

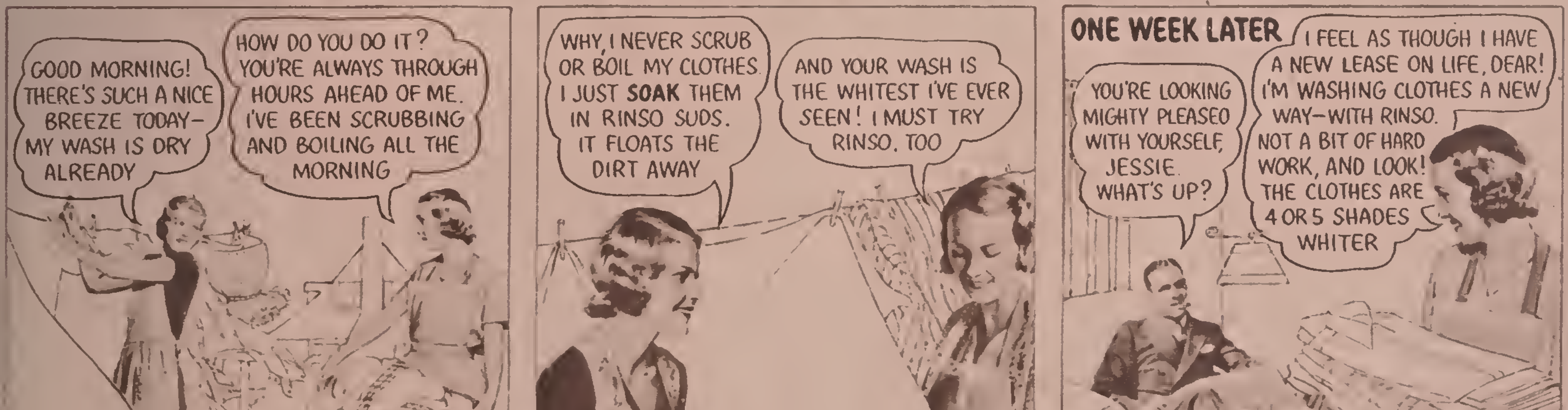
Lifebuoy has proved a blessing to countless heat-weary folks. Its deep-cleansing lather penetrates and *purifies* pores — leaves you feeling fresh as a field of daisies! Even your *mind's* at ease! For you know that creamy, deodorizing Lifebuoy lather stops "B.O." (*body odor*).

Complexions need its mildness
Dull complexions quickly respond to Lifebuoy's super-mild purifying lather. Nightly facials bring new color, smoothness, beauty. The clean, pleasant scent vanishes as you rinse.

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

LIFEBUOY
HEALTH SOAP

EVEN HER HUSBAND NOTICED IT ...


GOOD MORNING! THERE'S SUCH A NICE BREEZE TODAY — MY WASH IS DRY ALREADY
HOW DO YOU DO IT? YOU'RE ALWAYS THROUGH HOURS AHEAD OF ME. I'VE BEEN SCRUBBING AND BOILING ALL THE MORNING
WHY, I NEVER SCRUB OR BOIL MY CLOTHES. I JUST SOAK THEM IN RINSO SUDS. IT FLOATS THE DIRT AWAY
AND YOUR WASH IS THE WHITEST I'VE EVER SEEN! I MUST TRY RINSO, TOO
ONE WEEK LATER
YOU'RE LOOKING MIGHTY PLEASED WITH YOURSELF, JESSIE. WHAT'S UP?
I FEEL AS THOUGH I HAVE A NEW LEASE ON LIFE, DEAR! I'M WASHING CLOTHES A NEW WAY — WITH RINSO. NOT A BIT OF HARD WORK, AND LOOK! THE CLOTHES ARE 4 OR 5 SHADES WHITER

AND HONEY, I'M GOING TO SAVE LOTS OF MONEY NOW! I'LL TELL YOU HOW...

You see, Rinso *soaks* out dirt. Clothes don't need to be rubbed to pieces against a washboard. They will last 2 or 3 times longer, and we'll save lots of money.

Makers of 40 famous washers recommend Rinso. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Safe for colors — easy on hands. Great for dishes, too — and for *all* cleaning. Gives rich, lasting suds — *even in hardest water*. Try Rinso!

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.

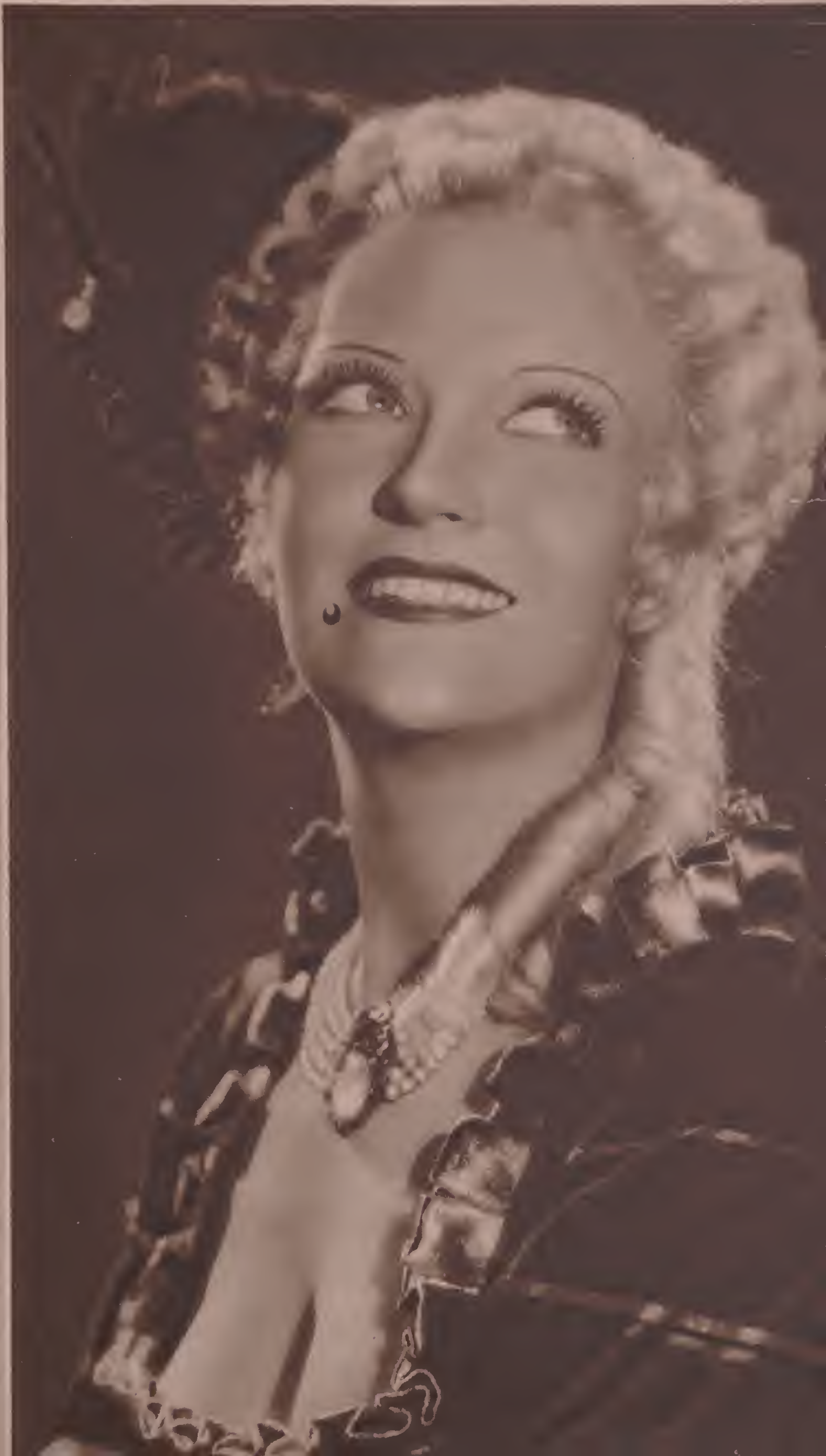
RICHARD DIX

IRENE DUNNE

We liked this pair so much in "Cimarron" that we're delighted that Irene Dunne and Richard Dix are together again in "Stingaree," a romantic drama of Australia in the 1870's. In it Irene plays a singer (so you'll be hearing her lovely voice again) and Richard is a Robin Hood bandit with a weakness for music. These two continue, with good or bad pictures, to build up a strong, loyal, and consistently enthusiastic following

Verree Teasdale

The beautiful Duchess de Grammont, as Verree portrays her in "Du Barry," which stars Dolores Del Rio. The gracious Teasdale, whom Adolphe Menjou considers the most attractive and desirable woman in Hollywood, is now firmly under contract to Warner Brothers and will appear with Kay Francis and Warren William in "When Tomorrow Comes." When she first arrived, Verree didn't like the cinema city at all, but now that success and Adolphe have come along she's more kindly disposed



"My Love Affair With

BOB and Betty Montgomery dropped in at the Leslie Howards' the other evening when I was there. "My dears," said Bob, "have you heard about my latest scandal?" We lied genteelly and said that we hadn't. Bob lounged upon the Howard hearthstone and proceeded to regale us with details of his reported love affair with Miss X (for reasons politic she must be referred to as Miss X, of course). Mrs. Montgomery (Mrs. M. as Bob calls her) prompted him when he forgot some particularly juicy morsel. "In Hollywood," said Bob, "we do not say 'Have you heard about my operation?' but—'have you heard about my latest scandal?' Almost everyone has. You say you haven't—so I'm off—we're off, Miss X and I—off to Buffalo, toodle loo——"

The next afternoon Bob and I had tea together at the Beverly Hills Brown Derby. I wanted to hear more details about his love affair with Miss X. I said it would be a swell idea to write a story about it. A star talking about his own scandal would be something new under the sun and it might serve to squash some of the rumors that are raising their ugly heads under every, so to speak, *heel*——

Bob raised his hands to heaven and "God forbid," he said, "that *I* should be a party to squashing any rumors about myself! They are the hypodermics of our careers, these healthy, red-blooded, vitamin-fed sporty little rumors. They are the cod-liver oil given to our charms. They inflate our stock. They are the cocktails of curiosity. If a calf has two heads you want to see him, don't you? Well, if a star has a coupla rumors they're as good as two heads any day. Since my love affair with Miss X has become, in a manner of speaking, the public's private property my fan mail has increased appreciably. Ver' gratifying. S'great.

"Fortunately they grow apace, these rumors. They require very little nutriment, almost no soil at all and not a ray of sunlight. They thrive in dark cellars, in whispered undertones, in the course of tête-à-têtes. They never die a-borning. On the contrary, they are like the amoeba and divide themselves or something.

"They start thisaway as a rule: The other day I was preparing to leave the M-G-M lot and one of the boys at the gate asked me if I would mind driving Florine McKinney home. Something had happened to her car and the studio cars were all out. As I was just going anyhow he thought I wouldn't object. I squidged and I squirmed. I thought to myself 'The columnists will git me if I drive the lady home.' I said that I was on my way to play tennis, awful hurry—terrible sorry—

"I am, or so I am told," says Bob, "on the verge of divorcing my wife (again!) because of Miss X. I treat my wife with extreme cruelty, mental, physical and moral because my love for Miss X is driving me dotty"

Miss X . . .”

Let 'em link his name, says Bob Montgomery, with that of the "demure little star who is the symbol of purity, sweetness and electric light!" He doesn't mind—he loves it!

By GLADYS HALL

hadn't a minute, rully—I thought that Florine would overhear and decide that I hadn't read my Emily Post or hadn't the proper basic reactions or something. I figured she would say 'Oh, never mind, really . . .' But Florine very naturally wanted to get home. She wasn't interested in my basic reactions and she is rumor-innocent as yet. She told me, reassuringly, that it wouldn't take me long. *It never takes long.* We drove out. As we passed the gateman on the lot he gave me the eye—you know, like this—and said, '*How* yer?' We drove past the Club where I was due for tennis and a couple of the boys were hanging around out front. They spotted me. Their eyebrows did a nip-up and as they made tracks to the nearest telephone they squawked cordially, 'Nice going—!' I inflated my chest. I knew that another medal for Distinguished Service had been pinned to my coat.

"I ONCE took Garbo to lunch. Put me down for that. We drove out of the studio gates together. For days and weeks and even months I had to live up to the rumor that Garbo and I were—had been—still were—well, poor little Mrs. M. and so on.

"When Bobby Williams died a while ago, Betty and I took Nina Williams to Palm Springs with us. Betty was called home for a day or two. Nina and I stayed on. No reason why not. No reason which any one of the three of us were bright enough to have thought of. But that did it. And a particularly poisonous little stinkweed of a rumor that was—a woman so newly widowed—shows the vulgarity of the dam' things.

"And when you come to analyze it—well, the minute we enter studios as stars or featured players we put on the cowl of office. We live in goldfish bowls, we fellows on the screen. The instant we put on that cowl our personal deviltries, ways of the flesh, roving eye and other attributes of Satan must be scotched. We wouldn't DARE. We may wish to sin, we may pray to sin, we may be black with suppressed sins but believe me, they had better be repressed or it's Hays Down for us!

"If you want to have a good time in this world, be a failure—that's my motter!

"One time, not long ago, I stopped at a gas station on Vine Street here in Hollywood. The chap who was polishing my wind-shield kept giving me the fishy eye. He finally said to me 'You don't remember me, do you, Bob?'. I said, frigidairishly, that I was aw'fly afraid not. He leaned nearer to me and whispered portentously 'How's everything?' I gave him the eye of a boiled codfish and said, 'Everything's fine, thanks so much, simply fine, perfectly grand—' He said, still sotto voce 'I once worked at the Hotel Montecito.' I didn't know what that was supposed to do to my glands so I said, 'Oh, ah, yeah—you did?' He said, 'Yes, I did and I knew about that lady you used to visit on the third floor.' For a minute he had me treed. Then I remembered. Do you know who the lady was? *Mrs. Montgomery's mother! My mother-in-law!* But the pay-off was that, do you know, I didn't have the nerve to tell that fellow that the lady was my mother-in-law! I wouldn't have believed it myself if I'd heard myself saying it.

"It appears now that the fellow thought he was referring to Miss X—and there was another kind of a pay-off in his bean.

"One of the pet tales concerning my current and very hot-hot-cha affair with Miss X is that a few weeks ago a car drove up to Miss X's house in the dead of night. A maid came out on the balcony (*Continued on page* 84)

It's Mrs. M who helps Bob regale us with the snappy details about his reported romance with the not-so-mysterious Miss X

Carole Lombard, Reborn!

CAROLE LOMBARD has come mentally and spiritually of age! The inhibitions and the restrictions and the self-repressions which barred her from the ranks of the great stars who know how to breathe flame into their roles and make them radiant replicas of their own emotions—have melted and evaporated.

The new Carole Lombard is mistress of herself and her art—as witnessed in her latest production—"Twentieth Century."

In the scant year marking her divorce from William Powell she has developed a new fortitude, a new independence, a new knowledge of herself which is vitally contributing to her status as an important actress.

She no longer bows to an implacable and demanding destiny. Today, she has the rare courage to belong to herself! And she has found that inner freedom which makes of life a high, a thrilling adventure.

"In the past year," Carole explains, "I have found release from everything—from all those minute and irritating demands which have definitely hindered me as a person and an actress. For the first time in my life I am *free*—mentally and spiritually. I have reconstructed my ideas about living and about acting. I am no longer afraid of myself or of the future.

"Since my divorce I have learned to live my own life—to have the courage to say to people—even to my mother whom I adore—'This I will not do because it is bad for Carole the person, and Carole the actress.' When my marriage was finished my family wanted me to live with them again. I refused to do it because I knew that only when a women is definitely on her own; when she has no one to lean upon; when there is no one around to absorb her weaknesses and to minimize her strengths—does she have a chance to grow.

"Acting is vital in my life—but not as vital as my own development. I am interested in Carole the woman—in her potentialities and her possibilities.

"I feel definitely that my career is just beginning. I know now that I must do roles of emotional intensity to keep pace with the drama in my life. Roles which will truly reflect me.

"Contrary to the general notion, I haven't had an easy

Says Carole: "I'm following my instincts now, living as I wish, giving myself to life!"

by SONIA LEE

time. I have had a horrible, a sordid childhood because my mother and my father were dreadfully unhappy in their marriage. It left scars on my mind and on my heart. When I started in pictures, I had more than my share of disillusionment and bad breaks—including a tragic accident which threatened to write *finis* to my film ambitions.

"Every step of the way up I've *fought*. Everything I've secured, I've earned by hard work, by incessant concentration, by an almost religious devotion to the one uncompromising idea that I must be a success. There are no short cuts to accomplishment.

"I have always attached myself to interesting minds—to people who stimulated me mentally and spiritually. From every person I meet I absorb something—for everyone has a certain reaction to life, a philosophy or an experience which is valuable.

"Because I am so constituted that I refuse to stand still, it was inevitable that my marriage with Bill must fail. We couldn't make each other happy because there was never complete contact between our minds and our natures. Marriage should result in the flowering of two personalities—of increasing their perceptions and their capacity for achievement. And even though we were devoted to each other—and still are—our marriage was doomed to failure. For it contributed nothing to our individual growth as entities and personalities.

"Nothing is good—nothing is worth while—if it roots our feet to one spot; if it slows the mind with indifference. If it harnesses our instincts and our ambitions.

"To John Barrymore, more than to any one person, I owe this new vision that life means development. That you must give yourself to life wholly if you are to get anything out of it.

"WHEN we were working together on 'Twentieth Century,' he said to me—'Don't inhibit yourself. To project your personality, you must abandon yourself terrifically to your role—whatever it is.' And he said also—'You will never go wrong if you value your instincts—if you follow them, and refuse to betray them.'

"I am following my instincts now. Living as I wish—giving myself to life. And I am finding happiness in the process.

"I shall not be content until I have reached the peak—until I have fulfilled what I consider my artistic destiny. The top I shall reach, for I have the nerve to fight and the force and understanding to achieve whatever I want. But when I have accomplished my desire of being a worth-while, a sincere—let's say, an important actress—I shall give it up. When I have given my best—when I know conclusively in my mind that I will never improve on one great role—I'll be through with pictures.

"I have a rather intangible plan of going to Europe then, of living casually and deeply. Of seeing people, of really getting to know them, of being Carole Lombard—and not an ambitious motion picture player.

(*Continued on page* 81)

To John Barrymore, more than to any one person, Carole owes her new vision. Acting together in "Twentieth Century," he said: "Don't inhibit yourself"

VOODOO on the SET

By GAIL ROGERS

WHISTLE in the dressing-room and Edwin Booth would have killed you, too. Lose your rabbit's foot and Sarah Bernhardt would have had you flung out into the night. If a bird had flown into the window of Minnie Maddern Fiske's dressing-room Mrs. Fiske would have flown out . . .

These old-time tabus, superstitions, voodoos or what-have-you of the theatre have not died. They have been inherited, handed down or caught, like the measles, by the present-day inheritors of glory—the motion-picture players. As they step their stellar feet onto their respective sets weird incantations are muttered, strange rites are performed, occultisms and voodooisms are practised that the black gods may be placated. . . .

Genevieve Tobin will turn Reseda green at sight of a green dress. She said, "If I had to take my choice between a green dress and a shroud I shouldn't hesitate. The shroud would have it. I once wore a green dress in a play that flopped—horridly. Must I come face to face with omens of ill intent *twice?*"

Bobby Montgomery, a sanguine young man, will walk a mile en route to his set in order to walk *under* a ladder before he gets there. No foolin'. If Bobby can't find a ladder on his way he yowls for a prop boy to come and put one up for him. And it is a matter of fact that he held up production on a recent picture for twenty-five minutes while he waited for a boy to locate a ladder for him to walk under. You may think this is funny. Bobby doesn't. The studio doesn't.

John Gilbert will not step foot on the set unless he is wearing a blue shirt. It is a matter of reel record that one day while he was working in "Queen Christina" he arrived at the studio wearing a white shirt. He kept the cast and the Mighty Garbo waiting while his chauffeur roared through traffic, back to Beverly Hills and returned again with the blue shirt. Said Jack, and *seriously*, "The color blue wards off the evil spirits. When I wear blue I feel armored in invincibility. It's a fact."

There are shoe voodoos galore. Janet Gaynor wore a certain pair of shoes when she was making "Seventh Heaven." She never has and she never will step foot on the set the first day of a new picture unless she is wearing those shoes. Jean Hersholt ditto. Jean wore a pair of boots in "Old Heidelberg." Those same boots are on his feet in every picture he has made since. Joan Crawford will not start to work unless she has a pair of her own baby shoes with her, somewhere on her person, usually in her purse. Maureen O'Sullivan carries always with her a bit of pressed shamrock. She found the sprig the day she sailed from Ireland with John McCormick et al. She has kept it, ever since, in an envelop in her prayer book. It accompanies her on the set as she starts each new picture. It was blessed, she says, by the Little People . . . to be without it would work a curse on her and on all her doings. . . .

SOME of these voodoos are more serious. Mae West's voodoo is the number 13. She will not, she *cannot* abide the numeral thirteen on her set in any of its manifestations. If it appears there Mae does

Before shooting a scene, Bob Montgomery *must* find a ladder—to walk *under* it! Maybe you think that's funny. Bob doesn't. Neither does his studio

In this interesting story Marie Dressler explains why she seats herself in a rocking chair before walking on to the set. Once in the rocker she sways backward and forward, her lips moving soundlessly. . . .

something about it. If a scene is taken, for instance, thirteen times Mae will make another, a fourteenth take. Or she will, if necessary, kill the take entirely. While she was making "I'm No Angel" she noticed after one of the shots that the microphone was numbered thirteen. She ordered that mike off the set and had another one, differently numbered, brought on. She also insisted upon re-doing all of the scenes that had been recorded by the unfortunate mike. She will not allow any cast of thirteen members. In such a case, she will write in a part, however small, for a fourteenth player. Mae says that all of the misfortunes and mishaps of her life have taken place on the 13th, have somehow been involved with that number. She says that palmists and seeresses and horoscopes have bade her beware of being involved with 13. She said, "I'd rather have small-pox on the set than the number thirteen. Fact is, if I could be vaccinated against that number I would be!"

Hollywood, the most civilized community in the world, goes positively primitive when it comes to superstitions

WHENEVER Alice Brady walks on the set the first day of production she wears a short-vamped pair of dull red shoes. She said, "I wore a certain pair of shoes in my first stage success in New York. A clairvoyant told me that in those shoes I had walked to success and that without them I would find my steps reversed and would go *the other way*. Not a superstitious person in any other way, I *knew* that she was telling me the unnatural truth. The original pair have worn out of course. In fact, I've had two pairs since the first ones. But in order to placate whatever shades there are connected with this I always write or wire my little old shoemaker on Sixth Avenue in New York and have him make me another pair from the same last, of the same fabric and the same color. Exact duplicates. The only time I have ever been without them was when I made some pictures for the screen a few years ago. My feet walked—the other way. Then I *knew*. And as I put them on I invariably mutter to myself the incantation that clairvoyant gave me. . . . "I am walking to success. . . . I am walking to success. . . . I am walking to success." Not for nothing did the old fairy talers write of Seven League Boots and Goody Two-Shoes and the Glass Slipper . . . there is something of great portent about the way our feet are shod . . . which way we go. . . ."

Fay Wray has a tiny Egyptian idol made of ivory. It was sent to her from Egypt by an admirer. She was told that a few grains of bird seed placed before the idol would bring her great good fortune but that if she ever failed (*Continued on page* 78)

Years ago, Rex Ingram gave Ramon Novorro a dressing gown for his birthday. To this day he wears it as protection from evil spirits!

That strange ceremony of Jean Horlow's! She brings a small bird in a cage to the studio, and when the sound stage door is opened—

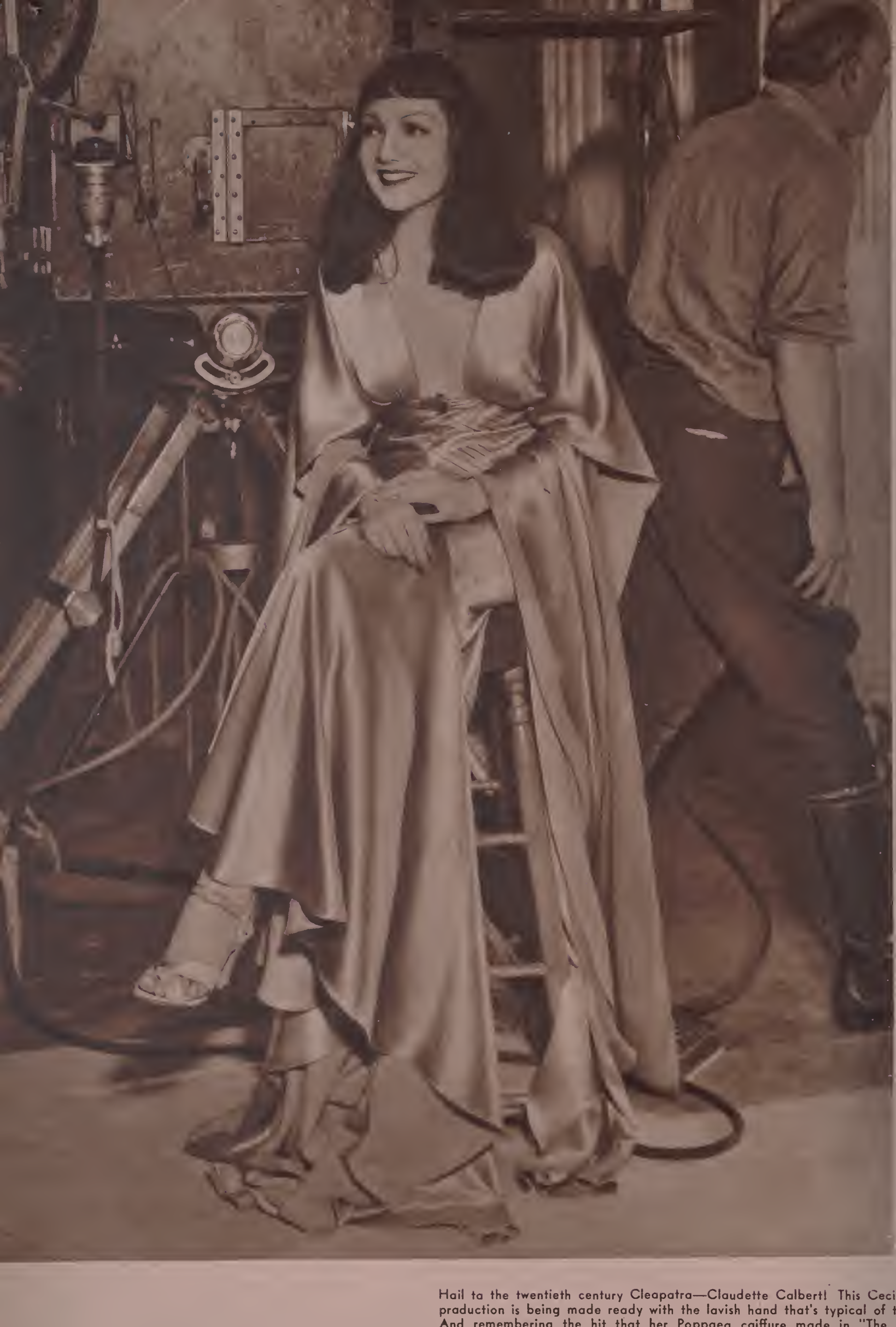
Fay Wray hos o tiny Egyptian idol made of ivory, sent her from Egypt. A few grains of bird seed placed before the idol hos o potent and voodooistic meoning to Fay!

It's Jean Parker who's stretching her arms toward the sky, up there on the cliff . . . Below her rolls the sea, spelling disaster for the unfortunates who are caught in its unruly waves—but a heck of a good time for others. Among the others are the gang of Fox players in the oval above, Frances Drake (whom you'll see in "Honor Bright") at the right and that joyous trio below: Jack Durant, Alice Faye and of course, Spencer Tracy

SEA

Right, Ida Lupino, who's all dressed up and rarin' to go for a sail with you or you or you. Step up, boys. Or perhaps you'd prefer a ride with Ruby Keeler and Dick Powell in that tricky catamarang or whadyacallum of Dick's, below. We just had to show you Jean Parker again in the panel on this page because she seems to be a regular sea sprite

LEGS



Hail to the twentieth century Cleopatra—Claudette Colbert! This Cecil B. DeMille production is being made ready with the lavish hand that's typical of this director. And remembering the hit that her Poppaea coiffure made in "The Sign of the Cross," Claudette has tried that long straight hair cut in "Cleopatra." The gentleman scooting across the sound stage behind Claudette is the active Cecil himself. Doesn't this picture make you feel as though you were actually on the set?

He played tag with DEATH

Yet Ralph Bellamy passes off lightly those vitally significant experiences

by Charles Darnton

HUNGER had driven him there. Suicide whispered over his shoulder. Death waited on the leaden pavement ten stories below. For five days Ralph Bellamy had not tasted food. Dead broke, he had tramped the New York streets vainly looking for work. Then, at last, he found himself peering down from a lofty fire escape with self-destruction in the back of his dazed mind. How he had got there he did not know. But why he was there he knew only too well.

"Then what did you do?" I asked.

"I laughed it off," he replied, "howled at my ridiculous notion of doing away with myself."

Luckily, his lively sense of humor had rushed to his rescue. It got an even stronger grip on him the next instant when he saw he was carrying in his hand an open book, Dostoyefsky's "Crime and Punishment."

"Not exactly light reading with an empty stomach," I suggested.

"No," he grinned. "I'm afraid it gave me mental indigestion."

Plainly today, this man who had played tag with life and death and has risen to such success in Hollywood was inclined to pass off this experience lightly. But I was not. For here was something vitally significant. Here was a story that would reveal the qualities that have helped make Ralph Bellamy one of the screen's best liked leading men. So I begged for the whole story of his gaunt experience.

Ralph had, it developed, been playing in "the sticks" as leading man of a stock company given to such good old stand-bys as "Seven Keys to Baldpate," "Within the Law" and "Madame X." A summer season at Terre Haute, Ind., had ended in something less than a blaze of glory when he headed for Broadway with $60 in his pocket. Finding himself in New York for the first time, he failed to find an engagement. Little by little his meager savings went for a hall bedroom and coffee and cakes, then for apples and peanuts. After that (*Continued on page* 90)

Starvation . . . the temptation of suicide . . . a seemingly inevitable disaster near the edge of a precipice—perhaps Ralph Bellamy is so blithe about these recollections because the actualities were so nerve-shattering!

The Biggest Hear

by Edward Churchill

RECENTLY when "Viva Villa" was first shown in Hollywood, the whole town said, "It's Wally Beery's finest performance. What an actor! And after all these years, to play like that! What keeps the guy so young and unchanged after years in the business? What makes him stay so popular?"

I thought I knew the answer, so I dropped down to the M-G-M studio to call on Wally informally. Wally has revealed himself to few people, but I've been one of the lucky ones.

Wally dismissed "Viva Villa" with a shrug. He dismissed Wally Beery with a shrug. He got right down to discussing something he was really interested in, Carol Anne, his adopted daughter, now almost four years old.

"Have you seen the kid lately?" he asked.

"No," I replied, "because I haven't seen you. You're always together. I'm beginning to think it's a romance.

His eyes brightened.

"Say—that kid's getting smarter and smarter," he sai eagerly. "She's getting now so she can just about spel out the captions in newspapers. And what a looker! Say when that punk grows up, she's going to have all thes movie stars backed off the boards. I'll bet you——"

This went on for at least ten minutes, until the directo called Wally to do a scene, and I had to leave. I departe with the thought that Wally's love for the little orphane

Getting things set fo a grand Fourth of Jul for little Carol Anne source of Wally's greatest happiness. "Whe that punk grows up,' says he, "she's going t have all these movi stars backed off the boards!"

In Hollywood

Wally Beery—Man of Many Troubles—Mostly Other People's

youngster which he has taken to his heart is one of the finest things in Hollywood. Carol Anne came into Wally's life when she was just a little more than a year old. Her last name is Priester. She's the child of an adopted sister of Wally's wife's mother. Wally is putting her two older brothers, George, 11, and William, 6, through school and is giving them everything they need to equip them for life.

Wally has always wanted children. Although he has been married twice—as you know, his first wife was Gloria Swanson and his second the former Rita Gilman, of Roanoke, Va.—he has not been blessed with youngsters. All the pent-up desires he had to father a helpless baby were expressed when he set eyes on Carol Anne.

From the time of the adoption, almost three years ago, to this time, Wally's life has been centered in Carol Anne. Her baby clothes—her first tooth—her fretful cries—her happy gurgling—her first word—her first step—her first corruption of his name, "Wa'y," have been milestones in his life. Today finds Wally seated at luncheon at the front tables in the Brown Derby, in Sardi's or the Vendome, not because Wally wants to be seen, but so that he can show off this plump, blonde child who has such a firm grasp on his heartstrings. There's nothing that Carol Anne wants that she doesn't get.

500.000.00
la cabeza de
NCHO VILLA

How Wally Beery was able to act so magnificently the part of that good bad man, Pancho Villa, is explained in the fascinating incidents told in this story. Here he is at home, with an artist's conception of him in his greatest role

She has every toy that has ever struck her fancy. She has a new dress every day. Imagine that—a new dress every day, with stockings and shoes to match!

Wally sums up his feeling to me this way:

"When I was a punk—I was born in the slums of Kansas City—I took some awful beatings from fists and from life itself. I don't want the kid or her brothers to go through that."

This is Wally's vicarious answer to those who socked him, and to life.

I think his feeling toward Carol Anne is reflected in his face when he is being "The Champ" or "Pancho Villa" or "Bill" in "Min and Bill," and that's why the world loves him. In other words, his own good-heartedness, his real love of people and of being kind is paying him dividends in the form of one of the highest salaries paid to any actor in Hollywood today—a cool $5,000 a week, fifty-two weeks in the year.

WALLY is very much in love with his wife, in a very calm, well-founded sort of way. She loves him. They understand each other perfectly. The public doesn't know how sincere their devotion is, because it hasn't seen them smile at each other over the supper-table. Proof that Wally is sentimental toward her in his peculiar way lies in the fact that recently, when she lay ill in a Hollywood hospital, and Wally was sent to San Francisco on location, he had the motor of his airplane kept warm at a San Francisco airport so that he could drop everything and race to her side if she needed him.

Immediately upon his return to his home in Beverly Hills, he was shunted to Catalina Island (*Continued on page* 65)

Gals Go

They're on the way to big things, these ingratiating young 'uns

frances drake

LET me introduce you to Frances Drake. And why should you meet her? Because she's the current pride and joy of that Paramount lot. And, although she's appeared in but two American pictures, "Bolero" and "The Trumpet Blows," both of them with George Raft, Hollywood is already asking, "Where did this honey drip from?"

She was born in New York, raised in Canada, and educated in England. So you figure where she's from. But, no matter where her home, any gal with all the thisa and thata which Miss Drake possesses would certainly find her way to Hollywood. And, after finding her way to the place, proceed to make herself completely at home.

She'd be at home anywhere. She learned that knocking about the world. But, until a short time ago, she'd had no contact with the theatre. That came while she was attending an exclusive but staid English girls' school. A chance meeting at a party hurled her from that unworldly background into the glitter of Ciro's, London's swankiest nightery.

A young man at the party discovered that she danced like a professional, so they went to London to dance at Ciro's. Soon tiring of the night club life, she left Ciro's while they pressed future engagements upon her.

THE theatre, that was what she wanted. And before you could whistle *The Stars and Stripes Forever,* she was in a play, doing the small but colorful part of a Cockney maid in "Little Earthquake." Then the English films got interested in her. She made a couple of pictures, appearing once with Carl Brisson, who also has been brought to Hollywood.

Paul Stein, the director, spotted her, had a test made, and shipped it to Paramount. She appeared as a gypsy in the test, and she does look rather like the usual conception of those colorful ladies. Her skin is dark, but has a lovely bright glow to it. Her figure curves but not so much that she could be compared to Mae West.

Now that she is in Hollywood, she lives quietly with a friend and hasn't had much chance to judge about the Hollywood social life. But from what she's seen so far, she's amazed at the way American men fawn about their women. After England, where the male rules supreme, she can't get used to all the attention women receive here.

But she had better get accustomed, for she's going to receive plenty of attention herself. Especially from the studios, which think, and rightly so, that hers is one of the most interesting new faces in Hollywood.

gertrude michael

FROM Pulpit to Pictures. And that's only part of the action-packed career of Gertrude Michael, one of Hollywood's newest faces, who plays heavies and ingenues with equal dispatch.

She can't stand being idle. That, more than any religious urge, is the thing which got her into the pulpit when the minister of her home town was excused for a short vacation. With aplomb that belied her seventeen years, Gertrude took the congregation in hand. Her sermon was splendid. The next Sunday she was asked to repeat. She did. But took the opposite side of the question. And they loved it. Gertrude is that kind of a girl.

Her voice is slow, lazy, and buttered with a warm Southern drawl. But don't let that fool you. She's a dynamo.

Born in the lazy little town of Talladega, Alabama, the slow life suited her just fine until she got to be three years old. Then the need for activity, which has been going strong ever since, struck her.

It began when she started to pick out lullabies on the piano. Gertrude was rushed off to a teacher and was giving concerts when she was twelve. By this time she was playing the violin, too.

At fourteen, she was registered in the Law School at the University of Alabama, the youngest student to be enrolled there. She admits now that law appealed to her primarily for its drama and because she could be the only girl in the class, surrounded by a group of husky men.

WHEN that novelty wore off, she switched to Converse College to continue her music. She was awarded a scholarship to the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, which, in turn, awarded her a five-year trip to Italy. This she refused, as her father had just died, and she was needed at home.

Back home she started a radio station. In the morning she gave household hints to wives, in the afternoon dramatic sketches, and played the piano at night.

The piano started her in the theatre. She got her first job playing back stage for a stock company. The next year she was a leading lady for them. And then she was off for Broadway.

While in New York, she appeared in her first picture, "Wayward," with Richard Arlen. M-G-M called her to Hollywood, and after one picture, "Unashamed," forgot all about her. But by consistently good performances, Gertrude refused to let Hollywood forget her. Recently she signed a contract with Paramount, appearing (*Continued on page* 66)

ing Places

By

MICHAEL JACKSON

ann sothern

ANN SOTHERN was born in a back-stage dressing room. And she's kept in pretty close touch with the theatre ever since.

Her mother, a singer named Annette Yde, gave concerts right up until the day of Ann's birth. And for a long while it looked as though Ann would make her theatrical debut via the musical route. She sings, dances, and plays several musical instruments. She won first prize for piano composition three years in a row at Central High School in Minneapolis, Minnesota.

But that isn't why she came to Hollywood. She came because her mother was coaching voice in the early days of the talkies. Ann, at that time, was attending the University of Washington. On a visit to Hollywood to see her mother, she met an old friend at Warner Brothers. The friend, much to the consternation of Ann's mother, offered Ann a place in the chorus.

Ann's mother warned her that if she left school, she'd have to go entirely on her own. But Ann, after the first touch of it, knew that acting was the life for her. She was not born to Shuffle-Off-to-Buffalo unseen.

The late Paul Bern, M-G-M's astute producer, saw a test of Ann and planned great things for her. She was placed under contract and given a lot of publicity. But no roles. You may remember her. Her name then was Harriet Lake.

She hung around the town, still under contract to M-G-M but meeting with discouragement every time she asked for a part in a picture.

THEN one night at a party she met Florenz Ziegfeld. When he offered her a try-out if she should ever come to New York, Ann thought nothing of it. But a few weeks later, when he sent a wire asking her to come as soon as possible, she hot-footed it to the studio, had her contract broken, then dashed for New York and fame.

She got it.

First she appeared in "Smiles" with Marilyn Miller, and quickly followed it with "America's Sweetheart," "Everybody's Welcome" and "Of Thee I Sing." Like a good many others, she had to get out of Hollywood, before the studios could see her true worth.

While she was considering some plays for the new season, Columbia beat the other studios to the jump and signed her to a long-term contract.

(*Continued on page* 66)

patricia ellis

PATRICIA ELLIS is younger than she seems. She's younger than anyone in her position has a right to be. And, strangely enough, she does not capitalize on her youth. She's a specialist in worldly poise and charm.

Her father, Alexander Leftwich, is a New York musical comedy producer of no little importance. But Patricia refused to use him as an entrance to theatrical fame. She's an independent young lady.

Although she had understudied in a few of his shows, when she decided to start out for herself, Patricia went out on her own. And did very well.

During her summer vacation from Brantwood Hall, a private girls' school, she went to the Riviera Theatre, in New York, which stages shows given by a stock company. She asked for a job and got it. She was the only girl in school to spend her summers as an actress.

The bill was changed weekly. During the summer that she appeared in "The Royal Family," "Once in a Lifetime" and "Elizabeth the Queen," she was seen by Max Arnow, casting director for Warner Brothers. Two weeks later she was on her way to the Cinema City.

BUT not for what you'd think. Her ambition is not to be a screen star, but to become a legitimate actress. Patricia figured that if she could spend a few years in Hollywood, she could gather enough fame to enhance her legitimate career. With actresses all over the world itching for a chance to get to Hollywood, Patricia, still a long jump from her twenties, is using the studios as a stepping stone to something else.

She likes Hollywood and the picture life. She lives with her mother in an old-fashioned bungalow. She knows many people and goes with the Ginger Rogers, Lew Ayres and Tom Brown set. Hal LeRoy and a lot of the younger players were with her when she attended the Ned Wayburn school of dance. Although a delightful singer and dancer, she has had no chance to make use of these talents on the screen. She does not feel that her time was wasted learning these things though, because of the good they have done her speaking voice and posture.

With many actresses worrying about weight, Patricia hopes she doesn't grow any taller. While making a circus picture, hanging from trapezes all day, she gained two inches in little over a month. Which

(*Continued on page* 66)

THE Unknown

by Virginia T. Lane

If it hadn't been raining he might never have had the courage to propose — thirty-four years ago! That was when Mrs. Arliss was Florence Montgomery who had given him no encouragement whatever!

The slender, young-old man who is Hollywood's uncrowned king rarely has been so interestingly written about as in this grand, revealing story

HAVE you ever wondered what the man behind the monocle who turns out one grand performance after another is really like?

To the world at large he presents a slightly aloof, slightly implacable front. But when you come to know him, when you come within the radius of the singular charm that is his—*that's* a different story.

To begin with, he never *tried* to be a star. He never especially wanted to be. He didn't push and starve and fight and struggle for fame. Perhaps that is his secret. The secret of the slender, young-old man who is Hollywood's uncrowned king: George Arliss.

You mention his name—and slithering sirens forget to look bored. Beautiful baby stars nod marcelled heads in rapt approval. Even the muscle-oiled heroes shake hands with one another. Arliss is their pride. They turned out in hundreds to do him honor in "The House of Rothschild." He's the toast of the town. And yet . . .

A strange thing happened on the set of "The Last Gentleman," his latest picture, that throws an excellent highlight on him. A press chap rushed in with a handful of wires raving over the "Rothschild" performance. He thought Arliss would be jubilant. He watched expectantly for his face to light up. But—Arliss shoved them aside. "No—no! I don't want to see them!" And he walked away. *Ran* away from flattery. From the adulation that is the breath of life to most actors. Later, as the press agent was leaving, Arliss went up to him and laid a hand hesitantly on his arm. He didn't want him to go off hurt. You could read it in his eyes. Those eyes that are his dead give-away. "I want to—thank you," he said simply. Just that. But the telegrams were left unread . . .

IT'S another matter, though, when someone gives him a bit of a knock or there's a good joke on him.

I remember coming on the stage one day during the making of "Rothschild" to find pretty nearly all the population of the local Palestine in the scene. One of them, a portly Hebrew gentleman with scowling eyebrows, stopped a prop boy and pointed: "Is *he* Rothschild?"

"Yep."

"The George Arliss everybody talks about?"

"Sure."

"Humph!" with a disappointed gesture, "vell he ain't de type!"

And when the gentleman who "wasn't the type" heard it, he hooted so he had all of us laughing helplessly with him.

He has ready laughter. Humor of the rich, deep-flowing variety that never hurts. It played about us like light upon shadow that spring morning as we sat talking. We were in his bright sitting room at the studio. Flowers bloomed outside the door where he had ordered them planted. He cannot abide a place without some sort of garden . . .

"The truth is," he told me, his face still ruddy from the

George Arliss

"Ambition," says George Arliss," is the worst thing that can attack a person at the beginning of a career."

"For a year I earned six dollars a week—and lived within it."

"I never eat anything that I can pat. Oh yes—fish, but you can't pat a fish. That is, not without a struggle—"

four mile walk that's his daily habit, "I never expected success. I never really expected—anything. I didn't anticipate coming to America and when I finally came it was with the idea of remaining four months. Well—I've stayed twenty-five years. Several years ago I came out here to do *one* picture—and here I am!

"Ambition? No, I never had any. *Ambition is the worst thing that can attack a person at the beginning of a career.* It makes him too unsettled and overly anxious.

"I was always content to do the job I had in hand . . . Sometimes," he chuckled softly, "it wasn't so much of a job . . . For a year I earned six dollars a week—and lived within it. And for the following five or six years my income was never more than $15 a week. But it was possible to do quite well on that in those days. You didn't 'pig' by any means. For $3 you had nice rooms in a theatrical lodging house. You did your own shopping and had the landlady cook things—roast beef and so on—and you got quite clever at ordering a joint.

"If you were doing a new kind of play you invited friends to rehearse lengthy scenes with you during long walks through the country. No, there was certainly nothing difficult about the life . . .

"I thought if I could support myself acting that was all I wanted. You see, ever since I can remember I've had only two ideas of what I wanted to do. Until six, I longed to be a London bus conductor. But from seven on I knew the stage was my career.

"In all of it, there's nothing I would change even if I could. Oh, I used to have one regret, it's true. I used to feel I had wasted a lot of time in those English provinces waiting until I could get a London engagement. It took me ten years to get out of them!

"All that time I travelled through Lancashire and Northumberland and other places before I really arrived anywhere . . . But I've come to realize it wasn't wasted time. Far from it *It was then I learned everything I know.* And as a consequence of that long apprenticeship when I *did* get to London I never had to go back.

GEORGE ARLISS never goes back. Not for anything. It was a miracle of good fortune that he doesn't because, you see, he didn't even go back for an umbrella that storm-threatened evening thirty-four years ago. So—he was caught in the downpour. *That* made him take refuge in the Margate Theater and, with the electricity in the air and all, he summoned up courage to propose to the lovely girl he found there. He had met Florence Montgomery while they were both playing in "The Rivals." And loved her at first sight. And received no encouragement whatever . . . Not until that rainy night when he threw his own not-too-dry coat around her shoulders. It was the beginning of a love story that has out-lasted a quarter of a century.

And beside that story the hectic, multifarious love lives of Hollywood pale into drab insignificance. *"This woman for this man . . ."* You believe that when you see the Arlisses. Lovers still. Lovers always . . .

It was she who urged him to come to New York with Mrs. Pat Campbell's company—undoubtedly the most important step in his life. "My dear," he assured her dismally the first evening of their arrival, "all my life I've wanted to see the gaiety and glamor of Fifth Avenue. Hmm—I've seen it. And I hope the rest of America will not be so disappointing!" Later, they went out together and he showed her the street. "But," murmured Florence Montgomery Arliss demurely, "the sign says

(*Continued on page* 82)

They Ea
They're

Snatch Shots

Adolphe Menjou and Verree Teasdale put in an appearance at the dinner for the MPTOA. This is the first picture of Adolphe since that nasty fight with the cameramen

Ladies and Gentlemen: The Sextette of Hollywood: Among the young marrieds in the film colony there are none more clubby than this group snapped by Hyman Fink

Below, left to right: Dolores Del Rio and Jack Warner seem to be having an interesting chat at the MPTOA dinner—no doubt it's about "Du Barry" which Dolores is making at Mr. Warner's studio. And at the Ambassador, Hyman snapped Evelyn Venable and her boy friend, who's Hal Mohr

They Drink,
Merry!

by Hyman Fink

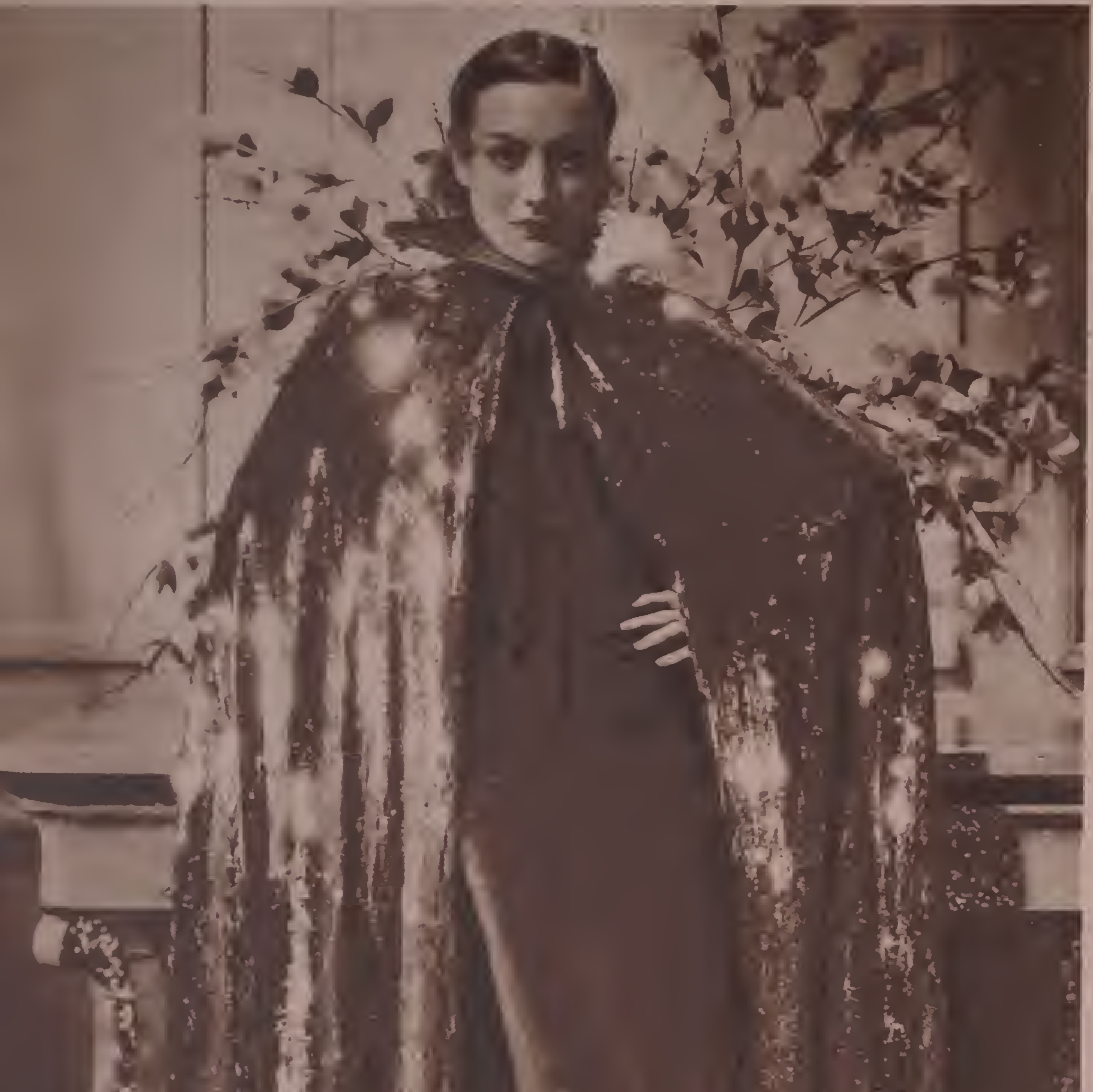
After their arduous labors on "Scarlet Empress," Jo Von Sternberg and la Dietrich enjoy a little relaxation at the Ambassador. Note those diamond bracelets of Marlene's

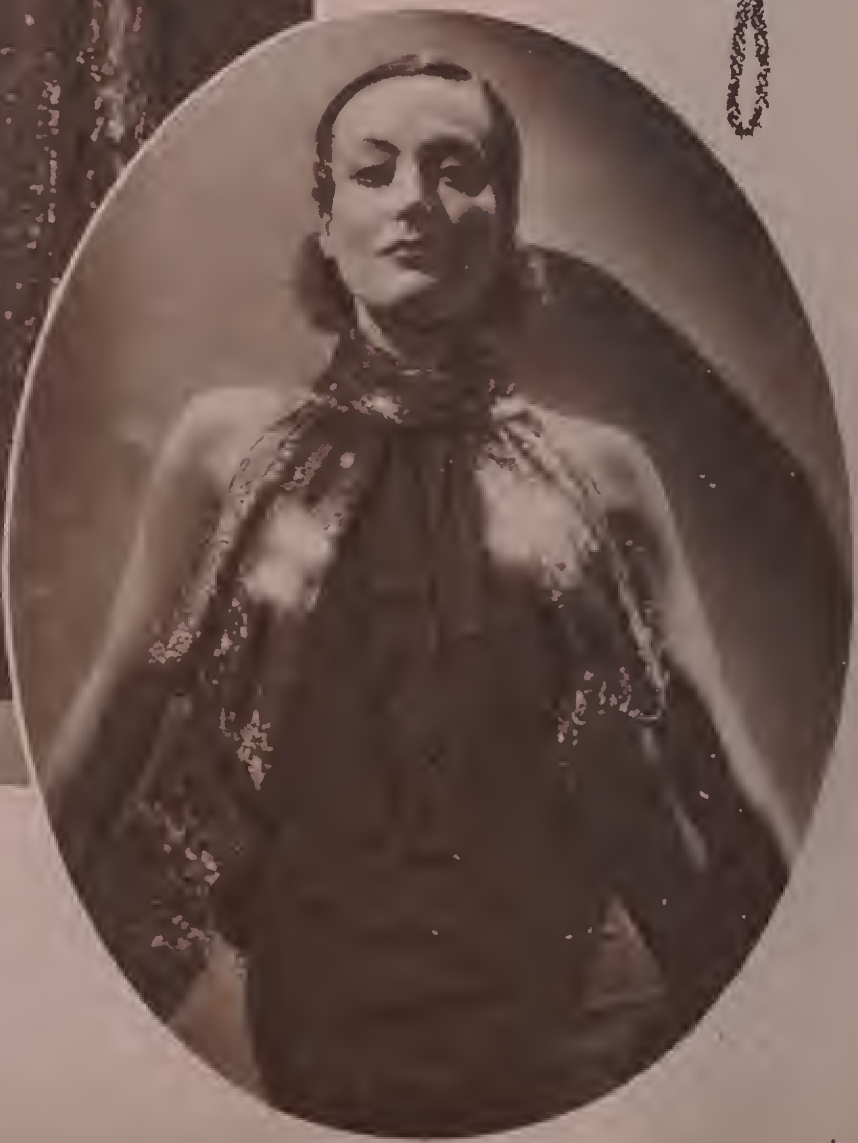
They're Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Cabot (Adrienne Ames), Mr. and Mrs. Johnny Weissmuller (Lupe Velez) and Mr. and Mrs. Gary Cooper (Sandra Shaw) at the Brown Derby

Below, left to right: Bette Davis and Ted Newton have been seen places together, and just to prove it, here they are at the Ambassador, looking very something-or-other. And Isabel Jewell and Lee Tracy, that inseparable twosome, were caught romancing at the Ambassador

star fashions • • by • • gwenn walters

The Fashion of





The glittering gold sequins of this elaborate cape do not outshine the superb performance of Joan Crawford in "Sadie McKee." The evening gown worn under it is of black crepe—the moulded lines of the very new slit skirt release into flowing folds below the knees. Sequins trim the armholes and neckline, and the back is bare to the waistline

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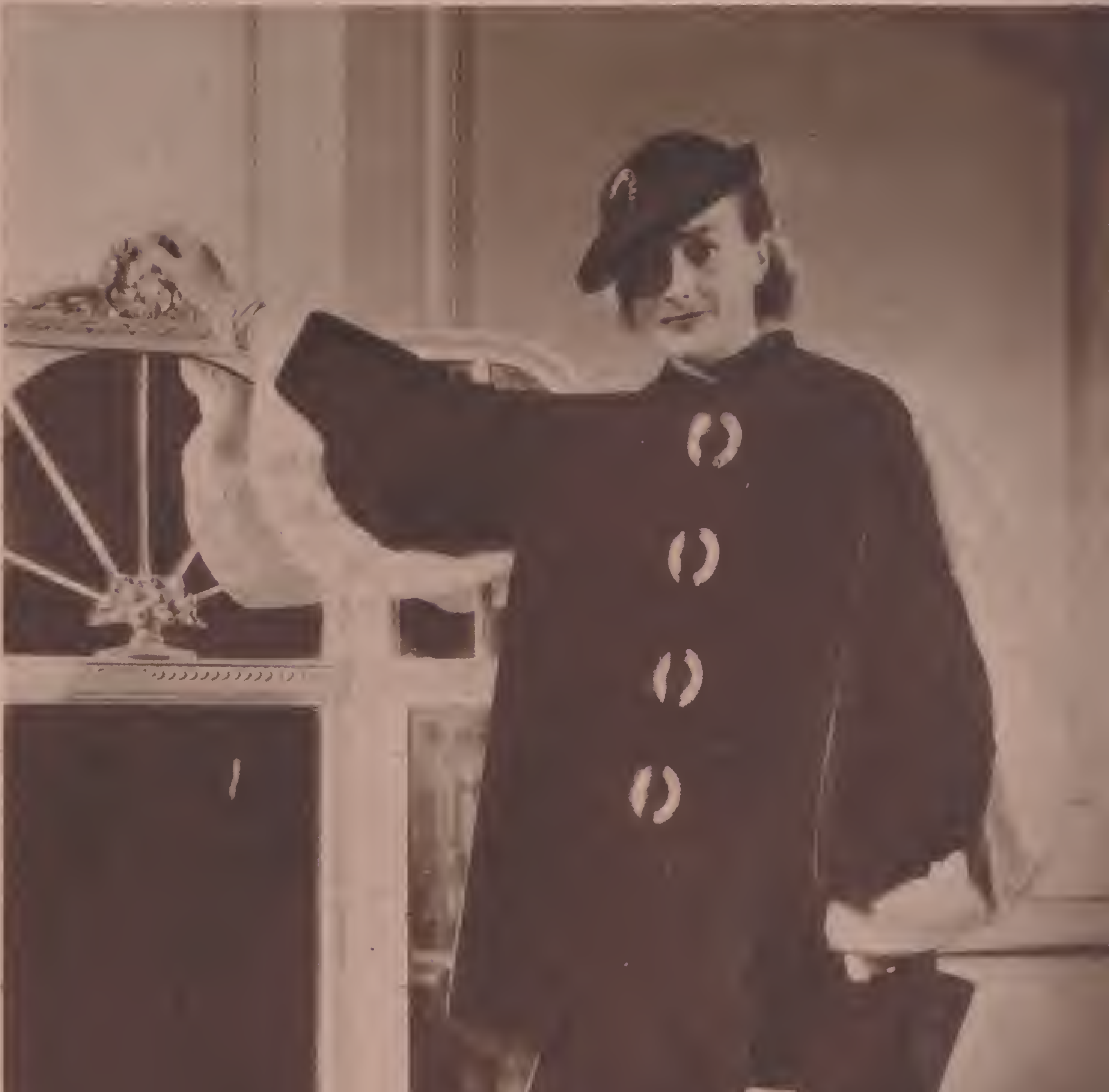
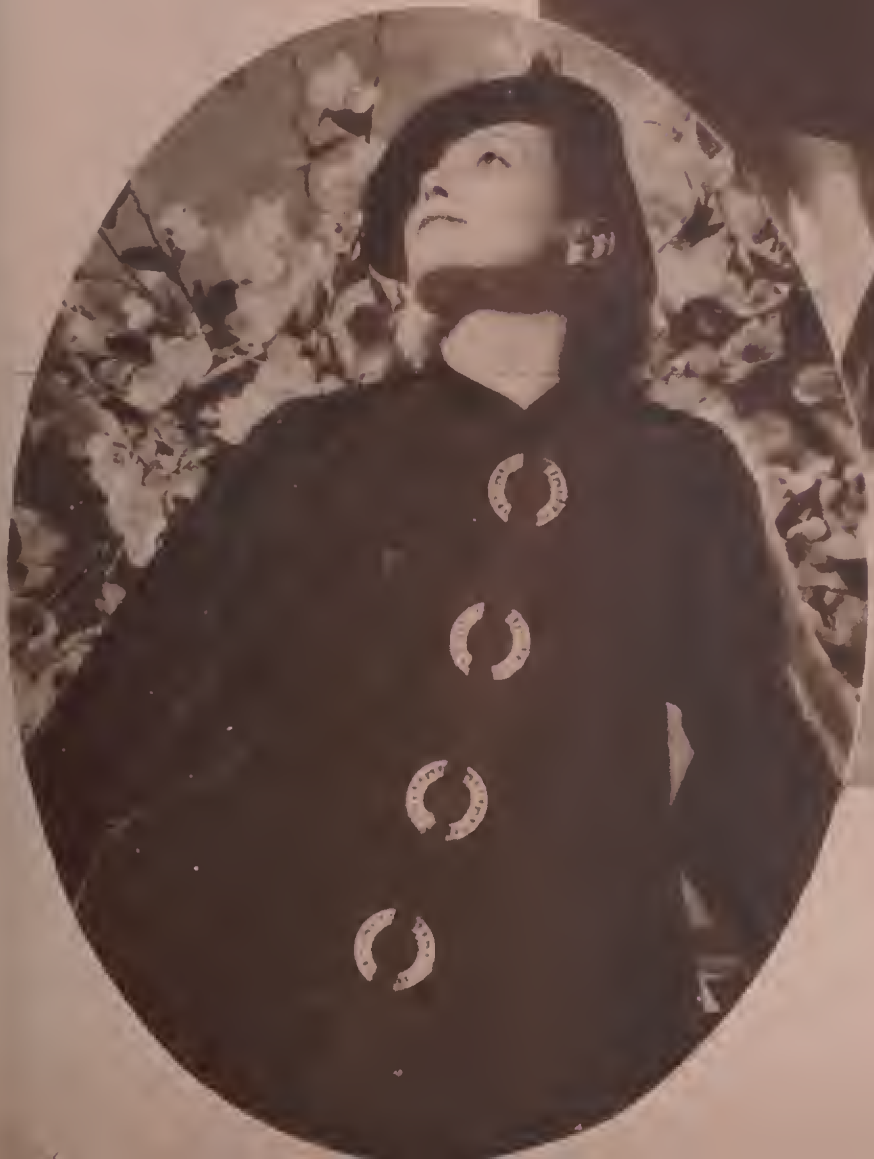
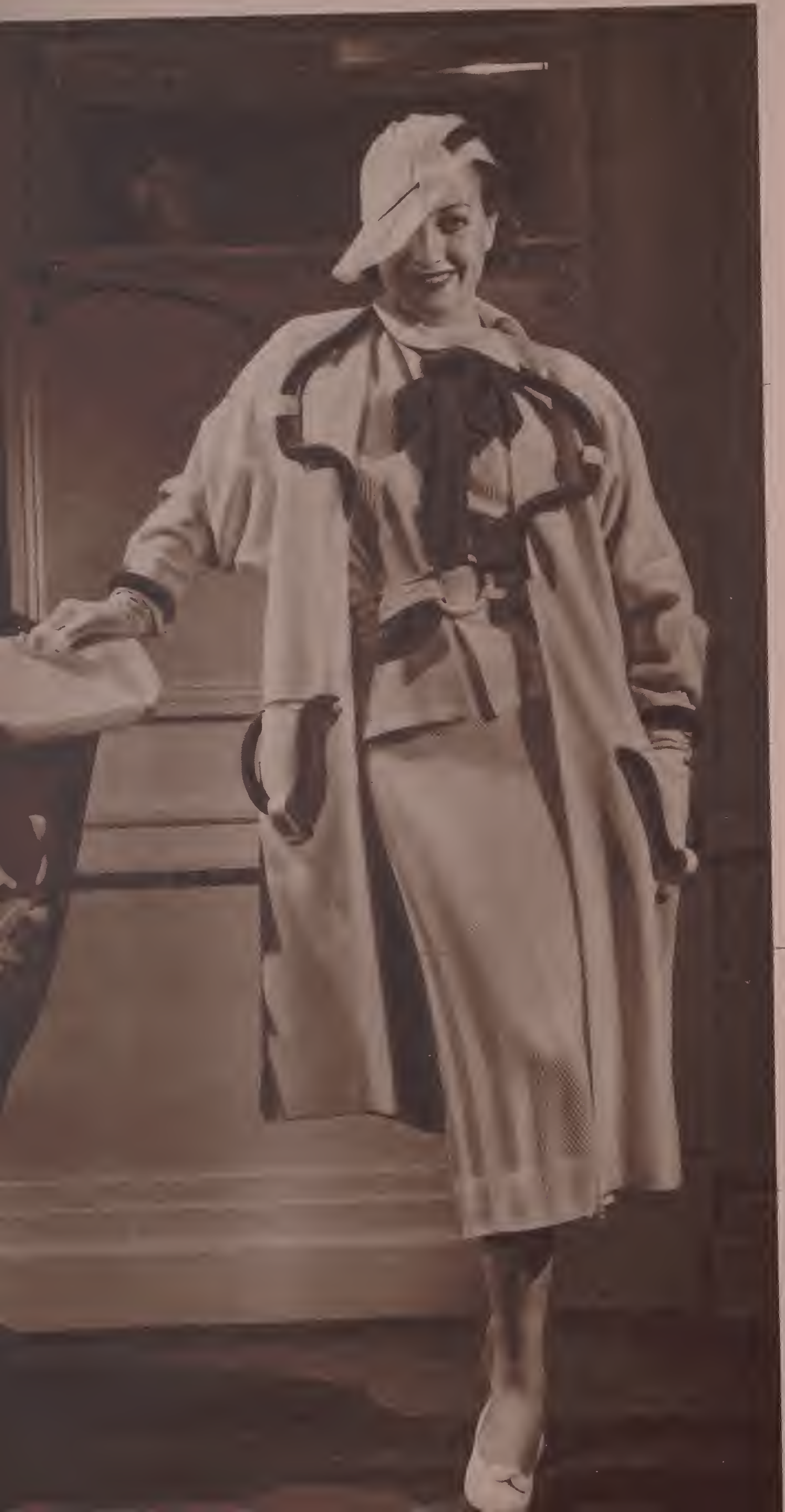
Sadie McKee"





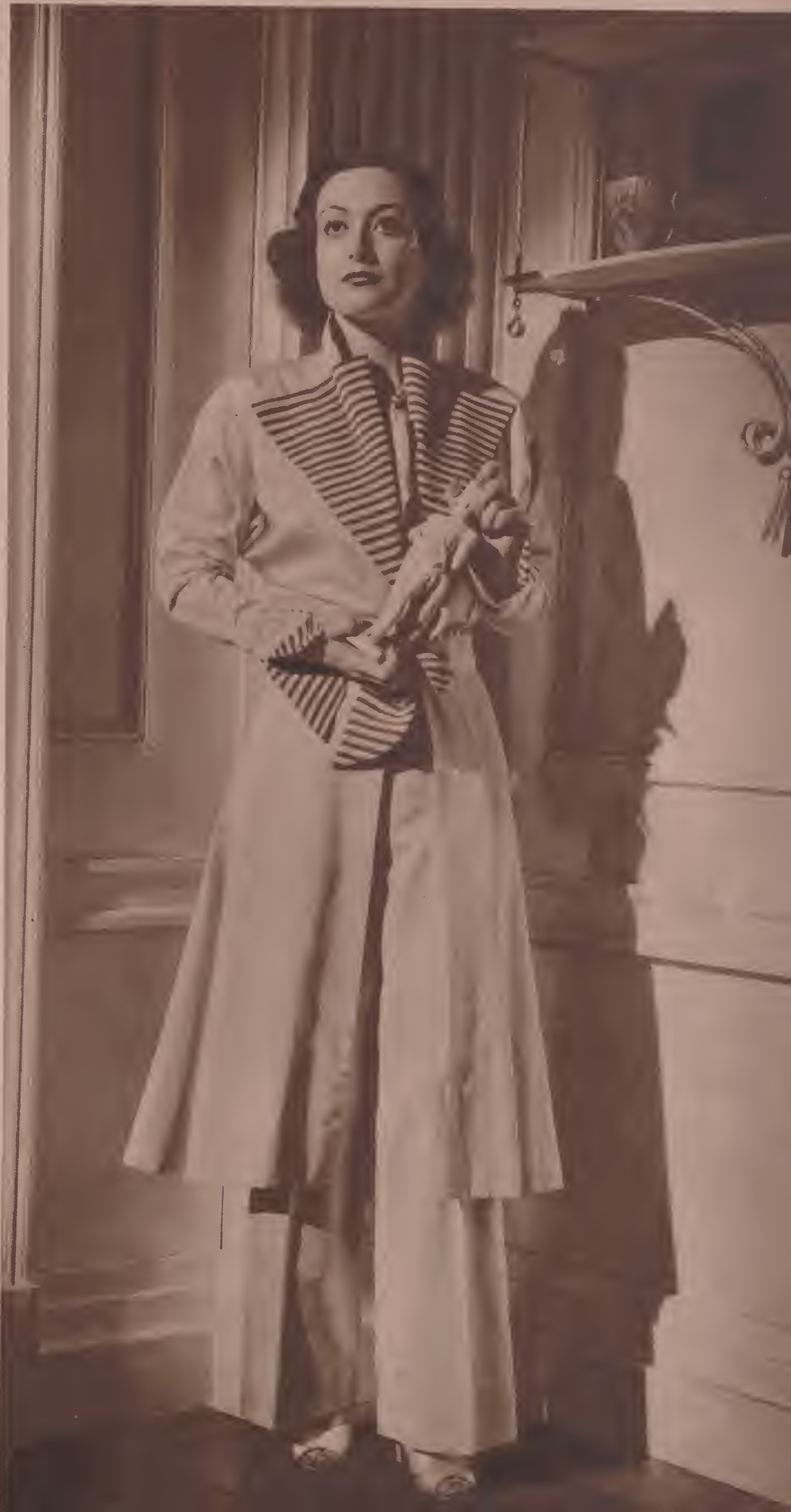
Ermine on velvet—forever the most regal of all combinations! The coat of this suit is fastened by a velvet cord pulled down through large rhinestone buckles which also trim the matching bag and hat. A white satin blouse adds richness to the costume. Note the swinging line of the coat and, in the closeup, how the ermine trims the sleeves



The Fashions of

White contrasted with marine blue. A summer costume not to resist! The tailored frock of white silk is topped by a flannel coat smartly trimmed with cording. Bone clips hold the cord in place. The bag and shoes are of white kid

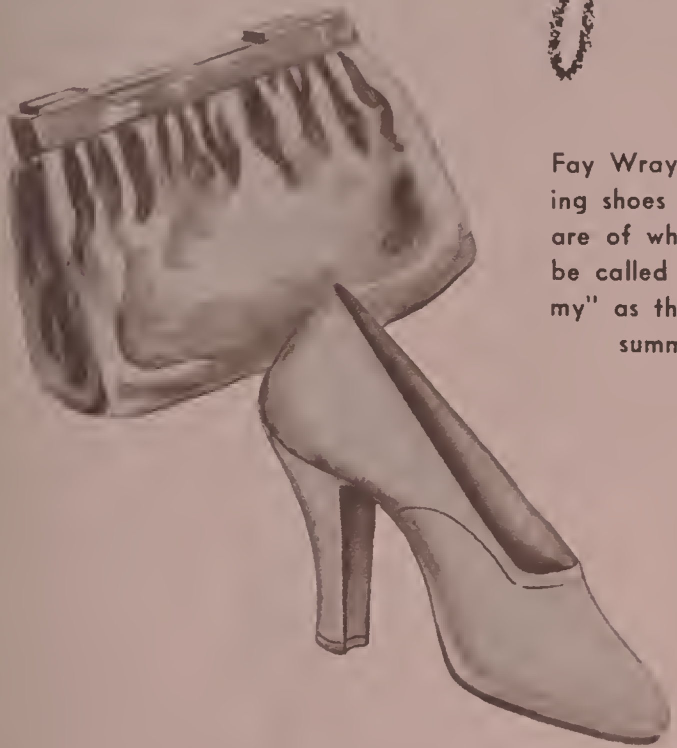
"Sadie McKee"



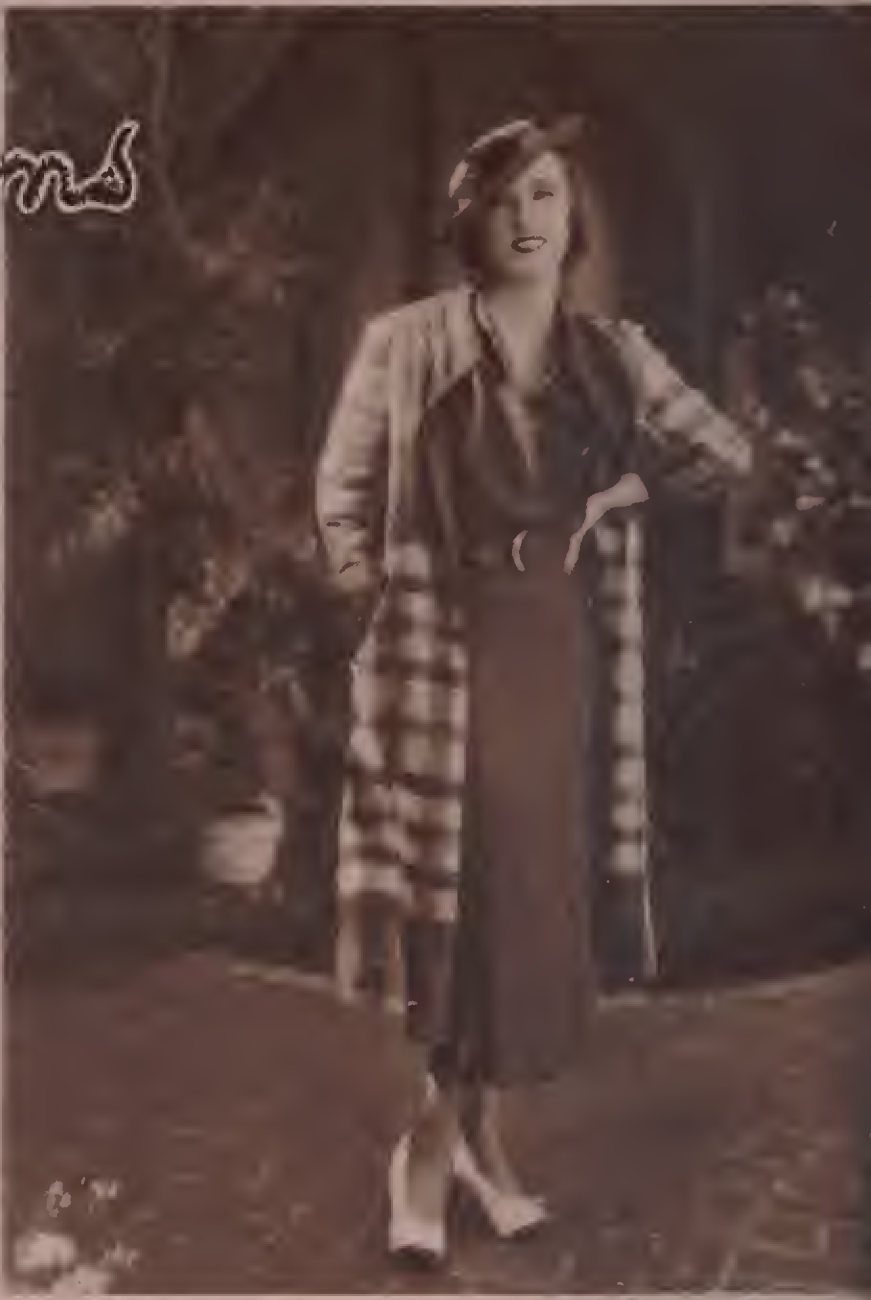
Tailored lines, wide revers, a shirtwaist blouse and blue and white stripes give this pajama outfit of white silk faille a decided masculine note. Don't miss "Sadie McKee" if you wish to see the rest of her wardrobe

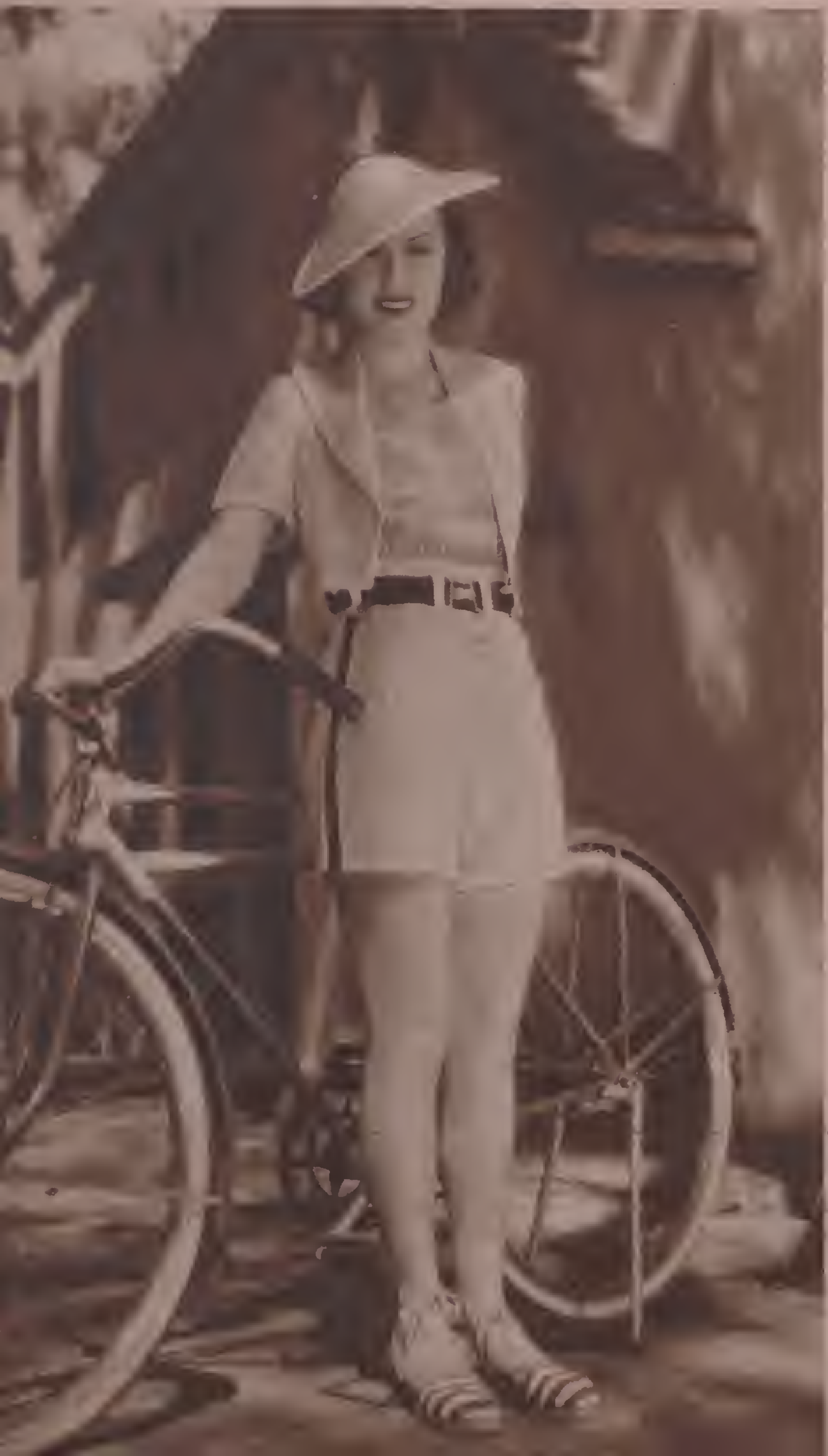
star fashions • • by • • gwenn walters

Sun-"Wray" Fashions



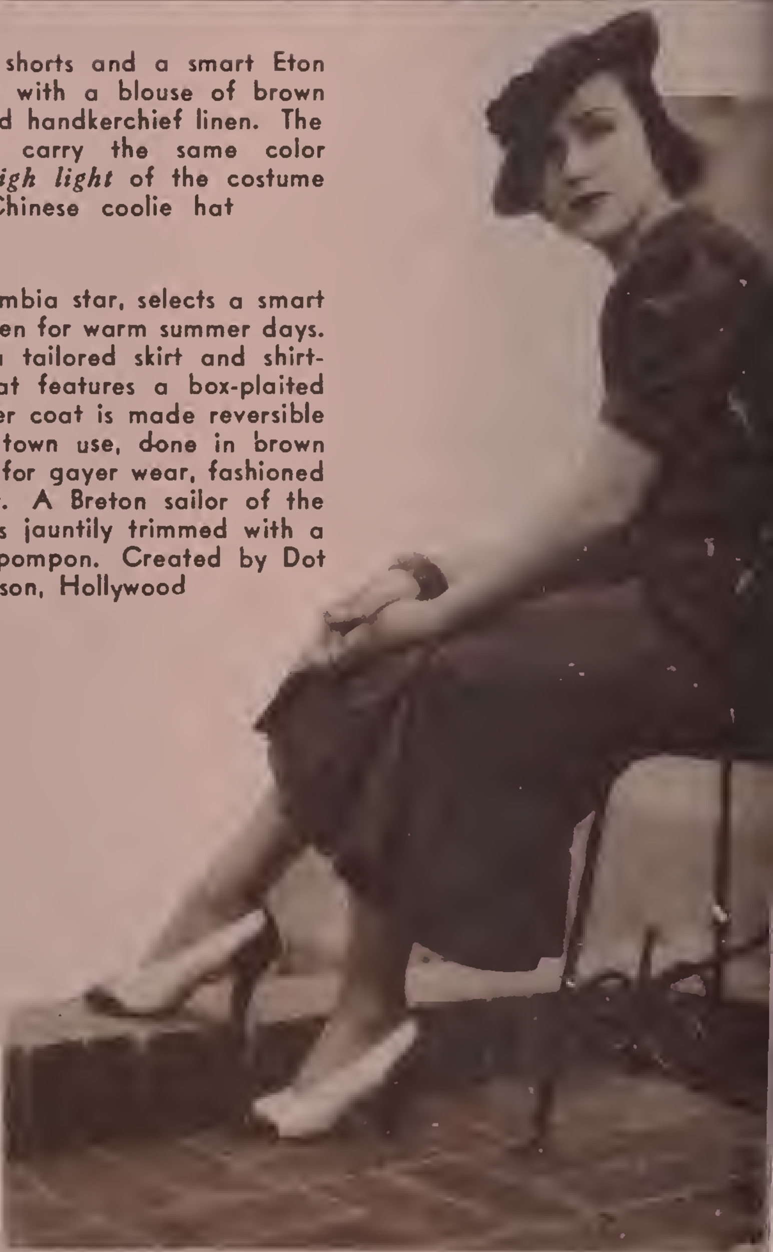
Fay Wray suggests matching shoes and bag. These are of white kid and may be called a "smart economy" as they complete any summer costume





(Left) Linen shorts and a smart Eton jacket are worn with a blouse of brown and white striped handkerchief linen. The knitted sandals carry the same color scheme. The ***high light*** of the costume is the Chinese coolie hat

Fay Wray, Columbia star, selects a smart suit of brown linen for warm summer days. The dress has a tailored skirt and shirtwaist blouse that features a box-plaited back. A swagger coat is made reversible —one side for town use, done in brown linen; the other for gayer wear, fashioned of a linen print. A Breton sailor of the same material is jauntily trimmed with a shredded linen pompon. Created by Dot Gregson, Hollywood



Norma Shearer's Own Guide to Beauty

The skin and hair perfection of the best-groomed woman in Hollywood is achieved through a routine anyone can follow

By GLORIA MACK

TEN o'clock at night and intermission at a Hollywood theater—the time when people from far and near stand face to face with the great stars of the cinema. For once they are at your command to study and as you carefully scrutinize their complexions, hair and nails you know that the screen beauty of the stars is not an illusion but a reality. It was during one of these intermissions that I stood enthralled at the shrine of Shearer beauty.

Later that night I determined that the next morning would find me at the studio begging lovely Norma to send her beauty secrets to you.

When I arrived on the set of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," Norma was in costume and ready for work. We had both been out at a late hour the night before, yet there she was with half a day's work behind her and so much fresher than I that I frankly asked her to reveal her secret formula.

"It's not a secret," she said. "It's routine. There were many, many times that I had to be up early despite the fact that I'd been out half the night. I soon discovered that lost sleep in picture studios is no excuse for not looking fresh and rested. To solve this problem I was forced to adopt a rigid routine.

"Upon arising I drink two large glasses of water and the juice of a lemon. Then I dash cold water on my face, slip into slacks and start down the beach on a long brisk walk breathing deeply all the time. If I'm staying in the city it's 'round and 'round the city blocks, or in the country it's up over hill and dale. In these glorious summer months I get my sun bath right along with my walk by wearing the lightest, thinnest and shortest clothes possible. I think sun is so good for one's skin although I never allow my skin to burn.

"After my walk I take a tepid shower. If I've been out late the night before all this fresh uete and exercise make up temporarily for lost sleep. Of course, I try, whenever it's possible, to get eight hours sleep sometime during every twenty-four."

"I think most of us are just too plain lazy and careless to pay the price for health and beauty," I sighed.

"I'm afraid you're right," Norma said. "We all should take some form of exercise in the mornings to stimulate our sleepy bodies. We should do deep breathing if we don't have time for a walk. Of course, I just make time as I think health is one of the most important things in life and no one can expect to have a normal, healthy body unless she exercises it and gets a lot of fresh air."

"It sounds as though you are a fresh air fiend!"

"I am. And after all that fresh air and exercise I am more than ready for my big breakfast which, by the way, I think is equally as important as exercise to any girl who has to work. How can a body be (*Continued on page* 80)

Believe It Or Not . . .
This is MacMahon

ON the screen Aline MacMahon definitely gives the impression of one of those cut-and-dried wise-cracking dames—the smart, know-all-the-answers, *good pal-ish* woman. Not one's idea of a hotcha girl.

Yet somewhere in the not so dim past, she was a high kicker in Broadway's Winter Garden Revue. Probably the highest kicker, because she had longer legs than the rest of the girls.

Now take a good look at that unmistakable MacMahon screen walk. There's no hint of a seductive, slithery slink in the decisive assurance of that almost mannish swagger, is there?

But, if we were candid-camera-ing around, judging by the clusters of men who mob Aline at parties and leave more beautiful if less scintillating ladies to languish in forgotten corners, she's a dangerous charmer. Other women consider her a serious rival.

For Aline is one of the lucky ones who won't have to use the newest thing in plastic surgery having the dumb look lifted off her face and the intelligent look grafted on. But, for all that, women don't resent her. Which, in Hollywood or the theatrical world, is *some* achievement.

It's funny—but there's something about Aline MacMahon which enables her to get away with things that no one else in Hollywood can. The aloofness and so-called snobbish attitude held against Garbo, Colman, Muni, and other "lone wolves" who refuse to mix with the pack, is not criticized in Aline MacMahon. When she's through with her work, she walks out of the studio into a life of which most of her co-workers know nothing. For the private-life MacMahon is essentially a New Yorker; practically all her social activities take place there. It's Hollywood for work, and Manhattan for play.

That's why most stories you've read about Aline are of such a general nature. You've learned that she's unusually intelligent and witty; that, by some, she's even considered a high-brow; that she has a beautiful California home in Brentwood, a suburb in which Gable and Crawford and other stars live, and an artistic apartment in New York, both of which are furnished with precious *objets d'art* from Europe and the Orient. But, aside from these polite facts, you probably know her only as the cinema side-kick of gold-

You've heard that Aline's witty, intelligent, even high-brow. But you haven't heard of her rare relationship with Clarence, her husband. Nor the part "Jenny Mac" plays in her life

digging gals and comic racketeers. Or, as the raw-boned pioneer woman who stabs your heart when she acts the part of a forsaken wife—the tragedienne who's been called the *Brooklyn Duse* many a time.

WELL, then, how would you like to meet Mrs. Clarence Stein—the MacMahon few people know? An adoring, sentimental wife, who blushes like any 17-year-old when she mentions "Clarence"—that small, slim, dark-haired idealist-dreamer, who's recognized in New York as one of the foremost modern architects?

They're a study in contrasts—this romantic pair. He, so small and shy; she, so tall and dominating in appearance.

But, don't judge by appearance. Even though Clarence pursued Aline doggedly for many years before she would make up her mind (they met as students at Columbia University), he's in no way her slave now. On the contrary.

When Aline's in New York, which is any time she's not making a picture, or when Clarence is in Hollywood, which is every time he has a week's freedom to fly to her side he practically supports the airplane industry) she pampers him shamefully. Actually, Aline's as lovey-dovey as the proverbial June bride in the cottage for two.

Breathe it not to a soul, but Aline brings tray dinners, prepared by her own efficient hands, to Clarence's bedside. Because "he's so exhausted after a day's work!"

In those desert stretches when they're forced to be apart, they keep the transcontinental telephone wires buzzing. Regularly every Sunday evening comes a call from the Stein New York apartment to the MacMahon Brentwood home. Aline wouldn't miss one of those precious conversations for the Prince of Wales himself. All of which convinces Clarence day by day, in every way, that he picked the "perfect" wife. With just one small reservation: she tries to make him carve the roast at dinner, and he objects bitterly. They haven't yet taken to throwing their oriental knick-knacks at one another; but you never can tell what a husband and wife will do over a beef-bone of contention!

WHEN Aline married Clarence seven years ago, she wanted little *Jenny Mac* to live with them. *Jenny Mac* (as her intimates call her) is Aline's diminutive brown-haired, brown-eyed Russian mother—and the only person, besides Clarence, who doesn't stand a little in awe of her talented daughter.

But *Jenny Mac* has a mind and a will of her own, the vitality, the aspirations, and all the reckless pluck of a girl in her teens. So when Aline asked "Mama" to live with them, little Jenny had other ideas. First, she preferred to be recognized by Clarence as a friend, not as a "mother-in-law." Second, she was secretly harboring a daring plan.

Jenny Mac, for thirty years at least, has had a burning desire to go on the stage. Unfortunately for Jenny, but luckily for Mr. MacMahon and Aline, conventional society in her day raised its eyebrows at actresses.—And little Jenny's family were ve-ry, ve-ry conservative, and social, and refined. After having shed her quota of bitter tears, Little *Jenny Mac* locked up her dream of a stage career for the time being and didn't bring up the subject again until her daughter showed a similar flaming interest in what Mr. MacMahon no doubt referred to as the "shady show business."

If it hadn't been for her mother's open encouragement in the face of her father's obvious distaste for this career, Aline's life might have had a totally different pattern. As it was, with *Jenny Mac's* moral support, she ploughed ahead, grimly determined to achieve

(*Continued on page 92*)

by HILARY LYNN

A brilliant and unexpected revelation of the girl who gets away with things no one else in Hollywood can

Intimate

Taken by Movie Mirror's Cameraman

Carole Lombard and John Barrymore will be seen together in Columbia's "Twentieth Century." Here they are at the National Broadcasting Studio in Los Angeles for an air program

Below, left, two young 'uns, Ida Lupino and Buster (Lion Man) Crabbe, sit together and get along just fine at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's dinner for the MPTOA. Muriel Evans and Randolph Scott had a grand time with that grand old trouper, May Robson, at the M-G-M dinner

At M-G-M's dinner for the visiting members of the Motion Picture Theatre Owners, below right, Fred Stone and Will Rogers, reminisce about the good ol' days. Hyman Fink scooted out to the Warner Brothers lot to snap Dolores Del Rio and Victor Jory in make-up for the forthcoming classic, "Du Barry"

Shots

HYMAN FINK

Another couple at the MPTOA dinner given at Metro. It's that up-and-coming Jean Parker sitting with Earl Oxford. They say this isn't a romance, folks; they're just good friends on the lot

A trio, below right, at the Biltmore Hotel. Do we need to tell you that they're Ginger Rogers, Lew Ayres, and Janet Gaynor? Connie Bennett never seems to object to being photographed with Gilbert Roland—as long as there's someone else in the picture. In this case, it's one of her friends

Below left, at the MPTOA dinner: From left to right, they're Phyllis Barry, Tom Brown, Anita Louise and Mitzi Green. The gossip grapevine had it that Dick Powell and Al Jolson weren't such good pals since "Wonder Bar," but maybe it aint so, since Ruby Keeler and Dick, snapped on the Warner lot, seem so friendly

Little Miss Marker

THE CAST

Sorrowful Jones	**Adolphe Menjou**
Bangles Carson	**Dorothy Dell**
Big Steve	**Charles Bickford**
Miss Marker	**Shirley Temple**
Regret	**Lynn Overman**
Canvas Back	**Warren Hymer**
Bennie, the Gouge	**Sam Hardy**
Dr. Ingalls	**Edward Arnold**

Copyright by Paramount Productions, Inc.

IT'S like that in the racing game. One day you're figuring you could marry Peggy Hopkins Joyce and the next you're counting pennies, and not so many of them either.

Sorrowful Jones, the bookie, was mentally counting pennies as he sat in his office waiting for the afternoon rush to begin. Times had been lean. He was due for a killing, but could he trust Big Steve? Dream Prince, Steve's prize race-horse, had been fixed to lose the afternoon race. It was part of a build-up, a preliminary to bring down the odds. Steve was going to pawn his girl's jewels to raise the money for the big cleaning, the follow-up when they gave the horse a speed-ball and he romped home with the ring's money on him at ten to one. It would kill the horse, that doping, but he would have brought in the big dough.

It sure looked fool-proof to Sorrowful, with everybody happy but Bangles. Was she burned when Steve borrowed her bracelets and things! Sorrowful grinned at the remembrance of her pungent remarks, and wondered anew why she stuck to Steve. Then he shook himself. Wondering was good! Steve was in the money. He owned the night-club where she sang. A girl had to look out for herself. Well, Bangles could do that all right . . . hard as nails, she was.

Sorrowful took his mind off other people's business and got down to his own as the suckers began to show up. Tips had been sent out that Dream Prince was a winner and the line of people anxious to bet was a long one.

"Dream Prince, t'win . . . one buck."

"Five on Dream Prince."

Steadily the money poured in as the time of the race drew nearer. Sorrowful was roused from the mechanical work of counting bills and making out vouchers, by a young man who shoved over an I. O. U.

"I want to bet twenty bucks on Dream Prince to win." He had a little girl with him who stared around her

Based on the Paramount production from an original story by Damon Runyon.
Fictionized by Dorothy Emerson

What the saucy little face and adorable ways of a little girl did to a gang of race track mugs—a grand, human story!

Big Steve turned from Bangles to Sorrowful, glowering, "You two played a nice little game, but it's my deal now . . ." But, as it turned out, it wasn't Big Steve's deal at all. On the contrary—

excitedly. She was a strange sight to see in a bookie's office, so tiny, so dainty in spite of her drab clothes.

Sorrowful fingered the I. O. U. as if it burned his hands. "No you don't!" he said. "I wouldn't take a marker from my best friend."

"Say, be regular. I've lost plenty in this office. I ain't got the twenty on me, but I can get it."

Sorrowful said: "Get it."

"But I might not be back in time for the race!" The man hoisted the child up onto the counter. "Look, this is my kid. I'll leave her here while I go for the dough."

Sorrowful looked at the child and she gazed back at Sorrowful. Sorrowful paused, then turned on his heel. "I can't take no dolls for security," Sorrowful answered.

The little girl's high, light laughter rang through the office. "Daddy! He's running away. You're afraid of my daddy, or you're afraid of me!" She cried gleefully, pointing at Sorrowful, who stared back at her. It was a queer duel and the customers began to laugh.

"TAKE his marker," Sorrowful said abruptly. "Park the kid over there on the bench. *Next!*" The betting went on.

Sorrowful came back from the track later on. He was much relieved. Steve had come through so far, Dream Prince losing the race, just as they had prearranged.

"I called you the cheapest skate on Broadway," Bangles told Sorrowful, and snuggled happily in his arms, "but you're the grandest guy I ever knew"

He was going methodically over the day's receipts and paused as he found the marker and recalled the episode of the child.

"Dizzy!" he called to the negro porter. "Did the guy that left the little doll come back? Huh? And she's gone too? Sneaked her out, eh. Serves me right for gettin' big-hearted. The little doll bluffed me, I guess. Well, Dizzy, you had better close up the joint and go home."

Sorrowful went over to Steve's night club that night as he generally did, though after a battle with himself. What good was it hanging around Bangles . . . the cheap gold-digger.

Bangle's song was going over big, but the crowd's applause was mingled with laughter when a little figure crept out into the blaze of Bangle's spotlight.

"It's that kid," Sorrowful cried and started toward the stage. The crowd roared with amused glee as Dizzy, wall-eyed with embarrassment, snatched the child and bore her over to Sorrowful's table.

"Her ol' man nevah come back, but she did. Yassah! She done spend de afternoon in de chop-suey joint next doah, and I brung her ovah heah when she showed up, boss."

Dizzy edged fearfully out of the picture and Big Steve clapped Sorrowful on the shoulder. "Yours, eh?" he chortled.

One of the men recognized her. "This is the little dame Sorrowful took for a twenty dollar marker."

Bangles had finished her song and joined the group. She stared at the child. "Who are you, anyway?"

The child turned her disconcertingly pert gaze on Bangles and answered primly: "My name is Marthy Jane."

"Marthy, eh?" One of the men said. "That's very coincidental. Marthy sounds like marker, and that's what she is . . . a little marker."

Sorrowful was not interested in names. "Where's your old man?"

The child's face clouded. "I don't know," she said sadly.

"Where do you live?"

"In a house. It's made of bricks. But it's not as nice as the castle."

"Castle? What castle?"

"Oh, Sir Launcelot knows about the castle." She pointed to Benny, one of Steve's hangers-on. "He is Sir Launcelot."

The men stared and Big Steve chuckled at Benny. "It is well known you are a fast-worker, but why should you hand a line like that to such a young dame?"

Benny remonstrated: "I didn't hand her a line. Kids are always thinkin' up things like that. She's makin' story book fairies out of us."

"That would be something," Bangles said. "What are you going to do with her, Sorrowful?"

Little Miss Marker looked at Sorrowful thoughtfully: "Are you Sir Sorrowful, the Sad Knight? You must be, and this is Lady Guinevere here." She patted Bangle's sleek white shoulder.

The man known as Doc, the crooked veterinarian who doped Steve's horses for him, broke in: "Do you mean King Arthur's Lady Guinevere?"

The child was delighted. "Do you know about it too?

Steve was hatching a carefully laid plan for a clean-up. "Get him over to Viaduct," were his instructions to Sorrowful, "and keep the odds down ten to one . . . say he's still slowed up."

Did you ever break a lance for a lady fair? Well, I know who you are. You are the Kind Keeper," Marky soon decided.

Bangles asked, interested in this extraordinary conversation: "The Kind Keeper of what, Marky?"

Marky explained patiently: "The Kind Keeper of the horse the Princess rides. It's a beautiful charger with pointed ears and a lovely tail. I'm the Princess, out of the book my mother used to read me. But my mother got awfully tired and went away. She's never coming back any more."

The child drooped a little from sleepiness and leaned her head against Sorrowful's shoulder. After all, she was only a baby, scarcely five, Sorrowful judged as he looked down at the golden curls nestling against his loud checked suit. He couldn't have explained it afterwards, but somehow, he let the crowd convince him she was his responsibility, and he took her home for the night.

"IF I'd had any sense, I'd have took her to the police station," he muttered as he went about the utterly new task of caring for a little child in his disorderly furnished room, where everything seemed shabbier and dingier and cheaper, for the little shape curled up in his bed.

The next day he took her to the office where he met Big Steve, who stopped talking to Bangles to shove the morning paper under his nose. "Look at this!" he bellowed. "My stable's been suspended for thirty days."

"What'll you do?" Sorrowful asked.

"Say, I'm suspended, but my horse ain't. I'll get him a phony owner, someone I can trust."

"Yeah. Know any more jokes? Where'll you find anyone you can trust with a layout like that."

"What about me, why can't I own him?" Bangles looked up from the paper she had snatched from Steve.

King Arthur's Court, resplendent with Knights of the Round Table, came to life just for little Marky . . . Sorrowful was a kind, handsome king and Bangles was the loveliest Lady Guinevere.

Sorrowful eyed her coldly: "Because it is well known that you are Big Steve's girl."

"Hey!" Bangles slid off the counter and folded back the paper. "Get a load of this!" She read rapidly:

> BET $20 ON LOSING HORSE, THEN TAKES LIFE
>
> An unidentified man was found dead in his gas-filled attic room this morning. In his pocket was a scribbled ticket which some bookmaker had given him for twenty dollars on Dream Prince.

"That's the kid's father!"

The door opened and Marky stuck her head in. "I'm having fun," she yodelled.

Bangles said absently: "Scram, kid. Get out and have some more fun. You can use it."

As the door shut, Sorrowful said: "That settles it. She goes to the cops now."

Big Steve muttered impatiently: "Yeah, but this ain't finding a new owner for the horse. I got as much chance of finding a square shooter as that kid has of ever seeing her old man again."

Sorrowful snapped his fingers: "I got it! We'll give the horse to the kid, Little Miss Marker."

MARKY was in transports of joy when they took her out to the paddock to see the "charger."

"I want him, I want him!" she screamed, clapping her hands.

"He's yours, honey." Bangles assured her.

"May I ride him?"

Big Steve picked her up and approached Dream Prince, but the horse shied violently and bared his teeth. Doc hastened forward; "I told you to keep away from him. You know he's afraid of you."

Steve put Marky down: "Why should he be afraid of me?"

"Horses are afraid of some people and they don't explain why."

"Well, get him over to Viaduct and keep the odds down ten to one, and say he's still

(*Continued on page 72*)

To be the pet of this lovely lady has always been one of our secret passions, so we hardly blame Fay Wray's sky terrier (who, by the way, has just had a blessed event) for looking so pleased. Fay turned in such a grand performance in that quiet, competent way of hers, in "Once to Every Woman" that Columbia has teamed the feminine Fay with he-man Jack Holt in "Black Moon"

LADIES and GENTLEMEN: HERE'S LOVE

Was Hal (Harold Teen) LeRoy too young to marry the charming Ruth Dodd?

by AL SHERMAN

"Ruth isn't professional," says Hal, "but she understands what it's like to be a hoofer. But I'm not going to be a hoofer always, no sir"

SUPPOSE you were a young twenty — a shy, anxious and so-much-in-earnest twenty. And suppose you were terribly in love, as terribly in love as eager twenty can be. And, just supposing a little more, you found yourself earning an income most men of twice twenty would consider more than fair. And that the maiden you loved just doted on you. Would you, still supposing, get married?

Hal LeRoy did.

The shy, diffident and altogether likeable Hal LeRoy who is "Harold Teen" to the life, went to a quiet Jersey Church one April afternoon and there took unto himself for better or for worse, in sickness or in death—oh, well, you know the words—the beautiful and quite charming Ruth Dodd. And Hal is just twenty, with talent and youth to help speed him on to greater heights. Did he err in getting married?

I don't think so. And, after hearing Hal's story, I'm certain you'll agree with me. Yet Hal is most anxious to know what everyone thinks. Anxious twenty usually is. So he asked me. And I decided to duck the responsibility. So I'm passing it along to you. I'll tell you the story in Hal's own words and you, if you wish, may give him the benefit of your advice or your experience. I'm certain the editor will forward your letters, just as I'm certain Hal will be tickled to hear from you.

We were seated in Hal's hotel suite. I had known of Hal's love for the winsome Ruth Dodd, who hails from Maywood, a pretty New Jersey suburban town. Ruth is twenty-two, brunette, really pretty and, frankly, as much in love with Hal as Hal is with her.

But it's a different sort of romance. It's clean and honest, filled with that refreshing candor that is youth's prerogative. It's the sort of thing Booth Tarkington writes about so beautifully in his novels of adolescent life. And it's the sort of love that's as rare in Hollywood (or Broadway) as a movie fan who never heard of Charlie Chaplin.

But enough of such meandering. Let's learn why Hal, young, ambitious, eager and just twenty, took unto himself a wife. Let's really learn why Ruth Dodd became "Mrs. Hal LeRoy," or rather, "Mrs. Leroy J. Schotte," for that's Hal's real name.

"HERE'S the way it is," said Hal. "I've known Ruth for nearly two years now and she's just swell. Somehow I get a lot of fun out of being with her and an awful kick out of visiting her folks. Because they're swell, too.

"Ever since Mother died—that was about four years ago, you know—Dad and I have been going places together. Dad's a real brick. He handles all my business affairs and he's as regular as could be. But all we've done is live in hotels since Mother passed away—and that's no way to live. When I met Ruth, however, things began to be different.

"You know, I have a lot of fun with Ruth and her folks. I go there week-ends and it's just grand. Her dad and I go down to the basement because you know how women folks are about men mussing up the house. And we play pinochle. He's teaching me—and, boy, am I punk! Gosh, all I do is keep bidding

(*Continued on page 75*)

SILENT Partners of the STARS

Wide World

Despite her apparent adult independence, Janet Gaynor clings to her mother who plays the role of protector-sentinel. And never invite Katharine Hepburn without Laura Harding, her inseparable companion and friend

They're indispensable, these Rocks of Gibraltar, who guide the destinies of many stars

by GEORGIA DEAN

HOW "little mother" dimmed her eyesight and coarsened her hands that Sadie Jane's or Sonny Boy's name might shine in neon lights on the Great White Way, is one of the most popular legends of the show business. Guaranteed to bring a tear. And that's why theatrical press agents have over-used it until it's threadbare.

Yet, there's a side to that story, far less sentimental, and not so often publicized—the continued and absolute dependence of stage and screen stars, after success is theirs, on some one individual. In many cases, it's a parent who exerts this powerful influence. In others, it's some unknown who you'd never imagine could play so *important* a role in the lives of such important people.

Since relatives are, of course, the most obvious colleagues of the stars, it isn't surprising to learn from Janet Gaynor's own lips that the greatest influence in her life—not excepting Charlie Farrell—was "Jonesie," her stepfather.

After Jonesie's death, though, her mother slid, naturally, into the role of protector-sentinel which he used to occupy. Despite her apparent adult independence, Janet clings to the nest with a "little girl's" shyness and desperation.

Mother and daughter look alike—talk alike and think alike. They seem to agree, simultaneously, on every subject, and to be so much of one mind that their friends often wonder whose mind it is.

Mother is usually on the set when Janet makes a picture. She sits in at all Janet's "rushes." She attends to all her business affairs. When she answers the telephone, their friends think it's Janet; when Janet answers the telephone, she's mistaken for "Gaynor."

They look so much alike that one of the cameramen at the Fox studios remarked one day: "If Miss Gaynor wanted to take a day off, her mother could substitute for her and no one would know the difference."

Accept it as interesting human psychology, or only as a curious coincidence, as you will—but Janet Gaynor in real life is almost the exact counterpart of that clinging tendril of the little girl she plays on the screen—the little girl who touches her audiences with her fragile helplessness—the little girl who should not be torn away from the maternal protection which is her anchorage in a world that is often harsh to "little girls."

And so, people who know the two Gaynors have remarked this was one of the most unusual and harmonious attachments that ever existed between mother and daughter.

But no screen parent guided Ruby Keeler in her recent pitch-forking to fame. The silent partnership into which she entered, and remains so confidently, is stranger than

Marie Dressler, below, has to ask permission of Mamie Cox, at the left, before going to a party. Mamie even decides what her mistress will wear

fiction. Despite all that Walter Winchell hinted at in "Broadway Through a Keyhole," you'd never guess whom this sweet-faced, peach-blown darling chose as her private oracle.

His name is Jimmy Donnelly, and he's Al Jolson's hot-headed, speed maniac chauffeur. The very chap who made some of the first transcontinental records driving Jolson's high-powered cars while the crowd roared.

Jimmy's no ordinary chauffeur. One of Jolson's most intimate friends—he's been with him now for twenty years—Jimmy's a wealthy man in his own right, having emerged jauntily from the stock market wreck with a series of fat figures on the right side of the ledger.

Jimmy escorts Ruby to the studio each day and usually remains on the set while she's working. He's assumed the responsibility of a dramatic coach; he watches every movement she makes and is quite generous in his criticism of her acting. Besides, he's the guy who tells her to whom she shall pay attention at the studio; and he doesn't mind *who* hears him telling her, either. For all that, wholesome, unspoiled Ruby believes in him, and responds like a docile lamb.

But Jimmy Donnelly, protecting Ruby Keeler's interests, is an amateur to Mamie Cox, who lords it over Marie Dressler. She tells Marie what to eat, and what to wear; and gets up two or three times every night to see how her "baby" is sleeping. Though Mamie Cox is blacker than Al Jolson's Mammy, she has bossed America's darling successfully for nineteen years.

Recently, the great Dressler was invited to a party. At first Mamie wasn't going to allow her to go, because she hadn't been so well lately, but finally she gave permission. Then she decided that the dress Marie had planned to wear wasn't good enough. Without a word to her celebrated mistress, this solid ebony monument traipsed out to an exclusive shop on the day of the party and purchased a very expensive, very magnificent gown for her sixty-three-year-old charge. Her only remark when she returned was: "You-all's gwine to wear dis!" And you-all did.

Leo Carillo's silent partner, Sing Lee, used to do a juggling act with goldfish. But between seasons he got so hungry that he had to eat his act. Since which time he's not only been Leo's valet and cook, but also he's the long-suffering fellow who passes on all Leo's gags.

If Leo asks, after trying one of his jokes on Sing Lee: "How do you like, Sing?"—back snaps the "stooge" answer, quick as the click of a roulette ball: "Kindum sloppy, Mr. Callillo."

But if you should ask: "How is Mr. Carillo, Sing?" his answer is as dependable as the sunrise: "He'm goddam fine guy!" . . . When they toured Australia, Sing was invited everywhere. And was he the life of the party? Ask Sing!

"FIELDSIE" is to Carole Lombard what Mamie Cox is to Marie Dressler. Mother, father, nurse, secretary and shadow. She's also the only close woman friend *la* Lombard allows herself, for Carole steers clear of

(*Continued on page* 88)

Neither Al Jolson nor a parent of Ruby Keeler's is her silent partner. It's Jimmy Donnelly—and this story tells about him

MOVIES of the MONTH

by JERRY ASHER

THIS month is noteworthy for the large number of double check pictures and for their variety. The lack of musical shows is conspicuous. "Stingaree" has music but it isn't the usual girl-and-dance stuff. There's also some interesting picture-stealing: Carole Lombard in "Twentieth Century" and Frank Morgan in "The Affairs of Cellini." Shirley Temple, child actress who made such a hit in "Stand Up and Cheer," has a show written around her in "Little Miss Marker." Swell Joan Crawford and Bing Crosby features and a ver' ver' poor Marlene Dietrich show. Biggest box-office prospect: "Tarzan and His Mate." And George Arliss in "The Last Gentleman" is another movie treat to look forward to.

✓✓"The Affairs of Cellini" (20th Century)

You'll See: *Constance Bennett, Fredric March, Frank Morgan, Fay Wray, Louis Calhern, others.*

It's About: *16th Century Florence, its life and customs, Benvenuto Cellini, and the Duke and Duchess of Florence.*

For the second time this month a picture is stolen from its stars. Carole Lombard steals "Twentieth Century" and "The Affairs of Cellini" is stolen right from under the aristocratic noses of Fredric March and Connie Bennett by Frank Morgan.

Not since Laughton's "Henry the VIII" has there been such a clever, laughable, sly performance as Frank Morgan's silly Duke. Despite a beautiful and lavish production, fine casting and witty lines "The Affairs of Cellini" would not have been much of a picture without Mr. Morgan. He lifts it into the rank of a double check picture through a comic ability that amounts practically to genius.

The story concerns the madcap career of Benvenuto Cellini, a goldsmith, his love for his model, Angela, and his adventures with the Duchess of Florence who is determined that Cellini will love her if it kills him. Mixed up in this is the Duke, wed to the Duchess but desiring Angela. The background is full of hangings, dungeons, treacheries and poisonings that are both suspenseful and amusing.

The second great performance in this farce is that of Fay Wray as the beautiful and very dumb Angela. It's her finest piece of work. Freddie March seems a bit too mature for Cellini and the beautiful Miss Bennett much too cold for the amorous Duchess.

Your Reviewer Says: It's good, though sophisticated, fun and you mustn't miss Frank Morgan.

For Children: All right if they don't know what the Duke and Duchess are after.

✓✓"Twentieth Century" (Columbia)

You'll See: *John Barrymore, Carole Lombard, Roscoe Karns, Walter Connelly, Ralph Forbes, others.*

It's About: *A stage producer, a girl he makes into a star, and their mad, glamorous life together.*

Make way for a new star! She's Carole Lombard. In this merry,

Frank Morgan steals "The Affairs of Cellini" right from under the talented noses of Fredric March and Connie Bennett. A very good show

Here are John Barrymore, Carole Lombard and Ralph Forbes in "Twentieth Century." In it, Carole emerges as a first-rate star. Good picture, too crazy comedy, she's gay, she's dramatic, she's funny and she's beautiful. The girl comes into her own in this.

Actually, of course, the film stars John Barrymore and very fine and amusing he is, too. He's never been better but the role of Lily Garland, which Carole plays, is so very glittering it steals all the attention even from the handsomest of the Barrymores.

The story is about a stage producer who teaches an ex-model to act, brings success to both of them thereby. All would have been well if they hadn't fallen in love and then become desperately jealous of one another. They separate, with the girl headed for Hollywood and greater fame, only to meet a few years later on the Twentieth Century train headed for New York. And do they make the most of that accidental meeting!

A bare plot outline can give you none of the flavor of this. It is the delicious comedy balanced against really exquisite love scenes that will win you. Best scene: in the train compartment where producer and star are acting for each other and suddenly wake up to the fact that they haven't any audience.

Your Reviewer Says: Sophisticated stuff this, a champagne comedy about delightful people. The whole cast is masterly.

For Children: A bit worldly but they would enjoy it.

THE EDITOR SAYS:

THE GREATEST DISAPPOINTMENT OF THE MONTH: "The Scarlet Empress."

THE PICTURE THIEVES OF THE MONTH: Frank Morgan in "The Affairs of Cellini."
Little Shirley Temple in "Little Miss Marker."

THE BEST PICTURE: (For sophisticates): "Twentieth Century."
(For the fun of it): "Bull Dog Drummond Strikes Back."

Ruth Waterbury

✓"Little Miss Marker" (Paramount)

You'll See: *Adolphe Menjou, Dorothy Dell, Charles Bickford, many tough guys, and young Miss Shirley Temple.*
It's About: *Well, read the fictionization of it in this issue on page 52.*

Sometimes it's fun to get nice sentimental stories, just sweet and without guns, murder or whatnot. This is one of them. It is the familiar story of "a little child shall lead them." But because it is so beautifully played by little Shirley Temple and sophisticated Adolphe Menjou, it becomes heart-gladdening entertainment.

Your Reviewer Says: Because you've already read the story, I can only recommend, do see this unless you are much too worldly.

For Children: It's their meat.

✓✓"Now I'll Tell" by Mrs. Arnold Rothstein (Fox)

You'll See: *Spencer Tracy, Helen Twelvetrees, Alice Faye, Hobart Cavanaugh, Shirley Temple, Vince Barnett.*
It's About: *The low-down on the private life of one of the most colorful gangsters of the present day.*

Based on facts furnished by Mrs. Arnold Rothstein, widow of the late gangster, and fictionized with liberties taken for censorship ruling, gangdom's most powerful

The Perfect Guide for Discriminating Movie-Goers
(✓ Check for good pictures.)
(✓✓ Double check for extraordinary ones you should not miss.)

The little Shirley Temple everyone's talking about has a picture written around her in "Little Miss Marker." Dorothy Dell is good as the girl

Capable Spencer Tracy, in "Now I'll Tell," plays superbly the part of Arnold Rothstein, famous gambler. Helen Twelvetrees scores as his wife

movies of

After all our expectations, "The Scarlet Empress" turned out to be a great disappointment. Here's a typical misty shot showing Marlene and John Lodge. Our reviewer calls it "pretentious."

figure is brought back to life. Spencer Tracy, plays the character taken from Rothstein. To Spencer goes a platinum laurel wreath, for one of the smoothest, most natural and convincing performances of the year. That hombre can be as hard as the toughest "gorilla," or as gentle as a lamb. All they have to do is write it into the script and Spencer gives it to 'em.

Helen Twelvetrees, in the matronly role of the gangster's wife, is splendid. Hobart Cavanaugh is fine as Tracy's buddy. He conveys the usual superstitions and hero-worship, so familiar to men of his character in real life. Alice Faye makes a brief appearance as the gangster's moll. For sheer melodrama, this picture is packed with thrills. Tracy's scenes in which he loses fifty thousand dollars by a single cut of the cards were as exciting as they must have been in the life of Rothstein. His death in the picture, while not authentic, is one of the most vital ever witnessed by an audience. We'd like to tell you about it, but that would be spoiling everything.

Your Reviewer Says: A gripping melodrama, intensely interesting every moment.

For Children: They'd better stick to the three little pigs.

"The Scarlet Empress" (Paramount)

You'll See: *Marlene Dietrich, John Lodge, Sam Jaffe, Louise Dresser, Maria Sieber, C. Aubrey Smith, Gerald Fielding, Gavin Gordon, Olive Tell and others.*

It's About: *The private life of Catherine The Great and Russia.*

Pictorially this is a very fine production. And right there our praise must cease. Aside from the photographic value, this picturization of Russia's famous Catherine, is absurd. In no way is the picture authentic, convincing or real. The claim is that the story was based on the diary of Catherine the Great. Therefore this may have entitled the producers to take liberties, but never to this extent.

All the things that have made us Dietrich-conscious are again in this picture. There are the same misty closeups, this time shot through nets, screens, chiffon curtains and what have you. Marlene wears feathers again and we are even allowed the privilege of seeing the very beautiful limbs of Catherine.

With little time, thought or attention given to the historical part of this story, the fact that Russia is in the grip of terrorism, seems of slight importance. That history is in the making concerns us not. Hundreds of feet of film used for symbolic effects and tinkling clocks, might have been used to build up story value.

Miss Dietrich is breathlessly beautiful whenever you get a chance to see her, which isn't often. That she does not make a convincing Catherine is scarcely her fault. Such splendid performers as Louise Dresser, Sam Jaffe, John Lodge and others, appear at a great disadvantage. Time, effort and expense have been wasted on this picture.

Your Reviewer Says: Just a pretentious, boring picture.

For Children: They would be very bored.

✓ "Thirty Day Princess" (Paramount)

You'll See: *Sylvia Sidney, Cary Grant, Edward Arnold, Henry Stephenson, Vince Barnett, Edgar Norton, others.*

It's About: *An actress who impersonates a princess, saves a kingdom and wins the man she loves.*

This is the most beautiful hokum to reach the screen in years. Like all stories dealing with mythical kingdoms, it is gaily artificial. But the manner in which it is handled, the dialogue, direction and acting are so superbly done, it easily rates as one of the most entertaining pictures of the year.

Sylvia Sidney, photographed beautifully and dressed to perfection (do you remember these gowns were shown in the May issue of Movie Mirror?), has never been seen to greater advantage. She plays a dual role, as the Crown Princess of Taronia and Nancy Lane, an actress with a single notice. Of course she impersonates "herself" when the Princess, who has come to America on a good will tour, is taken sick with the mumps. This gives Miss Sidney the chance to be both regal and comical and she manages to do this successfully. She is very fine as both.

the month

"Sadie McKee" is a worthy vehicle for Joan Crawford. The rivals shown in this picture are Franchot Tone and Edward Arnold. Be sure to see this when it plays your local theatre

Cary Grant is the attractive newspaper publisher, who suddenly becomes interested in boosting the bond issue the Princess is trying to float. Edward Arnold plays an American banker nicely. There is the very funny Count Nicholaus played by Vincent Barnett, and the love scene in which he calls her his "Puppchen" is most hilarious.

Your Reviewer Says: A delightful picture made up of good performances.

For Children: Very entertaining.

✓✓"Sadie McKee" (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Joan Crawford, Gene Raymond, Franchot Tone, Edward Arnold, Esther Ralston, others.*

It's About: *A great love of a girl for a boy and her loyalty to him.*

There is no actress on the screen today who is more capable of playing those down-to-earth American Girl roles than Joan Crawford. Never has Joan appeared more beautiful and sincerely natural than she does in "Sadie McKee." She gives all the genuine warmth that has so endeared her to audiences.

It's quite a simple story. Sadie's just a girl who loves a boy. And she loves him enough to follow him to the big city and keeps on loving him even when he deserts her at the marriage bureau. He really isn't worthy but Sadie is just that kind of a gal. Gene Raymond plays the boy and never has he given a more human performance.

Franchot Tone has the unsympathetic rôle of hating Sadie almost up to the final reel. She marries his millionaire pal, and because he has known her since she worked in his mother's kitchen he thinks her the cheapest kind of gold-digger. Franchot gives his part a splendid and colorful characterization. Edward Arnold as the drunken millionaire is superb. Jean Dixon, a newcomer to the screen, is destined to go a long way.

Besides the splendid performances, there is much in the way of musical entertainment. Esther Ralston, Earl Oxford, Gene Austin with "Coco and Candy," offer grand musical numbers. There is plenty of cabaret stuff, beautiful gowns, sets and all the things that make for a grand Crawford production.

Your Reviewer Says: It's a swell picture, you'll love it.

For Children: Better for adults.

✓"The Last Gentleman" (Twentieth Century)

You'll See: *George Arliss, Edna May Oliver, Charlotte Henry, Frank Albertson and a very fine cast.*

It's About: *A cross old millionaire all worked up over getting the right people married to insure his family name.*

Mr. George Arliss, just having finished "Rothschild," is determined that his public shall not forget he is also a comedian, and here in a charming and original story he is thoroughly delightful.

"The Last Gentleman" is one of those typically gentle romantic Arliss productions. He plays Cabot Barr, a crochety old gent, who has only a granddaughter to whom to leave his wealth. He wants the family name to continue and the way he accomplishes that is gay and surprising.

The entire cast gives the sort of smooth performance that always marks this English gentleman's pictures. Edna May Oliver and Frankie Albertson, back after too long an absence, are particularly good.

Your Reviewer Says: Not a big, important movie, but very enjoyable indeed.

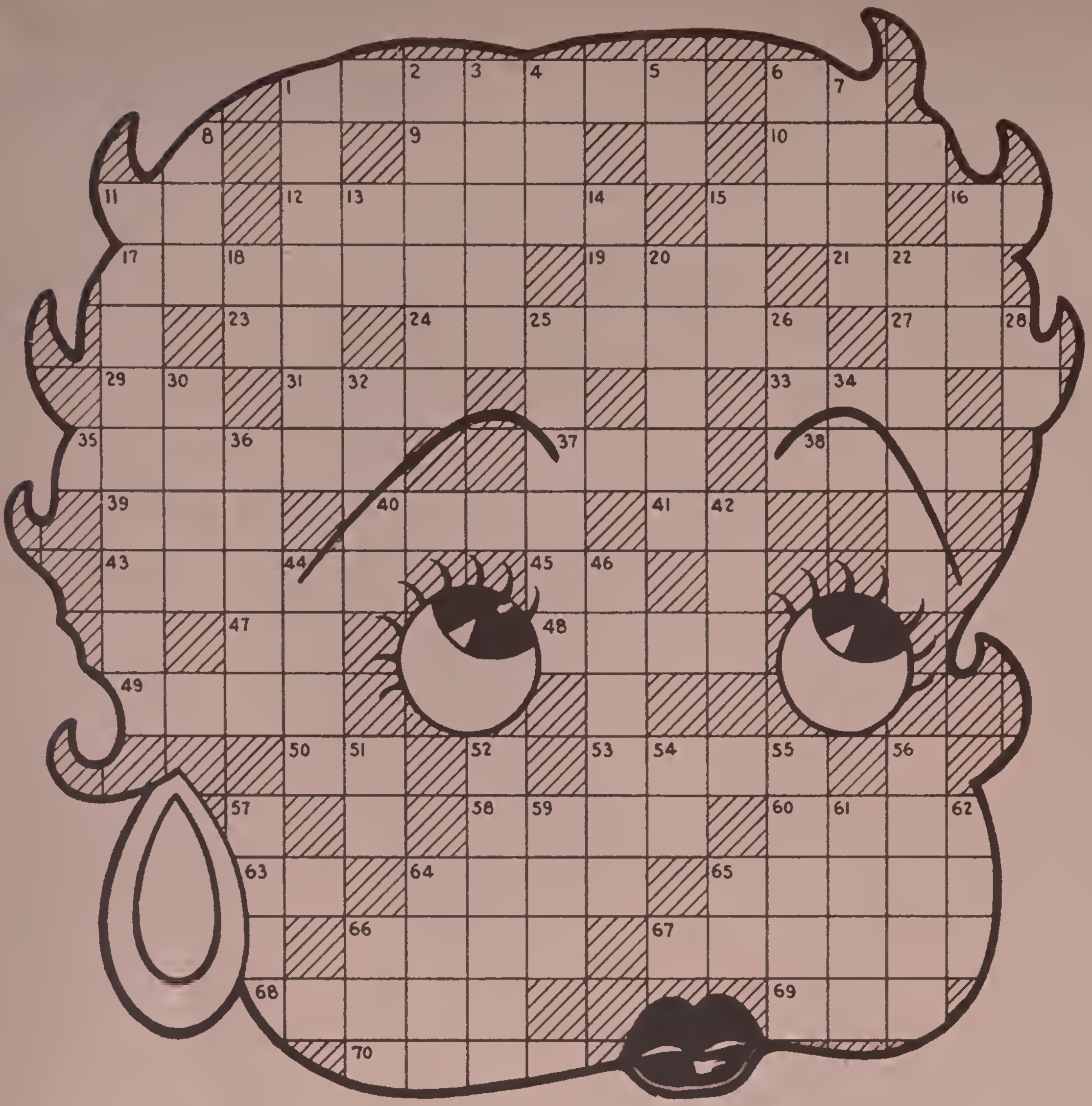
For Children: Perfectly spotless.

✓"Manhattan Melodrama" (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Clark Gable, William Powell, Myrna Loy, Leo Carillo, others.*

It's About: *Two East Side boys who grow up, one to become a gangster, and the other a District Attorney, and what happens to them.*

The essential weakness of this picture is that when you see Clark Gable growing up to be a gangster and William Powell, his buddy, growing into a (*Continued on page* 96)



Movie Mirror awards $20.00 for the best original puzzle submitted in the month of April, to Vivian Cantrill, 332 Winchester Street, Paris, Kentucky. Why not try your luck? You, too, may win the same amount. You must create a new and original puzzle. No trick words, no phoney definitions, please. All letters must be keyed. It must be submitted before July first. Address Puzzle Editor, Movie Mirror, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

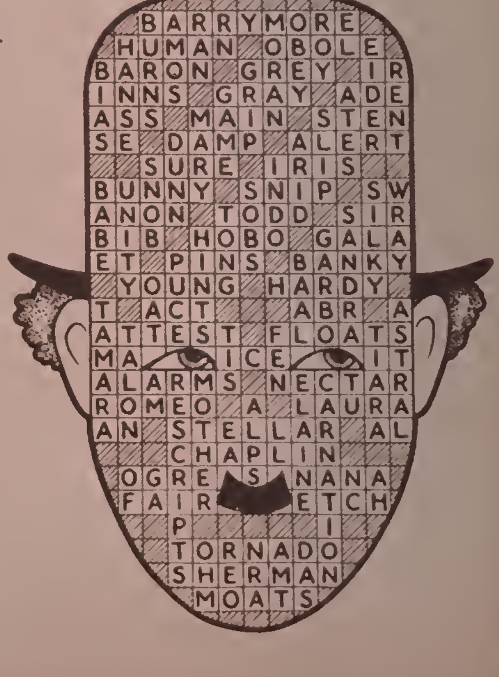
MOVIE MIRROR'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS

1. "The Scarlet Empress"
6. Exclamation of surprise
8. Indefinite article
9. Instrument for rowing a boat
10. An affirmative
11. —— Brendel
12. Star in "Footlight Parade"
15. Star in "Let's Go Ritzy"
16. Pronoun
17. Versed in knowledge
19. To take in food
21. Present plan of government
23. To perform; execute
24. He recently married Christine Lee
27. John Gilbert's third wife
29. Prefix denoting two
31. A vehicle
33. To dispose of
35. Food for cattle
37. Star who lost his contract with Metro recently
38. Completes
39. Female deer
40. 24th part of an ounce
41. Negative
43. Leading lady in George White's "Scandals"
45. Appearing in "Wonder Bar"
47. To proceed
48. River in Egypt
49. Mrs. Herbert Marshall
50. Preposition
53. Anna Sten's first American picture
58. Main attraction in "Nana"
60. Seen places with Mary Brian
63. Part of verb "to be"
64. To glide through the water
65. To act with deep feeling
66. Disorderly crowds
67. A native Englishman
68. To screen from the light
69. A thick resinous substance
70. A low place between hills

DOWN

1. A microscopic organism
2. Appearing in "Mary Andrew"
3. Star in "Sisters Under the Skin"
4. Before (poetic)
5. A prefix denoting "out of"
6. An affirmative vote
7. Cut with an axe
8. Beverage
11. Wrought out with great care
13. Indefinite article
14. Word expressing consent
15. Limited (abbrev.)
16. Scotch name for John
18. Advertisement (abbrev.)
20. In "Come On, Marines"
22. An enigma
25. Star of "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back"
26. Unrefined metal
28. Morning
30. An image
32. To incite
34. Within
36. To deem worthy
42. A single unit
44. Garment
46. Plays in "This Side of Heaven"
51. Correlative of "either"
52. In "Women in His Life"
54. Indefinite article
55. To grant entrance to
56. A theatrical performer
57. Star in "Madame Spy"
59. Contraction of "it is"
61. A very small quantity or degree
62. A popular cowboy player
64. Protoxide of the metal sodium
65. Comparative degree of an adjective (suffix)
66. Rabid; insane



BARRYMORE
HUMAN OBOLE
BARON GREY IR
INNS GRAY ADE
ASS MAIN STEN
SE DAMP ALERT
SURE IRIS
BUNNY SNIP SW
ANON TODD SIR
BIB HOBO GALA
ET PINS BANKY
YOUNG HARDY
T ACT ABR A
ATTEST FLOATS
MA ICE IT
ALARMS NECTAR
ROMEO A LAURA
AN STELLAR AL
CHAPLIN
OGRE S NANA
FAIR ETCH
P I
TORNADO
SHERMAN
MOATS

ANSWER TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLE

The Biggest Heart in Hollywood

(*Continued from page 35*)

for additional location scenes. His plane is equipped for land work, and there is no airport at Avalon—just a seaplane base. He chartered a seaplane there so that he could fly across the channel on a moment's notice.

There is a certain amount of irony in the fact that Beery is labelled as one of those men nobody knows. There are few people, it is true, who know this burly, gruff fellow when you add up the score in Hollywood. Certainly not! Wally doesn't make the high spots, doesn't stage huge parties in his home, isn't deceived by a lot of hangers-on who want to know him only so they in turn can say, "I know Wally Beery."

The various Los Angeles night clubs are just advertisements in the newspapers to him. Malibu is a spot on the map. Liquor is something for somebody else to get tight on. Ostentation and "show-off" are for the people who last from one to five years in motion pictures.

But there are people, not of Hollywood, who know him.

There was that woman in a hospital, going through an operation which meant life or death, which Wally Beery paid for, who knows him, because he sat beside the operation table and held her hand. He did that because he would like to have someone hold his hand as he passed through the valley of the shadow—

Old soft-heart himself!

Wally makes the acquaintance of at least six people every year who come to him in the hope that he will finance major operations. When he finds that their cause is worthy, he pays their bills and holds their hands, and tells them that they'll be "fit as a fiddle" within a week.

THERE is a little girl named Barbara Roscoe, who is about fourteen now, who knows Wally Beery. If called upon, she'd probably do anything in the world for him. Wally is sending her through school, partly at his own expense. He is seeing that the child is getting a proper education because his very good friend, Alan Roscoe, actor, asked that she have it.

Alan Roscoe was a very good actor. He was a very good friend of Wally Beery. During the last years of Roscoe's life, he spent much time with Wally. He liked to fly, and Wally took him to this place and that place in his airplane. One day, Roscoe said:

"I'm going to die, Wally. I have that kind of an illness.

"You've loaned me thousands upon thousands of dollars. I can't pay you back. But I want to ask just one more favor. Here's a small insurance policy. I want you to take this and see that the interest from it is devoted to having my daughter taken care of—that she has a chance in life—"

Wally financed an operation in the hope of saving Roscoe's life. It failed. Roscoe died. Calmly, without a word to anyone, Wally arranged for the care and education of Roscoe's daughter. Certain people, who wanted to get hold of that small insurance policy, brought the matter into court. Wally told the judge just what the situation was—privately. The judge was won over, and the decision was for Wally.

Barbara Roscoe is getting her education!

A little over a year ago, there was an earthquake in Long Beach, as you may have read. William Newberry, one of the publicity men at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, was crushed under a torrent of bricks, mortar and lumber as a wall caved in. His heart was knocked out of place, one of his arms was shattered, and he had severe internal injuries.

Wally heard about it. He got his airplane, flew into the stricken area, and within two hours was at Newberry's bedside. Seeing that he himself could do nothing, he ordered the very best care of the injured man at his expense. A few minutes later he was in the streets of the stricken city, doing his part to alleviate other suffering.

Sentimentalist!

Wally refuses to discuss his charities. That's natural. He doesn't do them because he is expecting to get his name in print for helping. He hates organized charities because he says too much money is spent on cold-blooded help, blanks to be filled out, red tape to be cut, and other impedimenta. So he has his own personal list.

Being around Hollywood, players who can't get jobs, directors who suffer from the same difficulty, technical men forced out of work by strikes, all have their stories to tell me. Wally personally hides his light under a bushel—but that same light shines in others' eyes as they tell me what he has done to ease human pain and make the world a better place in which to live.

Just sentimentality!

There is one other story to relate. It will be all right to tell it to illustrate the point I am trying to make. Two and a half years ago, when Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer decided to make "Grand Hotel," executives ordered Beery to play the rôle of Preisling. They were very insistent.

"I think the guy is a rat," Wally told them. "He's a rotten egg if there ever was one. I refuse to have anything to do with the rôle. I'm going home."

Wally went home.

THE telephone rang. Wally refused to answer it. It rang again and again, and Wally still held out. A telegram arrived. It was a page long and informed him that the matter was being referred to attorneys. He ignored this cold and formal suggestion that he make peace and return to the fold.

The next day a still longer telegram arrived, stating that in accordance with his contract he was laid off until further notice without pay. He ignored that.

The day following a formal telegram announced that he was breaking his contract and that Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer would seek in the courts to have it nullified. This was a very official communication couched in legal terms. He ignored it.

The next day he received a personal telegram from Irving Thalberg, at that time in charge of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production. It called attention to the fact that this was the Christmas holiday season, that it was a time of peace, rejoicing and understanding, that there should be "good will toward men," and that the studio really was looking out for his best interests. It was signed "truly your friend."

Wally got his car, drove to the studio, went directly to Thalberg.

"Why didn't you say that in the first place?" he asked. "I didn't know you felt that way about things. I'll play the rôle."

There was a sincere handclasp and Wally carried through on the strength of a few words of tender consideration.

Sentimentalist!

Wally has a peculiar, penetrating ability to separate sham from sincerity. He often will refuse to sign the autograph book of a fawning grown-up because he realizes that this is just a hollow gesture. On the other hand, he never refuses to put his name in the book of a youngster.

He turns down the official ceremonies of adults as not meaning anything, but if he gets a request from a group of Boy Scouts hundreds of miles from Hollywood to come and see them, he'll hop into his plane and go.

NOW, perhaps all this explains why Wally Beery, the sentimentalist, is a success as the sentimental Pancho Villa. But it doesn't explain how Wally, in forty-eight years, has developed such a depth of understanding—such a grasp of life as it is—such an utter and complete sincerity in his relations to others.

Wally has had the hell knocked out of him—and the facts of life knocked into him.

As a kid, when his father was a cop in old Kansas City, he grew up rawly in a raw background—the wrong side of the tracks. He hated the platitudes of school teachers, and loved the distant sounds of the open roads. He hopped freights, passenger trains, wagons or anything else handy through half the United States. He cadged, sawed wood, cut grass, fought to the knockout to survive. He knew hunger and privation.

In no place in the world is life stripped aside as it is behind the curtains of the "big tent." He was with a circus for two years. He watered and fed elephants. He learned a lot from the elephants—and a lot more from the people of the circus. He tossed red hot bolts around in an iron foundry, wiped down locomotives, sold papers, and got some ideas about life.

Then came the stage in New York City, with its hall-bedroom, belt-tightening interludes.

He dabbled with motion pictures, finally entering the profession in 1913—twenty-one years ago.

He had success while some of those who are successful now were just learning to walk and talk. It was a hard road. And, to make it all the harder, he fell in love. That love lifted him off his feet. One can almost see him trying to give to Gloria Swanson the things which he is today able to give to little Carol Anne.

He married Gloria in California early in 1916. Late in 1917 they were separated, divorced. Life had been an idyll, with

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Gloria making her own clothes in a tiny, rose-covered bungalow—with Wally racing home with gifts for her—with jaunts under star-filled skies in his "streamlined" roadster.

The world dropped out from under him. For two years he wandered, as he puts it, "mumbling to myself." Life didn't mean anything to him. He was in a fog of disillusion. Time healed wounds, dissolved the fog, and Wally came back.

HE came back into success after success. He found a world that was interesting once more. The clumsy, awkward, slap-stick comedian on top of the world, he offered his love to a coolly beautiful young woman. She accepted him.

There was nothing more he wanted!

Then, in 1929, when he was at a new peak in his career, with interest in at least twenty corporations and businesses, the crash came. He dropped, overnight, a million dollars! He found himself again depending on his weekly pay-check. But he took it on the nose. He fought, struggled, battled to save what little he had left and managed to carry on.

Only once has there ever been rebuke in Wally Beery's voice when he has spoken to me.

We were talking of the crash of his airplane in, I think, 1929. A pilot had borrowed it to take some friends aloft. We were discussing financial losses.

"Was the ship insured?" I asked Wally.

"Hell, no!" he replied.

"It must have hurt," I said. "That ship was worth twenty-five thousand dollars."

"How in the devil," he snapped, "can you talk about money when three people lost their lives?"

Now you know why Wally Beery is such a wow as Pancho Villa, the good bad man.

Gals Going Places

(*Continued from page* 50)

GERTRUDE MICHAEL

as the heavy in "Murder at the Vanities." R. K. O. called for her on loan, offering her four scripts, with the invitation to chose her own picture. Pretty swell!

But Gertrude Michael has just begun. With all her energy and intelligence she has a saving sense of humor. Her capacity for enjoying her private life is as full as her professional ambition.

She's set in her views, outspoken to an almost dangerous point. But she's tolerant of others. She's never been seriously in love so far, but when she does fall she hopes it's for an actor. They spend so much time portraying charm that they get that way themselves, she claims.

But portraying heavies on the screen has not affected her private personality. She's an ingenue with brains, and a villainess with wit.

(*Continued from page* 51)

ANN SOTHERN

Things look pretty rosy for Ann since she's appeared in "Let's Fall in Love" and "Melody in Spring." But she's had too many ups and downs to be excited about it. For a long while, she refused to unpack all her trunks, figuring that Hollywood wouldn't want her for long.

Now she doesn't know. The studios seem to want her after all. She's not a bit high-hat about it. And is truly surprised at her own popularity.

She goes along, day by day, doing the best she can. And right now, that best seems good enough to swing her up to eventual movie stardom.

(*Continued from page* 51)

PATRICIA ELLIS

definitely makes her the World's Fastest Growing Actress.

She is still a bit too young to be sure of herself. But she is sure of what she wants. As for men, she hasn't much use for them—yet. When the time comes, she wants to settle down in New York with her career and a house full of kids.

RIGHT now, she wants you to see her pictures. Not so that you'll make her a star. But so that you'll know her name if you ever come to New York to see her in a play. But Warner Brothers, having seen her deliver one good performance after the other, are determined to change her mind about leaving. And we hope they do. Because Patricia Ellis is on her way up the ladder to movie fame, whether she wants to be famous in movies or not.

Alan Dinehart with his bride, Mozelle Britton, were caught chatting in Harold Lloyd's dressing room during the production of Harold's new picture, "The Catspaw." Alan doesn't mind playing the villain in the piece as long as he's Mozelle's hero in private life

I'm sending some of the latest snapshots of Bill—he's swell, Sis, and wants to meet you. He's the

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Summ

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Why I'd Hate to Be a Movie Star

(*Continued from page 9*)

are more accustomed to the stars, shopping's a dangerous business. Jean Harlow was fitting some dresses not so long ago when the word went forth among the women shoppers and dozens of them barged into the fitting room where Miss Harlow stood, half undressed. Because of this passion of the public to make things as uncomfortable as possible for their idols, most of the picture girls have their frocks sent them directly by the shops. But even the biggest shop won't send out more than eight or ten for a selection. And as I said before all the fun of prowling about and shopping for a real bargain is lost.

The most genial among us sometimes likes to spend an evening alone. The stars can't. Take that evening Joan Crawford decided to amuse herself and went to the Tingel Tangel Theatre. What a pleasant time she must have had. Playing there was Miss Steffie Duna, Francis Lederer's most constant companion. The camera man caught Miss Crawford at the theatre and at once the rumor spread that this was a sure proof of Crawford's interest in Mr. Lederer, as she had gone to the theatre solely to study her rival! It was all very silly but who would like to be in a position where an evening's innocent amusement must be so misconstrued?

I'd hate to know, were I a star, that after the finish of a picture it was up to me to distribute largess in the studios. In the old stage days stars gave presents to stage managers and electricians but in a modern studio there may be as many as twenty or twenty-five people in a crew. Unless they all receive elaborate gifts a sort of mild blackmail takes place. The star who forgets is apt to be badly photographed and to suffer all sorts of minor discomforts. Most of the stars are really generous, often they give the people who have worked with them thoughtful gifts because of a real sense of gratitude. But that's another thing. Anyone likes to give for the pleasure of doing it, but not if it becomes a form of hold up.

IF you or I have a maid and she is incompetent we fire her. Few of the stars dare to fire anyone. In every person's life, in the lives of the best and most circumspect of us, there are intimate incidents which would not look well in print. And so, if the servants have been with them for any length of time at all they keep them on because it is well known that these people are not above peddling news stories. You remember the story of Clara Bow and her secretary, Daisy Devoe?

The men stars don't escape. One of the last who was here had all the buttons torn off his coat after a personal appearance. Another was asked to autograph some strange woman's lingerie! Most of the male stars are suspicious of every woman's interest in them. It is so easy to blackmail a motion picture actor because everyone at once believes the worst. And some of the men who are married to nonprofessionals or professionals, live in a constant state of explanation to the Little Woman. There is one star who arouses a good deal of amusement because he doesn't *dare* go out without his wife.

I'd hate to be a movie star and have to spend most of my big salary in wages for hangers on, in keeping up a front, in sending out pictures and all the rest of it. I'd hate to be a movie star and suddenly decide I wanted to bake a cake and find a camera man in the kitchen; or desire to read a book and have an interviewer catch me at it. Stars are publicized as the most domestic and the most intellectual people in the world. This is not true. Some are, some are not, just as the rest of us.

I'd hate to be a movie star and say or do or wear something which aroused the ire of my fans—because they promptly write in about it. They feel "we made you what you are today—so watch your step." The American public is the most fickle in the world. In no other country do they exalt a man or woman above his fellows and then in what is perhaps a very brief time, throw them down again . . . into the mud of gossip or the abyss of obscurity. The public reaction *is* the box office. Hence the lives of the stars are guided by it. A slip in personal life which doesn't happen to amuse the public, a few bad pictures, a mannerism of makeup or dressing, and the knell is rung.

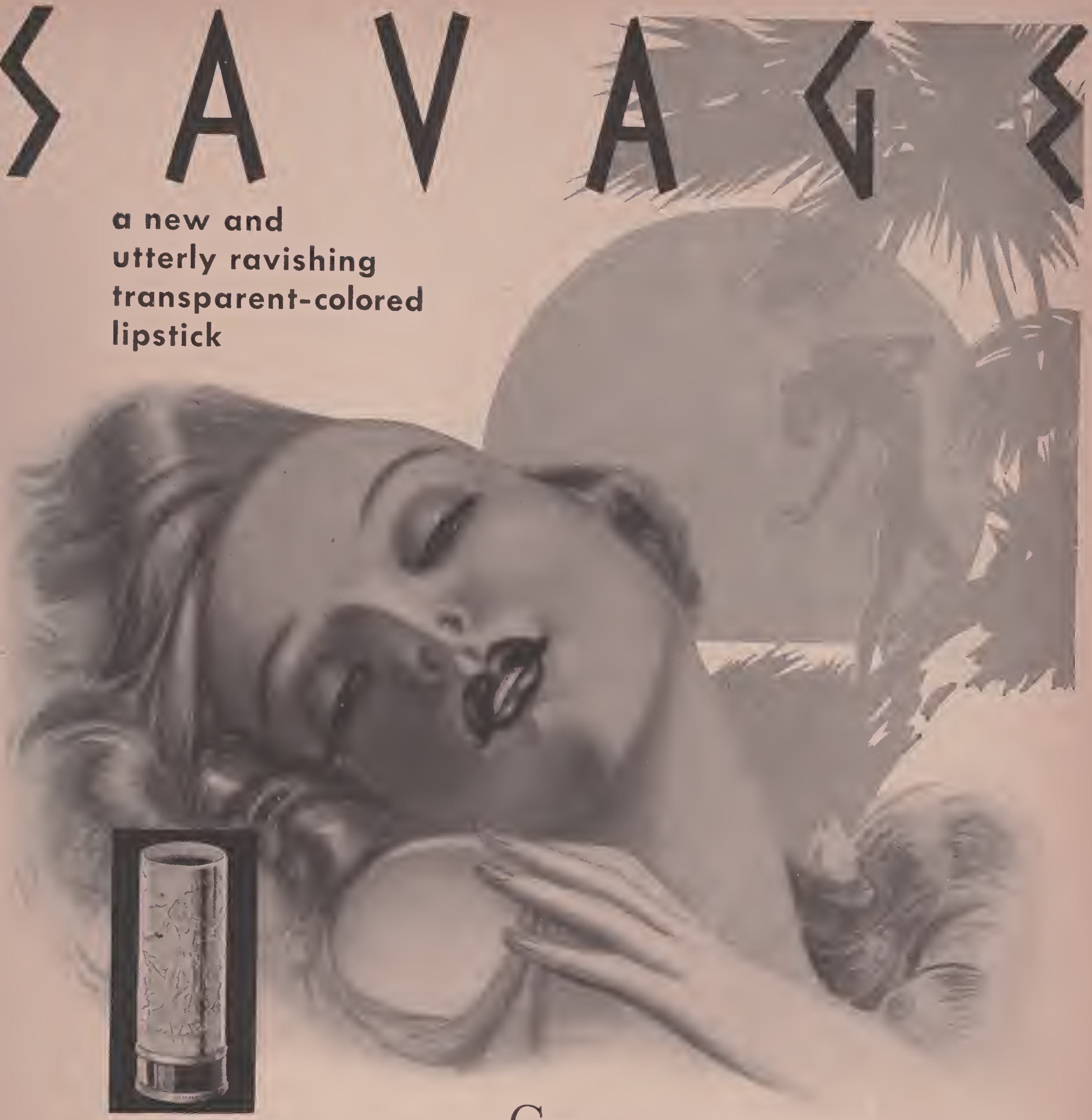
I'D hate to be a star and feel I dare not grow old. Most—no, all women hate to grow old but a lot manage it gracefully with a little fuss. And for one kind of attraction which departs another takes its place. But the movie stars *can't* be elderly. It means that they are relegated in most cases to the smaller roles and then forgotten. Few elderly people have become stars. There is always Marie Dressler. But she and May Robson are exceptions. And few women of forty dare to play a woman of forty. Forty isn't very old. But they are afraid if they are forty on the screen people will say they are sixty off it!

In my own profession you don't have to be good looking and you don't have to be young. You can go shopping where you want, you may marry and raise children with the minimum of publicity. You may refuse to have your children photographed for the press and still no one runs around saying that your son or daughter is an idiot.

Frances Hodgson Burnett wrote, and wrote well, in her old age. She had friends she could trust, a public which was loyal. She had her home and her children and the dignity of her years. Recently a first novel was written by a woman over sixty. I believe Gertrude Atherton is seventy or more; she is still writing and she is beloved. Age can't bother these women. They merely grow in grace and wisdom and set it down for all to read.

Yes, it must be exciting at first to have everyone recognize you, to be flattered and applauded and adored.

But when you think it over, how slippery the foothold on the ladder, how false much of the flattery, how brief much of the applause, how restless the eyes which turn from one idol to another and *how* morbid the curiosity which seeks to know the last intimate detail of your life! If you are really honest, you will say with me: *"I'd hate to be a movie star!"*



SAVAGE

a new and utterly ravishing transparent-colored lipstick

Called "SAVAGE," because its maddening hues and the completely seductive softness it imparts to lips, found their inspiration in primitive, savage love. Also, because its extreme indelibility permits Savage to cling as lip color has never clung before . . . *savagely!* Of course, it is different from ordinary lipstick. Put it on—rub it in—then, delight in finding that nothing remains on your lips but ravishing, transparent color. Four really exciting shades; and you are invited to actually test them all at the Savage Shade Selector prominently displayed wherever Savage is sold.

SAVAGE LIPSTICK
SAVAGE SHADE SELECTOR

SAVAGE SHADE SELECTOR

In addition to providing you with a practical means of trying Savage before buying, the Savage Shade Selector supplies the means of removing the highly indelible Savage stains from your wrist. A bottle of Savage Lipstick Stain Remover and a dispenser of felt removal pads are provided. SAVAGE . . CHICAGO

TANGERINE . . . FLAME . . . NATURAL . . . BLUSH

20¢ AT ALL LEADING 10c STORES

LARGE SIZE SAVAGE IN EXQUISITE SILVER CASE MAY BE OBTAINED AT THE MORE EXCLUSIVE TOILET GOODS COUNTERS $2

"How can she be so dumb when she's so smart?"
"He's swell! But is he human? He never looks at me!"

HE: "It isn't as if she were stupid. She's really downright smart. Attractive to look at, too. That's what 'gets' me—how can she be so dumb about herself? Well, guess it's another secretary or a dictaphone for me."

SHE: "He certainly is grand—*but is he an icicle!* Here I sit and I'm not so hard to look at. But apparently I'm only something to dictate to. You'd think I was fifty and a fright!"

The smartest girl is stupid when she does not live up to her looks—when she allows the ugly odor of underarm perspiration make her unpleasant to be near.

It's so inexcusable when it takes just half a minute to keep your underarms fresh, odorless *all day long*. With Mum!

Use Mum any time, before dressing or after. It's perfectly harmless to clothing. And it's so soothing to the skin you can use it right after shaving your underarms. It does not prevent perspiration itself, just the ugly odor.

Mum has saved many a girl her job, as well as her self-respect. Try it; all toilet counters have Mum. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 75 West St., New York.

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

TRY MUM FOR THIS, TOO. On sanitary napkins Mum acts as a sure deodorant which saves worry and fear of this kind of unpleasantness.

Speak for Yourself

(Continued from page 16)

$1.00 PRIZE LETTER

Titles that Confuse

When the box office returns of a meritorious motion picture do not fulfill the expectations of its producers, they no doubt are at a loss many times when attempting to analyze the public's luke-warm reaction toward a film which embodies all the requisites which distinguish a top-notch presentation. What can be the matter? More than often the solution lies in its title, no not because it is unattractive and lacks appeal, but because of its great similarity to other releases, current or of the past. Under the circumstances, theatre-goers can very easily become confused and mistake a new film for one seen before. Thus the box-office drop.

I suggest that the picture makers use a great deal more originality, ingenuity and imagination in titling their productions in the future than they have in the past.

Ida Kacch,
New Glarus, Wisconsin

$1.00 PRIZE LETTER

Chevalier

We've comedians ever so pleasing, but none so rascally teasing as Maurice Chevalier. The swaggering swing to his walk, the spice *bon mots* to his talk; and that scintillating smile to his quite audacious style, that's Chevalier. The public's fallen hard for this beau monde of the Boulevard, with his shrugging, gamin grin and his sullen outhrust chin, his accent entrancing, his vagabondish dancing . . . with sassy eyebrow in the air, there's really no one can compare (at least so I think) in any way—with that Frenchy de luxe Chevalier!

Sandra St. Claire,
Oakland, California

$1.00 PRIZE LETTER

History in the Making

People like to watch a man living a life, excited with joy over some petty human thing, matching an adversary's move, falling in love, gulping the gall of sorrow, fighting with fate—living in every sense of the word.

That is why they exclaimed at the finesse of Edward G. Robinson in his classic "Little Caesar" and applauded so uproariously the accurate artistry of Arliss in "Disraeli." That is the reason, also, for Charles Laughton's reverberating success as England's merry monarch.

We want life. We ache to see how people have spent their bodies and brains on this earth. History is crowded with men of personality and Hollywood has the men with ability to give them to us. It is to be hoped that Hollywood will cooperate with history again and again.

Eugene O'Connor,
Eau Claire, Wisconsin

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John Held Jr

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EVERYTHING you wear—from the time you get up until you go to bed—needs Tintex. Apparel that has faded from the sun or frequent launderings becomes as colorful as when new—with Tintex. Or you can give anything an entirely different color, if you wish. And so easily! So quickly! So perfectly! Let the 35 brilliant, long-lasting Tintex Colors keep your summer wardrobe gloriously gay and ever-new in color—and at the cost of just a few cents!

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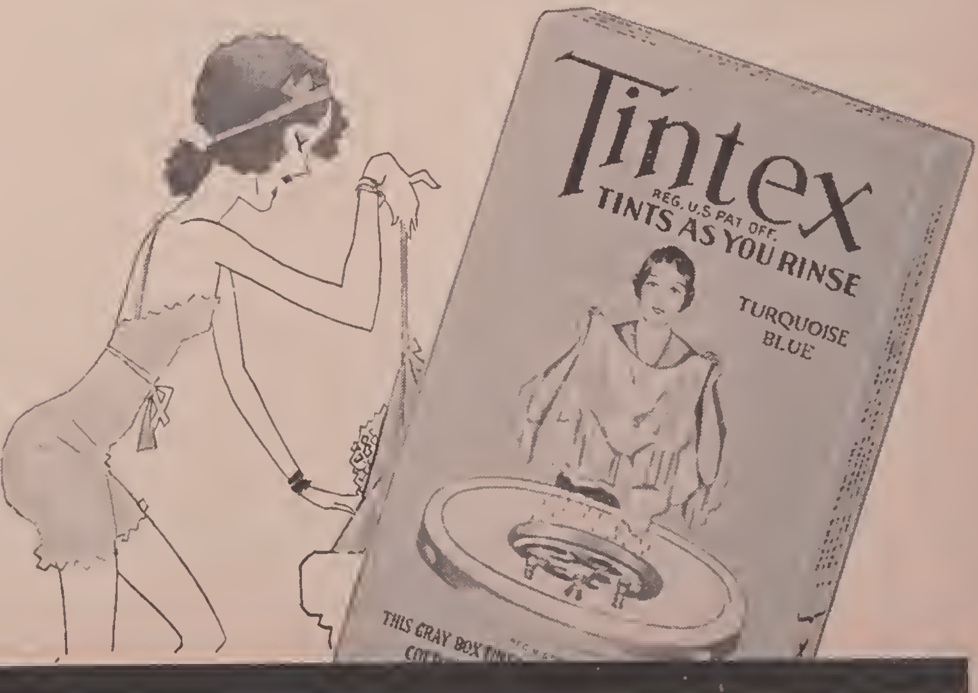

Little Miss Marker

(*Continued from page* 55)

slowed up," Steve ordered. But Doc hesitated.

"They won't believe that if you start betting on him," Doc began to argue.

"I'm leaving for Chicago to spread my bets out quiet. See you at the club tonight."

Sorrowful had no trouble pawning Bangles' jewels for Steve. They were very fine stones. Returning to the club that night with the money, he found Steve saying good-bye to Bangles.

"And get this, honey; no playing around." The tone was playful, but the searching look from under the heavy brows was not.

Bangles turned to Sorrowful and said plaintively: "You see how he trusts me?"

Steve laughed as he gathered up his luggage and went out: "Keep an eye on her, Sorrowful."

"Well, tightwad, you're my watchman," Bangles said rather grimly.

"You need watching, gold-digger?"

Bangles shrugged: "If you want to be kept busy, I can arrange it."

"I'm pretty busy now, playing nursemaid to one doll."

Bangles looked up sharply: "And I hear you like it so well you've rented an apartment for the kid . . . " She was interrupted by a knock at the door. They were both on the defensive as Reardon from headquarters stepped quietly in.

"'Lo, Sorrowful. We got one of your tickets here we found on a guy that killed himself. He had a kid. Seen anything of her?"

There was an imperceptible pause and then Sorrowful said: "No. Anything else?"

That was all Reardon wanted to know. When he had gone, Bangles asked fearfully: "Wasn't that taking a long chance?"

"We got to keep her now till after the race."

"Looks like playing nursemaid is liable to have its moments." Bangles looked at Sorrowful with speculation and a little smile curved her lovely lips, softly.

PLAYING nursemaid did have its moments, many of them. Sorrowful tried to tell himself that Marky was important because she was part of the racing set-up. He told himself a lot of things, but he did a lot of things that could have no explanation at all, except that Miss Marky was becoming important to him for her own delightful little self.

When his business took him to places where she could not go, he handed her over to Benny or Sun Rise or one of the other touts to be taken care of, but most of the time she was with him.

One night she objected to being sent to bed, and cried, telling him that her mother used to read to her about King Arthur before she went to sleep.

"Aw, be reasonable," Sorrowful begged, but her sobs increased and Sorrowful gave in: "What did you say that guy's name was?"

"King Arthur." She looked up hopefully.

Sorrowful dove into his pocket and produced a racing paper.

"Now listen. 'When they bang away from the tape tomorrow, at Pimlico, you can wager the family knives and forks that . . . er . . . *King Arthur* will be showing his heels and kicking his dust in the face of a lot of bang-tails.'"

This remarkable version of King Arthur went on for some time. Marky listened delightedly at first and then showed signs of sleepiness. Sorrowful was on the point of tiptoeing out when the doorbell rang. It was Bangles with a strange man.

"Tell him to get out," she whispered to Sorrowful. "If I'd gone home I'd never gotten rid of him." Sorrowful did this quickly and efficiently, and, so he hoped, quietly, but Marky piped up from the bedroom.

"Satisfied?" he glowered at Bangles. "I spend an hour trying to get her to sleep and you come in here and start yellin'."

Bangles threw her evening wrap aside and started purposefully for the other room. "I'll put her to sleep."

"You! When you do, blow. I'm going to bed."

Which he did, but discovered the next morning that Bangles was still there. She had fallen asleep with Marky. Sorrowful was upset, remembering Steve's parting admonition, but Bangles phoned her maid to send over street clothes and he hoped her absence would go unremarked. Women were the devil, but Bangles *had* known how to get Marky to sleep.

LATER on, it occurred to him to buy a copy of the real King Arthur, but Marky stopped him on the first page: "I want the other one," she said with decision.

"What other one? This is King Arthur, ain't it?"

"I want the King Arthur you was reading to me, the one that was kicking dust in the face of a lot of bang-tails."

"Talking like that ain't nice."

Sorrowful had been vaguely conscious that Marky's vocabulary was beginning to include a great deal not generally considered in the best taste for young ladies. He was beginning to think about her future, too. Reardon, the cop, had come around again, still asking about the child of the chap that had killed himself, and Sorrowful was nervous.

He had finally sent her over to Bangles, but Bangles wasn't as pleased as he had thought she would be.

"Afraid of the cops?"

"No." Bangles hesitated. "I'm afraid for the kid. I don't want her here, and I'm . . . I'm not going sappy over her, either."

"You're already sappy over her."

"But you're not?"

"Aw, she's just something I can't get rid of because she's tangled up in a racing deal."

"She wasn't tangled up in any deal the first night you had her," Bangles said wisely. "You could have unloaded her then."

"You didn't start any riot when she busted up your song in the night club."

"So you started reading King Arthur to her. Sorrowful, I . . . I'm like you. I don't want to admit . . . the way she's . . . gotten to . . . us."

Sorrowful drew her to him. "She's given me a chance to get to you. I've been crazy about you for a long time."

"Everything is different. I feel changed, like somebody I don't know. I'm not even scared of Steve. Maybe this is part of going sappy." Sorrowful should have been surprised at the Bangles who smiled so happily at him, but he wasn't, just as he had long since given up being surprised at himself.

Bangles' maid, black Sarah, found Marky a handful, for Marky had changed since her advent into this strange new life.

"Miss Bangles said you all was to have a hot breakfast."

Marky pushed the plate of cereal away: "Aw, what does she know."

Bangles came into the room. "Don't you like mush, Marky?"

Marky gave a fair imitation of Benny in a tough mood. "Naw!" she said.

"No, thank you, Bangles. Say it like that. 'No thank you, Bangles; I don't care for any mush.'"

"What for?" Marky wanted to know, her eyes snapping.

"You used to say 'thank you,' and 'no, thank you.'"

"Awk, I used to be a sissy."

"Where did you get that?"

"Ain't telling, and I don't want no more mush."

Bangles was getting beyond her depth. "Don't you like me any more?" she pleaded with the child. "You did like me when I was Lady Guinevere."

Marky banged on the table with her spoon. "There ain't no Lady Guinevere."

"Oh, there is, honey. Just like there's a charger."

"There ain't no charger."

"But you saw him."

"They took him away."

"But they'll bring him back, if you remember to say, 'No, thank you.'"

Marky gave in grudgingly this time, but the episode made Bangles do some thinking and she decided on a bold stroke. She took Marky to a splendid private agency that arranged adoptions. The matron was charmed with Marky. "We'll have no trouble placing her. So sweet, so unspoiled, so unsophisticated. That's what the really nice homes want, of course. So few of the children believe in Santa Claus any more."

Bangles hugged Marky and beamed at the matron over her curly head. "This one even believes in King Arthur."

Marky twisted her face around and glared at Bangles.

"Aw, nuts!" she said.

That was the end of the interview.

BANGLES told Sorrowful about it: "Remember those dizzy fairies she used to have?"

"King Arthur and his mob?"

"They're gone. We've gypped her out of them. She's just a mug now, like us. When we first met her, she was a sweet little kid. Nice people would have been glad to take her, and now she hasn't a chance. You'd like to see her get a nice home, wouldn't you?"

"Yeah, sure," Sorrowful agreed slowly.

"Well, she can't, unless we change her back to what she was."

"Read the book to her, then, Bangles."

Bangles had tried that. "Won't work. We showed her Big Steve's plug and called it a charger, told her it was hers and then took it away. That started her off and now she won't believe anything about King Arthur. She's gotta be *shown*."

"Give her another look at the horse!"

"*. . . and* King Arthur, and the Knights of the Round Table."

"Where you going to get them?"

Bangles had a job convincing Sorrowful that her idea would work, but he left it to her to get the boys to help. Bangles explained what she wanted to do, and why, and Sorrowful backed her up:

"Listen, you mugs. You're knights of the round table. See? You gotta play straight for the kid. We're gonna charter the club here for the evening. She's going to get a great kick out of seeing her story book fairies come to life, and you gotta act according. I'll arrange for costumes, and we'll even get Dream Prince."

One by one they agreed to it. Some of them said: "Anything for a laugh." Others made it out to be a personal favor to Bangles. They all had reasons, excellent ones, for the masquerade, but not one of them admitted the real reason, that little Marky, in the short time she had been among them, had become their adored little princess.

THE night of the big affair, Marky was led into the club to be greeted by the mob, each and every one in costume. Her first words were not reassuring, as Regret approached, resplendent in armor:

"What's the big idea, Regret?"

Regret played up nobly: "I ain't Regret, Princess, I am Sir Launcelot. Don't you remember?"

Bangles squeezed the child's hand: "Don't you see, dear? Your knights have come to life."

Marky surveyed the anxious mob: "Hooey! They ain't no knights."

Her skepticism was heart-breaking to them.

"She was going to get a big kick outa this, huh?"

"It turns out we are giving this clambake for ourselves."

But Sorrowful had his ace to play: "Ho, varlet!" he commanded loftily, his eyes on Marky. "Bring forth the charger."

Dream Prince was brought solemnly forth, caparisoned to the last tassel as befits a Princess' steed. Marky's eyes began to shine. "The charger! You've brought him back to me?"

Doc picked her up and placed her on the horse's back. She thanked him. "You are really the Kind Keeper." Her little hands caressed the velvet ears and patted the sleek flanks of the racehorse ever so tenderly.

Doc backed away. He whispered to Bangles, his face working: "You heard what she called me? The Kind Keeper. And tomorrow I'm going to shoot this dope into her charger's neck. It'll win him the race, and it'll kill him."

"You can't kill him now . . . give me that!"

Bangles reached for the bottle of dope, but Sorrowful grabbed it.

"Listen, Sorrowful, are you going to kill her horse?"

"One horse is like another to a kid."

Bangles knew better. "There couldn't

"TALK ABOUT TATTLE-TALE GRAY! DID YOU NOTICE DORA'S LINENS?"
"I KNOW! . . . BUT IT'S NOT HER FAULT. HER SOAP'S TO BLAME."

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray" with Fels-Naptha Soap

Clothes can't gossip—no indeed! Yet the very linens you set on a tea table—if they're a little dull and grayish—can tell tales on you. They can say that your clothes are poorly washed—that dirt is still hiding in them. So you seem careless to others—when it isn't your fault at all. It's your soap that's to blame—it doesn't get ALL the dirt out.

But change to Fels-Naptha Soap—and "Tattle-Tale Gray" scampers off forever! It's bound to—for Fels-Naptha is *one* soap that has the ability to *loosen* dirt completely. It *coaxes* grime out of tiniest threads. It gets clothes clean clear through—*dazzling white!* And here is why: Fels-Naptha is *not only* marvelous soap—*golden richer soap*. But it holds *lots of dirt-loosening naptha*, too.

And the beauty of it is—Fels-Naptha is *safe* for everything! Never harsh like "trick" soaps. You can trust your filmiest chiffons and silk stockings to Fels-Naptha. It's a real pal to your hands—for there's soothing glycerine in every bar. And it's thriftier, too. *You can now buy Fels-Naptha at the lowest price in almost twenty years.*
Fels & Co., Phila., Pa.

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Who discovered EX-LAX?

WHO discovered it first for the family? Mother? Father? Big Brother Bill? Grandpa?

There are different answers—but all agree that, once tried, Ex-Lax becomes the family laxative from that time on!

Mother discovered it!

A mother told us she started to use Ex-Lax because little Johnnie revolted against the customary dose of castor oil—and she found that a delicious little chocolate tablet of Ex-Lax solved the problem perfectly.

Big Brother Bill did!

Brother Bill, who is an athlete, broke a long habit of taking strong stuff after he learned that mild, gentle Ex-Lax did all that powerful, disturbing purgatives did.

Grandpa wants the credit because his age made him doubly careful that the laxative he took was mild and gentle.

Everybody discovered it!

So you see, while all sorts of people—young and old—claim to have discovered Ex-Lax, all of them agree that Ex-Lax is the perfect laxative—mild, gentle and effective.

When Nature forgets—remember Ex-Lax! You can get Ex-Lax at all drug stores. 10c and 25c.

keep "regular" with

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

be another. You saw what he did for her. He's something she believes in again."

"But I can't toss aside fifty grand for a little doll."

Bangles dropped her hands to her sides: "Reardon said he was afraid the kid might get into the hands of the wrong kind of people, but I thought for a while maybe he was wrong. It was me that was wrong. I could have gone for you; I was beginning to think there was a decent streak in you, but there isn't. You're still the cheapest skate on Broadway."

Sorrowful looked at her miserably. He was trying to find words to answer her.

"Hey!" A familiar voice, raised to a bellow, sounded through the club. Big Steve strode in and stopped in amazement at the sight he saw. He swept the room with a rapid glance that came to rest on Dream Prince.

"Who brought that horse in here. Have you all gone screwy? Get that kid off'n him." Without pausing, he continued to walk toward Marky, who clutched the saddle defiantly.

"Get off'n him, you!"

"I won't. He's my charger!" Marky tried to outshout him. The horse began a nervous prance as Steve reached out to drag the child down.

"Steve!" yelled Doc. "For God's sake, keep away."

Dream Prince reared frantically. Marky gave a scream of terror as she was thrown headlong, and then lay still, a little crumpled heap on the polished dance floor.

Sorrowful picked her up tenderly, but she was beyond any help they could give her. He rushed her to the nearest hospital, the gang streaming after, incongruous in their costumes, but with no thought beyond the injured child.

THE doctors shook their heads . . . internal injuries. They sent for the child specialist, Dr. Ingalls, but the nurses reminded them that Dr. Ingalls was being married that evening.

"Is he a good doctor?" Sorrowful asked.

"Best in the city."

Sorrowful rejoined the men in the waiting room and gave terse orders.

Very shortly after, the hospital staff was electrified by the arrival of Dr. Ingalls, in his wedding finery.

"Magnificent of you, doctor, to leave your wedding for this baby."

Dr. Ingalls never confessed that he had been shanghaied at the church door by a bunch of ruffians, whom he had at first mistaken for escaping lunatics because of their bizarre clothes.

He made an examination and ordered a blood transfusion as necessary before he dared to operate.

Bangles went out to the waiting room Before the mob quite understood, they were lined up with bared arms before a surgeon who took specimens, but shook his head. "None of you have the right type of blood. We'll have to locate a professional donor, and by the time he gets here it may be too late."

Big Steve elbowed his way in, and caught hold of Bangles roughly: "You! I've been doing a little checking up with that maid I planted in your apartment. Wondered why I got back tonight instead of tomorrow, didn't you? Well, she sent me a wire that things looked phony and . . . " He turned on Sorrowful: "You two played a nice little game, but it's my deal now." His concealed hand caressed the gun in his pocket, but he never had a chance to draw it.

With one accord the crowd of men impelled him toward the surgeon. "What's the big idea?" he asked, bewildered by their quiet determination.

"Another volunteer?" asked the surgeon as he used the testing needle on the brawny bare arm presented to him, willy-nilly, by the astonished Steve.

"It checks," reported the doctor.

Many hands prodded Steve into the operating room.

"What's the big idea?" he repeated. The bright glitter of the immaculate room awed him, and then he saw Marky stretched on the table.

They used Big Steve's rich, strong blood for Marky, and it wasn't because he was forced to give it either. He volunteered, proud to hear the surgeon say: "Your blood is giving her strength. I can operate now, to save her. Get a kick out of it, giving life?"

HE lay quiet while the tube between them was adjusted, his eyes on the unconscious child. "Yeah. Gee, that's swell, just like I'm her old man."

When it was over, he swaggered out to where Sorrowful and Bangles were holding each other, fearful of the verdict.

"The doll's gonna live, see? You know why? Because I got good blood."

Sorrowful had dropped Bangles' hand, but Steve was still beaming: "Don't let me interrupt you. Don't think, though, you was putting anything over on me. But I ain't sore."

Bangles' face was beautiful, with a new soft beauty.

"Now the kid's going to live, the three of us . . ." She turned toward Sorrowful: "I called him the cheapest skate on Broadway, but he's the grandest guy I ever knew. Reardon was here just now, with a woman from the Humane Society. They wanted to take Marky away, but even Reardon thought what Sorrowful had done for the kid was swell, and he's going to fix it so we can keep her, after we get married."

Big Steve grinned. "Sure she's going to live. I guess that rates me as some kinda relative, huh . . . she used my blood. You go ahead and get spliced, and I'll be . . . uncle, huh?"

"Uncle Steve." Bangles' voice trembled and she put her head down on Sorrowful's arm and wept unashamed. Sorrowful drew the bottle of dope from his pocket and held it out to Steve, mutely.

"Aw fergit it!" Steve waved a big hand. Beneficently he added: "That'd be a swell starting gun for this race, and I'm layin' my money on the three of you."

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL FASHION SITTING CLAUDETTE COLBERT HAS EVER MADE! MOVIE MIRROR is proud to present these exclusive style photographs. In the August Issue

Ladies and Gentlemen, Here's Love

(*Continued from page* 57)

against myself. But he's awful patient. I guess he has to be with a guy like me.

"And Mrs. Dodd cooks a grand meal and they treat me like home folks. You know, never call on me to entertain or dance or do anything. Just ask me to be myself. And I think that's great, don't you?"

I agreed with Hal. Who wouldn't?

"As for Ruth, she's just fine, too," continued Hal. "One night we decided to celebrate a little, and so we went to a night club on Broadway. The master of ceremonies called on me to entertain. I was awfully tired. I had done two shows that day and, in the morning, had worked on a short and, anyway, I didn't want to leave Ruth alone at the table. But you know how it is when one of those guys coaxes you. It's awfully hard to refuse because they think you're a lug."

"But Ruth knew how tired I was. And so she turned to the m. c. and said:

" 'Please, Hal's tired and, besides, I don't want him to leave me!'

"Wasn't that darned regular?"

I CONFESSED it not only was "darned regular" but revealed a lot of sympathetic understanding.

"That's the way she is—understanding, you know," added Hal. "Ruth isn't professional, but she understands what it's like to be a hoofer. But I'm not going to be a hoofer all my life; no, sir!

"I'm taking music lessons and studying voice and diction. And I want to be a comedian. A good comedian, too. Of course, I love dancing—and that's no fooling. Because I've danced ever since I was a kid.

"You see, Dad's a lumber expert, and his work took him from Cincinnati to the South. Hanging around the Negro kids I learned the Charleston and got the feel of their rhythm. Well, I started winning Charleston contests and when Dad found out, he bought me a dancing mat and shoes and, too, a drum. Because I was crazy about drumming.

"Later a couple of dancers who were playing in a theater in town taught me a time step and, somehow, I just kept on picking up new steps. It came easy—and I got a real kick out of it. But I still want to be a comedian. After all, you can't dance all your life—and I'd hate to wind up a dancing teacher.

"Ruth knows and understands that, too. That's why I'm taking these lessons and studying and working hard. Because she wants me to.

"Of course, I know I'm supposed to be terribly young. Everyone says so. But I've knocked around a bit and that ought to count for something, oughtn't it? It isn't as though I were just a kid who doesn't know anything. Ruth thinks I'm a swell guy and, gee, that's grand!

"So we talked it over. Dad gave me his consent and Ruth and I got married. Maybe I'm too young. But all I know is this: Ruth and I are awfully happy. We're going to keep on being happy, aren't we?"

We all hope so. What do YOU think?

NUMBER THIRTEEN IN A SERIES OF FRANK TALKS BY EMINENT WOMEN PHYSICIANS

"The trouble, Madame, is not with your heart... *but in your head!*"

IMAGINARY FEARS RACED CONSTANTLY THROUGH THIS PATIENT'S MIND . . . AND ALL BECAUSE OF THE LACK OF PROPER MARRIAGE HYGIENE

Dr. Helene Stourzh has a large private practice in Vienna. She holds rank as one of the most distinguished gynecologists of Austria.

" 'Doctor . . . it's heart trouble' . . . these were her first grim words as she walked in.

"And she followed with the most convincing list of symptoms I ever heard. It was all imagined; a neurosis brought on by fear. She had a perfect heart!

" 'The trouble, madame,' I said, 'is not with your heart but in your head.'

"Many married women are like this. Some slight feminine irregularity throws them into panic; panic may bring on physical symptoms. But knowledge of the proper method of marriage hygiene replaces fear with peace of mind. And with peace of mind the symptoms vanish.

"The best and simplest technique of marriage hygiene is the "Lysol" method.

"Lysol" antiseptic, in proper dilution, used as a hygienic measure regularly, is perfect for this purpose."

(*Signed*) DR. HELENE STOURZH

"Lysol" is indeed the perfect antiseptic for marriage hygiene. It destroys germs, even in the presence of organic matter, pursues them into hidden folds of the feminine membranes. Yet it is gentle, soothing—never irritating in effect. That it is used as an antiseptic in childbirth proves it safe and mild enough for even the most sensitive feminine membranes.

"Lysol" kills germs. No other antiseptic has such universal acceptance. Leading physicians all over the world have preferred it for forty years. Whenever they must be sure they turn to "Lysol."

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Hollywood's Mad Morals

(*Continued from page 7*)

your wife." What could be more direct?

Joan Blondell told me that one of the reasons hers and George Barnes' marriage was successful was because they had sat down together and told each other about every other romance in their lives.

While Joan Crawford was engaged to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., she came to him one day and said, "Doug, I must tell you that I have an infatuation for another man. I must give you the choice between breaking our engagement now, if you like, or waiting until this silly infatuation is over."

Doug chose to wait and for the first few years of their marriage they were happy. Incidentally, it was emphatically not another man in Joan's life that caused that divorce. But I've often wondered if I would have had the courage to have said what Joan said.

As for making cross country trips together that is okay by Hollywood standards since, in lieu of a chaperon, there is a trainful of passengers and the inevitable crowd of newspaper people at all stations.

Honesty—then—is the moving spirit of Hollywood's first law, particularly in the relationship between its men and women.

THE men in Hollywood have a code all their own, a very definite attitude toward the girls who work for them and you can believe it or not as you choose but I promise you that I'm telling the truth. The masculine attitude toward girls is this, "She can be any sort of girl she wants to be—virtuous or not, as she decides."

Think it over for a moment. You read plenty about Hollywood divorces, plenty about love triangles and such, but how many times have you read of attack cases? I, personally, can think of but one. And the real truth of that matter has never been proven one way or the other.

Girls who go to Hollywood willing to trade their virtue for a screen career are woefully disappointed. Hollywood is a pretty manless town. There are many more women in the place than men, and men are so pursued by beautiful and glamorous creatures that it doesn't mean much to them. A girl has to have something else to sell besides her virtue to get a chance to be a star in Hollywood. She must have talent and that something—whatever it is—that takes hold of public imagination and sky-rockets her to the top.

In fact, directors have more than once been terribly embarrassed by girls who were willing to Give All to get a job. I know of one girl who, having at last secured an interview with an important film man, entered his office, threw her arms around him and, much to the poor fellow's chagrin, told him she was willing to move into his apartment at once. P. S. She didn't get the job—neither the one she wanted on the screen nor the more personal job she was ready to take.

But I'm not trying to sell you the idea that actresses are all models of virtue. Yes indeed, actresses have lived—without benefit of clergy with their producers, directors etc. But the point is that it is invariably the girl's choice; she goes into such a relationship with her eyes opened and I'll wager that no girl has ever been forced into such a relationship to get—or keep—her job. That, most emphatically, is not the way stardom is reached.

In fact, a certain actress you all know, was called by a director for an important role. The chap made definite advances toward her, but the gal said "no"—and he saw she meant it. What happened? He gave her the screen test, found she was swell for the part and—P. S. *she* got the job. That director wanted a good picture. The girl was a capable actress and he would not let anything personal stand in his way. Incidentally, those two are good friends, today (platonic friends, only,) and often laugh about the time she said "no."

AND now we come to another question of personal morality. Since it has become quite legal, there is no reason to refrain from discussing the Hollywood attitude toward liquor—and drinking.

Here's the Hollywood code on that: "A man (or woman) can drink as much as he chooses as long as he does not make himself objectionable, inconvenience other people or allow it to interfere with his work."

When you look at it from the standpoint of the very strict drinking code you discover that is pretty mad, too. In most communities a person drinks—or he doesn't. Drinking is considered right—or wrong.

A certain well known actor drinks continually but the whole town knows that he does it to relieve the pain of a physical handicap he will have the rest of his life. Hollywood therefore, puts its official okay on this man's imbibing. And he has seldom been known to drink "on the set" or to "hold up production."

Hollywood couldn't forgive young Jimmy Murray, the lad King Vidor picked out of the extra ranks and shot to stardom, when he muffed almost every picture chance he had by looking too long upon the gin when it was white.

Yes sir, drinking is perfectly all right in Hollywood, if you'd drink according to Hollywood's law.

SO there you have the Hollywood morality code. With how many tenets do you agree? How much of it could you abide by?

However, this fact remains. If you lived in Hollywood you would have to *abide* by its rules. These hitherto unwritten laws have been found to work and the people of that bizarre little town in Southern California must obey them if they would survive in the picture colony. And after all, if a law works out and does the greatest good to the greatest number it has served its purpose.

When the whole thing is summed up it all amounts to a highly modernized version of the Golden Rule "If you can take it—you can give it." That's the greatest of all the Hollywood commandments. Those folk believe that consistency and honesty are the two greatest virtues.

"If you can take it—you can give it."

Gloria Swanson "took it" when Henri Falaise fell in love with Connie Bennett.

Now—so figures Hollywood—Gloria can "give it" by being allowed a romance with Herbert Marshall!

The pieces of the jigjaw puzzle that is the morality of Hollywood *do* fit together. The morals may appear mad, but I think you'll agree there's logic behind them.

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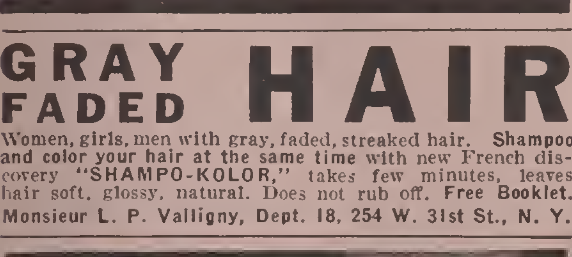

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Voodoo on the Set

(*Continued from page 29*)

in the performance of this rite on the first day of any new adventure or enterprise she would be starved of all success. And so, faithfully, on the first day of every new picture Fay sets up the tiny idol in her dressing room and solemnly scatters the bird seed before the idol just before she leaves for the set. If it is only for still photographs that Fay is called to the studio she brings the idol with her and the rite is performed. Fay said, "I was also told that there must, invariably, be one witness of this rite so that if my spirit should flee my body another spirit would be left in another body to testify to the god that I had not failed. I only know that I would not dare to neglect this."

GEORGE RAFT said to me, "If a hat is placed on a bed, especially if *my* hat is placed on a bed, voodoo works against me. I mean it. Every time this has happened to me something horrible has happened. Some member of my family has died or I have had bad news or a streak of black bad luck has followed me, or something. Even if I go out to dinner somewhere I always watch the servant who takes my hat, even if I have to follow him upstairs to see what he is doing with it. And if I find that he is putting it on a bed I manage to sneak it off and hang it on the electric light fixture or somewhere. If ever I walked onto a set and saw a hat parked on a bed I would walk off that set and would refuse to return until the evil spirit had been placated by airing the set and the arrival of a new bed. Of course I'm not superstitious. Naturally I don't believe in voodooism or whatever it is—*but this happens to be true!*"

Sylvia Sidney never has and never will start to make a picture without a gold coin suspended from a very thin gold chain about her neck. She will not tell where the coin came from, what denomination it is nor who gave it to her. She said to me "THEY warned me never to tell." The chain is made of such fine links that it very seldom shows on the screen even though Sylvia wears it with extreme decolletege. She says, "Any other chain, even a chain as fine as this one, *would* show, of course. This one *cannot—be—photographed.* I have worn it on the stage and screen for nearly seven years now. Without it I could not—*materialize.*"

Marlene Dietrich will not start to work on a picture on a Monday. It doesn't make any difference whether the cast, script, set and director are ready, or not. If the production is slated to begin on a Monday morning Marlene is simply not there. No amount of persuasion can change her mind. She said, "It isn't my mind or my reason that is involved. It's an instinct—and *something else* that has warned me against Monday."

Marie Dressler must have a rocking chair handy to the set on the day she starts to work. Like Bob Montgomery and his ladder a prop boy is sent for a rocker for Marie if one has been forgotten. Then, before she walks onto the set she seats herself in the rocker, sways backward and forward a few times, her lips moving soundlessly and then she is ready. She explained to me that she holds the little spirit of Evil in her arms and is rocking it to deep and inactive sleep the while her lips murmur an incantation taught her by a wise old woman who "had lived before . . ."

Jean Harlow always brings a small bird in a cage to the studio with her on starting day. A wild bird, caught and imprisoned for Jean's cabalistic purposes. As she steps onto the set she opens the door of the cage, the door to the sound stage is opened simultaneously and the bird escapes, and is free. I said to Jean, "Why?" She told me, "You know that whenever a bird flies into a house it means death to some member of that household. In other words, an evil spirit has flown in wearing the body of a bird. I bring the evil spirit to the studio with me and with my own hands I release it. There is no reasoning on earth that would dissuade me from the performance of this rite. *I know what I am talking about.*"

Elissa Landi has a ring made of a stone that was excavated from the ruins of ancient Troy and given to her father by the man who had found it. The man who had found it thrust it carelessly into his pocket. He returned to London. On his death-bed he gave it to Elissa's father. And now Elissa will never start a picture unless she is wearing that ring. If possible she wears it on her little finger at some time during the production so that it will be photographed. She said, "The man who gave it to my father said to him: 'Whoever gives honor and attention and love to this stone will receive, in return, honor and attention and love in the same proportions. I am dying because I was careless and negligent of it. I know. Whoever disregards and is forgetful of this stone will meet with reverses of the admirable Fates.' My father was careless and negligent of it. He took his friend's words for the morbid ravings of a dying man. He did not meet with good fortune. I am more—careful. I would not dream of beginning any undertaking important to me without kissing this stone first and placing it somewhere on my person."

RAMON NOVARRO, years ago, was making "Prisoner of Zenda" with Rex Ingram. For his birthday Rex gave him a dressing gown. He wore it always between scenes and on the sets. To this day—to the very day when he began work on "Laughing Boy"—Ramon wears this robe from his dressing room to the set. It is frayed and worn. It is tattered and torn. Ramon said to me, "I believe that the spirits of my good fortune are concealed in the folds of this old robe. I must wear it so that these spirits will cling about me as I work. I shall wear it even when there is nothing but a shred left to wrap around my finger. When it is no more . . . well, we shall see."

Louis B. Mayer encountered the young man a couple of times wearing the dilapidated garment. He was touched by the evidence of such frugality. At Christmas Ramon received a massive box. He opened it. It contained a gorgeous brocade robe. The card read "Louis B. Mayer."

The stars bow to the strange gods that Fame and Fortune may attend them.

Inside Stuff

(*Continued from page* 15)

squinted his eyes and found himself face to face with scores of people. DeMille then walked up to him and led him over to the sidelines where he was introduced to the three hundred Theater Owners who were holding their convention in Los Angeles. Harry expressed the wish to be warned next time when he plays to a full house.

* * *

HERE'S another side of Hollywood you seldom read about. W. S. Van Dyke, the M-G-M director makes a specialty of being nice to people. His most recent gesture was an invitation to all kids in his home neighborhood. He instructed them to come to his estate, spend the day and bring their bathing suits. They ran races for prizes, played games, swam in the great outdoor pool with Johnny Weissmuller, William Powell, "Cotton" Warburton and other celebrities. Then they stuffed with ice cream and cake. It was a great day.

* * *

TED HEALEY is too much of a gentleman to speak ill of a lady. But recently someone asked him about a certain feminine star."

"What do you think of her?" they said.

"I think she looks just like me," snapped back Ted.

* * *

Franchot Tone was approached by a magazine writer who asked him to do a story on Joan Crawford called "Joan Crawford is twelve women."

"Nothing doing," said Franchot. "Make it twenty-four or I won't talk."

* * *

CAROLE LOMBARD is a sadder and wiser girl. Down at Agua Caliente she placed her money on three different horses. When these same three took the lead Carole almost jumped out of her box. As they neared the home stretch still holding their place, Carole was positively hysterical with excitement. Then she discovered she had bet on a two mile race and this was only the end of the first mile.

By the end of the second her horses were *"running backwards."* Now the only kind that interests her are the ones you see on a merry-go-'round.

* * *

DAME HOLLYWOOD, with her good ear peeled to the ground, is missing one of the greatest romantic bets of the year. It's been going on right before supervisors and everyone. Jackie Cooper makes no bones about his great crush on Joan Crawford. He never misses a chance to show her marked attention. Recently Joan received a huge gardenia tree. On one of the branches was a tiny bird house with Mr. and Mrs. Bird sitting out on the door step. Attached was a card reading, "To Joan with love from Jackie."

(*Continued on page* 83)

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STYLISTS and beauty authorities agree. An exciting, new world of thrilling adventure awaits eyes that are given the glamorous allure of long, dark, lustrous lashes . . . seductively shaded lids and expressively formed brows. And could this perfectly obvious truth be more aptly demonstrated than by the above picture?

But how can eyes acquire this magic charm? Very easily. Maybelline Mascara will instantly lend it to your lashes . . . Maybelline Eye Shadow will instantly impart the extra alluring touch to your eyelids . . . and Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil will give the requisite smooth smartness to your brows. Anyone can achieve true loveliness in eye make-up . . . and with perfect *safety* if genuine Maybelline preparations are used.

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Maybelline
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smoothly forms the eyebrows into graceful, expressive lines, giving a perfect, natural effect. Of highest quality, it is entirely harmless, and is clean to use and to carry. Black and Brown.

Maybelline
Eye Shadow

delicately shades the eyelids, adding depth, color, and sparkle to the eyes. Smooth and creamy, absolutely pure. Blue, Brown, Blue-Grey, Violet and Green.

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A pure and harmless tonic cream, helpful in keeping the eyelashes and eyebrows in good condition. Colorless.

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Regular use of this specially designed brush will train the brows to lie flat and smooth at all times. Extra long, dainty-grip handle, and sterilized bristles, kept clean in a cellophane wrapper.

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Eyelash Darkener

instantly darkens eyelashes, making them appear longer, darker, and more luxuriant. It is non-smarting, tear-proof and absolutely harmless. The largest selling eyelash beautifier in the world. Black, Brown, Blue.

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Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health
Good Housekeeping Magazine

The Approved Mascara

Norma Shearer's Own Guide to Beauty

(*Continued from page* 47)

lovely and beautiful if one starves it and continually draws on its reserve strength? Right eating increases the brain activity and makes one much more alert."

"I'm glad to hear you say that," I said. "Most women have the idea that the stars do not eat to keep slim."

Norma smiled. "I never diet," she said. "I eat a *little* of everything. I am very much against diets that advocate some foods to the exclusion of others. We need all foods in moderation. I think you'll find that the figures of most stars are kept in perfect condition because of proper living habits; lots of exercise, fresh air, sleep and right eating rather than starvation diets. Breakfast is my most interesting meal and any mother will understand why when I tell you that I eat in Junior's room while I talk with him. These breakfasts seem to start the day with a certain sweetness that only a mother really understands. But don't let me get on that subject because I'm just like any other mother when I start talking about my baby."

"HOW do you account for the fact that when I saw you last night at ten o'clock your make-up was just as fresh as though you'd just applied it?" I asked.

"Wasn't it mussed? Perhaps I can best explain that by saying that the treatment I give my skin is responsible for the way it reacts to make-up. *Maybe* the manner in which I apply my make-up has a little to do with it also. I would rather see a girl with no make-up on than a greasy, messy result."

"Tell me about this treatment you give your skin."

"In the morning I dash cold water on my face. I rarely ever put on any make-up if I am remaining at home or going to the studio. I like to give my pores a chance to breathe. I usually set aside about a half hour every evening for my facial care. First I brush my hair vigorously for about five minutes. This brings out the natural oils and gives it a nice luster. I use a tonic oil in place of a brilliantine."

"Do you wash your hair often?"

"Once in two weeks. The alternating week I have an oil shampoo treatment."

"And what may that be?"

"A tonic oil is rubbed into the scalp with a piece of cotton and then massaged. The scalp is then rubbed with a heavy bath towel to remove the excess oil. This treatment brings the blood to the scalp, removes the dead cuticle and keeps the head and hair as clean as one's face. Beautiful hair is the result of constant care."

"Do you have your hair cut often?" I asked.

"About once a week. Sometimes it's only a neck trim. I think the neckline is so important and now with the advent of the shallow-crowned hats one must be more careful than ever. So many girls work so hard on the front of their heads and utterly neglect the back. But I'm wandering from my subject again. Let's see. First I clean my face with a good, pure cleansing cream, and here I'm going to say one thing I've long wanted to say to every woman. They shouldn't feel badly if they are unable to afford expensive creams and all kinds of them! The all-important thing is to buy a simple, absolutely pure cleansing cream. That is all I ever use. After cleansing my face I always wash it with soap and water. Then I pat in more cleansing cream and finally I pat in an astringent. I use little squares of very soft gauze to remove my cream and apply my astringent. I always pat my skin—*never rub.*"

"Do you use a nourishing cream at night?"

"Well, I think fresh air is better for the face than packing it too frequently with artificial oils. A beautiful skin is a healthy, clean one. When my face is done I brush my teeth with salt and soda. Salt is a grand antiseptic and soda sweetens the mouth.

"WHEN you have a social engagement after a hard day's work at the studio do you have any special routine to rest and freshen you?"

"I was going to come to that. I always soak for fifteen or twenty minutes in a very hot tub. This relaxes me and every working girl should do this before her evening date. Don't just take a hurried bath, but a real soak. *Never* take a shower as the beating of the water on your tired nerves simply stimulates them further rather than resting them. Out of the tub, I rest, if only for a few minutes. After the rest, I start my make-up. I cream my face and pat on some ice water to close the pores and tighten the muscles. I use a paste rouge and apply it high on my cheek bones to give my oval face a little more breadth—I think this is one of the points most oval-faced girls omit as I see many of them with cheek rouge clear to the jaw bone. Application in this manner makes them look hollow-cheeked and drawn as well as making the face appear longer. Girls should learn to apply their make-up so that it enhances their beauty rather than making them appear grotesque. Next I take a velour puff and pat on a powder the exact shade of my skin—any other is very artificial looking and is bound to give a pasty look in a very few hours. I use brown eye shadow as that is the natural pigment color of all skins. Following the natural line of my mouth I apply my lipstick with my finger and lastly, I brush on a little mascara. I never use a powder base as I find that it soon causes the powder to cake and one's make-up becomes a horror instead of an aid to beauty."

"It's very easy to understand your lovely skin—because it's really you and not tons of make-up growing old.

"Do you make-up in the same manner for daytime?"

"Yes," Norma told me. "Except I never use mascara and very little eye shadow."

"What one care do you believe is the key to beauty?"

"The key to beauty is not one care but many. All the things I have mentioned I believe to be equally important. Any woman who doesn't have a lovely skin has but one person to blame—herself. If women would give as much time to the care of their skin as they do to covering it up with make-up they'd be greatly rewarded."

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....

....

Carole Lombard Reborn

(Continued from page 27)

"There will be love and marriage for me because I believe that my understanding of love—my experience with it—has prepared me for a great and vital emotion.

"No woman can say, 'I shall devote myself to a career. There is nothing else for me.' That's a lop-sided point of view. Life must be a complete whole—and being made happy, making some one else happy, is part of it.

"I am too interested in people, too stimulated by varying interests, to close the door on an important phase of life.

"I have been fortunate in retaining the friendship of the men I have loved. Because there has always been more than a fragrant fancy—more than a terrific and inevitable and sweeping attachment. When love died there was always respect left. I couldn't love anyone who wasn't worthy of respect.

"LIFE has been good to me because it has brought me an assortment of emotions and of experiences. I have known success and failure; I have known unhappiness and joy; I have known love and disillusionment. It has been my good fortune to have many friends—to have wise and kindly counsel at every turning-point in my life.

"I have never regretted my failures and my disappointments. I have learned from them—and then gone on from there. Barney Glazer once said to me: 'You are one of the few women I have met who will always take everything from everybody. If these people don't hang you until you—you get on!' That sounds callous and selfish. But it isn't—really. It only means that I am willing to learn—eager for every gift life offers to all men and women.

"It's taken me a long time to crystallize my philosophy of life. I am no longer afraid—because I know what I want—and how to achieve it."

Carole Lombard is an amazing personality. Her mind is as keen as a rapier. She is intelligent, not by reason of her formal education, but rather because she has the gift of attracting interesting, vital, brilliant companionship. She is a magnet for diverse personalities—writers and directors—and both famous and obscure actors. She has the fascination of a beautiful understanding woman, whose mind and heart have run to delicate and subtle facets.

She seeks only opportunity, only that clear insight essential to the artist. She is one of the few women in Hollywood who finds her life too full for envy—and she is never too busy for compassion.

THIS girl has the faith of the strong, and the courage to analyze herself without compromise, and with an ice-cold mind. By the standards of the world her marriage was a failure. For Carole Lombard it was, in its context, a success. Inasmuch as it taught her the value of recognizing a mistake and to end it sharply, definitely—without faltering.

At the moment her career—and its infinite possibilities and its thrilling promise—absorbs her to the exclusion of all else.

This has been a happy year of rebirth. And the free Carole, without question, is destined for greater greatness!

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TODAY, *ZIP* is the only Epilator available for actually destroying hair growths. So simple. So quick. It leaves no trace of hair. It is ideal for *face*, arms, legs and underarms. Pleasant to use, and delightfully fragrant, *ZIP* acts immediately and brings lasting results. Why delay? Use *ZIP*, which

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ZiP *Cream Deodorant*

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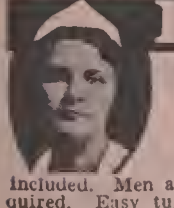

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Nadinola Bleaching Cream

The Unknown George Arliss

(*Continued from page 39*)

Sixth Avenue, my dear, not Fifth . . ."

In a window they saw a parrot. Not the usual cantankerous kind but a friendly little fellow. They bought it. In no time "Dinky" was a favored member of the family. And, after thirty-four years, they still have it. . . . Arliss says he likes it because "it doesn't talk too much!" "Dinky" doesn't travel with them any more, not since the parrot fever broke out. Instead, he "manages" their country place, The Cottage, at St. Margaret's on the Kentish coast. And occasionally a passer-by hears a perky voice complain: "Where is that man? Oh, *where* is that man?"

He won't have cause to complain much longer, for the Arlisses are returning to England for the summer, as they always do. To their peaceful garden at St. Margaret's and to the dogs and the things they cherish most in the world—the beautiful old furniture pieces they picked up when they first were married and for which they had to scrimp and scramp out of Arliss' small salary. Treasured possessions recalling even more treasured memories. . . .

REGULAR habits. Normal life. Not the key to thrills as we understand them. Yet Arliss has imbued them with a charm that's lost in the mad, frenzied pace of modern living.

To the dot, he rises at seven-thirty each morning. Six-thirty if he is working. . . . A walk to the studio. . . . . None of the usual bustle that begins a studio day on *his* set. Just a quiet slipping into the atmosphere of the scene . . . And the most astounding part of all—this star who is known to have better diction than any other living actor *stammers through every rehearsal*. Try as he will, he can't say lines smoothly—until he steps in front of the camera.

The first twenty minutes of the noon hour are devoted to rest. Religiously. The faithful Jenner, bodyguard-valet-secretary in one, was once a professional fighter, and woe to the person who disturbs those sacred twenty minutes. He walks over and has the telephone disconnected and, no matter what the weather, takes his place outside the door. Blustery, rather pompous Jenner, whose bark hides a world of delicious sentiment and devotion.

Twenty-eight years ago he played a bit in an Arliss production. He's never left him since . . . "We have an agreement," rumbled Jenner, "that if any trouble comes up we tell the other and adjust it."

There must be a remarkable magnetism about a man who inspires the fierce loyalty of this gentle Englishman. Ben Silvey, who has been assistant director on so many of his pictures, would fight on the drop of the hat for him. The woman who has helped him with so many of his productions, Maude Howell, referees his disputes with the director—and sees that Arliss wins! And Jenner—he's jealous of any service given the star by anyone else.

But if George Arliss commands loyalty, he gives it, too. In each picture you'll see him surrounded by actors he knew in the "old days." Ivan Simpson, who was with him in "The Green Goddess" on the stage, plays his first big part in the movies in "The House of Rothschild." Charles Evans is in it, also—Evans, who was featured for a year in a comedy that Arliss wrote, "There and Back." There were a good many laughs during the making of the nineteenth century production. Perhaps the biggest came one morning when Director Alfred Werker asked him to do a scene over again. "Mr. Arliss, will you make a clean entrance?" Now, that's a purely technical term, but Arliss turned with a quirk on his lips. "Clean entrance? Does he want me to go home and take a bath?"

Even though he is so exacting in the enunciation and English of those in the cast with him, he likes American slang. He thinks it's colorful, but once in a while he gets mixed up in it. For instance:

Almost every American knows by this time that a "stand-in" is a person who takes a star's place while the lights are being adjusted in front of the camera. But Arliss could never get the name straight. On a certain afternoon they asked him to stand in while the cameras were being trained on him.

"Oh," he said, with a wave of the hand, "I'll leave that to my step-ins . . ." He can't understand yet why they laughed so.

HIS favorite expression on the set is, *"We've got to earn our money!"* Which gives a good clue to the Arliss character. . . . He never sits down for more than ten minutes. If he isn't rehearsing with younger members of the company, he's working out bits of his own "business." It's a mistaken idea that there are elaborate teas on the Arliss sets. He takes a cup standing up! Things move swiftly—but without strain. No hurry. He doesn't believe in it. "No one should be rushed," he explained. "You never get *anywhere* in a hurry! Do you know in real life I have never received a special delivery letter that could not have arrived the next day just as well?"

At four-thirty, of course, he stops—whether or no. Jenner has ruined many a scene by plunging in after Arliss on the minute stipulated in his contract.

The Arlisses seldom dine out. For an excellent reason. It's a little embarrassing to have to constantly refuse meat courses. They never touch meat. Not since that long-ago tour of America, when they were playing one-night stands. Sometimes their train would be stalled for hours, and they'd see cattle trucks waiting for railroad connections. Animals in need of water, with broken legs, suffering horribly on their way to the slaughter house. The Arlisses formed a one-couple protest against such treatment. Not faddists. Just gentle folk.

"I never," he defines it now, "eat anything I can pat. Oh, yes, we eat fish. But you can't pat a fish. That is, not without a struggle . . . " That amused glimmer in his eyes. No matter what his mood is, he can't control those eyes.

An impulsive, warm-hearted sentimentalist of the first order, this "aloof" George Arliss. In the center of the Hollywood hurricane there's a calm. And in that calm walks the great Arliss—alone. . . .

Inside Stuff

(*Continued from page* 79)

MARGARET SULLAVAN says she hates publicity of all kinds. But that didn't prevent her from going in wading with a bunch of kids when the company was shooting on the Universal back lot, near the Los Angeles River. (Personal to Margaret: We were on the set at the time, and after all, we have to make a living too!)

* * *

GRETA GARBO eats all of her meals in bed. She comes home from the studio, goes to bed and orders her food.

One night she got a touch of indigestion and called the doctor. He explained to her that the combination of heavy Swedish food and the horizontal stance while eating it were not conducive to good health. Garbo shrugged her lovely shoulders. So the march of the herring still ends in the bedroom. Along with the bicarbonate of soda.

* * *

JEAN PARKER was dancing with Earl Oxford at Louis B. Mayer's Dinner for the Theater Owners of America. One exhibitor came up to Jeanie and said "I ran your picture 'Little Women.' I ran it for two weeks."

Jean was about to give a few others a little credit when Oxford spoke up with "Mister, that was sure white of you."

* * *

MILDRED LLOYD gave a surprise birthday party for Harold. She had the pavilion at the swimming pool redecorated as an artist's studio in Greenwich Village. A man spent one afternoon putting synthetic cobwebs on the windows and corners to give the worndown atmosphere.

Mildred went down to look things over. She gasped. One of the extra butlers who had been hired for the occasion was poised, broom in hand, ready to clean up the place. His eyes were glued to the cobwebs.

He no doubt lacked soul but he understood untidiness.

* * *

JOHN BARRYMORE has a passion for old and broken-down clothes. He and a friend went on a trip to Mexico. They spent the first night on the boat comparing wardrobes.

Barrymore would pull out a weary and battered trench coat saying, "Boy, *this* has real character." Then the friend would retaliate with a grease-strewn shirt. Barrymore would strike back with a pair of shoes that had fought at Vimy Ridge.

But the friend won. He had resurrected a pair of fireman's pants that had survived the horse and wagon days. Barrymore was stunned by their magnificence. With the eye of an antique collector, he fastened on to the pants. To save the trip from disaster, the friend donated the pants to the Barrymore pile.

(*Continued on page* 85)

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FREE

My Love Affair With Miss "X"

(*Continued from page 25*)

of the second story and called down softly and in the voice of one who does the same thing habitually 'Here's the key, Mr. Montgomery.' It appears that some night prowler happened to be in the vicinity of Miss X's house and happened to hear the maid's words and also happened to remember them, verbatim. This little narrative is one of Hollywood's favorites at the moment. It is told at almost every party, over every luncheon table, at every club meeting and probably in every nursery in town, wherever two or three are gathered together and time hangs heavy.

ONCE or twice Bob Young's name has been substituted for mine. I resent that. Miss X belongs to me.

"I am, or so I am told, on the verge of divorcing my wife (again!) because of Miss X. I treat my wife with extreme cruelty, mental, physical and moral because my great love for Miss X is driving me a bit dotty.

"Miss X's mother is reported to be on the thin edge of a nervous breakdown because of us. She is said to fear that this affair with me, a married man, will ruin Miss X. And I am told on the Best Authority that I have been lectured very severely by the poor lady and that she has told us both we had better get out of this mess as quietly as possible since we have been indiscreet enough to get into it. The poor soul, according to my best information, is in an uproar.

"Betty's friends come to her, entering the Ark by twos and threes and suggest to her that perhaps if she should go to Miss X bearing our infant child in her arms the heart of the little siren might be softened and me, her victim, be relinquished and the motto 'God Bless Our Home' be hung over the desecrated Montgomery mantel once again.

"Newspaper columnists have hinted at this great illicit love of ours. They veil their meaning with frail and foxy cunning. They describe us as the demure and docile little star who has always been the symbol of purity, sweetness and electric light and the leading man who, unfortunately for little Nell, happens to be married. It's a swell game of GUESS who with not a booby prize in the grab-bag.

"When It All Began my friends would come to me, with those eyebrows doing things on their faces, you know, and give me the merry ole razz. No longer. S'too serious for fun now. They approach me on tip-toe, fingers to lips. They hedge and hesitate and mumble something about 'Don't you really think, old man . . . I mean, isn't it a bit thick? . . . a star with an affair is a pig in a blanket to begin with . . . a star who is married and has an affair is a pig in two blankets . . . a star who is married *and* has a baby is a pig in three blankets—we mean this well, all for your own good—and so on.

"I am told that I have been seen at Caliente with Miss X, at Palm Springs with Miss X, motoring along hidden country lanes with Miss X and contemplating the sad sea waves with a saddened Miss X. I am also told that Miss X is wearing a large and lavish diamond on one small pink finger and that I was seen to place it there by the maid's cousin's child's schoolteacher.

"I have heard that the writers here in town are planning to Do Something about it! They resent another divorce in the fillum colony—they resent another shattered reputation—oh, not mine, not mine—*Miss X's*. They fear that our affair will do injury to Miss X if that gentle and April-like soul is 'involved with a married man.' They feel that I should be remonstrated with and that Miss X should have 'a talking to.' *I am told that Mrs. M. is being paid to preserve a martyred silence and, while her heart is breaking, to appear in public with me, not to divorce me, not to 'expose us.'*

"TONIGHT, as you know, Betty and I are leaving for ten weeks in New York. We are going to spend some of the time at our farm in Connecticut. Yesterday a well-wisher with damp, appreciative eyes patted me on the shoulder blade and said thickly that he thought it very brave and worthy of me to make this gallant effort to down my deadly passion by separation. Or something of the glucose kind.

"My next picture will be 'Mutiny On The Bounty.' It calls for a location trip to Tahiti. Mrs. M. is not going with me. Of *course* she is not going with him, hisses the grapevine. I could remark that the climate of Tahiti, the change of milk and food might not do the baby any good—but I won't remark it. I won't! I won't! The truth is stupid.

"S'very funny. Or *is* it? I thought so, at the beginning. I don't know what Miss X thinks. I'm not well enough acquainted with her to ask. One of the *unfunniest* parts about it is that Miss X happens, between you and me, to be my most *un*favorite star. I can't even get a vicarious kick out of it. They might have kept me attached to Garbo or buzzed me with Anna Sten or Dietrich or Katy Hepburn.

"And the build-up of this concrete structure is that, actually, I have met Miss X three times. *Three times, to be mathematically correct.* I met her first at the Cocoanut Grove. We were introduced. We said a couple of pleasantly correct things about each other's pictures. We danced together twice. We met the second time in the Commissary on her home lot. We lunched at the same table. We met the third time in Palm Springs where Mrs. M. and I were spending the week-end.

"That's the low-down—but its dull stuff—don't believe it—don't believe a word of it—I want you to believe the worst. I want you to say to yourselves 'Ha, he thinks he's pretty dam' clever, he does, trying to pull the wool over our eyes like this, telling us funny stories about his mother-in-law—' That's what you'll believe anyway—and it's all right with me—with us—with Miss X and me—we're off to Buffalo—toodle-loo!"

SECRETS OF A HOLLYWOOD BEAUTY SHOP
A thrilling, revealing feature
Next month in MOVIE MIRROR

Inside Stuff

(*Continued from page 83*)

JOAN CRAWFORD has a night watchman who knows how to take his orders. The star warned him to see that all doors and windows were kept locked at night time. But she didn't figure on this when she went down in the basement to store away some old drapes. The watchman seeing the open door, shut it tight and bolted the lock. An hour later, with gun in hand he investigated the strange sound, coming from under the house. And there he found the screen's most glamorous woman, little the worse for the experience.

* * *

UNA MERKEL'S prize possession is a worn-out and yellow bouquet that was given to her by Helen Hayes. Miss Hayes was married to Charles MacArthur between the matinee and evening performances while playing in "Coquette." She brought the bouquet back to the theater for Una. It is crumbling but Una still holds fast.

But Una is not always so saving. A week after she and Ronnie Berla were married, Una sent her marriage license to the laundry in one of Ronnie's shirts. It came back limp but still valid.

Una says, "We were all washed up the first week we were married."

Which is by way of a joke. There never was a more devoted couple.

* * *

IT looks like "I'll be suing you" is the pass word in Hollywood. Marjorie Gay won $5,000.00 in a heart balm suit against Harry Joe Brown, who married Sally Eilers. Marjorie felt her breach of promise was worth $100,000.00, but she didn't do so badly considering the depression. Lila Lee instituted proceedings to win legal custody of her son. You remember she was divorced from James Kirkwood in 1930. She has had her son in her household for the past few years and now she wants to keep him.

Helen Kane is suing a film studio, because they are using her boop-boop a doop in a cartoon. She claims her mannerisms belong to her. And after all, a lady does have a right to her own mannerisms.

The Doug and Mary situation remains about the same. Lots of things have been said and predictions made. But they are still going their separate ways.

She married a millionaire. His name is John C. Outhet and hers is Nina Quartaro. She's a Hollywood actress, Italian, dark-eyed and beautiful.

They won't talk but blonde Ruth Channing of M-G-M and Hamilton MacFadden, Fox director, certainly act like two people who have definite plans, as soon as he gets his final divorce decree.

She finally did it! After years of denial, Norma Talmadge quietly divorced Joseph Schenck in Juarez, Mexico. And up and married George Jessel at Atlantic City.

Phyllis Barry doesn't think a husband should be indifferent to his wife's career. That's why she seeks a divorce from her husband of twenty months.

(*Continued on page 94*)

Y-E-A SKINNY
Posed by professional models

AND TO THINK THEY USED TO CALL ME SKINNY

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Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured *brewers' ale yeast* imported from Europe—the richest yeast known—which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—*made 7 times more powerful.*

But that is not all! This super-rich yeast is then *ironized* with 3 special kinds of iron which strengthen the blood, add pep.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs get husky, skin clear—you're an entirely new person.

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No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands of others. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money will be instantly refunded.

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To start you building up your health *right away*, we make this FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by an authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—*or money refunded.* At all good druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 227, Atlanta, Ga.

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THERE'S a lot of "come hither" in sparkling, real golden blonde hair! But watch the danger line at the part, around the forehead—hair darkening at the roots. It ruins a blonde's attractiveness. Whether it's due to hair growing in darker or imperfect care, all you need is BLONDEX, the unusual shampoo designed to *keep* blonde hair always *beautiful*. Blondex is not a harsh dye. Simply a fine powder bubbling instantly into a beneficial, frothy lather. *Naturally* brings out all the dazzling charm, the golden sheen and lustre that makes blonde hair so fascinating. Get the inexpensive 25c package, or the economical $1 size, at any drug or department store. NEW: *Have you tried Blondex Wave Set? Doesn't darken light hair—not sticky or flaky.*

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The Real Reason Jean Harlow's Marriage Crashed

(*Continued from page 5*)

anywhere or be anywhere. But there is no other man or woman."

BUT something did break up Jean Harlow's marriage. If it wasn't another man, what, then, was it?

The truth is so simple that I can only hope you will believe it. It was the mating of two souls who were never meant for each other.

Jean *thought* they were meant for each other. Struck by tragedy, heartbroken, she thought she needed protection, a balance-wheel for her unhappy emotions. In Hal Rosson she thought she had found a man who would protect her, cherish her, love her. Hal Rosson was older than she, an understanding friend.

They were in Arizona, on the desert, making "Bombshell." One night, after they had finished shooting the picture, Hal and she went for a walk in the desert. They stopped beneath a giant saguaro. It was so quiet and peaceful there; it was night; and she was so weary. The stars were very close to earth, so close that she felt as if she could lean over and touch them.

The peace that Jean found that moon-drenched night was born of the desert, but she thought that it was the kind of peace she would find with Hal Rosson. She had all she wanted of youthful passion in her madcap marriage at sixteen to Charles McGrew, Jr., the playboy. Now she thought that she had found a love that surpassed understanding, the kind of love that she has been looking for all her life.

She didn't stop to think how different Hal Rosson's attitude toward life was. She didn't stop to think of how, when she was a little girl, he had been married to an Australian girl named Nina Byron, and how that marriage had ended in divorce, with Hal Rosson returning to his camera, his books, and his golf clubs. Since that time he had never been seriously interested in any woman till he met Jean. That alone should have warned her that his love of life did not flame like hers, for it was many years ago that his first marriage ended.

Though Jean, harrowed by tragedy, thought she wanted peace, it was not really peace she wanted. It was life she wanted, love and laughter. Jean is in her early twenties, essentially unconventional and daring. In contrast Hal Rosson has little enthusiasm for anything.

Jean Harlow is gallant, willing to pay the price for everything she wants in life, willing to drain every bit of the cup of life, even though there are bitter dregs. Hal is more of a recluse. He was willing to live and move in a narrow orbit, making few friends, taking little interest in anything but his professional activities.

I remember one night they were at a party together. Jean was chatting animatedly, but there was nothing in her behavior to which the most jealous husband could object. Hal sat in a corner moodily. Then suddenly he walked up to Jean, took her arm in his, and with hardly a word to the assembled guests, walked out.

What a storm must have broken over Jean's head afterward! One can imagine the bitter feelings of Hal Rosson, lonely in the midst of gayety, a stranger at his wife's own parties, loving few people and yet doomed to watch his lovely young wife, the center of a gay crowd. Men like that are necessarily self-conscious. They imagine that everyone in the crowd recognizes their bitter, unhappy mood, that everyone is conscious of the fact that they do not belong.

Mocking bitter thoughts raced through his brain. Added to all his galling unhappiness, added to his wretchedness was the miserable thought that ate like a canker into his brain that he was being gossiped about, that all Hollywood looked upon him as a dupe, a middle-aged husband whom a young girl had married to escape gossip. What did it matter that the rumors weren't true? What did it matter that Jean was all faith and trust and loveliness? Other people were whispering these things behind closed palms. He was conservative; he had never been the center of such malicious gossip before. He wanted to tear Jean Harlow away from her friends, away from the work which had gotten her into the public eye and made them the center of such gossip.

THE very day of their marriage had been one of ill augury, if Jean Harlow had only known. The photographers had crowded around them, begging for their pictures. Hal tried to flee from all that. He begged Jean to hurry.

Jean, laughing delightedly, said. "My new husband can't take it."

And the cameramen laughed with her. They might not have laughed if they had known what this simple little incident really meant.

Yet it wasn't Hal's fault entirely that he couldn't take it. He was up against a tough situation.

There is a contributing factor which cannot be ignored. It is a factor which has wrecked many more marriages than infidelity or scandal. That's simply this: Jean Harlow and her mother are so close to each other that it is almost impossible for Jean, like Ruth of old, to leave her family and her parents and forget home and friends for the man she loves. Her mother always calls her "Baby," and that word is a symbol of the relationship between them. Jean even spent her first bridal night at her house.

The only time the marriage between Jean and Hal Rosson seemed remotely happy was when Jean left home and took a small apartment in Hollywood with him. Later, after Jean's operation, they went back to the Beverly Crest house, Jean's magnificent new home.

Now here is something that Hollywood hasn't known till now. Jean Harlow and Hal Rosson were separated for several weeks prior to their admitted split. At Jean's birthday party about six weeks before Carmelita Geraghty's marriage, Hal Rosson sat in a corner and took no part in the festivities. Recently his and Jean's mother's birthday were celebrated together, but he barely was present at that.

Before her marriage to Hal Rosson, heartbroken as she was by Paul Bern's tragedy, she always said, and she spoke sincerely, that she wanted to marry again and know the joys of a normal home and children. But now when I asked her about a future marriage she said with a cynical smile, "I think this will end all that."

Perhaps that is just a passing phase. No normal girl as beautiful as Jean Harlow is through with romance and marriage at twenty-three. And she had never looked more lovely than when she made these statements to me:

WITH the same courage she had shown in the Bern case, the day after she admitted that she and Hal had come to a parting of the ways, Jean was working on the set. She said to me, "There is no chance of reconciliation. As soon as this picture ("100% Pure") is finished, I shall start divorce proceedings. I want to go to Honolulu for a vacation and if I can get the divorce there I will but I don't know the law.

"It is possible I may make that a Mexican vacation and get the divorce there. The divorce will be absolutely uncontested.

"There is no bitterness but I do not expect that we will be seen about together after it is all over as some Hollywood couples have been. Please believe that I did want this marriage to last and that I hoped that it would. I really think I did everything I could to make it last and perhaps if I had never worked and had never come home tired and had had nothing to do but devote my whole attention to making it last it might have, but the moment I got back to work I knew it was hopeless."

Jean Harlow is telling the simple truth. To see Jean and Hal Rosson together is to be aware of fearful incompatibility existing between them. The marriage was doomed from the start, but not for the reasons the Hollywood vultures gave.

On the set after I had seen Jean, John Emerson, the writer who is a free and honest soul if there ever was one, followed me out to beg me, "Give the kid a break."

Jean Harlow has been martyred once already. If you hear malicious, unpleasant rumors about why this marriage crashed, know better than to believe them. She is the victim of a tragic, incompatible marriage. Give the kid a break.

NOSEY NELLIE SAYS——

Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., exchanged cables on the day their divorce became final, wishing each other the best of luck.

That Sidney Fox-Erwin Gelsey romance begins to look serious.

Betty Furness and Arthur Lake are going around together . . . Philip Faversham is dating Marjorie Lytell and Rochelle Hudson is going places with Harry Peel, cashier of the RKO studios.

It's wedding bells for Elizabeth Young and writer Joe Mankiewicz . . . It's Helen Vinson who's making Pat de Cicco forget his ex-wife, Thelma Todd, these days.

Shirley Ross, M-G-M contract starlet, is much in love with a West Point cadet and is flying back to attend the annual spring prom with him.

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Silent Partners of the Stars

(*Continued from page 59*)

the deadly female of the species. Perhaps wisely.

Although Madeleine Fields was playing the "heavy" in Mack Sennett comedies, where Carole met her, our ex-Mrs. Powell, being astute, decided that Fieldsie would make a super-secretary. Fieldsie has a mind like a filing cabinet; everything's there, and everything's in order. Carole couldn't ask for a more loyal colleague.

Of course, it's more romantic to continue believing that your favorite screen stars play the "lone wolf." That they keep their secrets to themselves, refuse the aid of man or beast, and ride the crest of all waves through the sheer force of their personality, and the winning power of their rare talents and physical appeal.

Unfortunately, this is not so. Even in the case of such a mysterious, glamorous personality as Greta Garbo.

If you're guessing already, I'll wager you're going to be wrong. The silent partner referred to here is not Stiller, not John Gilbert, not Madame Viertel, not Mamoulian.

Several years ago, in New York, a certain woman whose personality had already been felt by her friends, made up her mind that she was going to know Greta Garbo—and know her as a constant companion and intimate friend. To make this sound less of a fairy-tale, it's only reasonable to tell you that this well-tailored, crisp-spoken woman with a steel-toothed will, was anything but a nonentity.

Mercedes Acosta came to Hollywood and made it her business to be invited to those few houses which Garbo sometimes visited. She occupied herself with everything that might interest this inaccessible goddess. And what happened? The very force of her will was so great that Garbo did the inconceivable thing. She not only accepted this friendship which reached out toward her, she actually leaned on it.

Members of the inner circle at M-G-M have often told me that Irving Thalberg would call in Mercedes Acosta whenever he was having a particularly hard time trying to make the immovable Garbo see things his way about a picture, a contract, or a vacation (rather, not a vacation). When all else had failed, Mercedes would have a private confab with that "lonely, unapproachable Nordic spirit." And, somehow, suddenly where before there has been nothing but nays and wailings and useless pleading, there were (after this tête-à-tête) yeas and sunshine and mutual agreement all around!

What Will Rogers has to say on the subject of silent partners helps prove John Boles' contention that "there's at least one woman behind the career of every man, and she can make or break him."

Says Will: "I wouldn't hesitate for a minute to say that Mrs. Rex Beach is responsible for my success in motion pictures. First she sold me the idea of becoming a picture actor; and then she sold it to Sam Goldwyn, which was much harder. But she convinced Sam, who was at that time connected with Eminent Authors, Incorporated, where Rex Beach was president—that he ought to star me in films.

"I made several comedies, and they were all flops. I was discouraged and heartbroken, but Mrs. Beach influenced me not to quit. I wasn't writing for the papers in those days and needed money as badly as anybody. So I made two more comedies for Hal Roach. But they didn't take. So I

The hilarious team of Olson and Johnson threw a party at Sardi's in Hollywood the other night. Top, Lew Cody and Vince Barnet; bottom, Olson, Jack Oakie and Johnson. Boy, was that a party!

went back to the stage. Then the screen began to talk and Mrs. Beach, bless her, got after me again and helped me sign with Fox to make 'They Had to See Paris.' Well, that one went over—and I've been fooling 'em ever since, thanks to Mrs. Beach."

The buffer between Katie Hepburn and the world is Laura Harding, a wealthy New York society woman. These two good companions are practically as inseparable as Amos and Andy, or Ruth and Naomi! Where Hepburn goes there goes Harding!

Not so long ago, when Katharine Hepburn was supposed to be planning and building a wonderful new home in Coldwater Canyon, surprised architects, contractors and interior decorators discovered that it was Laura Harding, and not Katharine Hepburn, who did all the actual planning, and who had the only say about where a fireplace was to go, and how much would be spent on a bathroom shower. Miss Hepburn whose sharp way of expressing her independence has left its lingering sting on quite a few citizens of Hollywood, had turned everything over to Miss Harding, depending entirely on her decisions.

In Europe, they say, the trouble with American men is that they're run by their women. And run ragged, too. Perhaps these suave cosmopolites who criticize so freely might sing another tune if they knew of a few instances which prove the contrary.

Bebe Daniels is a self-assured young woman who has long held the reputation in Hollywood of being a fighter for her rights, a person who sticks to her guns and wins, an adorable creature, but one not to be dominated by mere man! Important studio executives, entering into an argument with Bebe, have come out looking somewhat sheepishly shorn.

Shortly after her marriage to Ben Lyon, Bebe and Ben were guests at a party given by Gloria Swanson—perhaps it was Eileen Pringle's party (I've forgotten). Also present that evening was George Gershwin. Bebe happened to be all elated about the songs she'd been singing in "Rio Rita;" and as people do at parties, some one suggested that Bebe sing a song or two from this hit, to George Gershwin's accompaniment. To complicate matters, it took an hour or more for Bebe and George to get together about their selections. During their lengthy discussions, Ben Lyon sat in a corner like the strong silent man of the old "mellerdrammer" with a sort of determined set expression. For some reason, unknown to every one but himself, Ben wasn't exactly enthusiastic.

Eventually they were ready, to the relief of all the other guests—but Ben. Bebe leaned against the piano, eyes sparkling; George's fingers had already tapped out the first insinuating "blues" melody. Abruptly Ben rose from his chair, sauntered over to his hostess, shook hands and announced he was leaving.

All eyes, including Bebe's, which were glistening but not reproachful, followed him out into the hall.

Without a word, and without her song, Bebe followed him out, too!

It seemed Ben didn't want Bebe to sing. That was all there was to it. Nothing more but that was enough for Bebe!

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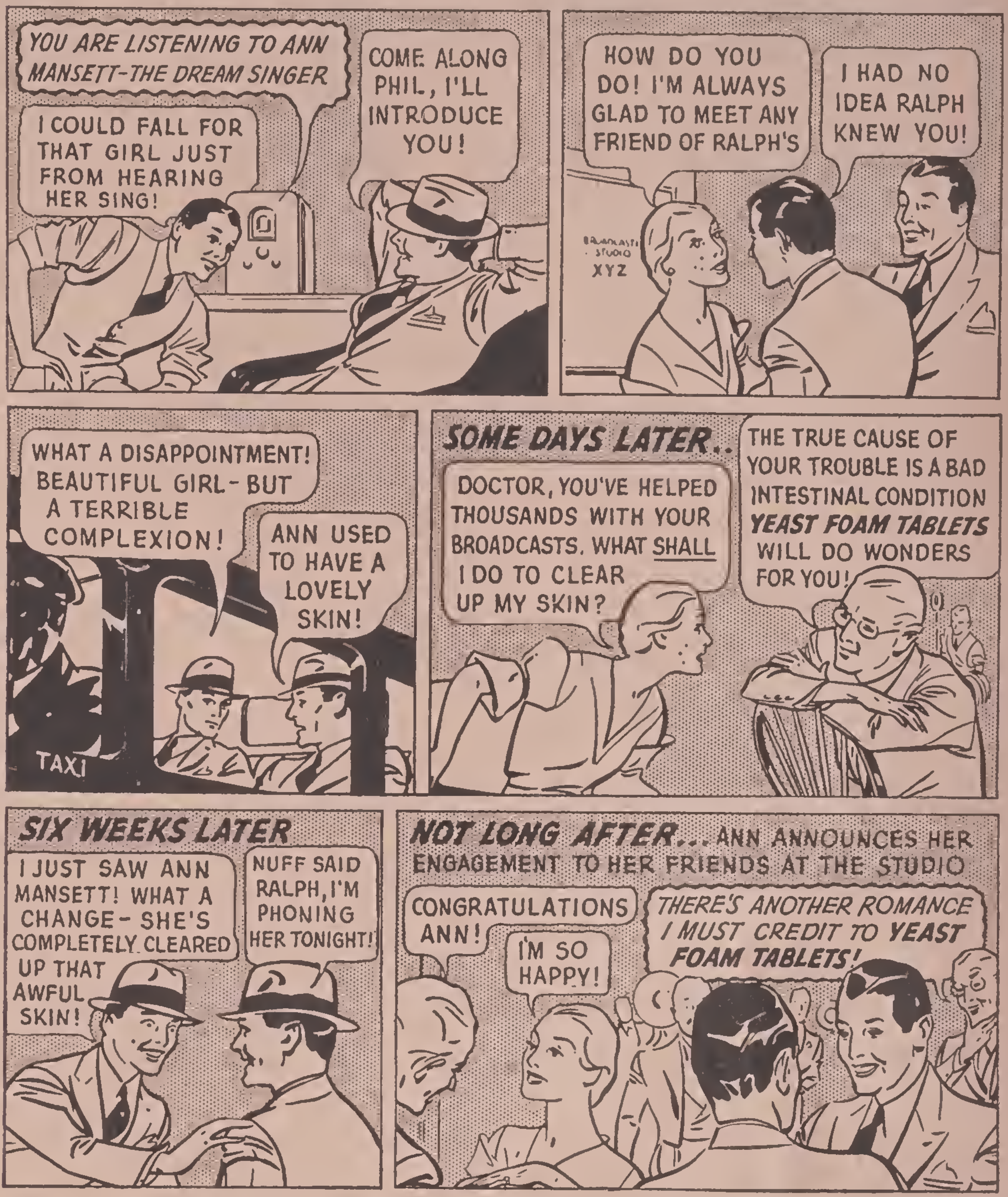
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He Played Tag With Death

(*Continued from page 33*)

there was nothing.

It was on the fifth day of his foodless existence that he walked from Amsterdam avenue and 79th Street down to the World Building in Park Row to ask Alexander Woollcott if he happened to know of any producer who needed a man to fill out his cast. Woollcott was sorry to say he didn't. So Bellamy walked back.

Now if you know your New York you will know that the round trip Bellamy had made means a good twelve-miles' stretch with stony going all the way, something not to be undertaken on a Spartan diet. And if you know your Woollcott you will know that he is a kindly soul.

Bellamy was so self-contained, even though containing absolutely nothing in the way of nourishment, that Woollcott couldn't possibly have suspected that the young actor he had met while on a lecture tour was in dire need.

It was a few hours after that gruelling journey that Bellamy discovered himself to be staring vacantly from his dizzy fire-escape. He had been starved into stark oblivion.

"THAT was a strange experience," he now reflected, "but one that was good for me, for it brought me back to my senses with the jerk I needed. It put me on to myself. Starvation is the greatest producer of the introspective mood. You get to know a lot about yourself. I've never been given to self-pity, and I wasn't a bit sorry for myself out on that fire-escape. Of course, I was sorry for the plight I was in, but suddenly I realized it to be all my own fault. I should have had better sense than to come to New York, where I was wholly unknown. Now that I took in my absurd situation, I found myself getting mad about it. My stupid failure made me furious. No. I didn't feel that the world owed me a living, but I was determined to earn one. You know, there's nothing like stubborn persistence to pull you out of a hole."

"But meanwhile?"

"Well," he smiled, "I guess I must have been pretty funny to everyone but myself. For one thing, in going along the street I'd keep looking at everything on the sidewalk, hoping to see a purse or pick up a nickel. And when I came to a bakery I was like a kid trying to pass a toy shop—just couldn't do it. I'd stand in front of the window devouring everything with my eyes."

"Were you hungry all the time?"

"No," was his interesting explanation, "only for the first three days. After that I wasn't hungry at all. I simply felt light-headed and weak. In fact, my weakness was so great at times that I'd have to stop and hang on to something."

"You mentioned," I reminded him, "that your last food had been peanuts."

"Yes, I ate shells and all. Then I drank a lot of water that caused them to swell, making me feel they were 'filling,' if not wholly satisfying."

He could laugh at it now. Happily, that is the way with most of us who have come safely through an ordeal. Ralph Bellamy's has left no mark on him. His clean-cut face is as untroubled as a boy's, his eyes clear of ghosts, his smile free of bitterness.

"Then your experience has caused no lasting change in you?"

"One," he said hesitatingly. "All through that five-day fasting I had a curious obsession. I just couldn't forget the food I'd left uneaten, particularly a good-sized piece of roast beef, in other days. My past wastefulness weighed on my mind like an unforgivable sin. For that matter, I've never got over it. I suppose it's a sort of phobia—a dread amounting almost to a horror of wasting food. Even to this day I'm careful never to overload my plate, helping myself to no more than I'm sure I'll eat."

"How and when did you get out of your bad time?" I inquired.

"On the sixth day," he said. "A Chicago agent offered me a place in a stock company he was sending out and wired me the money I needed. So I started eating again."

"What did you have for your first meal?"

"Well," he sheepishly confessed, "I was all set to eat everything in sight. But I began, and ended, with a bowl of vegetable soup. That was all I wanted. Evidently, my training hadn't fitted me to get away with a good square meal, for I found myself a bit weak on the intake. Although my stomach seemed to be on its good behavior, my head was still in a whirl. The wheels in it had probably stopped going around altogether for a time the day before, but thanks to that fire-escape they started turning over again."

STRANGELY enough, Ralph Bellamy was destined to face yet another deadly fall. His second bowing acquaintance with eternity was made during the filming of "West of Broadway." Early one morning, with Lois Moran, he started out for location in a studio car. Everything went smoothly until they got into the mountains back of Chatsworth. There the driver turned off into a narrow dirt road, following it to a high plateau. On the steep downgrade towards location the man seemed to be having trouble with his car, and Bellamy was even more surprised to see he was driving with only his left hand. Then he completely lost control of the heavy sedan, which plunged and swung at steadily increasing speed. No more than fifty yards ahead was the edge of a precipice which would mean an eight-hundred foot drop. Fearing seemingly inevitable disaster, Bellamy flung open a door and was about to leap out with Miss Moran when, miraculously, the limb of a tree caught in the door and halted the car. At the same instant the driver desperately opened the door at his left and pitched to the ground. When Bellamy reached his side he was unconscious. His condition was readily explained by the fact that his whole right side was paralyzed. His stroke had occurred just as he started down that perilous grade. He suffered another on the way to a hospital and died.

"Well," remarked the fatalistic stunt man of the troupe, shaking hands with Bellamy, "it just wasn't your day, was it?"

Judging from Ralph Bellamy's two similar experiences, it was reasonable to suppose he might be height-conscious.

"I am," he admitted. "What's more, I can't remember a time when I wasn't height-conscious. Put me up on anything higher than my head and I promptly want to throw myself off it. That, of course, would be no great loss to anyone, with the possible exception of my wife, Katharine Willard. But once it threatened to run into a lot of money. When I was twelve years old I got a job as messenger boy for a Chicago bank. One day I was sent to another bank to bring back sixty thousand dollars. The money was so heavy that the bag it filled raised blisters on my hands. But I got along with it all right until I was crossing the rickety old Madison street bridge. Then I stopped, seized with a sudden impulse to throw bag and all into the melancholy waters of the Chicago River. That impulse was so strong that it forced me to lift the bag to the top of the rail. There it balanced precariously for a moment. Then, with all the will power I could summon to my aid, I managed to drag it down and run for dear life—and the still dearer money."

As further proof of his precocity, Master Bellamy ran away from home two years later and didn't stop going until he reached Balboa, Calif. There he kept active body and possibly soul together as a hotel bellhop. There, too, he had the baptism of water in motion pictures. "Wings of the Morning" was the fairly angelic title of the creation in which he figured moistly during blessed moments of freedom from carrying ice-water to thirsty guests of the hostelry, who had left Iowa flat. Supporting Master Bellamy in that epic, it may be added, were Louise Lovely and William Farnum. All that our young hero had to do was carry a tray, on which wobbled a bottle of champagne, to the captain's cabin—the exigencies of the script calling for sea-going actors. Just how much the brave boy got for his first appearance I do not know, but I *do* know he got it in the neck. For to get to the captain's cabin he had to go through a terrible storm obligingly furnished by a wind machine and several lengths of enthusiastic hose. Caught by surprise, he was completely upset. So was the bottle.

IT is characteristic of Ralph Bellamy that in everything he has done he started young. At 16 he had his own little theatre company, the North Shore Players, just outside Chicago. At 17, if you please, he played both Bassanio in "The Merchant of Venice" and the noble Moor with the pillow-complex in "Othello." Shortly afterward he was leading man and manager for two seasons of the Princess Theatre in Des Moines. His rise in talking pictures has been rapid and distinguished, including as it does his important role with Katharine Hepburn in "Spitfire."

"And Miss Hepburn is a genius," he assured me, "imaginative, creative, and never camera-conscious."

He himself decided to become an actor even before he had seen a play.

"I don't recall the name of the first play I saw," he said, "but I remember that Lynn Fontanne was in it. To go to it I stole part of the grocery money."

Colorful? Well, if Ralph Bellamy isn't colorful, then I'm quite color-blind!

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Believe It or Not—This Is MacMahon

(*Continued from page 49*)

results on her own merits. She even refused the aid of her aunt, Sophie Irene Loeb, the social welfare worker, whose vast list of influential friends included all the important theatrical producers. She was determined to fight her way to the top, alone.

So Aline played in a stock company at Stockbridge, Massachusetts, in the very same company and at the very same time with Katharine Hepburn. When there was nothing else to do, Aline took a chorus job. Then she proceeded to experiment with a sort of daring theatrical venture.

Having imported from the Continent that powerful if somewhat censorable drama, "Maya," she played the lead. After a week's run the production was closed by the police on the grounds of *indecency*. But that didn't faze MacMahon.

TWO and a half years ago came the chance of "Once in a Lifetime," which not only made Aline the talk of the Rialto, but also gave her her first picture contract. There's no argument at all about the way she deported herself on the screen. The unanimous audience reaction to Aline's performances has always been "Swell!"

But popular as she was in pictures from the very beginning, she consistently refused the starring roles which Warner Bros. tried to foist on her. She didn't feel herself worthy of such lofty billing. It was only this past winter that the studio finally convinced her that exceptional success such as hers certainly merited stardom. In contrast to the deafening din of self-advertising bluffers who infest Hollywood, such earnest modesty is almost incredible.

Aline gave an excellent example of that particular MacMahon trait when she refused the *plummy* role of the wife to Walter Huston's husband in the recent stage production of "Dodsworth" (by Sinclair Lewis), politely explaining that she felt that the screen gave her much better opportunity than the stage to express herself, and remarked that she preferred to devote herself exclusively to motion pictures, for the present. So, while Helen Hayes, Katharine Hepburn and Miriam Hopkins have given Hollywood the *bye-bye* in favor of Broadway, Aline sacrifices the plaudits of a sophisticated New York audience to emote under the Klieg lights. One up for our side!

This individuality—we might even call it a certain fascinating eccentricity—is expressed in a number of other ways. When she's at work on a picture, she's like a chameleon, taking on the colors—even at home—of the role she plays. Her servants have a hard time keeping up with her constantly changing personality. Just about the time they've become used to living with a gaunt pioneer woman who stalks silently around the house and gazes into vast distances with fiercely brooding eyes, they're forced to readjust themselves to the habits of a heavy-lidded, sensuous Central European adventuress, who goes in for jewelry and melodramatics on a grand scale.

When they've gotten over the shock of

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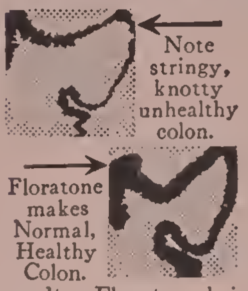

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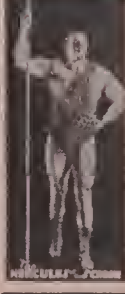

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that, they suddenly find themselves confronted by a smart, slightly cynical dame, with a tin-pan alley line of chatter and a "slap-'em-on-the-back" manner.

This is all very disconcerting to the help, to say the least. These servants, incidentally, who try so hard to please their mercurial mistress—for they adore her abjectly—are all women; even to a woman chauffeur—as far as we know, the only one in Hollywood. Her preference for female help may be a hangover from that somewhat militant feminist influence exerted by her aunt.

THEN there's the matter of Aline and clothes. This woman who looks her best on the screen in stunning sports or tailored ensembles and severely sophisticated evening gowns has, in private life, a passion for heavily embroidered oriental fabrics. Blame it on her Russian antecedents but she's forever appearing at premieres and dinner parties, decked out like some barbaric Tartar princess—to the astonishment of all those who haven't been informed of this mild eccentricity.

And her hats! Oh, those hats! A strange and exotic breed, unknown to Agnes or Adrian. To say that they're inverted flower-pots from the Edwardian era might be an attempt at a description. Curiously enough, she looks attractive in them.

Finally, there's that favorite pastime of Aline's. Believe it or not, the thing she likes best next to Clarence, and eating at a Longchamp's restaurant in New York, is to ride through Central Park in one of those rickety, Dickensy open barouches, decked out in a sombre clerical costume, topped by an astonishing black silk opera hat. In this curious rig-out, only a fox and a couple of hounds are needed to complete the illusion that Aline is riding to the hunt. Even blasé New York pedestrians stood fixed in their tracks the first time they witnessed the spectacle which didn't in the least perturb Aline.

With this remarkable picture of a remarkable woman, we'll leave you to think about the MacMahon you may not have known. She's a grand girl, MacMahon!

LAST MINUTE NEWS

It will be Anna Sten and not Gloria Swanson in "Barbary Coast." The lack of gate receipts on Swanson's personal appearance tour in theatres was what changed Sam Goldwyn's mind.

Charles Laughton will be Louis XVI in Norma Shearer's "Marie Antoinette."

Clark Gable is all puffed up over having become a Masonic Knights Templar.

Jimmy Cagney denies that he is writing a book or attending college nights. Such stories are just an ambitious press agent's dream.

Vacation News: Nigel Bruce is returning to England for the summer . . . John Emerson and Anita Loos are going to Europe for their seventeenth trip . . . Russell Hardie is coming back home . . . Richard Dix is starting on a world tour.

Monte Bell, the director, has abandoned his search for unknown beauties for "Student Tour." He'll take the Hollywood brand.

Joel McCrea has settled his quarrel with RKO and will be starring there soon. Tom Brown did not renew his RKO contract but will probably sign with Metro.

Kidnapping scares have all Hollywood practicing shooting on rifle ranges.

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Henry A. Rost, Managing Director

FIFTH AVENUE
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Inside Stuff

(Continued from page 85)

Remember Louise Brooks and her jet-black, straight-haired bob? Besides being married to Deering Davis, she's also been his dancing partner. But now he's dancing with tears in his eyes, because she's heading for the last marital round-up.

Billie Dove Keniston is the mother of a baby boy. Billie retired from the screen after marrying his handsome dad a year ago last May.

* * *

NOW that George Brent is on his own again, he is making up for lost time. Warner Brothers gave him two weeks vacation with pay, when he returned to the fold after separating from Ruth Chatterton. Immediately George went out and purchased a polo pony, was seen at the Hollywood fights and in general is doing all the things la Chatterton didn't approve of.

* * *

They were shooting a scene for "Twentieth Century." John Barrymore, with great passion, was supposed to enter the room, turn to Carole Lombard and say, "I have come to tell you that you are the greatest actress in all the world." But just as the cameras started grinding, a fly lit on the famous Barrymore proboscis. Never hesitating for a moment, John went through the scene.

"I have come to tell you," he said, "that I have a blankety-blank fly on the end of my nose."

* * *

FRANK BORZAGE was directing Margaret Sullavan and Douglass Montgomery in "Little Man, What Now?" The scene was in an old-fashioned bedroom with Margaret and Douglass speaking their lines from one of those feather beds. Something went wrong with the lights and there was a long wait. So Margaret nonchalantly chewed gum and smoked a cigarette, while Doug studied his script. That's romantic Hollywood for you!

* * *

MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL who has just played an important rôle in Norma Shearer's "Riptide" was the sensation of tea hour at the Thistle Cottage a simple tea room near Santa Monica.

She swept in dressed in a vague tweed, followed by her chauffeur. She sat him in one booth then marched on to another where she and Moonbeam, her white Pekingese, planted themselves.

Moonbeam was given the freedom of the port and took full advantage of the freedom. He snapped at the other customers' ankles while Mama munched scenes. Between munches, Mrs. Pat would talk to herself in dramatic tones.

After innumerable scenes and two long speeches, Mama gathered in Moonbeam, the two checks for tea and swept out, leaving the Thistle Cottage hushed and a little awed. Such is royalty.

* * *

THE "Merry Widow" is as full of versions as chowder has clams. The American cast does the first version.

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After each scene they step out of the set with the exception of Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald and the French cast steps in, new costumes and all and lets go with true Gaelic verve.

Then the English version must be changed as it is taboo to make light of a a King and Queen. Then comes a Belgian version. George Barbier and Una Merkel who play the royal pair in the other versions are changed to a General and ex-circus performer. Poor Lubitsch. All four versions are being shot at once.

* * *

LOUIS B. MAYER gave a huge dinner at his studio to honor the Motion Picture Owners of America who were holding their convention in Los Angeles. Mayer brought out the best talent in town to entertain the important visitors. The Rasch Ballet, Shirley Ross and Earl Oxford were among the star performers. Arthur Jarrett's contribution to the programme was "Did You Ever See a Dream Walking?" Jarrett was singing away on his second chorus and was to the part where he sings "Did You Ever See a Dream Walking?" when a far from steady guest got up from his table and weaved down the center of the dance floor. For a minute the audience gave Mayer credit for a novelty till the dazed gent collected a couple of soaked wits, looked around and found himself alone on the floor. Terror spread over his fuzzled face. He just managed to steer his rubber legs off the floor. Jarrett gave an extra high note to "Well *I* Did."

* * *

YOU can expect the worst and be sure of it happening when you go to Ida Lupino's new hill top home. In the basement, Ida has built a new play room. But the only way of entering is by climbing through a small hole in the wall. And of course an awful lot of things can happen to you while climbing through the hole. Then after you're inside, the chairs collapse, hidden wires give sudden shocks, the silverware falls apart and everyone just has the *best* time!

* * *

THIS is the way they were lined up at the long table that hugs the wall of the popular Vendome Café in Hollywood. Alice Faye, was doing very little eating and much talking with Lyle Talbot. Phillip (Broad shoulders) Reed and Marion Nixon were sipping glasses. And Mary (very friendly) Brian and Dick Powell were about the happiest looking couple in the place.

* * *

MAYBE this is why Norma Shearer is one of our greatest stars today. Recently she rushed down to a radio station to do a broadcast with a well known Hollywood columnist. Her hairdresser and manicurist were waiting for her at home. Just as she was ready to rush back to them, someone told her they were trying out a new television broadcast. A film and sound tract of Claudette Colbert were being run off. Norma forgot everything but the interesting experiment. She stayed for hours carefully studying the new technique.

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SO positive are we that you will approve this new way to treat stomach distress, caused by acid indigestion, that we offer this "Guarantee Test." Just ask your druggist for the special new 3-roll Carrier Package of Tums; only costs 30c. Attached you will find a generous test packet of Tums. Use this test supply the next time you feel distressed. See how quickly Tums counteract acid and dispel gas. Then, if you don't agree that Tums give the quickest, most positive relief possible, just return the Carrier Package unopened. Your druggist will refund every penny you have paid. Carrier Package includes handsome gift Tums users have always wanted—a metal pocket carrier, that keeps a Tums roll fresh and sanitary in pocket or purse.

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THREE ROLLS OF TUMS WITH SANITARY CARRIER
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TUMS
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TUMS
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AND DO THINGS

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FREE BOOK

Movies of the Month

(*Continued from page 63*)

ict attorney, you know darned well that the big scene is going to be where the district attorney has to try the gangster for something or other. Everything happens according to schedule in "Manhattan Melodrama." It's murder that Clark has committed, and Bill has the usual struggle with his conscience.

Helping this routine plot. however, are excellently drawn characters and grand suspense, particularly in the end.

This reviewer can never see Clark Gable cast as a weakling. The Gable force comes through, try as he will to hide it. Bill Powell makes his rather smug character very sympathetic, and Myrna Loy is properly seductive.

Your Reviewer Says: Much better than average and most exciting.

For Children: It teaches a moral lesson.

✓✓"The Witching Hour" (Paramount)

You'll See: *Sir Guy Standing, John Halliday, Judith Allen, Tom Brown, others.*

It's About: *A young man who accidentally becomes hypnotized and kills a man.*

If you've revolted against the same old love stuff; if the costume pictures are beginning to irk, and the Dracula series are too gruesome, and you've wanted something different—substantial entertainment, thrilling, suspenseful—here it is.

The owner of an exclusive gambling house in the South, receives a cat's-eye ring in exchange for cash from a losing patron. That same evening his daughter's suitor calls on him, and at the sight of the ring becomes panic-stricken and falls under a hypnotic spell. He obeys the gambler's thought, and blows out a grafter's brains.

Then the suspense begins. Sir Guy Standing gives a grand performance of Judge Prentis, who, with his law tricks, convinces the jury of the boy's innocence. Tom Brown, as the boy, and John Halliday, as the gambler, are excellent.

Your Reviewer Says: Swell entertainment, and a sure cure for the blues.

For Children: Okay, though the subject may be above their heads.

✓✓"Tarzan and His Mate" (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Johnny Weissmuller, Maureen O'Sullivan, Neil Hamilton, Paul Cavanaugh, Forrester Harvey and assorted animals.*

It's About: *Mr. and Mrs. Tarzan and their life among the trees.*

No, it isn't as good as the first "Tarzan" of a year or so ago, but this is a honey of a picture just the same. You'll thrill and chill, you'll laugh and cry out with fear, and you'll get that same old romantic kick over the Weissmuller chassis when it swings into action. Johnny swings through trees, leads herds of elephants, battles crocodiles, tames rhinoceroses, and generally acts the hero all over the place.

The weakness of the picture is that the plot, actually, is so similar to the first Tarzan. There are the white men hunting ivory, there is Tarzan helping them, there are the fights with wild natives and even wilder animals, and there is the idyllic romance between Tarzan and the beautiful young English lass who loves him more than civilization.

Your Reviewer Says: See it, because it is fresh and different with a laugh and a thrill every foot of the way.

For Children: They will adore it.

✓✓"We're Not Dressing" (Paramount)

You'll See: *Bing Crosby, Carole Lombard, Ethel Merman, Burns and Allen, Leon Errol, others.*

It's About: *A gang who get lost on a desert isle, including an heiress, a sailor, two princes and a couple of nutty explorers.*

If you're a Bing Crosby enthusiast (and this department most certainly is), you are in for a great big evening when this movie hits your local theatre. For never has Bing been in more glorious voice, or had nicer love songs to sing, or a more beautiful heroine to sing them to than Carole Lombard.

Otherwise the picture is one of those zany combinations Paramount frequently throws together. It turns out to be swell fun. The plot is number 9336842 in the desert island series, but you probably won't care, since it's all done so amusingly.

Carole is the spoiled young heiress jaunting about the South Seas on her yacht, Bing is a sailor who loves her below decks, Leon Errol is her dad and Ethel Merman her sister. There are a couple of vague suitors wandering around, and when they get wrecked the fun starts and Bing plays caveman. Burns and Allen dart in and out as scientists discovering they don't know what on the isle. It's all mad and gay and cheerful and croonish.

Your Reviewer Says: Unless you are a grouchy highbrow, you'll enjoy this.

For Children: It's a darb.

"Sisters Under the Skin" (Columbia)

You'll See: *Elissa Landi, Frank Morgan, Joseph Schildkraut, Doris Lloyd, others.*

It's About: *One of those financial wizards of forty-nine who tries to regain his youth via the flirtation route, and who achieves the usual result.*

Except for the fine performance of Frank Morgan, this is pretty trite entertainment. You've seen it too many times before to have it intrigue you, the story of the rich, middle-aged man who leaves his wife for a younger woman, who is a gold-digger until love comes along in the figure of an oh, so passionate pianist. Everyone gets full of self-sacrifice, but in the end the correct couples are united.

Poor Elissa Landi is once more miscast. Joseph Schildkraut overacts violently, but Doris Lloyd is nice as the drab wife, while Frank Morgan really dominates the deadly story and makes his scenes compelling.

Your Reviewer Says: You won't miss a thing if you can't get out to see this.

For Children: It will bore them.

"Double Door" (Paramount)

You'll See: *Mary Morris, Evelyn Venable, Kent Taylor, Guy Standing, Ann Revere, Colin Tapley, others.*

It's About: *A vicious spinster who dared to tamper with love.*

It seems a pity to see swell performances, excellent direction and good photography lost in a meager plot made of equal parts of horror and hokum. If you thought the days of "You shall never get the pearls," the villain croaked as he hurled himself into the dark dungeon, had gone the way of grandma's hoops and bustles, you're wrong. They're still with us here.

The scene takes place in the late 90s. It's the old, creaky Van Brett mansion, housing the dynamic Victoria Van Brett, who ruled her household—sister Caroline and Rip, her step-brother—by fear and a bit of hypnotism. This big, bad woman didn't believe in happiness at all, and squelched any joy or freedom of spirit manifested by weepy Caroline. But in Rip she encountered a snag. He fell in love with pretty Ann, who didn't have either old name or jools. She was just young and beautiful, and terribly in love with Rip.

By means of vicious and unscrupulous means she tries to keep the lovers apart. But love conquers all, you know, and Victoria gets all that is coming to her.

A screen newcomer, Mary Morris, gives a splendid performance as the bad Victoria, ably and convincingly assisted by Kent Taylor as Rip and Evelyn Venable as the girl he loves. Honors go to Charles Vidor, the director, who did all that could be done with a weak story.

Your Reviewer Says: In spite of its incredulity, you'll catch yourself hissing the villainess and cheering the hero.

For Children: Like another witch story.

"Strictly Dynamite" (RKO)

You'll See: *Jimmy Durante, Lupe Velez, Norman Foster, William Gargan, Marion Nixon, Sterling Holloway and others.*

It's About: *The intrigue of a broadcasting station and the private life of a low-brow radio star and his girl friend.*

With the lineup of talent in this picture, it should have been one of the laugh sensations of the year. Instead, it is a sterling example of how bad *good* people can be when given inferior material to work with.

What little plot there is, takes place in a radio broadcasting station. Jimmy Durante is "Moxie," a sensational comedian of the air. His "bitter" half is Lupe Velez, whose part in the picture consists of standing around while Jimmy does his stuff. It is too bad that Lupe, who can put over a hot-cha number like nobody's business, wasn't given a chance to do her stuff.

More or less everyone plays stooge to Durante. The best performance is turned in by Norman Foster. As the inspirational poet-husband of Marion Nixon, who gets him a job writing gags for "Moxie," Norman shades his character with true artistry. Miss Nixon is pleasing as the wife, and William Gargan as a fast-talking press agent did all right for himself. Sterling Holloway, as a telephone repair man, came darn near stealing every laugh. The balance of the cast, who are all talented people, are completely wasted in bit roles.

Your Reviewer Says: If you're not fussy, there's enough in it to warrant seeing.

For Children: It won't hurt or help them.

SKINNY? ADD 5 POUNDS OF ALLURING CURVES...*this quick new way!*

Read How New Mineral Concentrate, Free from Drugs, Rich in Newer Form of "FOOD IODINE" is Building Up Thousands of Skinny, Rundown Men and Women

"IT will be a week this noon since I began using Kelp-a-Malt and I have gained 5 pounds and feel much better"—T. W. H. . . . "Gained 5 pounds the first package. Am very much pleased."—D. E. G. . . . "Gained 8 pounds with one package of Kelp-a-Malt and feel 100% better." —Mrs. W. J. S.

Just a few of the thousands of actual reports that are flooding in from all over the country telling of this new way to add 5 to 8 pounds in 12 days or it doesn't cost you a penny. Thousands of skinny, scrawny, rundown people have tried it and are amazed at this astounding new natural way to win back health and weight. Yet these results are not unusual. Doctors know how vitally necessary are natural food minerals, often so woefully lacking in even the most carefully devised fresh vegetable diets. Unless your system gets the proper amount of these minerals, many of them needed in only the tiniest quantities, even the best food fails to nourish you, fails to build rich red blood, firm flesh and sturdy muscles. This lack of mineralization results in the failure to digest starches and fats in the normal diet. It makes no difference whether your appetite is good or bad, your food is converted into poisonous wastes instead of firm flesh and tireless energy. Food specialists, however, have only recently discovered a marvelous source of practically every single mineral essential to body needs. It is known as Kelp-a-Malt, a pleasant, easy to take vegetable concentrate made from a luxuriant sea plant from the Pacific Ocean combined with diastatic malt extract in delicious, pleasant tasting tablets. It provides in easily assimilable form virtually every food mineral needed for health and strength.

Supplies New Form of FOOD IODINE

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Six Kelp-a-Malt tablets provide more Food Iodine than 486 lbs. of spinach, 1600 lbs. of beef, 1387 lbs. of lettuce. 3 Kelp-a-Malt tablets contain more iron and copper for rich blood, vitality and strength than a pound of spinach, 7½ lbs. of fresh tomatoes—more calcium than six eggs, more phosphorus than a pound and a half of carrots—sulphur, sodium, potassium and other essential minerals. Only when you get an adequate amount of these minerals can your food do you any good, can you nourish glands, add weight, strengthen your nerves, increase your vigor, vitality and endurance.

Try Kelp-a-Malt for a single week. Watch your appetite improve, firm flesh appear instead of scrawny hollows. Feel the tireless vigor and vitality it brings you. It not only improves your looks but your health as well. It corrects sour, acid stomach. Gas, indigestion and all the usual distress commonly experienced by the undernourished, underweight disappear.

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Prove the worth of this amazing weight builder today. Two weeks are required to effect a change in the mineralization of the body. At the end of that time if you have not gained at least 8 pounds do not look better, feel better and have more endurance than ever before, send back the unused tablets and every penny of your money will be cheerfully refunded.

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Don't wait any longer. Order Kelp-a-Malt today. Renew youthful energy, add flattering pounds this easy scientific way. Special short time introductory offer gives you 10-day trial treatment of Kelp-a-Malt for $1. Regular large size bottle (200 jumbo size tablets) 4 to 5 times the size of ordinary tablets for only $1.95. 600 tablets, $4.95. Postage prepaid. Plain Wrapped. Sent C. O. D. 20c extra. Get your Kelp-a-Malt before this offer expires.

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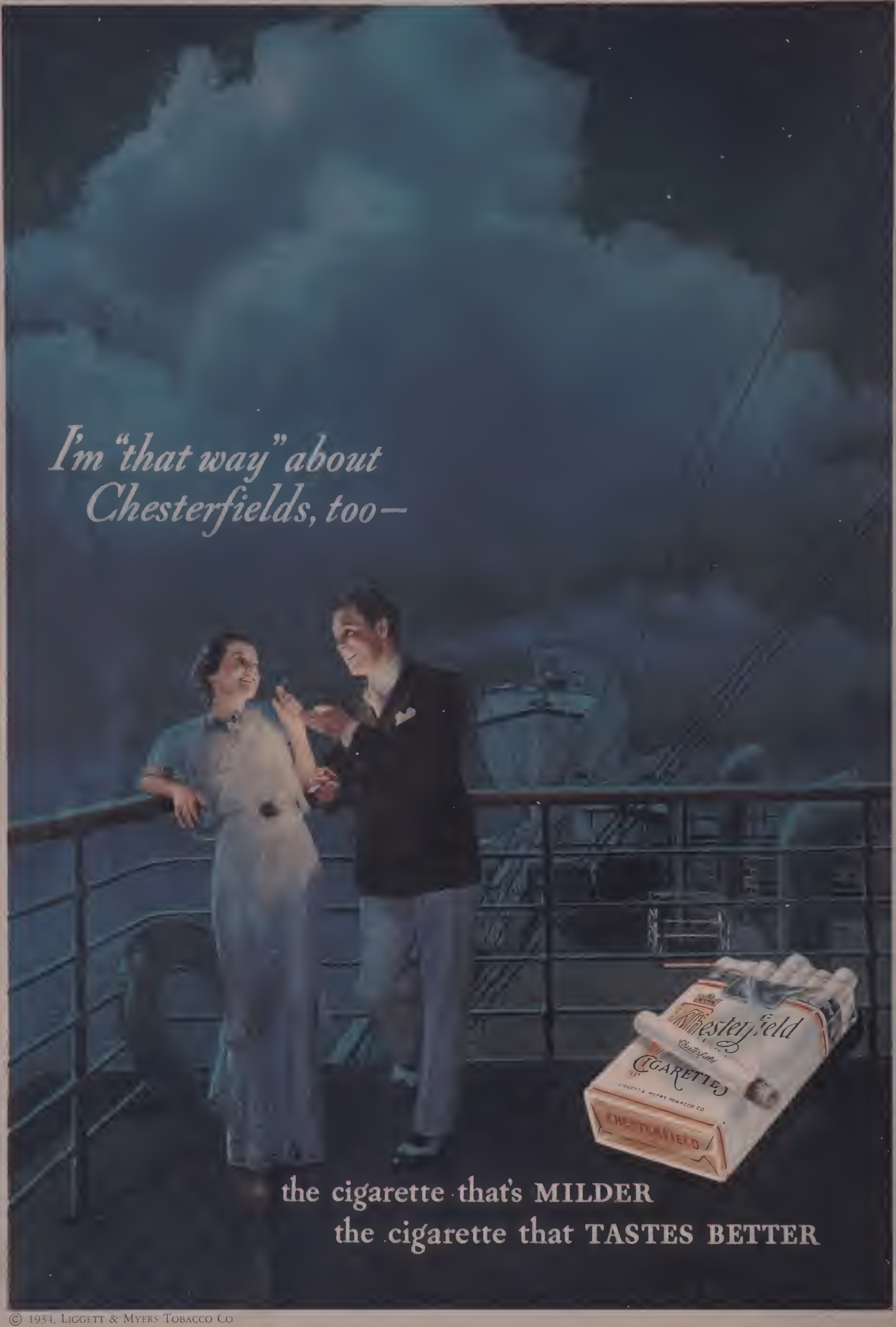
I'm "that way" about
Chesterfields, too—
Chesterfield
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CHESTERFIELD
the cigarette that's MILDER
the cigarette that TASTES BETTER

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AUGUST

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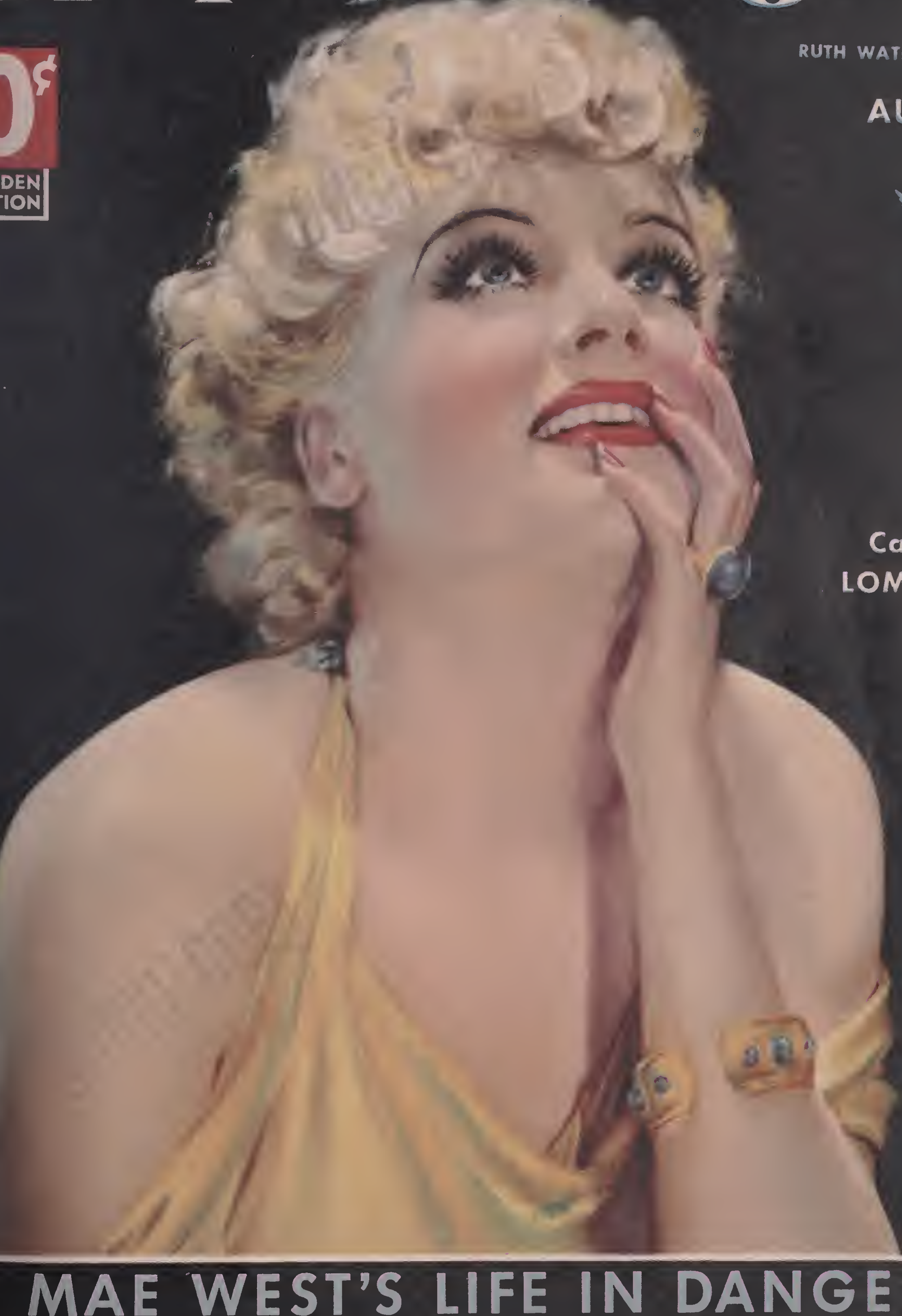

Carole
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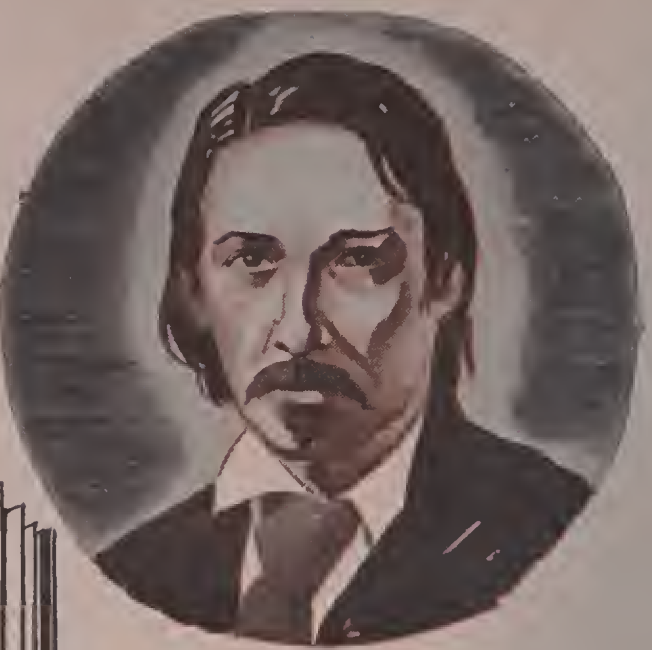
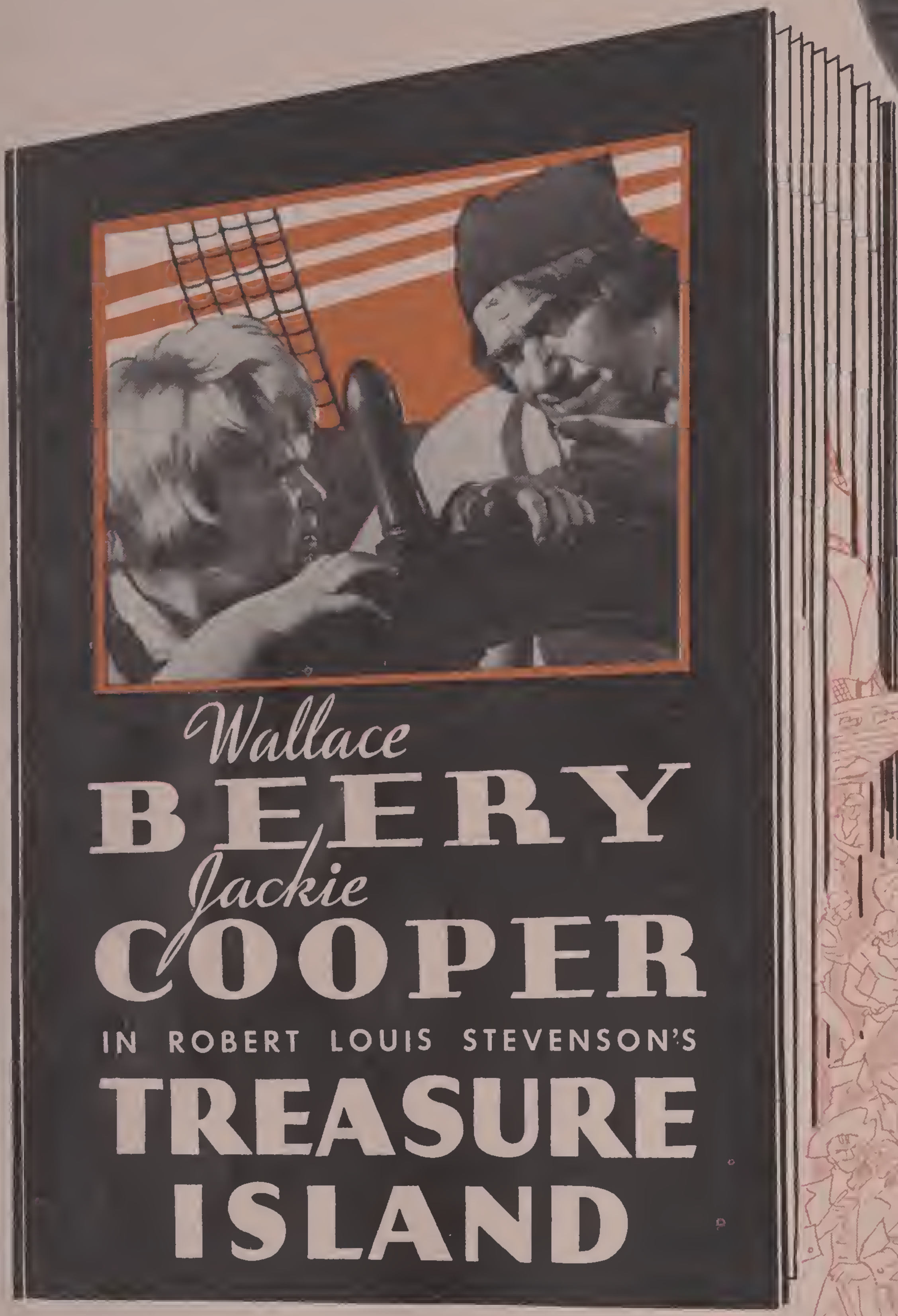
MAE WEST'S LIFE IN DANGER!

$1000.00 in Prizes — Big STAR Contest

If Robert Louis Stevenson had traded his pen for a camera . .

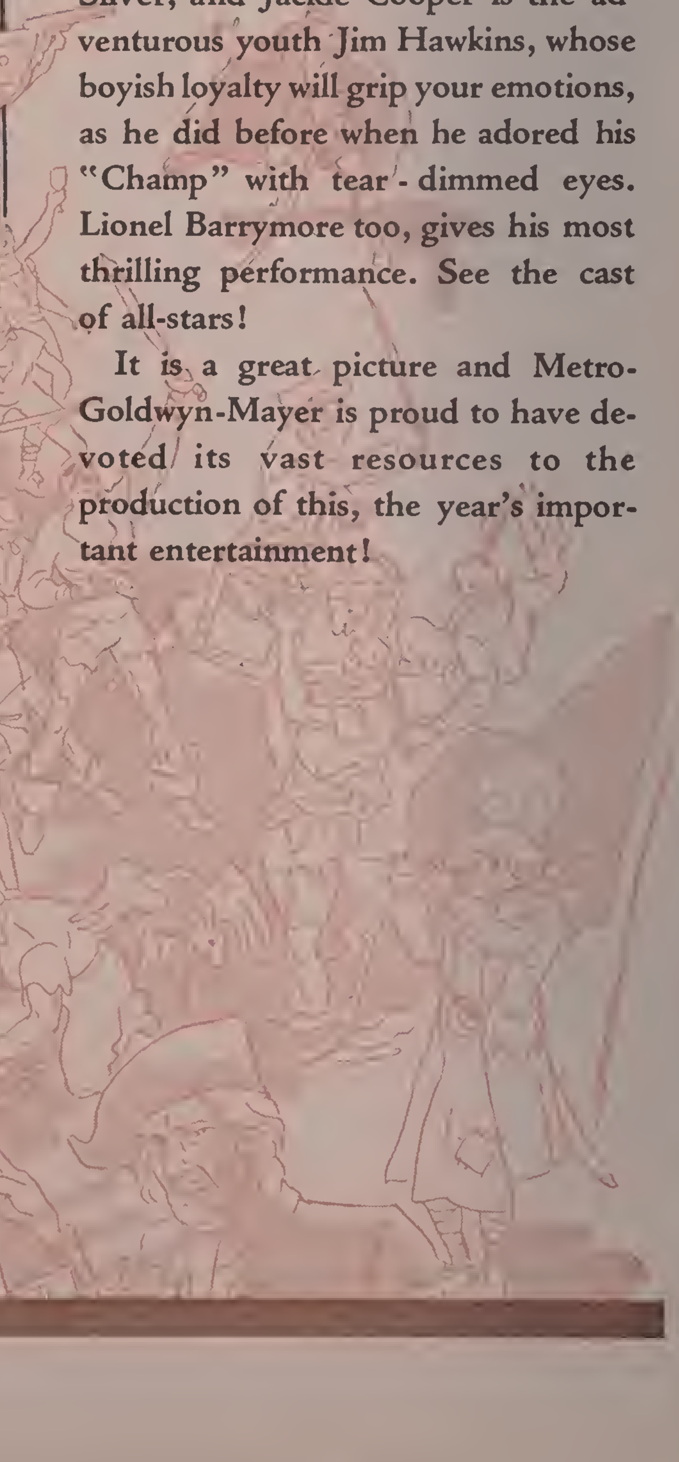




Little did he know that one day his immortal story of "Treasure Island" would come to life...just as his other thrill-novel "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" captivated the world. Two million copies of "Treasure Island" have quickened the heart-beat of men, women and children.

Glorious news that each exciting moment has been recaptured to stir your soul! Wallace Beery is Long John Silver, and Jackie Cooper is the adventurous youth Jim Hawkins, whose boyish loyalty will grip your emotions, as he did before when he adored his "Champ" with tear-dimmed eyes. Lionel Barrymore too, gives his most thrilling performance. See the cast of all-stars!

It is a great picture and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is proud to have devoted its vast resources to the production of this, the year's important entertainment!



WALLACE BEERY	*as Long John Silver*
JACKIE COOPER	*as Jim Hawkins*
LIONEL BARRYMORE	*as Billy Bones*
OTTO KRUGER	*as Dr. Livesey*
LEWIS STONE	*as Captain Smollett*
"CHIC" SALE	*as Ben Gunn*
WILLIAM V. MONG	*as Old Pew*
DOROTHY PETERSON	*as Mrs. Hawkins*

Directed by Victor Fleming • *Produced by* Hunt Stromberg

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

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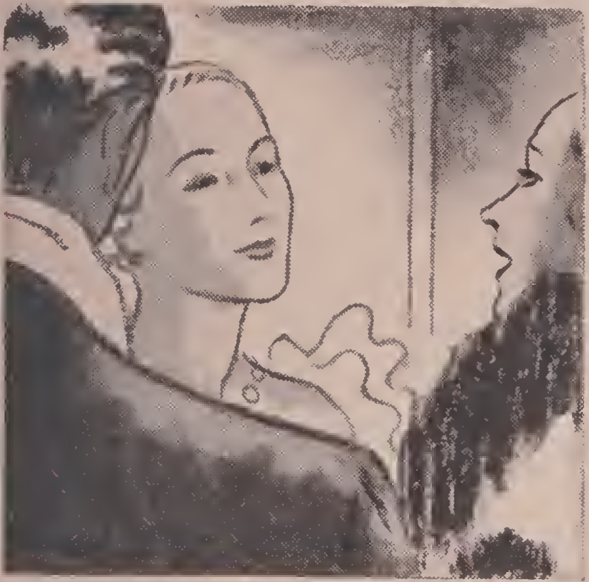
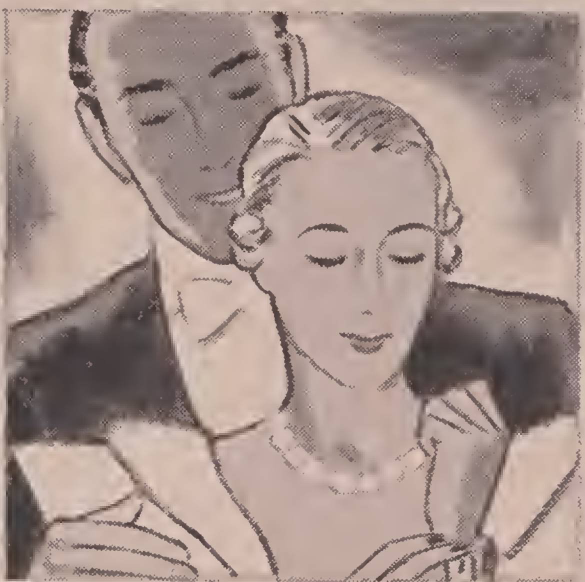
Isn't It A Shame!

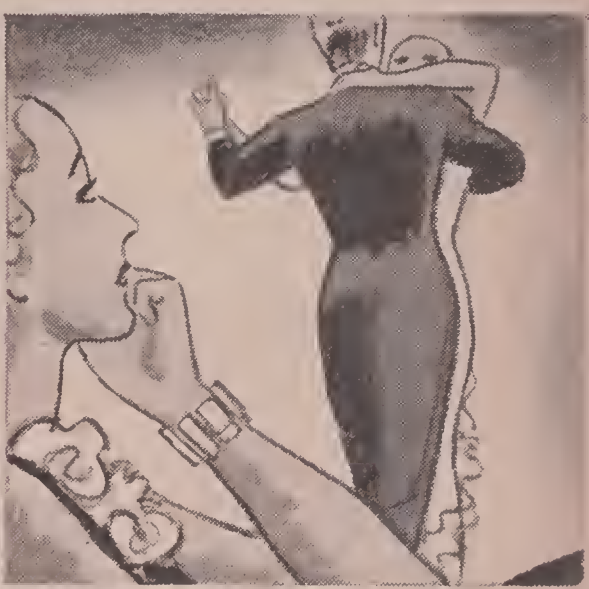
SHE HAS A BIG HOUSE . . . A SUCCESSFUL HUSBAND . . . BUT OH, HER TERRIBLE TEETH!



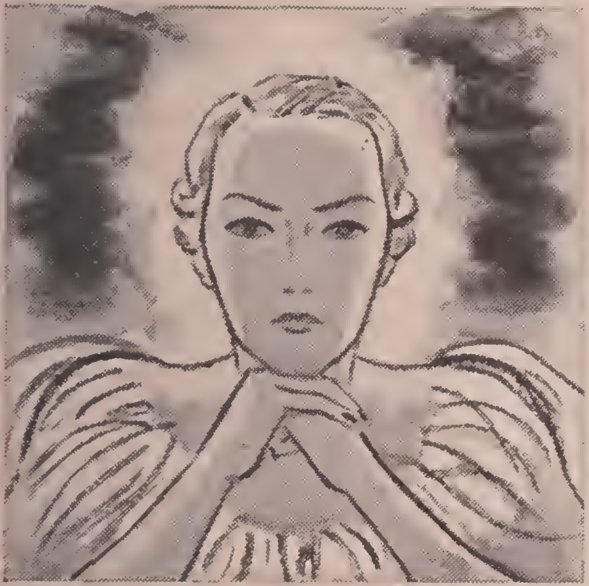
Emily's house is a show-place—the finest house in town. And Emily is as gracious and lovely as her house is grand! But—there's a "but" about Emily!



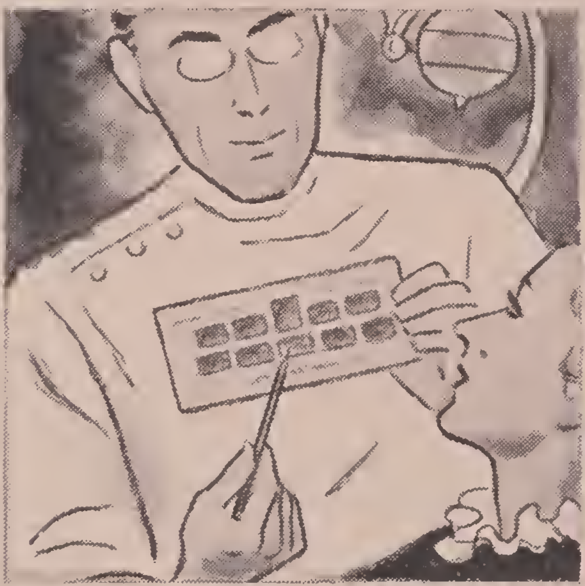
Emily's successful young husband would send to the ends of the earth to grant her smallest wish! But—the "but" about Emily gives her many bad moments!



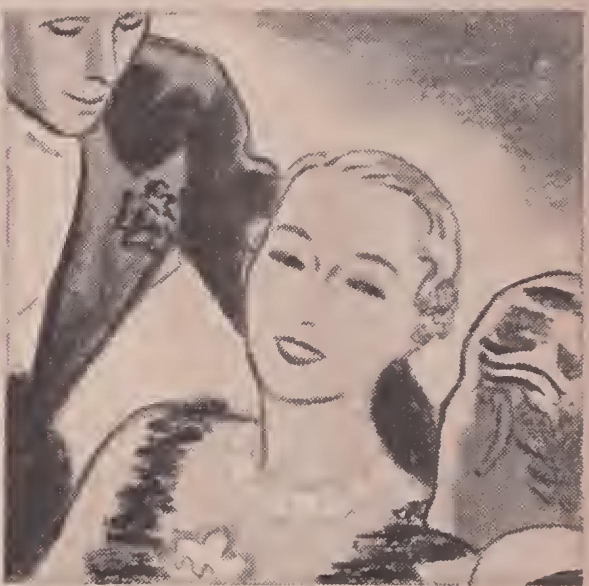
When Emily goes to parties in other people's houses, she doesn't seem to "click." She feels left out of it all. For the "but" about Emily is her teeth!



Emily's husband should tell her what people notice about her teeth—that they look dingy and ugly. If only she'd go to her dentist . . .



He'd explain that it's "pink tooth brush" which is responsible—that she should clean her teeth with Ipana—and massage Ipana into her gums.



By the time Emily's gums were firm, her teeth would be good-looking again. She'd be attractive again! And she'd get plenty of compliments!

Avoid "Pink Tooth Brush" with Ipana and Massage!

YOU, like Emily, should examine your teeth in a mirror, by bright daylight. If your teeth look dingy and ugly, "pink tooth brush" may be at the root of the trouble.

To be sure that your teeth are brilliantly clean and good-looking—do as many dentists suggest: clean them with Ipana Tooth Paste, and each time, put a little extra Ipana on your brush or fingertip, and massage it directly into your tender gums.

The foods of today are not coarse enough to stimulate the gums and keep them hard. Inactive gums often become tender, and sometimes bleed. This is "pink tooth brush."

Stimulate your gums and keep them firm with a twice-daily massage with Ipana. The ziratol in Ipana aids the massage in toning them. In protecting them against "pink tooth brush," you are safer from gum troubles like gingivitis and Vincent's disease. You can feel safer, too, about your teeth. Remember: Ipana for tender gums, and Ipana for *clean* teeth.

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movie MIRROR

Edited from Hollywood

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WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL, Art Director

VOL. 5 No. 9 — AUGUST, 1934

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COVER PORTRAIT
Carole Lombard
by A. Mozert

NEXT MONTH:

If you've ever dreamed of becoming a Hollywood star, if you've sworn that you would risk anything to achieve your ambition, read the thrilling short novel of a girl who DARED—beginning in the September issue: *"Hollywood Cheat,"* by Nell Martin.

★

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Printed in the U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, N. J.

Multi-Ring Circus! A mighty drama. An eye-and-ear spectacle. Thousands of extras, 500 horsemen galloping up Palace stairs in a cavalcade of fury...priests in solemn processional...the most gorgeous wedding ever screened...all against a background of marvelous music and choral singing.

With the Reigning Beauty of the Screen. MARLENE DIETRICH as the woman of fire, leading Hell-riding Cossacks or as the woman of love, surrounded by her admiring courtiers, has never been more beautiful. Gowned in twenty different costumes, she is truly and incredibly lovely.

MARLENE DIETRICH

in **"THE SCARLET EMPRESS"**

with John Lodge, Sam Jaffe, Louise Dresser

Directed by JOSEF VON STERNBERG

If it's a Paramount Picture, it's the best show in town!

The HIDDEN HOLLYWOOD

Your Editor Unearths the Very Latest Lowdown

by Ruth Waterbury

THE autograph hunters congregate outside the Vendome, the Brown Derby, the Cocoanut Grove, but the Hidden Hollywood goes on in scores of little out-of-the-way spots about town and each of them packs drama.

I stopped into one of the beautiful open markets and bumped into Cora Sue Collins on roller skates buying plums.

I ran into a corner drug store and encountered Boris Karloff getting a roll of films developed.

I went for dinner in a tiny cottage near Santa Monica—far from the beaten trail of filmland and encountered Maureen O'Sullivan and Johnny Farrow. Maureen looked unhappy. Most people out here look unhappy. Ambition is always giving them indigestion.

WHY IS MAUREEN UNHAPPY?

When "Tarzan and His Mate" was released Maureen's fan mail jumped by several thousands in one week. Maureen was delighted until she started reading the letters. Every one of them berated her. They said in effect that she was a good Irish Catholic girl and that she had hurt them by appearing as Mrs. Tarzan without benefit of clothes or clergy.

Not one of the writers stopped to consider that Maureen had nothing to do with being cast for the rôle. Yet, it is a rôle that will undoubtedly hurt her career.

When "Tarzan and His Mate" was released Maureen O'Sullivan's fan mail jumped tremendously. But when she read the letters . . .!

AND LORETTA?

Loretta Young is touched by a similar blight. It can now be told that she never wanted to play "Born to Be Bad." She felt her part was not only vulgar but stupidly unmoral. Being under contract she had to play anything given to her.

Heartsick when she saw the finished picture, and realizing she didn't have enough money to buy up the print, she offered to make another picture free, if that one could be scrapped. The producers felt they couldn't afford to do that, however. So the picture was released, but don't blame its star. She couldn't help it. She had no alternative.

PROPHECY

Personally I feel that Paramount will probably be the major studio of Hollywood within the next two years. My reasoning is based on the striking group of new people they have under long-term contract—Toby Wing, Grace Bradley, Kent Taylor, Katherine DeMille, Frances Fuller, plus also the players they are pushing hardest—like Evelyn Venable, Frances Drake, Helen Mack and John Lodge. No other studio offers as proven a group of young talent.

Yet, you never can tell—a Shirley Temple may always happen. That youngster is being featured above Warner Baxter in the theaters where "Stand Up and Cheer" is playing. Fox will probably make more money from her than from "Cavalcade."

QUESTION MARK DEPARTMENT

Can you guess what star it is newly returned to Hollywood who is doing all the things that her recently divorced husband declared she never would do, and can you tell why?

Do you know that Hollywood's latest elopement came the day after the evening before, when the couple had parted never to see one another again?

Can you name the important woman star who wasn't resigned by a major studio because of too much bottle trouble?

And do you know the drink that Director W. S. Van Dyke calls "A Van Dyke Special"? . . . It's simplicity itself: Just a tumblerful of straight gin.

OBITUARY

The sudden and tragic death of Dorothy Dell in an automobile accident shocked all Hollywood. She was one of Paramount's most promising players, and her last picture, "Shoot the Works," which stars Jack Oakie, may be entirely remade or scrapped. For Lew Cody, also in the cast, died not two weeks before Dorothy was killed!

WARNER BAXTER BUYS NOW!

They all go Hollywood eventually. Warner Baxter, for years one of the quietest living men, has decided to build himself a quarter of a million dollar home in swanky Bel Air, long closed to movie folk.

By way of paying for it he will play during his twelve weeks vacation from Fox for Frank Capra of Columbia (he, who saved Gable's life

(*Continued on page* 75)

SPEAK for YOURSELF

Conchita Montenegro, Fox player, says, "Now's the time for all good people to write a letter to MOVIE MIRROR." So get going.

$20 PRIZE LETTER
Talent *Per Se*

Why do they do it? The minute talent has been discovered for the screen, the press agents get out their little pencils and begin their campaign with, "She's another Garbo, or another Hepburn." Why?

Recently movie scouts discovered grand talent on the New York stage in the person of Barbara Robbins. Immediately she was dubbed in every newspaper as another "Hepburn." And so poor Barbara's pace was set for her. And the Hepburn pace is a terrific one, you must admit. If Miss Robbins fails, she's out. If she doesn't, she will lose her individuality and become a second Hepburn, but never a first. How could she top Hepburn?

Remember a few years back how the film industry felt they needed another Garbo to lend stamina to the screen? So they imported Marlene Dietrich. She was a great success, but has she ever been first lady? There is still only one Garbo. Now again they tried in the person of Anna Sten, whom they advertised as a cross between Dietrich and Garbo. But did you see "Nana?" The answer is there is still one Garbo.

That ought to be a lesson to the press departments. Why not permit talent to develop in its own mold rather than the proven pattern? It might mean an end to the stagnation of star material which is so rapidly setting in.

Helen Lewis,
Mattapan, Mass.

$10 PRIZE LETTER
London Imitates Hollywood?

The world's largest film output is, in the aggregate, derived from three centres, Hollywood, London and Berlin. One can obtain a very accurate and interesting idea of the respective film cities by considering their offerings.

Hollywood is by far the largest of them all. Her ambition is to suit the world; not only the American public, but the Hindus, the Chinese—any outpost that possesses a screen and a projector. Her God is the box-office. Art must go overboard if the public wants hokum! If they tire of hokum, give them art!

Hollywood is capable of producing both with efficiency.

Next we have Berlin. The Germans make films to suit themselves. With them an international success is a desirable accident. They have no star system like they have in Hollywood.

Then London. Poor England, she is between two fires. She imitates Hollywood and indirectly Berlin. She has no great film personalities. All her actors of repute come from the stage to films, bringing their stage technique with them. English women as a rule, cannot act, so she imports them from Germany and America. At present she has a Lubitsch complex.

Her endless stream of musicals in what she fondly believes to be the Viennese manner, are all due to the influence of the fanciful German and his famous Chevalier successes. London has the unexploited heritage of filmable literature. But she lacks the energy and inspiration to use it.

Freda E. Wakeling,
London, England.

$1 PRIZE LETTER
No Greater Praise

For an honest performance, free from superficiality, Charles Laughton was my favorite star until I saw Francis Lederer in his first picture, "Man of Two Worlds." Lederer protested early in his career in America, against being dubbed a mere matinee idol, and well he should, for matinee idols are merely strutters who depend on their temporary popularity and distinctive looks, mixed with a dash (and a very small dash—almost a dot) of acting ability. He and Laughton make one forget they are acting, which is evidence of

(*Continued on page 72*)

Movie Mirror awards Seven Prizes each month for the best letters—$20 first prize; $10 second prize; five prizes of $1 each. Just write in what you think about talkies, stars or stories. Keep your letters down to 200 words or less. Address: "Speak for Yourself," 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

"I'm THROUGH

By HARRY T. BRUNDIDGE

CLARK GABLE, finding himself at the cross roads of a sensational career, has made the most important decision of his life.

Gable has finished being a gigolo for women stars.

Long rebellious against being cast as mere box-office bait in minor rôles opposite glamorous females, Gable, who happens to be the most glamorous male since Valentino, at last has tossed torch, tact and caution to the winds and made known his determination.

Henceforth, Gable told me, he will climb the heights or sink into the abysmal, on his own.

"My decision is in no sense a gamble, for I have nothing to lose," said Gable, looking like a huge, bronzed Apollo as he sprawled on a studio couch in his dressing room at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. "If I have to continue as a gigolo I might just as well get out of pictures now, while I have some following, cash in on a personal appearance tour, and go fishing. For I am positive that another twelve months of sap rôles opposite lovely ladies would bring a quick end to my ambitions, and my career.

"I know. My fan mail had dropped to near-zero and, as an attraction, I was deader than last year's newspapers at the time M-G-M executives, tiring of my protests and my demand for some HE-man rôles, decided to discipline me by selling me down the river to Columbia. That move turned out to be a boomerang for M-G-M, but a life saver for me—my biggest break in pictures. But I'll tell you more about that later.

"I know something of the problems of my big bosses, and a whale of a lot about my own. I know that M-G-M is essentially a woman's lot. Feminine stars swarm the place. Stories are written for those stars that therefore a producer, when it comes to casting, nominates whatever male is idle for the masculine rôle. They say 'Give her Gable,' or 'Give her Montgomery' like you say 'give me a loaf of bread' to a grocer's clerk. They know it doesn't mean anything.

"But I know that it means something to me, for I've pawed and been pawed almost out of pictures.

"AS I said, M-G-M is a woman's lot. The girls have all but owned the place since Lon Chaney died, Jack Gilbert went elsewhere and Bill Haines took up interior decorating. These girls have all the answers and we poor males have followed them around like dogs on a leash. But no more. I've had enough of it.

"I hated it from the very beginning, even though it meant the difference between being an extra, or a hobo. But I was a darned good hobo and can be one again, if necessary. Food and the comforts of life do not mean that much to me. If so, I'd be eating caviar and breast of chicken for lunch today, instead of feasting on the country boy's sack of bananas, and glass of milk.

"No, I'm not on a banana diet. I've always been a banana hound."

I asked Gable about plans for the future.

"I am going to demand some good HE-man rôles," he answered. "And I want a leading woman, now and then, instead of being the eternal leading man for a femme star. I'm not saying I could carry a picture alone, but I am saying that if I don't get some good, strong rôles I won't be able to carry enough water for an elephant, much less the burden of a picture."

SIX feet, one inch and two hundred and ten pounds of Gable jumped up from the couch. His dark hair was ruffled, and there were traces of fire in his blue-gray eyes. A grim expres-

Pyramid Lake Club

"If I have to continue as a gigolo," says Clark, "I might just as well get out of pictures now and go fishing." And how he loves to go fishing!

CLARK GABLE INSISTS IT'S TIME HE SHOULD BE

being a Gigolo!"

sion of determination was on his handsome face.

"I'm doing one of those gigolo things now," he said, "but it's the last!

"It's a piece called 'Sacred and Profane Love,' and insofar as I can ascertain from the script, I'm just the *profane* part of it.

"And I'll add: Never again."

Gable, the little boy grown tall, reached for another banana.

The telephone rang.

"Grab it, Harry."

I answered. Then I whispered to Gable: "It's a Miss Brown."

"Never heard of her," he whispered back. "Be me."

So I became Gable. And the voice at the other end of the wire was saying: "I just know you used to be Charlie Ruddy of Rochester, N. Y. Now didn't you, Mr. Gable? Honest Injun! I used to know you—well, rather well."

"Sorry," I said for Clark, "I'm not Charlie. Gable is the real name and I'm from Hopedale, Ohio—seven miles from Cadiz. You never heard of it? Well, neither did a lot of other people, but it was nice of you to call and I'm sorry I wasn't Charlie."

Gable grinned, as only Gable can grin.

"I must look like three or four hundred other fellows," he said. "People are always calling and asking if, on the level, I'm not a chap they used to know, a chap with another name.

(*Continued on page* 66)

ALLOWED TO STAND ON HIS OWN FEET AS A STAR

$1,000.00 IN

MOVIE MIRROR'S GREAT "STAR" CONTEST

THE RULES

1. Each month for three months MOVIE MIRROR will publish a set of composite pictures of well-known screen personalities.

2. Each set of composites, when cut apart and correctly assembled, will make four complete portraits. To compete, simply assemble the portraits and identify them.

3. For the nearest correctly assembled, named, and neatest complete sets of twelve portraits MOVIE MIRROR will award $1,000.00 in cash prizes according to the prize schedule herewith. In case of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

4. Do not send in incomplete sets. Wait until you have all twelve portraits.

5. Below each reassembled portrait write the name of the person it represents.

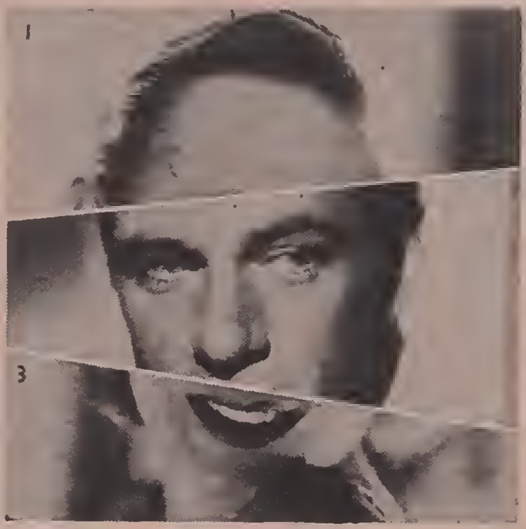
6. When your entry is complete, send it by First Class Mail to GREAT "STARS" CONTEST, MOVIE MIRROR, P.O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department. Make sure your name and address are plainly marked.

7. No contestant shall be entitled to more than one award. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

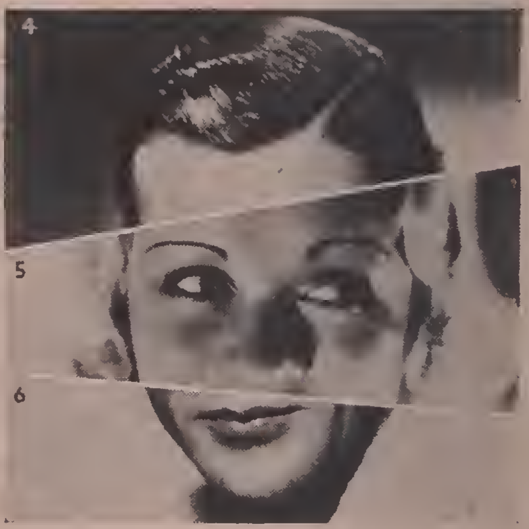
8. Accuracy will count. Neatness will count. Elaborateness is unnecessary. Simplicity is best. No entries will be returned.

9. All entries must be received on or before Monday, October 15, 1934, the closing date of this contest. The judges will be the contest board of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

SET No. 1



Star's Name........................
....



Star's Name........................
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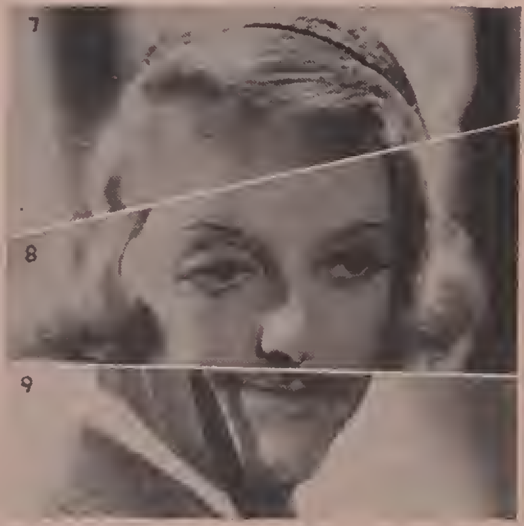

Star's Name........................
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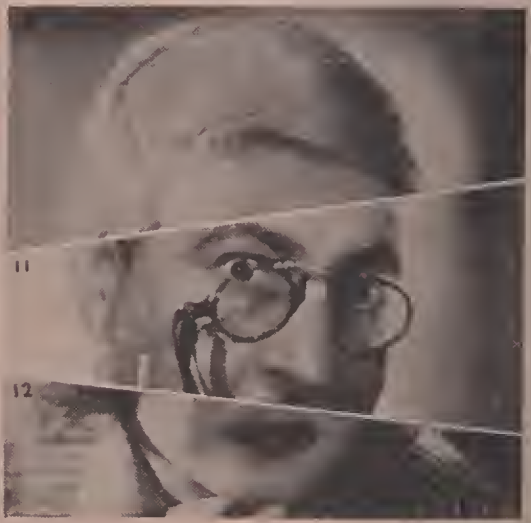


Star's Name........................
....

SET NO. 2 WILL BE PRINTED

CASH PRIZES

UNSCRAMBLE THE COMPOSITES AND WIN!

MOVIE MIRROR invites you to enter the Great "Star" Contest. You can win as much as $400.00 cash and there are 132 other awards each of which is well worth the winning. If you recognize among the composite pictures of screen stars at the right features you can identify as belonging to a certain screen personality you are well on the way toward a successful entry. Complete the portrait from among the other composites. Then complete three other portraits and identify them and this month's section of the contest will be complete. All of the portraits in this contest are of persons you see in prominent roles in the films and reproduced in MOVIE MIRROR, the newspapers and other publications. Read the rules carefully and be sure to save this month's pictures. Four will appear next month and the final four in the October issue. Do not send in an entry until you have assembled and identified all twelve.

WIN ONE OF THESE PRIZES!

FIRST PRIZE	$400.00
SECOND PRIZE	150.00
THIRD PRIZE	50.00
TEN PRIZES, *Each $10.00*	100.00
TWENTY PRIZES, *Each $5.00*	100.00
100 PRIZES, *Each $2.00*	200.00

TOTAL 133 PRIZES, $1,000.00

NEXT MONTH. DON'T MISS IT!

THE TRAGEDY

by BEN MADDOX

Many are the interesting tales I've run across in this fantastic city that is Hollywood, but never have I heard anything which even approaches Mary Astor's *real* story. Here, for the first and only time, she relates her own version of how she was deliberately raised to earn a fortune for her parents, and tells you of the almost incredible way in which they fought to chain her to them, to keep her aloof from the natural joys of youth and from love and motherhood.

This astounding tale Mary has assiduously guarded from even her host of Hollywood friends. That suit for non-support which her parents brought against her a few months ago, and lost the moment the facts in the case were learned, was the first inkling of discord. It was a surprise to everyone, this embarrassment heaped upon her by her father and mother. When she proved she had turned over a half-million dollars to them, and that they persisted in living in a $200,000 mansion, sympathy for their "destitute" condition abruptly ceased.

Only the pyramiding, unending attempts of her parents to utterly control her induced Mary Astor to finally give MOVIE MIRROR the lowdown on her life.

Her decision to talk came as she and I sat on the wide, shaded veranda of her home. It was a quiet, warm California morning and we looked indolently out at the velvety green lawn which stretched down to the loveliness that is Toluca Lake. Suddenly she sat up very straight.

She said to me, "Let's drop these inconsequential things we've been chattering about. You wanted something *important* from me. All right, I'll give you the story I never dreamed of making public. I had no idea my parents would really go through with that suit. But they did, and—well, perhaps I do owe it to those who like me to relate my side—once."

So astonishing were her revelations that I am going to

MARY ASTOR never expected to talk about the tragedy in her life.

She would go on giving superficial interviews, surface reactions, yes. But the true, perfectly amazing story of the way her life has actually been was destined to remain forever hidden in the secret recesses of her heart. Mary Astor is not only a beauty who has acquired the knack of acting; she is a woman of great dignity.

For fully ten years, ever since that night she was eighteen and "escaped" by climbing over a balcony wall and down the outside ledges, her deep sense of pride has silenced her.

THAT HAUNTED Mary Astor

At last she tells the real and poignant truth about her relationship with her parents

Acme

Mary's father, Otto Langhanke (above), drew up a contract which gave her twenty-five percent of her earnings—minus expenses.

A picture of Mary Astor and her second husband, Dr. Franklyn Thorpe, taken a few months after their daughter was born.

tell them to you in Mary Astor's own words.

Mary said:

"Critics have lately remarked that I have changed, that I have developed into a definitely interesting actress. They wonder what could have happened to change and mature me.

"I don't think it has been any particular incident. Rather, it's that I have come out of the fog. I was a nice, kind of negative girl with a pretty face. Gradually, in the past five years, I've gotten away from the influence of my parents. I've discovered that I, too, can lead a normal life. That terrible emotional suppression to which I was subjected for so long was bound to be reflected in my screen personality, I further realized.

"My life has been so extraordinary that it seems fantastic even to me. I was, literally, brought up to earn a fortune for my parents. There was to be no gaiety, no love for a man for me. I was to have fame as my recompense. And there were no intentions of letting me stray from that iron mold.

"I used to say, 'But, Father, some day I may want to quit working. When I am old, thirty-five, I may want to retire and marry and have children.' His reply was always the same. 'Your life is your career. You are to go on and on. You'll never stop. You will be at the top and get a huge salary. This is what Fate holds in store for you!'

"IT will be clearer if I go back to the beginning. I was born in Quincy, Illinois. My name was Lucille Langhanke. By the time I was seven I knew that I was slated for pictures. Naturally, I enjoyed performing in school programs, as every child does. There was nothing in *me*, however, that drove me on to become an actress. I was driven.

"My mother was one of a family of six, a daughter of poor Kansas farmers. She was working in a department

(*Continued on page* 84)

INSIDE

By PETER

with Photographs

LAST MINUTE NEWS: Despite her divorce action recently filed, **Sidney Fox** has gone back to her husband, Charles Beahan, the writer.

Preston Foster is the man selected by Garbo for the lead in the "Painted Veil."

Irene Hervey is accompanying Edgar Selwyn to the Colony Club these evenings.

Brian Aherne and **Marlene Dietrich** are being seen together again.

They are having censor trouble with **Mae West's** "It Ain't No Sin," and have re-shot the ending three times.

On his last night in town, before going East for "Flirtation Walk," **Dick Powell** did not date **Mary Brian** or **Mary Carlisle,** but **Margaret Lindsay.**

$1,500,000.00 is being spent to make "Merry Widow" the smash picture of the Fall season.

Garbo bought a windshield wiper for her 1926 Lincoln. It's the first improvement in all those years.

It is highly possible that **Joan Blondell** may give up the screen after the birth of her baby. She has left Hollywood for a tour which may include Europe, but guarantees that baby will be born in this country.

Kay Francis is leaving for an extended trip to Europe.

Pat Paterson is going to France to visit Charles Boyer's people and he is going to England to visit hers. They are Mr. and Mrs., but met here.

Nancy Carroll has dyed her hair black.

Edna Best is on her way back, which may make for complications.

* * *

WE heard a story recently about La Dietrich getting caught in a traffic jam at the corner of Hollywood Boulevard and Vine Streets. Immediately she was surrounded by hundreds of admirers and swamped with autograph books. Poor Mar-lay-nah, she couldn't budge an inch and didn't know what to do. Just then the officer on that beat came to her rescue. Taking her by the arm, he got her out of the crowd and back to her own car again.

"Oh, how can I ever thank you," said the grateful Dietrich. "What can I do for you?"

"You can autograph this," said the guardian of the law, as he whipped an album out of his pocket! It seems that officers are opportunists, too.

With her divorce all set and the rumors of a romance with Leland Hayward in the discard, Katharine Hepburn returned to Hollywood. Here she is at the airport.

On a different plane, but at the same airport, Mary Pickford arrived from New York. Mary has just sold a short story, "Little Liar." 'Tis said she's planning a book on Hollywood.

come out and get her.

* * *

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN was among the guests at a large dinner party given in honor of the Sultan of Johore. It was a buffet and the guests sat at little tables, taking the chance that they would know their dinner partners.

Maureen was near Paulette Goddard and they were talking about

* * *

IN Cecil B. De Mille's "Cleopatra," there is a banquet scene, a feast fit for a king. But kings must be fitter than Hollywood actors.

One featured dish was whole birds, roasted. They were supposed to be humming birds or some such delicacy. De Mille told

roupe that they were baby squabs. hat company could do was take at his word. The birds were very and they were cooked over xe, filled with incense. Which the already tough birdies a ge sickeningly-sweet taste.

audette Colbert has gone away for nplete rest, leaving no forwarding ess.

* * *

The height of something or other s been reached. An enterprising ess agent made a brilliant sugges- onto Verree Teasdale and Adolphe

A swell intimate shot of a radio broadcast at Station KHJ. The hand-holders are Gary Cooper and Marion Davies. That's Ted Healy next to Marion; Raymond Page, leader of the orchestra stands behind them.

We sneaked in this grand shot of Johnny Weissmuller (not taken by Hyman) made at the beach before he and Lupe left for their tour. Read the item in this section about Johnny and his new-found acting talent.

Inside St

We can't seem to keep Gor
off these pages. Why shoul
we? Here he is at the Up
lifters' Polo Field between hi
wife and Bill Gargan. There'
a fine portrait of Gary, you
Cooper fans, on page 22.

Menjou. He wanted them to make personal appearances, doing four shows a day when they go on their honeymoon.

* * *

THE M-G-M powers that be are practically tearing their hair with glee over Johnny Weissmuller's latest screen test. Under the capable coaching of Josephine Dillon (the first Mrs. Clark Gable) Johnny has learned to speak like a real actor. It looks like "Tarzan" has worked himself out of the swimming pool into the drawing room.

* * *

THE "Thin Man" finally met up with "Operator 13." Years ago William Powell was the villain who pursued poor Marion Davies in "When Knighthood was in Flower." They never met again until Bill was borrowed by M-G-M to make his first picture on their lot. So he called on Marion and they had a grand time talking about the good old days.

* * *

NEVER let it be said that the movie public is fickle. At a recent Hollywood preview, Jack Mulhall was seen playing an unimportant bit. There was only a flash of his face but the applause that swept over the house was equal to that which greeted the star of the picture.

* * *

EVIDENTLY Mrs. Peters likes daughter Carole Lombard's choice of an escort. She made Russ Colombo a present of a Malimute Eskimo huskie. The dog has been christened "Pookie."

At the Assistance League, Mr. and Mrs. Hardie Albright (Martha Sleeper) look as happy as they are.

THIS is Hollywood's youngest romance. She's Maxine Jones, daughter of Buck "Cowboy actor" Jones. And he's Noah "Pidge" Beery, Jr., son of the famous actor. They tell us that Pidge is very shy when he calls on Maxine and usually eats up all the candy he brings.

* * *

IT was the day for clipping coupons and Joan Crawford rushed into a Hollywood bank. Down into the vault she went, signed the card and the heavy electric doors swung open to admit her to her safety deposit box. The coupons were clipped and safely stowed away in Joan's bag. Then she rushed out of the bank again. Five minutes later she was back. She went through the same formula.

"There," said Joan as she breathed a sigh of relief and safely placed a piece of paper inside her bag, "I thought I had lost it." To the innocent bystander it might have appeared that Joan had dropped an imported coupon.

It was a clipping of the morning column of O. O. McIntyre, Joan's favorite writer.

* * *

A RECENT Friday night in the Beverly Brown Derby might well have been called bachelors' night out. In the front booth sat a very dignified and much-alone Herbert Marshall. Next to him was Charles "Buddy" Rogers, newly arrived in town. A few booths away was Ricardo Cortez, whose wife was week-ending with friends. And just when everyone had settled down to their liver and onions in walked George Brent, also very much alone.

Inside Stuff - Continued

Left, Loretta Young caught unawares by Hymie (Prowling) Fink of the Uplifters' Field. Do we need to tell you that Spencer Tracy played in the polo game? Yezzir, he did—and Loretta was his most ardent rooter.

If you listened in on KFWB when this radio program was being broadcast you heard Walt Disney, Leo Carillo, and James Gleason. These movie people seem to enjoy the mike more than the camera.

W. C. FIELDS is looking for a new house. The ants have taken over his present one. He is very particular that the house have just ten rooms. One agent found a twelve-room place and that was fine, Fields saying that they could cut off two. He made an appointment to look at the house for one Sunday morning. The agent was at the considered house on time and after a few minutes wait, he saw a car with the top down, flying up the road. In it was Fields without a hat, driving with one hand and holding a highball in the other.

* * *

LUPE VELEZ and Johnny Weissmuller were having dinner at the Cocoanut Grove.

Lupe ordered a huge dinner and when the head waiter came over to see how they were getting along, Lupe felt the need of conversation since Johnny is the silent type.

So by way of a pleasantry, she said to the maitre. "Johnny always gets mad when we go out to eat. He says I take too much."

Johnny denied this accusation and Lupe got a little louder as she insisted that he did.

Johnny came back with another answer and the head waiter left. He had had experience with this sky-rocket couple. It looked for a moment as though the food would take to the air. But like a tropical storm Lupe's and Johnny's fights die quickly.

* * *

GIRLS, here's a startling new hairdress for you. Fastening a circle of diamonds in her hair Jean Harlow draws a handful of hair through the center and braids it. Then she fastens the braid back with a tiny jewelled pin at the other end.

This gives an unusual hairdress especially for evening wear.

* * *

WHEN you see Joan Crawford in her next picture, you're going to see something entirely new in formal dress decoration. For an all black velvet evening gown, Adrian is giving Joan an extreme collar of black coke feathers.

Isn't Dolores Del Rio beautiful here? Her interview over KMTR was half in Spanish, half in English.

* * *

EADIE HUBNER has been a hairdresser on the M-G-M lot for fourteen years—long enough to reminisce with the best of them. On her first day her first job was to dress the hair of a then famous star named Helen Chadwick.

Recently Eadie was dressing hair for the extras in "The Merry Widow." After waiting for almost an hour, a rather quiet extra woman sat down at Eadie's table. They exchanged glances then greeted each other with open arms.

It was Helen Chadwick, who is now trying to stage a comeback. Eadie did her hair just as carefully as she had on that first day. But there were tears in her eyes afterwards as she told the story, for Helen Chadwick never for a moment brought up the past or in anyway tried to excuse herself out of the situation.

* * *

ON the M-G-M lot is a huge call board that lists the companies and the stages on which they are working. In front of this board stood a woman gazing

Johnny Mack Brown and Lois Wilson all set for a dance at the Grove. It's not a romance, folks; Johnny's happily married, y'know.

Hyman Fink never gets tired of snapshooting Tom Brown and Anita Louise. To him they represent Young Romance, and Hymie just dotes on Young Romance.

Inside Stuff-Continued

up at the lettering "The Rear Car"—Stage Nine.

It was Alice Lake, reporting for a day's extra work on the lot. Just twelve years back she had reported for work but to star in the silent version of this same listed picture—made on this same lot.

* * *

IF you care for dots you'll like Jean Harlow's new evening gown. It's white chiffon with blue dots the size of a dollar. With it Jean wears a solid blue sash with sandals to match.

* * *

Anita Louise gave a swimming party for about forty of the younger people in pictures. Skeets Gallagher got in by mistake. One of the eighteen-year-olds was chattering to Skeets and by way of small talk, said, "Do you play badminton, Mr. Gallagher?"

Skeets looked very serious as he answered, "No, who books it?"

* * *

RKO made a picture called "Murder on the Blackboard," with Edna May Oliver and James Gleason. In one scene Ed Kennedy who plays the assistant to the detective is knocked out and carried up a flight of stairs on a stretcher. The scene had been taken three times with the stretcher bearers staggering up the stairs hoisting the far from ethereal Kennedy. After the fourth trip up, Kennedy came stumbling down the stairs, panting and puffing.

The director said, "What are you out of breath for, you don't have to walk."

Kennedy answered, "No, Mister, but that is a long carry."

* * *

Michael Curtiz, who is directing Du Barry, which stars Dolores Del Rio, wanted an actor to say, "Boy," as he raised his finger and beckoned to the lackey. The actor couldn't get the correct gesture that goes with that summons.

Finally Curtiz said, "Did you ever go to school? Well, do it just like you used to raise your hand and say, 'Teacher, may I go out?'"

The actor got the idea immediately.

* * *

LEW AYRES plays opposite Alice Faye in "She Learned From a Sailor."

Lew was clowning on the set one morning and picked up two buns and an old and care-worn herring. He put the herring to bed between the two buns and pretended that he was going to eat it. It looked so ridiculous that the still photographer suggested a publicity picture. But Ayres would have none of it. He said that he didn't think it would be good for his public to see him undignified.

But Alice, she wasn't particular. She took over the deceased herring and the picture was made.

* * *

PITY the poor studio when it wants Spencer Tracy. Sometimes Spencer lives at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel and then again he stays with his mother at the Town House. And if he isn't at either one of these two, then the studio has to call in an expert crystal gazer to get him on the set in time.

* * *

WAIT until you see the new Crawford hairdress. Joan went all the way back to ancient Greece to get it. And if you don't think that Joan with her classical profile looks like one of the famous Greek goddesses, then you don't know your old mythology.

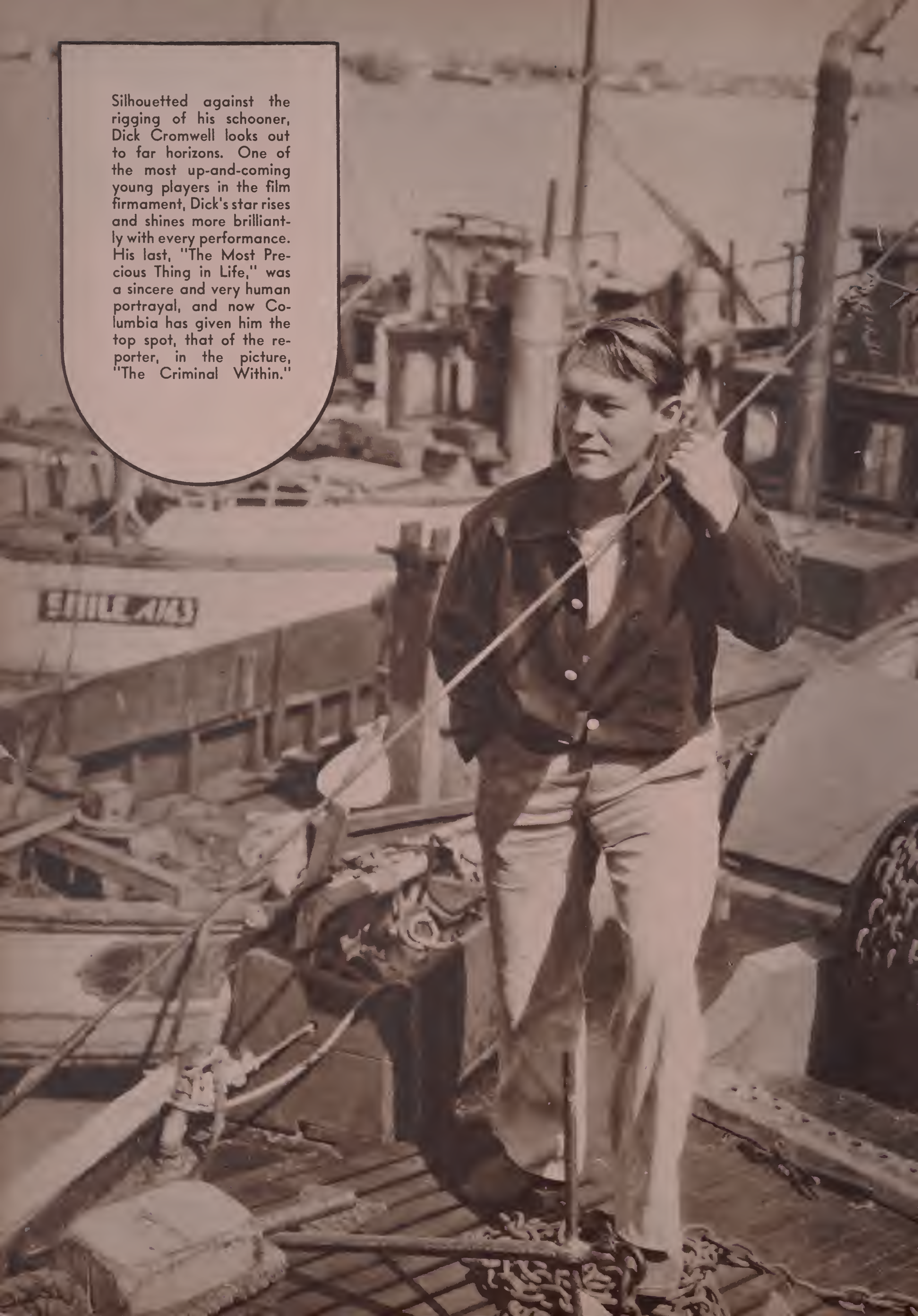
Here's the way Joan does it. She combs her hair straight back off her forehead. Then she combs out long curled bangs. At the back of her head are two rows of long tight curls—just like the kind your mother used to make on paper curlers. They are worn tight to the head and lined up side by side so that perfect contour is shown.

* * *

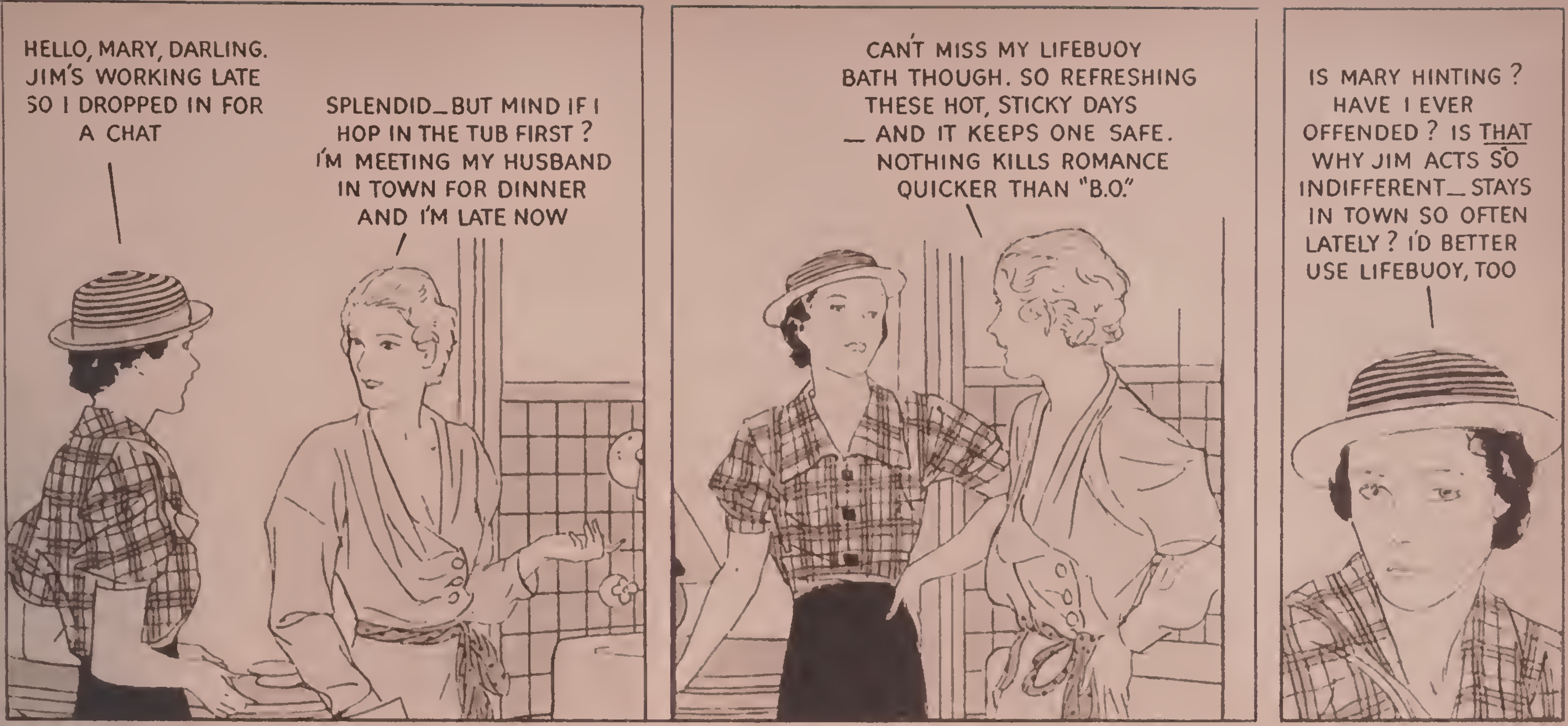
ADD this to your list of Samuel Goldwyn stories, but don't hold us responsible for it.

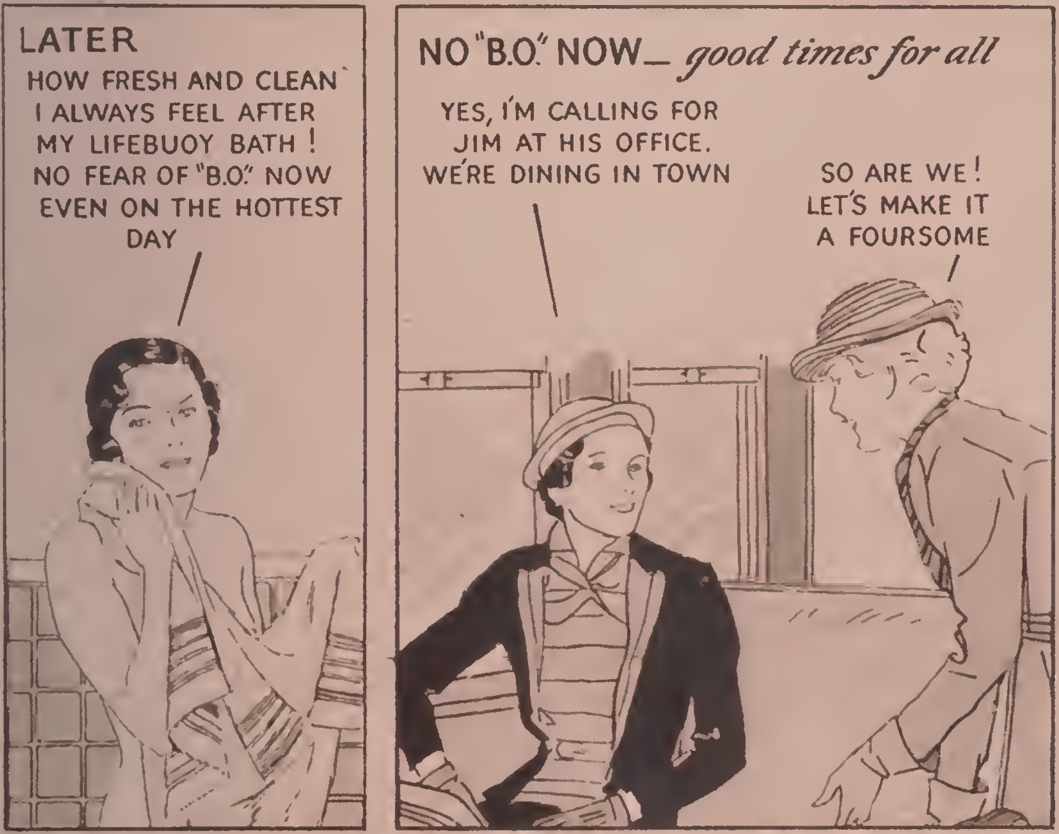
It seems that Sam brought a high priced writer (*Continued on page* 88)

We nominate Genevieve Tobin for the title of one of the screen's most elegant women (we mean, she *looks* it, and she *is* it). You'll be seeing her in "Kiss and Make Up," with Cary Grant, for which Warners loaned her to Paramount. Genevieve's now enjoying a well-earned vacation in Europe.



Silhouetted against the rigging of his schooner, Dick Cromwell looks out to far horizons. One of the most up-and-coming young players in the film firmament, Dick's star rises and shines more brilliantly with every performance. His last, "The Most Precious Thing in Life," was a sincere and very human portrayal, and now Columbia has given him the top spot, that of the reporter, in the picture, "The Criminal Within."

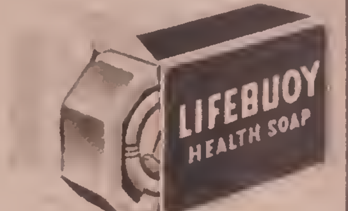

HELLO, MARY, DARLING. JIM'S WORKING LATE SO I DROPPED IN FOR A CHAT
SPLENDID—BUT MIND IF I HOP IN THE TUB FIRST? I'M MEETING MY HUSBAND IN TOWN FOR DINNER AND I'M LATE NOW
CAN'T MISS MY LIFEBUOY BATH THOUGH. SO REFRESHING THESE HOT, STICKY DAYS — AND IT KEEPS ONE SAFE. NOTHING KILLS ROMANCE QUICKER THAN "B.O."
IS MARY HINTING? HAVE I EVER OFFENDED? IS THAT WHY JIM ACTS SO INDIFFERENT—STAYS IN TOWN SO OFTEN LATELY? I'D BETTER USE LIFEBUOY, TOO


LATER
HOW FRESH AND CLEAN I ALWAYS FEEL AFTER MY LIFEBUOY BATH! NO FEAR OF "B.O." NOW EVEN ON THE HOTTEST DAY
NO "B.O." NOW — good times for all
YES, I'M CALLING FOR JIM AT HIS OFFICE. WE'RE DINING IN TOWN
SO ARE WE! LET'S MAKE IT A FOURSOME

HONEY, YOUR LIFEBUOY KEEPS MY SKIN MUCH CLEARER
I CAN SEE THE DIFFERENCE. IT CERTAINLY DID WONDERS FOR MINE, TOO

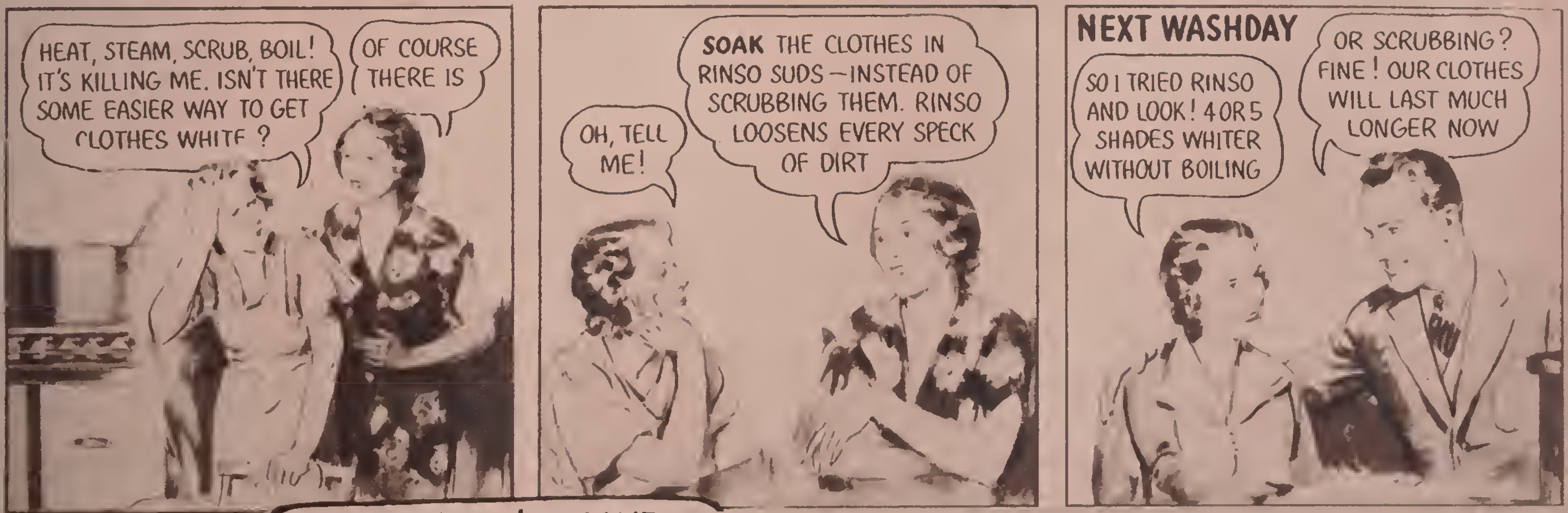
MEN and women everywhere find Lifebuoy a truly remarkable complexion soap. It *deep-cleanses* pores. Gently searches out impurities that cloud the skin. Adopt Lifebuoy and *see!* A lovelier complexion is yours for the taking!

Brisk cold showers, lazy warm tub baths—whichever you choose for summer, Lifebuoy *always* gives thick, creamy lather. Lather which refreshes, *protects!* Stops "B.O." (*body odor*), so common in hot weather. Lifebuoy's fresh, clean scent vanishes as you rinse.


LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

NO MORE HOT WASHDAYS FOR HER

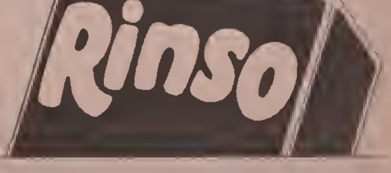

HEAT, STEAM, SCRUB, BOIL! IT'S KILLING ME. ISN'T THERE SOME EASIER WAY TO GET CLOTHES WHITE?
OF COURSE THERE IS
OH, TELL ME!
SOAK THE CLOTHES IN RINSO SUDS—INSTEAD OF SCRUBBING THEM. RINSO LOOSENS EVERY SPECK OF DIRT
NEXT WASHDAY
SO I TRIED RINSO AND LOOK! 4 OR 5 SHADES WHITER WITHOUT BOILING
OR SCRUBBING? FINE! OUR CLOTHES WILL LAST MUCH LONGER NOW

HURRAH! WE'LL SAVE LOTS OF MONEY!

SOME women have saved up to $100! just by changing to Rinso. For Rinso *soaks* out dirt—saves clothes from being scrubbed threadbare. It is safe for your finest cottons and linens—white or colors.

Makers of 40 famous washers recommend Rinso. Gives rich, lasting suds—*even in hardest water*. Wonderful for dishes and all cleaning—easy on hands! At your grocer's.

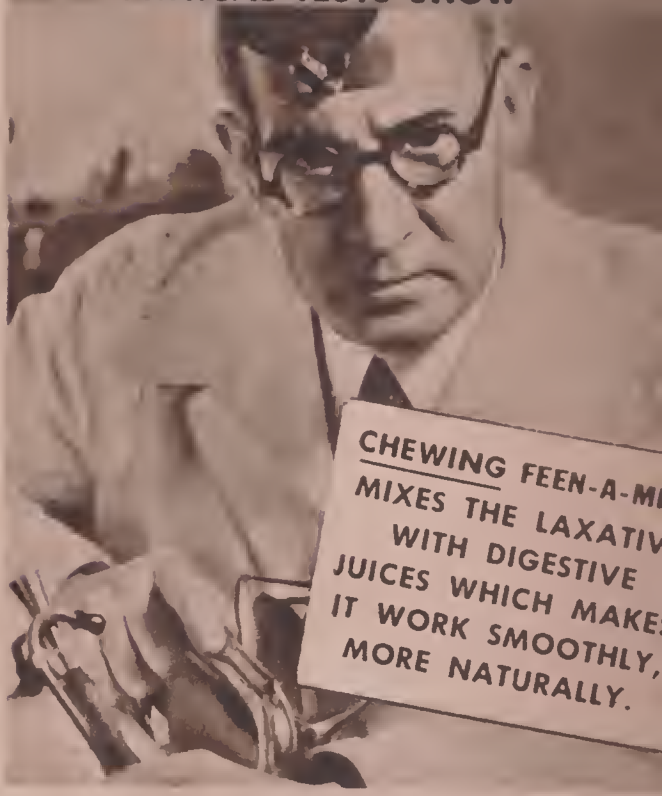
A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.



After an absence of two years, Ronald Colman returns in a fast-moving, exciting sequel to his first great talkie success, "Bulldog Drummond." In "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back," for Twentieth Century, the beautiful maiden in distress is Loretta Young, who did so nicely in "Born to Be Bad" and "The House of Rothschild." We hope that Loretta's real-life romance with Spencer Tracy will turn out as happily as her movie romance with Captain Drummond.

CHEW
YOUR
LAXATIVE

CONSTIPATION
SUFFERERS FIND
CHEWING GUM IS THE IDEA
FORM FOR A LAXATIVE—
CLINICAL TESTS SHOW



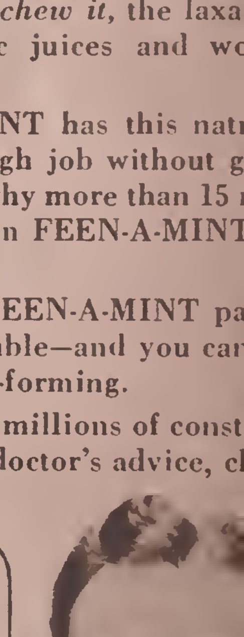
CHEWING FEEN-A-MI
MIXES THE LAXATIV
WITH DIGESTIVE
JUICES WHICH MAKES
IT WORK SMOOTHLY,
MORE NATURALLY.

The chewing-gum laxative has distinct vantages; it is delicious in flavor, easy take and, *because you chew it*, the laxa mixes with the gastric juices and wo more thoroughly.

Because FEEN-A-MINT has this natu action it does a thorough job without g ing or nausea, That is why more than 15 lion people have chosen FEEN-A-MINT their laxative.

You, *too*, will find FEEN-A-MINT pa able, thoroughly enjoyable—and you ca sure that it is non-habit-forming.

If you are one of the millions of const tion sufferers take the doctor's advice, ch FEEN-A-MINT.



IT'S FEEN-A-MINT
FOR ME...I LIKE THE
TASTE AND THE
CHEWING CERTAINLY
MAKES THE LAXATIVE
WORK MORE
THOROUGHLY.

Feen-a-min
The Chewing Gum LAXAT

"Now and Forever," the title of Gary Cooper's next picture, with Carole Lombard and Shirley Temple, might also be the title for the latest chapter in his life—his romantic marriage to Sandra Shaw. Until Lupe Velez and Johnny Weissmuller went on a tour, this quartet was inseparable. He's with Marion Davies in "Operator 13."

Thelma Todd switches gaily from slapstick to siren roles and back. Remember her cuckoo antics in "Hips, Hips, Hooray"? She's at it again in "Cockeyed Cavaliers." with Wheeler and Woolsey, which you probably just saw. Her marriage to Pat de Cicco didn't work out so well but Thelma's going to try again one of these days.

Jimmy Cagney's had some very lovely leading ladies but none so lovely, in our humble opinion, as Gloria Stuart who appears with him in "Hey, Sailor." In it you'll see Jimmy and Pat O'Brien do their own roustabouting version of a Lowe-and-McLaglen for the love of the beautiful Gloria.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer consider Madge Evans as one of their very nicest ingenues —and isn't this the swellest picture you've seen of her in a long time? She's just made "Grand Canary" with Warner Baxter over at Fox Studios.

Mae West's

Because she dared to defy gangsters' threats, she's on the spot!

by JACK SMALLEY

It may have been a publicity stunt at the time, but after the now-famous hold-up, Mae was given lessons in the use of an automatic rifle.

(Below) Harry O. Voilner, wanted in Los Angeles to stand trial for the robbery of Mae West. He was recently arrested in Miami, where the state of Florida wants to try him on other charges. He is fighting extradition!

MAE WEST is on the spot! Marked for gangster guns, she walks in the shadow of stalking figures that wait for a chance to rub her out. Threats of death have come to her through the mails. Voices, harsh with menace, call her to the phone and give their terrifying messages.

These underworld terrorists have devised an even more harrowing threat—to throw acid in her face. To a beautiful woman, death is preferable to such horrible disfigurement of face as acid burns would cause.

The utmost secrecy attends her movements, and special guards with orders from the District Attorney to shoot first and ask questions afterwards, walk at her side wherever she goes.

The biggest money-making star in pictures made her last picture, "It Ain't No Sin," on a closed set, surrounded by Paramount police, with her special guard always at her side. For the first time, no one was permitted on the set. She has cancelled a lucrative road tour; her vacation plans, shrouded in secrecy, indicate she may go to Hawaii to give gang guns the slip.

That is the price Mae West is paying for defying a big Chicago mobster and his gang of torpedoes. As a citizen, she saw her duty and was brave enough to tell what she knew.

She has put the finger on the "finger man" whose gang robbed her of $15,000 in money and jewels.

Mae West is risking death by pointing him out as the brains of the gang that shoved guns in her face and stripped her of rings, bracelets and money one dark night last Sep-

LIFE in DANGER!

tember, and she won't back down in spite of the terrorists who have threatened her with death if she goes through with it.

She has sent one of the gangsters "over the road" by proving on the witness stand that he was one of the mob.

She has caused another of the gang to become a fugitive from justice.

And the boss man, the Chicago gangster who planned the robbery, has been caught in Florida. He will be brought back for trial in Los Angeles if Buron Fitts, the District Attorney, and his courageous witness, Mae West, continue their determined battle to put the whole mob behind the bars at San Quentin.

But if anything should happen to the State's star witness, the case would collapse.

That is why Mae West walks in the shadow of death from Chicago killers.

"IF ALL citizens were as public spirited and brave in the face of death threats as Mae West, there would be few gangsters left," Buron Fitts told me. "She is absolutely fearless. She took the stand against the first man caught and in spite of those anonymous letters and phone calls that she would be bumped off if she persisted, she coolly and calmly did her duty as a patriotic citizen. I have never had so dependable a witness in a criminal case. She won the admiration of us all."

The hold-up occurred on the night of September 28th, last fall. Miss West had gone out with Harry O. Voilner, to make a deal on an automobile. Although she barely knew Voilner, she was interested in making a business deal such as he described. She brought along $3,400 in cash.

As was her custom, Miss West wore the diamond jewelry that is part of her exotic, glittering appearance. A gorgeous ring, worth $3,500 sparkled on her finger, the street lights flashed on the $5,000 bracelet against the smooth white skin of her arm, and a thousand tiny little purple and green lights shown from her diamond necklace.

In front of her apartment at 570 North Rossmore, two men sprang from the shadows, took her jewelry and purse, and disappeared into the shadows. But the mob reckoned without the quick perceptions of Mae West.

There was something peculiar about that robbery.

Why hadn't the bandits molested the man who was with her? They did not ask him for his money. And how did they know she would have money with her? How did they know when to strike?

Miss West finally decided that this was no haphazard stick-up, but one that had been carefully planned. She called in detectives and the police went to work on the case.

And into their net fell one of the mob—Edward Friedman.

When they got through sweating Eddie the Rat, he "coughed his guts," as the underworld terms a confession.

According to Friedman, he and a man named Morris Cohen had been named for the job. They had followed instructions and turned over every cent of the money and jewels to their chief. He paid them one grand apiece for the job. That man, Eddie Friedman said, was Harry Voilner.

Harry, the glib racketeer from Chicago, Friedman declared, had struck up an acquaintance with Miss West, and on pretext of a business deal over an auto, had lured her into a trap.

Miss West declared she would testify in the case. And presently she felt the cold shadow of gang menace.

"Lay off or we'll bump you off!"

Those words, over the telephone, only strengthened Miss West's resolve. If anyone thinks he can bluff Mae West, he may as well get ready to show his hand.

But District Attorney Fitts would

Acme

(Above) Edward Friedman, against whom Mae West testified in February, despite grave danger. In the oval, Mae on the witness stand when she identified Friedman as one of the stick-up men. (Right) Blayney Matthews, chief investigator for the D. A.'s office, who organized the protection for Mae West.

allow her to take no chances. He has one of the most unusual organizations in the world to handle threats and avert dangers that constantly confront the motion picture people.

To protect the picture people, a special department was organized under District Attorney Fitts, a squad of specially trained men who can think fast and shoot straight, who are unimpeachable, and whose detective ability would put a Philo Vance to shame. Their chief is Blayney Matthews, known personally to all Hollywood as its big brother and protector.

It was Blayney Matthews, then, who took immediate action when the threats against Mae West were reported. He consulted James Timoney, her manager, and made arrangements to supply Miss West with a bodyguard from his department.

"I'm holding you responsible if anything happens to Miss West," Mr. Fitts told Blayney. "Put your best men on the case."

BLAYNEY took no chances; he went on the job himself, with Harry Dean, one of his best shots, to act as relief guard. The trial came up in February and "Eddie the Rat" heard Miss West risk her life to point him out as the robber.

Those who remember the dramatic courtroom scene in "I'm No Angel" will agree with Buron Fitts that Mae is an ideal witness. This, however, was a scene in real life, and though few knew of the vicious threats that hung over Mae West's head, she was in danger so real that the guards were doubled.

And because she dared to do her duty, Eddie Friedman was put away where he won't be able to perform any more stick-ups for quite some time.

Meanwhile, the search went on for the fugitives.

Another, more unnerving threat than the sinister warning of death, came over the phone. It was the voice of a woman.

"Call off the cops, or we'll throw acid in your face!"

Any woman who won't back down in the face of that menace indeed has courage. Mae West proved she had plenty of it. In fact such unwonted courage in the face of danger is almost too much to believe.

"You can tell those boys for me," Mae West replied calmly, "that they've got a yellow streak up their backs a yard wide. If the cops catch those rats, I'll help keep 'em out of circulation until they're so old they couldn't even stick up a defenseless woman."

It was then that Blayney Matthews called in his ace gun thrower, Jack Southard. Jack is a slight, alert blonde whose family has worn police blue since he was in baby clothes. His father, H. M. Southard, was former Deputy Chief of Police of Denver, his brother is in the Los Angeles narcotic squad.

Southard knew Harry Voilner, the fugitive. Two times he had picked up Voilner and brought him into headquarters, before the West robbery, but you can't put a man in jail because he's a gangster. They had to let him go. But Los Angeles makes it plain that gangsters aren't welcome. It was said that Voilner had shot his partner in a quarrel over a racket, down in a Chicago black and tan joint.

The District Attorney of Los Angeles, Buron Fitts, says in this vital, impressive article:

"If all citizens were as public spirited and brave in the face of death threats as Mae West, there would be few gangsters left!"

Mae West has steadily refused to be intimidated by threats of death—and worse than that, facial disfigurement by acid! She's determined that the gang who's responsible for the theft of over three thousand dollars and valuable jewelry shall be brought to justice.

While other magazines are publishing stories about Mae West which discuss how long she will last as a popular star, whether her influence is good or bad, I'm proud to offer this startling feature which reveals Mae as a woman of unusual courage and civic consciousness.

I'm all for you, Mae West!

—R. W.

"Take John Chriss with you," Blayney ordered. "You're not to leave Miss West day or night."

"Thanks," Grinned Southard, and buckled on his shooting irons.

He and Chriss reported to Miss West at the studio, and relieved Harry Dean. They stood beside her on the set.

When it was time to go home, they sent for her car and had it brought to the door of the sound stage. They pulled down the two "kick" seats in the tonneau of the limousine and sat there, alert and ready, when the car moved off.

"We're not to let you out of our sight," Southard told her, at the apartment.

"How int'resting," drawled Mae, with that inimitable lift of the eyebrows. Then, because Southard blushes easily, she took pity on him and grinned. Jack was her devoted slave from then on. He and Chriss took turns on guard, and Southard's first move was to go to the drugstore.

"I want every kind of acid antidote there is," he said.

He loaded these into the West car, after learning all that he could about the use of antidotes. If the worst should happen, he would have to be a pretty badly wounded detective to be unable to render first aid if acid threatened Miss West's face.

THE constant fear of gang retribution could not help but take effect. Paramount studio officials held a conference and decided to forbid all visitors from the set where Miss West was making "It Ain't No Sin" with Johnny Mack Brown.

So, for the first time since Miss West entered pictures, she worked on a closed set.

One day someone wandered in where they were shooting, evading by chance the studio police on guard. Miss West saw him first.

Her expressive eyes turned to Southard, then slanted meaningly toward the door where the intruder stood.

Southard reached for his gun. If the unwanted guest had made one suspicious move, it would have been his last on this earth. I doubt if he knows what a close call he had that day.

Another time a piece of lumber fell from the light gallery where the huge sun arcs are ranged to throw their beams on the set below. That was a bad moment for everybody, for it sounded like a crack of a gun when it hit.

Another time, while an electrician was hanging a mike, one of the steel arms to which these mikes are attached, started to fall. Quick-wittedly the electricians around the set bent to protect the star. The steel fell across their backs hurting them severely. Except for their swiftness the blow would have struck Mae West's head. She was so upset by this that, for the first time in her whole Hollywood career, she had to go home for the day to recover.

Mae walked on the set one morning and passed a boy who was hanging a drape. As she came by the boy dropped the drape, starting towards Mae. He made a sudden dive for his pocket. Mae went white under her make-up. But he pulled out an autograph book saying, "I hitch-hiked all the way from Alabama to see you, Miss West, will you sign my book?" The boy got the *(Continued on page 74)*

NOTHING'S Impossible for SHIRLEY

That's part of the Temple girl's charm

By GEORGE MADDEN

SHIRLEY TEMPLE, the pixie-faced little five year old girl who scored so heavily in "Stand Up and Cheer!" has more fame right now than most people attain in a life time. But wait till she's eleven years old! That's when the news will start popping.

She's going to have a baby then. She told me so herself. And she's going to have a white cat, a live Mickey Mouse, and a dog that can tap dance. Then she won't have to practice alone as she does now.

Not that she dislikes dancing. She loves it. But she would like someone with whom she could practice. Especially a dog. That would be different, she thinks.

I met Shirley at the Fox lot, where she was emoting with Jimmie Dunn in "Baby Take a Bow." She gets a lot of fun out of acting. And it's a grand time watching her act and talking with her.

But the best part of all was being with someone whose mind accepts nothing as impossible. To Shirley there are live Mickey Mouses (or is it Mice?) and tap dancing dogs. We just haven't seen them. That's the trouble with us.

After two hours on a sultry sound stage, under searing lights, Shirley took time out for refreshments at the corner drug store. Refusing help, she jumped, strained, grunted, twisted, and pulled, finally achieving the lofty fountain stool. She scorned my proffered assistance. She scanned the menu carefully and ordered. That she couldn't read was an unimportant triviality.

"I'll take ice-cream with gravy," she said.

Now (*Continued on page* 95)

James Dunn and Shirley Temple practise a dance routine for "Baby Take a Bow," under the tutelage of Sammy Lee, dance director

Mae West:
"Certainly not!"

Sylvia Sidney:
"Good for kids."

Would You Join

ILLUSTRATION BY CARL LINK

Jack Oakie:
"Yes and no."

Claudette Colbert:
"It's ridiculous."

Maureen O'Sullivan:
"Don't think so."

Sidney Fox:
"I'm all for it."

Carale Lombard:
"I'm afraid!"

THE ancient Greeks started it. They were the first of civilized people to go in for mixed nudity for health purposes.

For a long time, the Russians have gone swimming without the hindrance of bathing suits. But the group that brought modern nudism into its revived popularity is the youth of post-war Germany. With typical Teuton practicality, they did it for a sound reason. Germany, after the war, was left destitute of man power. The best way to bring the nation back to its former position was through health. And health, the Germans felt, could best be obtained through nudism.

Next it swept to America and now Hollywood is taking up nudism. Taking it seriously.

It is no secret that most of the stars go in for solitary nudism, relaxing and sun-bathing in little canvas walled enclosures in the privacy of their estates. But collective nudity is something else. None of them ever thought seriously about it until Ramon Novarro had a bright idea.

Novarro's idea was to start a Hollywood nudist colony, and he told a friend that he thought Garbo would be a member. Certainly Garbo is one of the most faithful of devotees to sun bathing.

How would Hollywood take this? Would stars, with all their little beauty secrets, their vanities, dare to stand alone, unadorned and unembellished? Would people who had attained fame and riches through illusion and mystery risk losing their mystery?

Not Mae West! She was aghast at the idea.

No one is going to come up and see her sometime unless she's all decked out in curvey finery.

"Go nudist?" She gasped. "Certainly not! Think of all the shopping I would miss. And I love shopping for new clothes. And don't let anyone fool you on this: Clothes, and lots of them, are women's greatest friends when it comes to getting their man. I am afraid that romance would die a sad death if nudism became universal."

But dark-eyed little Sidney Fox, making a return to pictures in "Down to Their Last Yacht," is as different in her ideas as she is in appearance to the sexy West.

"I think nudism is a grand idea and I'm all for it," says Sidney. "I take sun-baths every day privately, and I do not feel that there is anything indecent or vulgar in group nudism. If it were convenient, I would just as soon join a colony. If we couldn't hide the fact that we were overweight or underweight, I'm sure all of us would take better care of our bodies, and be better off for it. That athletes and dancers have the best bodies, the most graceful and poised, gained by not hampering their movements with useless and superfluous garments cannot be gainsaid."

a NUDIST *Colony?*

Don't answer till you've read the stars' unexpectedly startling replies!

by MICHAEL JACKSON

MOST of the movie colony take a mid-course between Sidney Fox and Mae West. Maureen O'Sullivan, for instance, whose costume in "Tarzan and His Mate" gave the Will Hays office the jitters, says, "I approve of nudism with the right people in the right places. But I don't think I'd ever join a colony."

Grace Moore said that she would join a colony if she were among friends. She believes that she was one of the first devotees of sun-baths and thinks it extremely healthy to get as much sunlight and air on the body as possible.

But Fay Wray would not go nudist. Beauty unadorned may be lovely, but Fay has her doubts. "Very few persons," she says, "have beautiful figures despite the efforts of costume designers, masseuses and beauty doctors." She takes private sun-baths, but she wouldn't enjoy them under prying eyes.

A great many people feel as Carole Lombard does, admiring the idea, but afraid of it for themselves.

"Seriously, the nudists are trying out an advanced idea purely for the sake of health and not for sensation," she told me. "I believe that within fifty years, nudism with reservations will prevail. I think that we will wear less when we swim and also in our homes. I think that we will take nude sun-baths without erecting all sorts of contraptions so that our neighbors can't see us. Right now, I'm afraid I would be too much of a coward to join the nudists, but I admire their perseverence and courage."

If you believe that nudism is a silly passing fad you will just have to take out your family album to convince yourself that it is no such thing. The world is rapidly coming to it. How about the bathing suit of fifteen years ago, or even ten? Mack Sennett Bathing Beauties, Gloria Swanson and all the rest, were considered quite daring when they dove into the foam wearing nothing but high silk stockings, lace boots, rubber hat, and a suit that included puffed sleeves and circular skirts.

Somehow, those old-fashioned garments contrived to be more immodest than the simple, flesh revealing models of today. The nudists are not immoral. Vanity, much more than modesty, is the thing that keeps many people from joining colonies.

As Claudette Colbert says: "I believe in moderate nudism, yes. In the privacy of my home and yard for health. But public nudism is ridiculous. Human beings are too fond of appearing at their best to risk the relentlessness of the nudist cult."

Sylvia Sidney more or less agrees with Claudette. She thinks that it is merely a passing idea that will die out in another five years. The nudist (*Continued on page 71*)

Each night there was a new queen of the circus. One night it was Ann Harding, whom you see above with Victor McLaglen. George Bancroft and Wallace Beery were interested spectators, shown upper right.

Let's Go To

Queen Mary Astor, with handsome Chester Morris. Below, Ruth Waterbury, Movie Mirror's editor, with a bunch of young folks: Dick Powell and Mary Carlisle, on her right; Gail Patrick and Lyle Talbot, on her left. How about some peanuts?

Ann Harding also went in for some riding, as you can see above. The barker at the Jungleland show, to the right, is Sam Hardy. Among his prospective customers are Jim Cagney, Mae Robson, and Chester Morris.

Many of your favorites turned up at Hollywood's gayest festival and Hyman Fink caught 'em at it!

SEC.

C

Below, those inseparables, Randolph Scott, Virginia Cherrill Grant, Cary Grant and Vivian Gay. They're having lots of fun from the looks of it.

Above: Queen Joan Blondell and hubby, George Barnes.

The CIRCUS

Left, a sw shot of Edc Cantor as appeared dr ing his charic just like in "R man Scandals

Ah ah, another queen! And what a beauteh! Miriam Hopkins, enthroned to your left.

Look who's here! Messrs. Cagney, Morris and Robinson on the ferris wheel!

Other spectators were Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler, left, still as much in love as ever,, and right, the Lewis Stones, ditto.

What a gang of happy celebrators! Left to right, Minna Gombell, James Cagney, Miriam Hopkins, James Gleason, Ann Harding, and Chester Morris.

That's little Shirley Temple, right, signing autographs at the Studio Club booth. With her are Pert Kelton, Marie Burton and Roscoe Karns

Autographs

Left, two old friends meet at the circus: Fredric March and Frank Morgan. Right, caught by Hyman Fink in a happy moment are Boris Karloff, Frankie Darro, Lyle Talbot, and Gail Patrick.

Lew Ayres Answers the Gossip About Him

by MAUDE LATHEM

Marry Ginger Rogers? Or anybody? Hard to handle? Money-mad? Read this!

HERE is news for you. Lew Ayres *will* get married again. And he will *not* marry Ginger Rogers!

These are startling statements to you, I know, if you have read the articles saying he was so embittered he would *never* marry again. Or if you have read the equally false rumor that he will marry Ginger Rogers. If his own words can be depended upon, neither of these statements are true.

"I certainly expect to marry again," says Lew, in no uncertain terms, "but when I do it will be when I am ready to have kiddies, and have found a woman who embodies all the qualities I would like in the mother of my children, and who is interested in the same things I am, and who loves me as I do her!"

Which is a long sentence from the quiet Lew!

"That should answer your question about Ginger," he added. "She is the grandest friend and pal any man could find, and I'm terribly fond of her. But she has a great future ahead of her and I have things to do, too, so I assure you we are not planning marriage. She doesn't want it any more than I. She means to acquire wealth by her own efforts (you know she is planning to make a million, and I believe she can) and I hope to establish economic independence, so marriage is the last thing we are thinking of at the moment. Wouldn't I be a nice one to ask her to marry and give up her career to have babies, just as she is getting such a grand start?

"And furthermore, I am not in love! I don't want to be in love. I'm not looking for any kind of a woman. I have no preference in the matter of women. I've never outlined in my mind the type of woman I will marry, when I marry again. Just at the moment, I'm telling you I am not interested in blonde, brunette, tall or short, fat or thin. And I never will be foolish enough to say I am going to marry a certain type, for I would surely fall in love with the opposite.

"I do get a great kick out of my association with Ginger. She's a swell kid. *It's the first time in my entire life I have ever gone with a woman younger than myself* and it's a great feeling. Makes a man sorta feel like he's boss. Because he has a little edge in years, he can throw his shoulders back like the head of the house, as it were."

You can no more write about Lew Ayres and ignore romance than you can speak about California and not mention sunshine. This young man with soulful eyes and artistic yearnings immediately suggests romance. We have been told he was particularly drawn to glamorous women. Lola Lane was a glamorous, platinum blonde when he fell in love with her. And several of the most glamorous stars in the business were supposed to be in love with Lew prior to his marriage. We have to set you right on this matter, too.

"I CAN'T stand glamorous women," Lew proclaims vehemently. "They are too superficial. I am only drawn to people who are real, and this goes for women both off and on the screen."

"But," I protested, "Lew, surely you think romantic rôles are the very finest thing in the

(*Continued on page* 76)

"I've Never Been

In this exclusive announcement of her impending divorce and the reasons behind it, the star reveals that she's earned every penny she's ever spent

by JACK GRANT

"I'VE never been a kept woman. Had I been kept for even a year, I would have had a married life—and a baby."

There was no bitterness in Elissa Landi's tone. Rather was there sorrow. A woman's heritage in marriage has not been fulfilled. And now the marriage is ending in American divorce courts.

Elissa under her legal name, Elizabeth Marie Lawrence, has instituted proceedings against her husband, John Cecil Lawrence, London barrister!

During the four years she has been in Hollywood, Elissa has never given an interview about her marriage. In a town where love is freely used for publicity purposes, she has maintained a remote silence. Quite naturally, speculations and rumors have been widespread as to the reasons for her silence, but Elissa has ignored them, has not even given them the dignity of a denial. You are reading now the first and the only authentic story of the tragedy of her marriage.

She was married January 28th, 1928. Elissa was then a popular stage star in England; John Lawrence, a rising young legal light. They had enjoyed something of a whirlwind courtship that was climaxed when both were guests at a wedding of friends. It seemed like a jolly idea to elope, be married in a neighboring parish, and return to stand up with the other bride and groom. Jolly, too, the revelation of their elopement after the second wedding ceremony had been performed that eventful January day.

a Kept Woman"

says ELISSA LANDI

Such a jest is typical of John Lawrence. A charming companion, a brilliant wit, a keen scholar, he is a past master of jesting. He taught Elissa, at the time a serious-minded young lady, to play.

And why shouldn't she have been serious minded? She had had an almost incredible childhood, began earning her own way when she was fourteen. By the time she was eighteen, she was entirely upon her own. From that age, she has never had a penny given her that she did not earn by her own efforts. That's what she means by her statement, "I've never been a kept woman."

She married for love and love alone. She did not realize then that marriage demands more than love alone. It was just something that did not cross her mind. Yet it is not her husband's failure to support her that she now condemns. It is the feeling that he has not made the effort of which she knows him thoroughly capable.

She made a pact with John Lawrence when they married. Until he could establish his legal practice, she would continue to support herself by acting, by writing. She would bear half of their joint expenses, all of her own. Until today, she has kept up half of the expenses of a London apartment (*Continued on page* 68)

The picture on the other page shows Elissa Landi working on one of her books while on the set. This is one of the many ways by which she has been able to remain completely self-supporting.

The UNKNOWN

You've Got to Pal Around With Bing to Really Know Him!

by DICK MOOK

EVERY time anyone says to me "How about a story on Bing Crosby?" I think of a curtain speech Laurette Taylor made years ago when she was playing in a revival of "Peg O' My Heart." She had appeared in the part something like 1500 times. She said, "Playing this again seems rather like putting a worn-out record on the phonograph."

I have written so many stories on Bing that every time I confront him with a demand for another one he says, "What is there left to write?"

Yet I know I shall never really exhaust the possibilities in Bing. There are so many facets to his nature that everytime I come away from a meeting with him—and they are pretty frequent meetings too—I know that I have discovered something new about him. And it is only through those frequent meetings that you get to know the real Bing—not the crooner of the air waves, but the unaffected, deep-feeling Bing of private life.

The two most outstanding things about Bing are his charm and his utter lack of self-consciousness.

For example, there was one night he, Dixie, Dick and Jobyna Arlen and I went to an auction sale at the Beverly Galleries. I forget what it was Bing and Dixie wanted. Probably a Sheffield tray. At any rate, when we arrived the place was pretty well filled. Dick Arlen is so self-conscious, he stayed in the rear behind the last row of chairs so that people already seated wouldn't know he was there. Not Bing! He wanted to go out to the room behind the auctioneer's platform and see what was going to be put up.

By the time he had finished inspecting the stuff, the auction room was full. There were no more seats. Bing—as unconcerned as *Huck Finn*—leaned nonchalantly against the door, alongside the auctioneer's platform. He had on soiled white socks (he had been playing golf all afternoon), a shirt open at the throat, no tie, a gray coat sweater, a white flannel cap, he was badly in need of a shave and he had a wad of gum in his mouth.

He can only stand it so long without action, no matter where he is. When ten minutes had elapsed without the Sheffield tray being offered, he began to grow restless. At the moment some white Minton service plates with an eighteen carat gold border were being auctioned. Bing knows nothing about china or any other house furnishings. He had heard—vaguely, because he wasn't interested—some talk between Dixie and Joby about plates.

"$2.50 for the lot," said Bing chewing on his gum and grinning impersonally at every one in the place.

"Shut up," Dixie whispered hoarsely. "We've got Wedgewood and Doulton. They won't match."

"$2.75," snapped a portly lady in the front row transfixing Bing with a withering look.

"$3.00," grinned Bing between cracks of his gum, quite as though neither of them had spoken.

"Will you please tell me what I'm going to do with those things?" Dixie demanded in exasperation.

"Use 'em for spaghetti," Bing suggested, and added "I bet there are not many homes in Hollywood that have a separate set of dishes just for spaghetti."

The latter part of the conversation had not been conducted in *sotto voce* tones and the place was in an uproar.

Presently some sort of reclining chair for a patio was wheeled in. It was upholstered in bright henna-colored canvas.

"How much am I bid for this exquisite piece of bric-a-brac—or whatever it is?" asked the auctioneer.

"$5.00," Bing offered, shifting to the other foot.

"$6.00," announced the front-row lady.

"$7.50," came from someone in the rear.

"$8.00," from the pride of Paramount.

"Have I got to gag you to keep you quiet?" from Mrs. Crosby. "We haven't anything around the place that color and I don't *want* anything that color."

It was finally knocked down to Bing for $13.50 and all the furniture for the patio and barbecue pit had to be upholstered in the same shade. But Bing thinks it's quite *de rigeur*. He picked it out himself, didn't he?

ANOTHER time we went to an auction for some service plates we had seen. The auctioneer was disposing of various items in the living room. Dixie and I were in the dining room looking over the crop when suddenly we heard Bing's unmistakable tones offering $12.50 for something.

"For heaven's sake," ejaculated Dixie in alarm, "go see what he's bidding on and stop him."

BING CROSBY I Know . . .

But before I could get to him, Bing came proudly in to announce he had just bought a Roller canary. They had two more and didn't Dixie think he ought to get another!

When Dick and Joby returned from Europe recently Bing and I spent an entire afternoon rummaging around Los Angeles in an effort to find some ear-muffs to wear down to the station to meet them. He knew Dick would be bending his ear telling him about the trip abroad and he thought Dick might take a hint from the ear-muffs or even that they might stop him altogether.

Bing gives the impression of being a happy-go-lucky, irresponsible sort of chap who doesn't know what the score is—and who doesn't care. Don't fool yourself. He knows all right.

Last winter we were all over at the Arlens' one night when Dick had one of his brain storms. "I've only got one more picture to do," he announced, "and then I've got eight weeks off." He turned to Bing. "Why don't you see if you can't get the studio to fix their schedule so you can get away at the same time and we'll all go to Europe together. The mallet-head here," indicating me, "can write his drivel as well in Afghanistan as in Hollywood."

Bing shook his head. "Not me, pal. I get paid by the picture. I happen to be hot right now and there are lots of offers. But this won't last forever. In a year or two I'll be all washed up and I'll have nothing but time. I'd be plumb crazy not to stick around and gather in the shekels while they're coming my way."

Most actors announce plans for trips and then their press agents reluctantly advise the papers that Mr. Blank has been forced to postpone the trip on account of the flattering offers made him. Bing knew he wasn't even considering a trip so he wouldn't announce plans for one.

He is pretty easy-going as a rule but occasionally when someone does something to him he is "off" that person for good and no amount of explaining or apologizing can restore the offender to his good graces. Once bitten, twice shy is his motto.

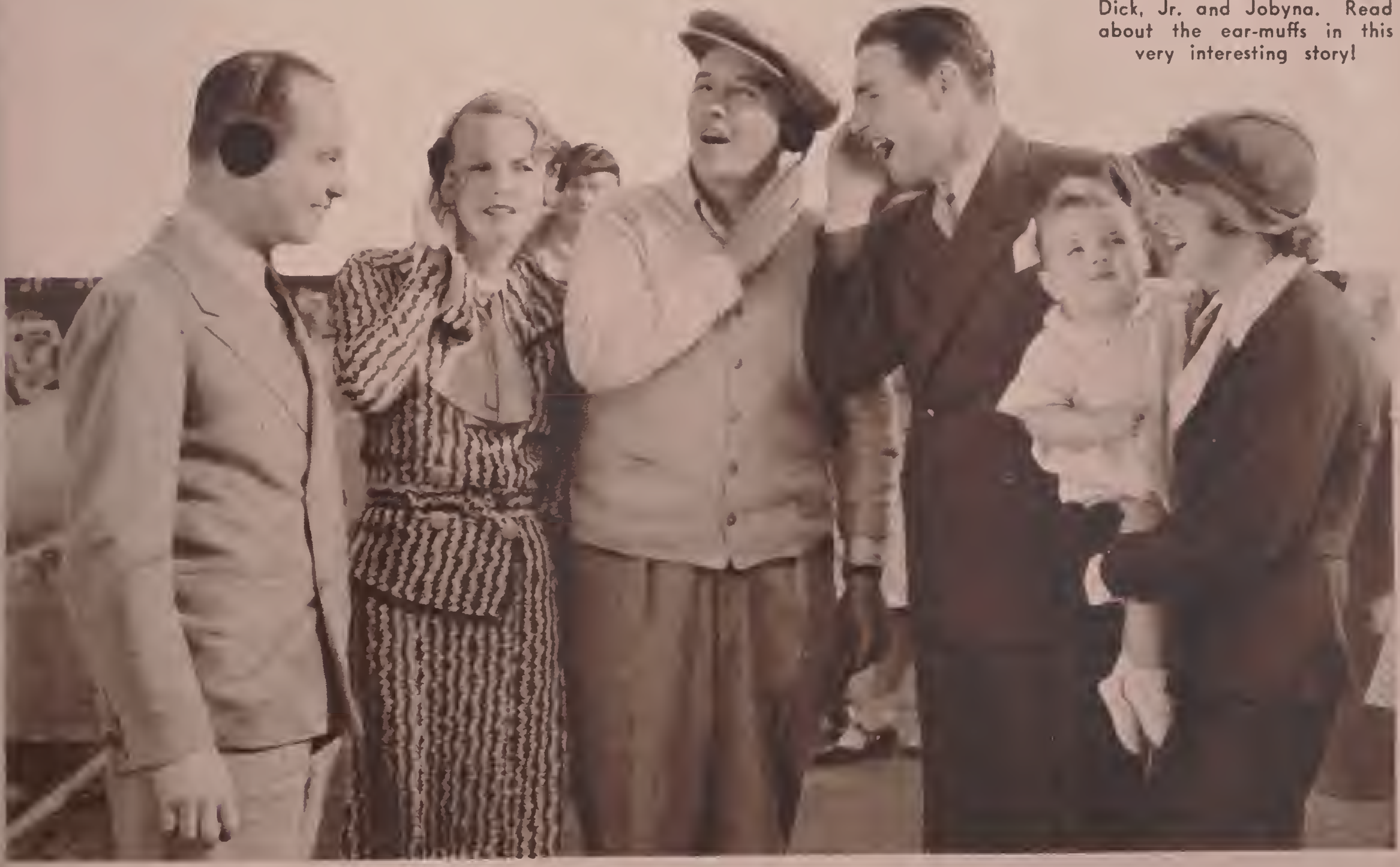
He doesn't gush over people but when he doesn't like you you darned soon know it. He either leaves the room entirely when you enter or sits with a half sneer on his face that I should imagine would make the object of his contempt feel like a fool with every word he uttered. So long as he addresses a remark directly to you occasionally you know he doesn't dislike you.

OVER a period of friendship that has extended between four and five years I have only seen him lose his temper and become violent once. The Arlens, Kitty Lang and I were at their house for dinner. Dixie was at one end of the table, Bing at the other. Between them was a huge bowl of flowers.

I don't recall what started the argument but Dixie was kidding him with a dead pan. She finally got his goat. Afraid of not being sufficiently impressive if he spoke to her from behind the flowers, Bing half rose from his chair, leaned across the flowers and shook his finger in her face. "If you ever talk like that again," he stormed, "I'm going to smack you right in the chops!"

We all burst out laughing. The idea of Bing smacking

(*Continued on page* 73)



Left to right: Dick Mook, Dixie Lee Crosby, Bing, Dick Arlen, Dick, Jr. and Jobyna. Read about the ear-muffs in this very interesting story!

HOW TO BE

AS REVEALED

Personality Secrets That Insure Success!

WHAT are the qualities which combine to make a personality attractive? And gracious? And charming? And popular?

Several things according to the Hollywood girls, things which anyone can develop if she will be honest with herself and go to a little trouble.

At a party not long ago I found myself watching one girl prettier than all the rest. Her eyes were almost a navy blue. There was youth in the smooth turn of her cheek. Her soft hair was a dusty gold.

Immediately the men discovered this girl they gravitated in her direction. But they soon drifted away again. And stayed away.

Made curious by this repeated masculine performance I sought this girl. I hasten to add that she had none of the disagreeable personal faults about which different advertisers caution us. She was sweet and fresh. And attractively dressed. She was, however, quite devoid of any interest or individual color or charm.

She was, in the vernacular, a flat tire.

Now no one who lives twenty years can help acquiring some interest and color along the way. And I left that party thinking what a great pity it is that timidity or self-consciousness or inertia or a complete lack of showmanship can defeat, so completely, even those with initial advantage of physical attractiveness.

And so I got thinking of Hollywood and of who were the attractive personalities in the film colony . . . and why.

I decided finally that six of the most varied outstanding individuals in Hollywood are Joan Crawford, Miriam Hopkins, Gloria Swanson, Helen Hayes, Mary Pickford and Irene Dunne.

And the more I think about these six girls the more convinced I am that in every case it is the attitude towards life and people which these girls have acquired—and not because of any magic with which they were born—that they are as charming and attractive as they are.

MIRIAM HOPKINS, by her own admission, didn't used to be popular at all.

"I didn't like most people," she says with that sweeping frankness which comes as a surprise from anyone as misty and fragile as she is. "And, needless to say, most people didn't like me."

Today nothing could be farther from the truth. Today whether Miriam is in New York where she plays on the stage in the winter or in California where she makes pictures during the spring and summer, she has what approaches, a salon. A surprisingly brilliant salon for anyone so young.

JOAN CRAWFORD
GLORIA SWANSON

By ADELE

popular

BY SIX STARS

How Joan Crawford overcame her tendency to mimic other personalities, Gloria Swanson's daring rule of behavior, Miriam Hopkin's lesson in sensitivity, and Mary Pickford's inspiring interest in people — all striking object lessons in how to acquire popularity.

It isn't only smitten young bloods who collect about Miriam. Although, goodness knows, they're always in evidence. There are dramatists and musicians, brokers and novelists. Fewer women than men by far. Because Miriam likes men better. And because most women avoid the keen competition which she offers.

It is altogether fitting that Miriam should own the famous house with grounds reaching down to the East River in which the late Elizabeth Marbury held what was looked upon as the one salon in New York City.

Friends drop in at Miriam's in the late afternoon for sherry and a biscuit. Again, at night, after the theater, they gather about her fire. It is close to dawn when the last light in her house blinks out. Often.

Obviously then, Miriam has changed. Obviously then, having built up this brilliant background for herself and fitting into it with animation and ease, Miriam has learned something she previously didn't know.

Fortunately for my article Miriam is smart enough to realize this herself and honest enough to talk about it:

"It was several years ago that I made a discovery about myself which changed me," she told me one day while she fitted sprays of the first forsythia of the season into a vase upon her piano. "It was when I came to New York to rehearse for a new play. And brought a friend with me.

"Let's call this friend Janice.

"I asked Janice because she was gay. She animated me. She had enthusiasms. She brought a colorful and often an exciting viewpoint to the things she talked about.

"Working all day I knew I wouldn't be going out much. I'd need stimulating company.

"The second night we were in New York I returned to the hotel dog-tired and depressed. The rehearsals hadn't gone any too well and I was having plenty of trouble with some lines which I felt were forced and unnatural.

"I looked forward to dinner on a tray in bed. To Janice in the other twin bed with her tray. To the evening papers. Strange and amusing bits read aloud.

"I counted on Janice pulling me out of myself.

"However, when I reached the hotel Janice wasn't on hand. There was a note scrawled in such haste it was barely legible. A young man had telephoned and Janice had gone off with him.

"I felt let down. I was quite bitter. But after a bad couple of hours I came to.

" 'If you wanted someone to be sympathetic,' I reminded myself, 'someone to prepare cold compresses for you, someone to yes you in your troubles, you should have asked Mary Mead along. Mary never would run off and leave

WHITELY FLETCHER

MIRIAM HOPKINS
MARY PICKFORD

HELEN HAYES

Her husband, Charles MacArthur, showed Helen Hayes the danger of judging people by their apparent attitude to you.

you to eat a lonely dinner.

"'But you wanted gay and stimulating Janice. You chose her for the very qualities that give her the opportunity to run off and the inclination to go.'"

Miriam waved a golden branch at me.

"That may seem a trifling event," she granted, "but it changed my life. I realized, and none too soon, that I was looking for too much from people. That I expected the gay individual to be sympathetic and the sympathetic individual to be gay.

"You know," she went on, "always being a little put out with people because they weren't all I thought they ought to be made me, in turn, less warm and understanding and agreeable than people like you to be. So if most people weren't making any great hit with me I wasn't making any great hit with most people!"

She stood off to survey the shower of forsythia bells breaking over their crystal vase.

"Don't expect too much of people," she concluded. "And try to meet the moods of others. Be serious and attentive with the thinkers. And flippant or amused with the wisecrackers. Let that facet of your own make-up which attracts you to people in the first place respond when you're with them.

"And—judging by my own experience—you'll like more people, more people will like you and you'll have much more fun."

NEXT let's take Joan Crawford. . . .

Joan's a perfectly beautiful example of the fact that unusual attraction can be acquired.

Remember Joan as "Sadie Thompson" in "Rain?"

Hollywood had a great deal to say about that performance. And Hollywood is very frank. Even when the person under discussion is one for whom there is the general admiration that exists for Joan.

"If Joan hadn't seen Katharine Cornell she'd have given a better performance," said Hollywood, sagely, regretfully and understandingly. "There wouldn't have been the Cornellish inflections and broad A's slipping in to ruin the illusion of a blowsy Sadie."

I don't know that Joan ever heard these comments. But I do know that she is acutely aware of her own inclination to mimic. In fact I have a notion that many of the dramatic and extreme things Joan does . . . her inevitable gardenias and the pagan way she makes up her mouth . . . are deliberate exaggerations with which she seeks to overshadow any imitative things she may do.

Joan is convinced that far too many people lose ground as personalities because of a human propensity to imitate

(*Continued on page* 92)

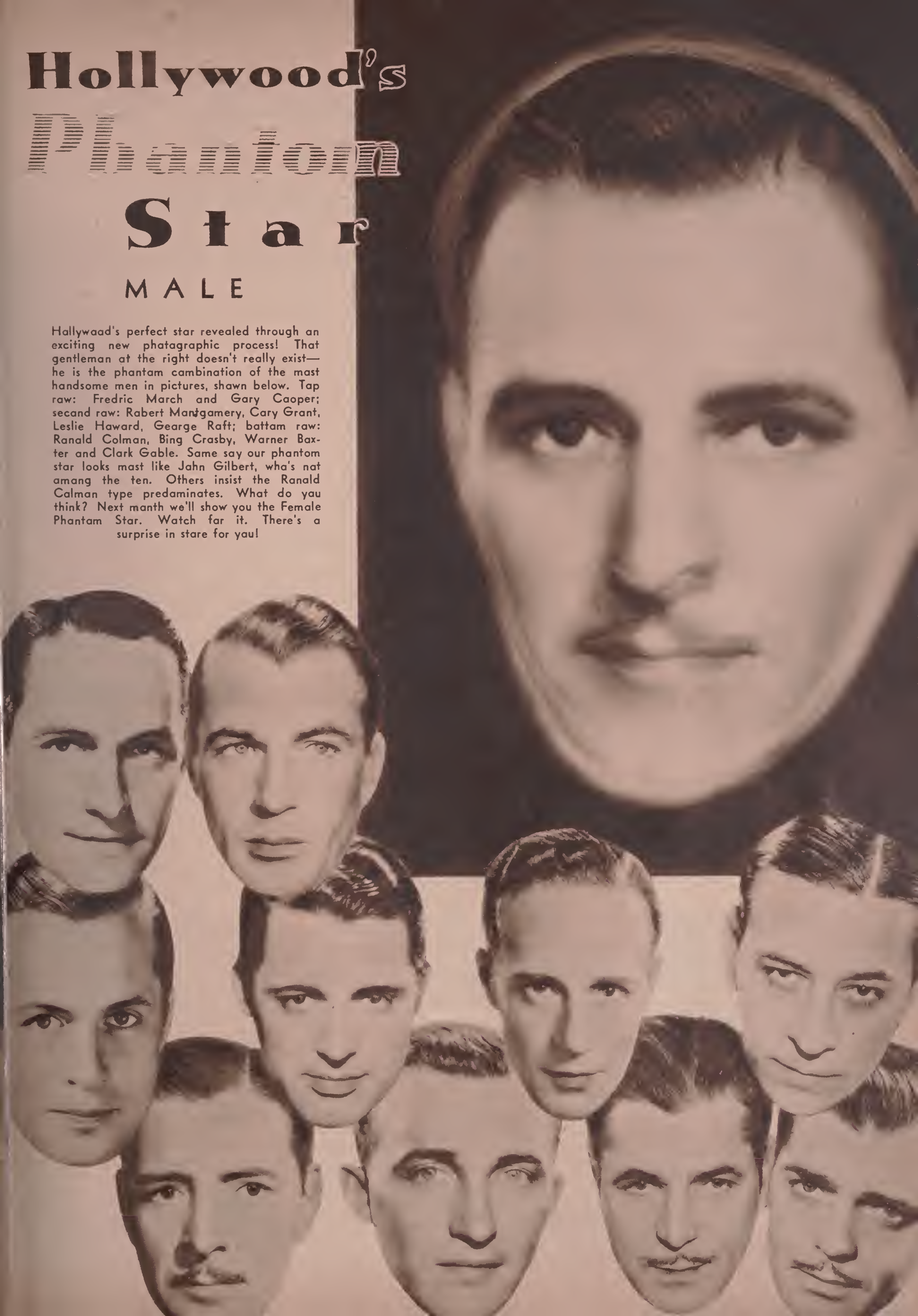
IRENE DUNNE

An uninterested dinner partner taught Irene Dunne the importance of the right attitude toward other individuals.

Hollywood's Phantom Star

MALE

Hollywood's perfect star revealed through an exciting new photographic process! That gentleman at the right doesn't really exist—he is the phantom combination of the most handsome men in pictures, shown below. Top row: Fredric March and Gary Cooper; second row: Robert Montgomery, Cary Grant, Leslie Howard, George Raft; bottom row: Ronald Colman, Bing Crosby, Warner Baxter and Clark Gable. Some say our phantom star looks most like John Gilbert, who's not among the ten. Others insist the Ronald Colman type predominates. What do you think? Next month we'll show you the Female Phantom Star. Watch for it. There's a surprise in store for you!



SECRETS of a HOLLYWOOD BEAUTY SHOP

by GLORIA MACK

IN most cities a beauty shop is a place where a girl goes to get a shampoo, wave, manicure and anything else she can afford.

In Hollywood, a beauty parlor is a place of business where stars go not only for beauty treatments but to meet friends, answer correspondence, catch up on reading or study lines for their new pictures.

I found this out the day I went to discover beauty secrets at Jim's, the most popular beauty shop in all movietown.

Jim it is who started the first beauty emporium that Hollywood ever had. That was about twelve years ago and his place was a modest little establishment of two rooms and six operators. It was in this little shop that Joan Crawford hopefully dreamed of the days when her name would be on the tongues of millions of fans throughout the country—in fact, she made Jim a promise that he would some day see her reach the top; in these same days Pauline Frederick, forever a great artist, sought Jim's care for her perfect grooming, and to Jim Mary Pickford entrusted her famous golden curls. Today Jim's shop occupies a whole building and is up to the minute in modern decoration and equipment, and there, not occasionally, but day after day come such people as Mae West, Marlene Dietrich, Claudette Colbert, Joan Crawford, Norma Shearer and Jean Harlow. These stars won't have anyone else but the girls at Jim's do their beauty work and therein lies my story.

I had several very interesting chats with the operators and they told me newsy bits about the stars.

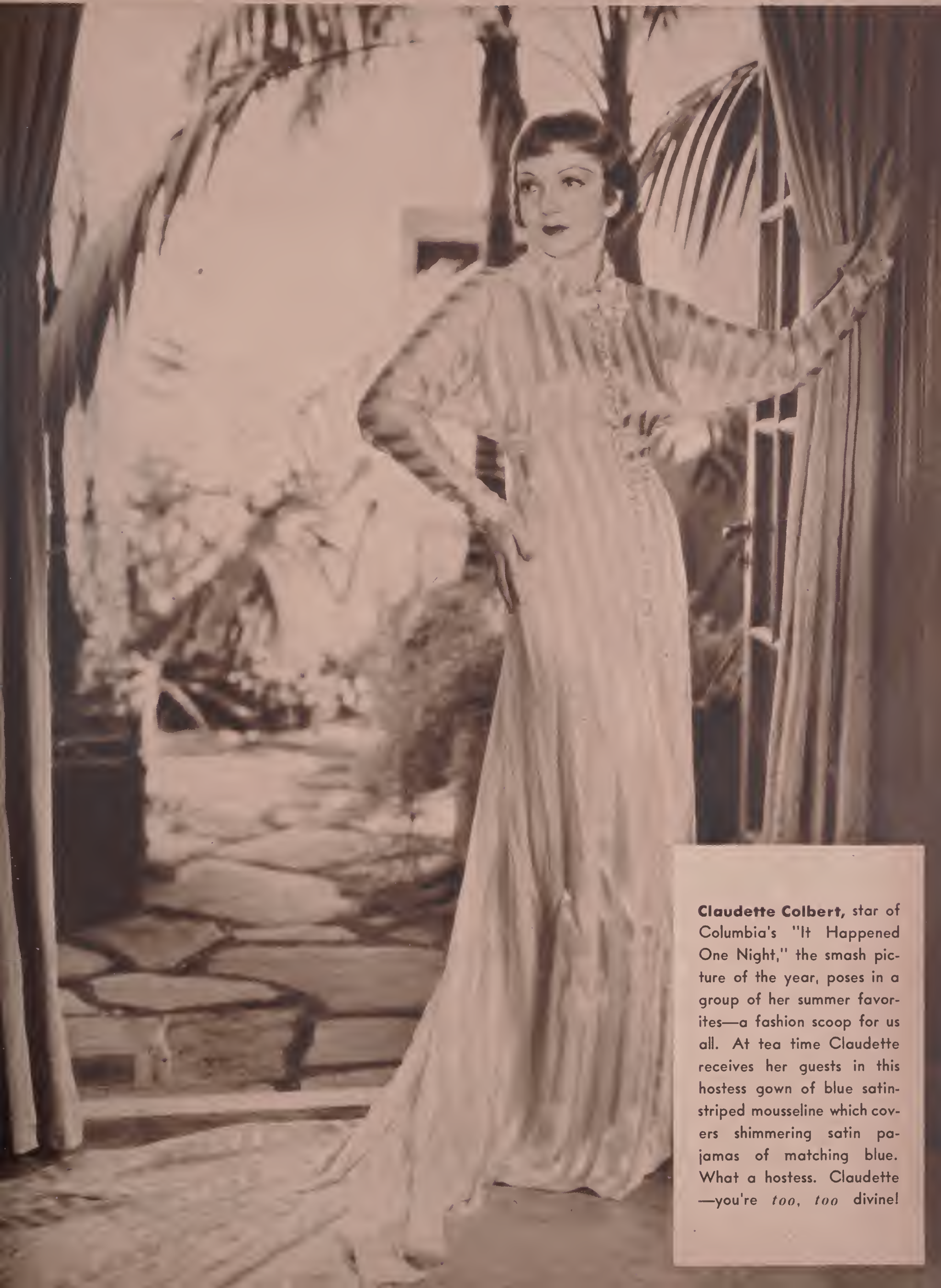
There is, for instance, the case of Joan Crawford. She is devoted to Syb and Dolly. Syb does her hair and Dolly her nails. When Joan is busy the girls come to her house, where she has a tiny beauty salon of her own. She has her hair waved every evening and her nails done twice a week. Joan always washes her own hair—encouragement to those of us who must save our pennies. Joan is particularly noted for her kindnesses to those who work for her. Last year she took Syb's son to Catalina for a summer vacation. Now Syb is refurnishing her home and as a surprise Joan has ordered the complete furnishings for one room. Lucky Syb.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT is another who is noted for her kindness. (*Continued on page* 80)

Many of the biggest stars patronize Jim's Beauty Shop (good looking guy, isn't he?). Here he advises, gratis.

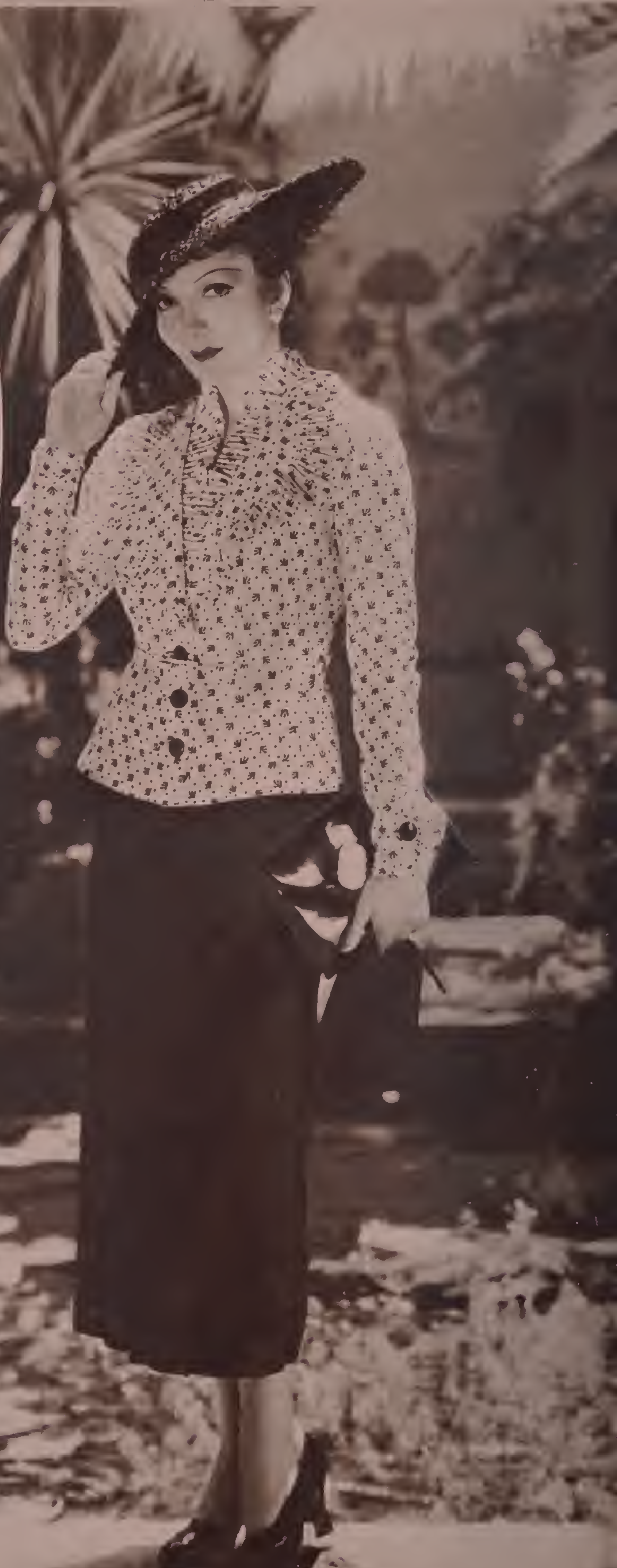
To
Jim -
with my sincere
appreciation for
[illegible] loyalty and
friendship

star fashions • • by • • gwenn walters



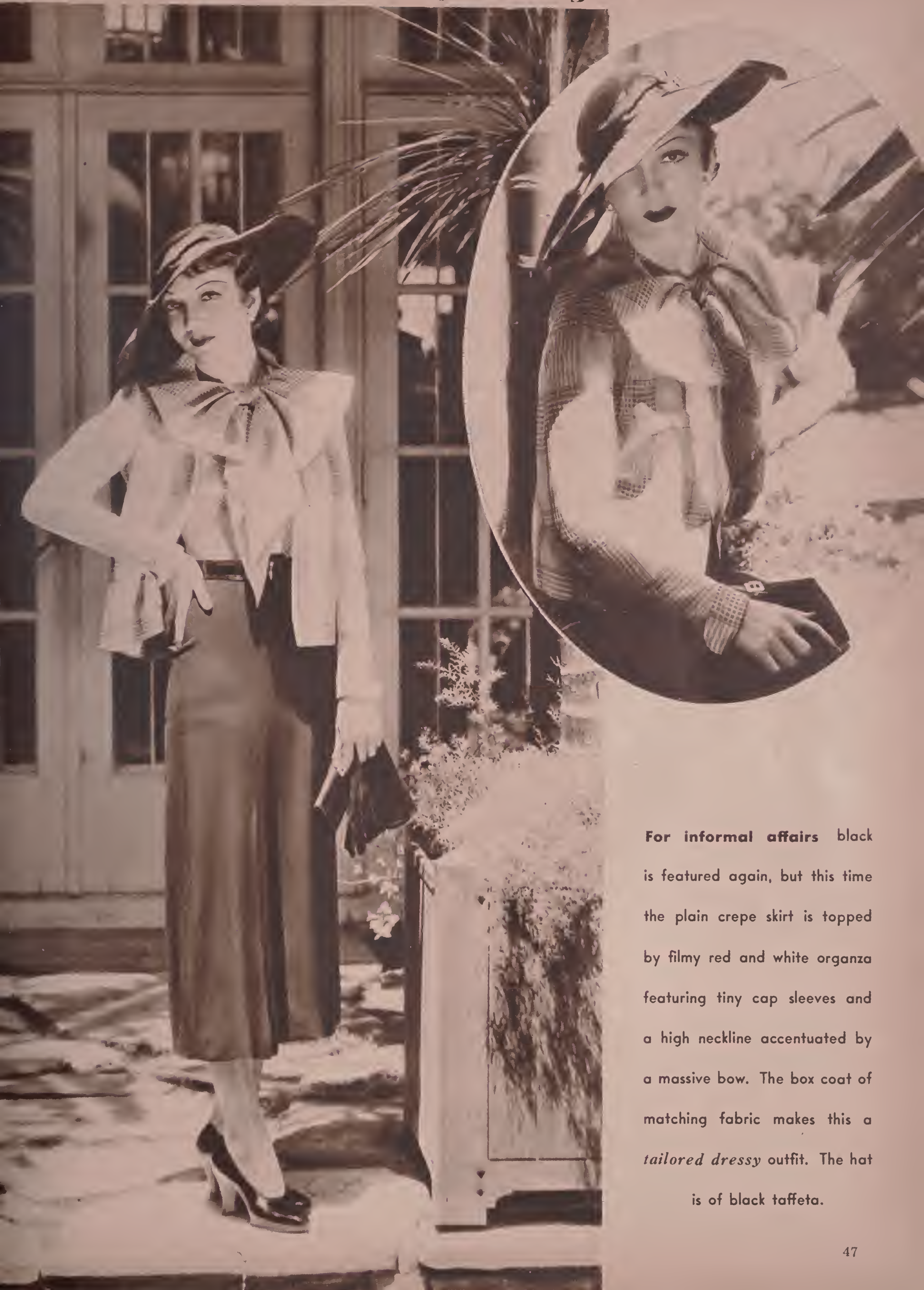
Claudette Colbert, star of Columbia's "It Happened One Night," the smash picture of the year, poses in a group of her summer favorites—a fashion scoop for us all. At tea time Claudette receives her guests in this hostess gown of blue satin-striped mousseline which covers shimmering satin pajamas of matching blue. What a hostess. Claudette —you're *too, too* divine!

star fashions • • by • • gwenn walters



About town Claudette is always very, very chic. Black and white is her choice for smartness. A figured pique blouse tops a black crepe skirt which has inverted pleats back and front. Her hat is lacquered straw with patent trim to match her patent bag and shoes. Black or white gloves complete this costume.

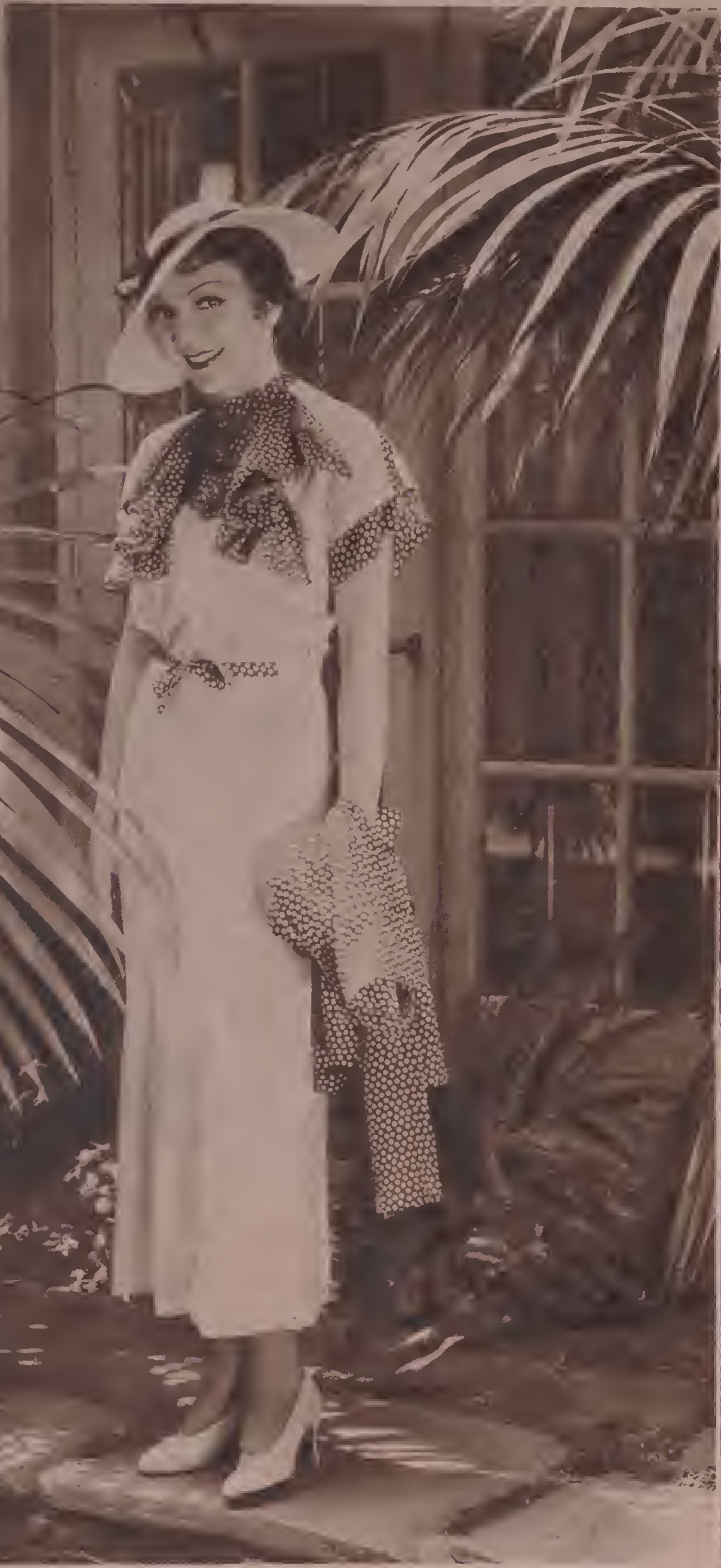
star fashions • • by • • gwenn walters



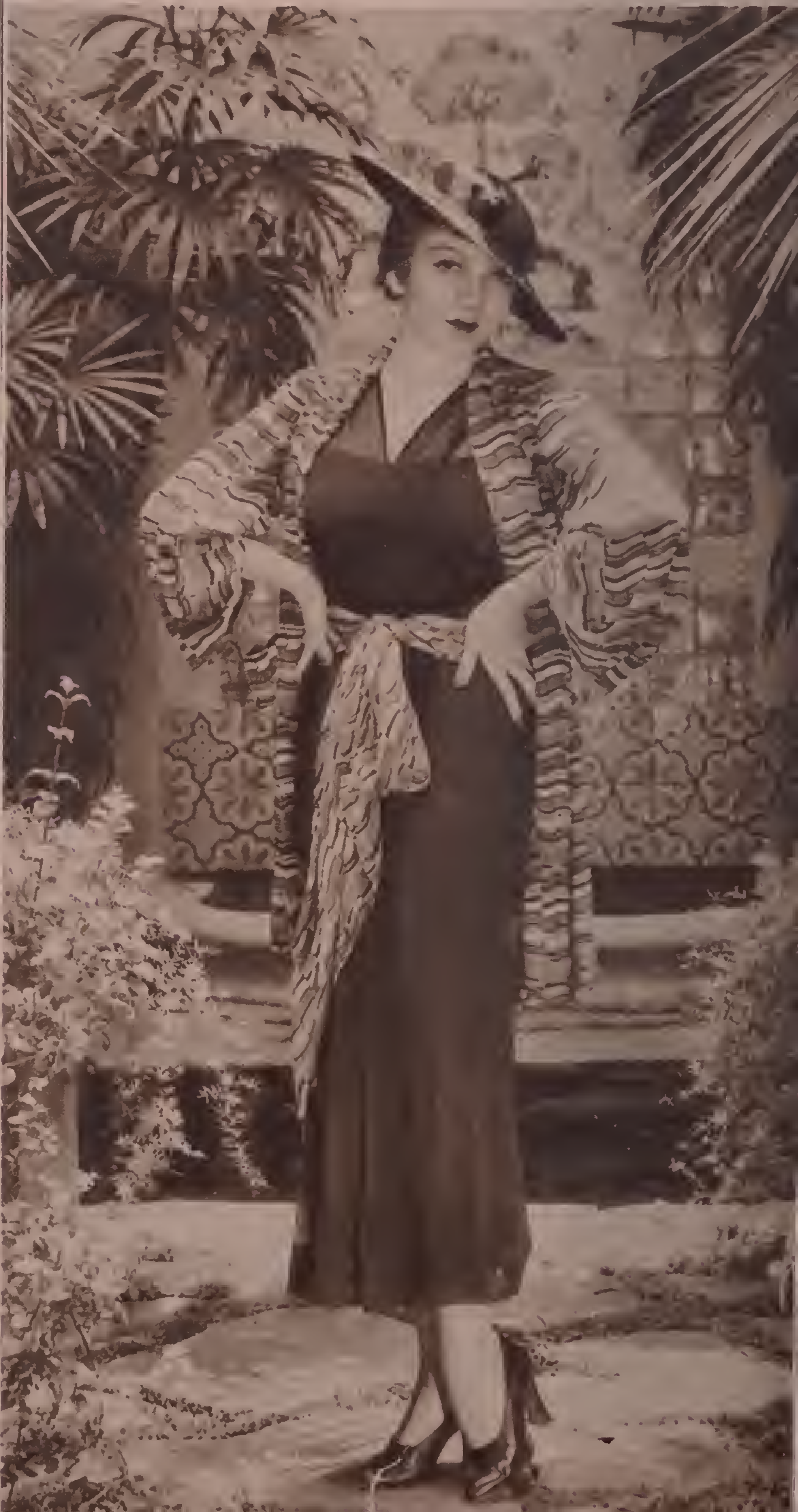
For informal affairs black is featured again, but this time the plain crepe skirt is topped by filmy red and white organza featuring tiny cap sleeves and a high neckline accentuated by a massive bow. The box coat of matching fabric makes this a *tailored dressy* outfit. The hat is of black taffeta.

star fashions • • by • • gwenn walters

GOWNS BY I. MAGNIN
HOLLYWOOD



On hot days for luncheon, for visits to the club or for informal afternoon bridge Claudette says *white*. White polka dots on blue linen trim this crepe frock. The short jacket is form-fitting and has wide revers that fall in soft folds and nestle with those of the dress collar. Doesn't she look alluring?



Week-ends away from home *happen often* during summer months. Claudette chose this navy blue tucked georgette because it's easily packed—doesn't wrinkle and accepts any invitation. The striped chiffon coat and sash are of bright red, blue and green. The straw sailor is trimmed with grosgrain ribbon.

All photographs exclusive to Movie Mirror by William Fraker

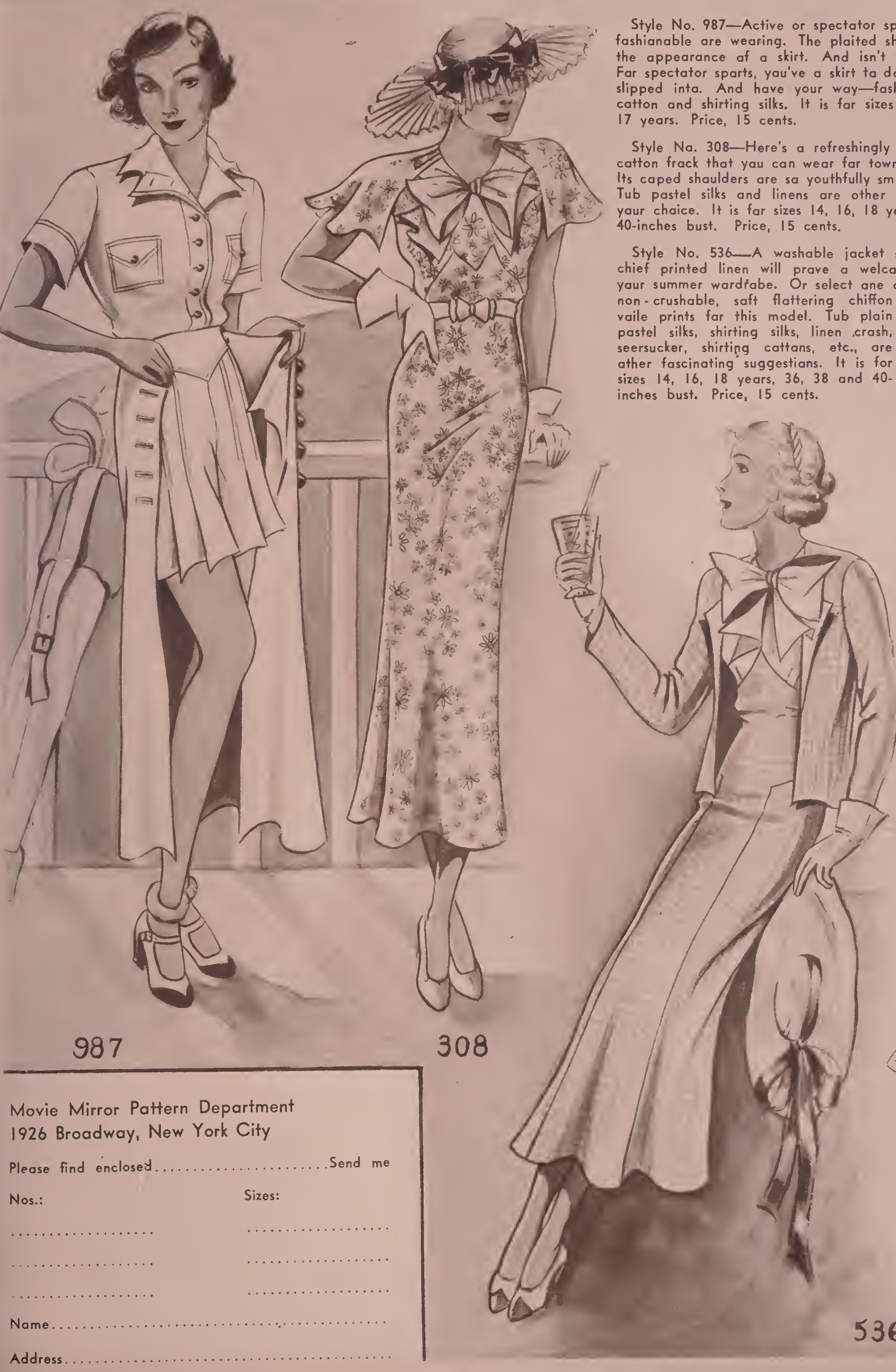
MOVIE MIRROR PATTERN DEPARTMENT

All Patterns 15¢ each in stamps or coin (coin preferred)

Style No. 987—Active or spectator sports hit—all the fashionable are wearing. The plaited shorts rather give the appearance of a skirt. And isn't the skirt smart? For spectator sports, you've a skirt to don. It's so easily slipped into. And have your way—fashion it of linen, cotton and shirting silks. It is for sizes 11, 13, 15 and 17 years. Price, 15 cents.

Style No. 308—Here's a refreshingly individual sheer cotton frock that you can wear for town or for country. Its caped shoulders are so youthfully smart and so cool. Tub pastel silks and linens are other nice fabrics for your choice. It is for sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38 and 40-inches bust. Price, 15 cents.

Style No. 536—A washable jacket suit in handkerchief printed linen will prove a welcome addition to your summer wardrabe. Or select one of those popular non-crushable, soft flattering chiffon voile prints for this model. Tub plain pastel silks, shirting silks, linen crash, seersucker, shirting cottons, etc., are other fascinating suggestions. It is for sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38 and 40-inches bust. Price, 15 cents.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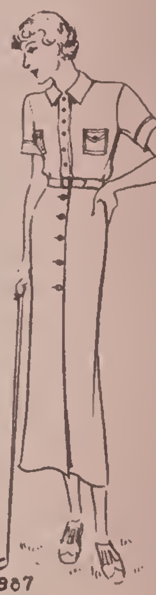
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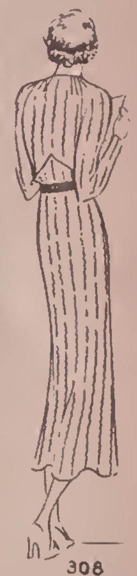
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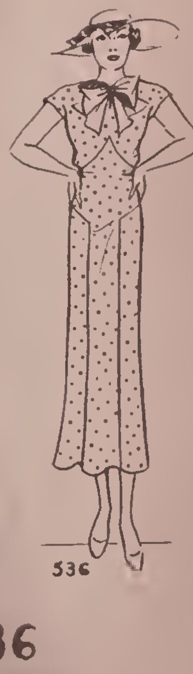
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Movie Mirror Pattern Department
1926 Broadway, New York City

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Should A Girl

By GLADYS HALL

MYRNA LOY is the real Mystery Woman of Hollywood. Without trying to be evasive, without deliberately going in for the Garbo seclusion or the Hepburn pyrotechnics she is, actually, the Sphinx with the enigmatic smile, the Oracle who will talk of you—and you—and you—but never of "Me." Myrna will meet all interviewers with a smile, both subtle and hospitable. She will talk freely of all abstract things. When you leave her you know definitely and emphatically what she thinks; you know very little of what she feels and nothing at all of what she does. It has been said that "by a man's thoughts shall the man be known"—and so, in this story, Myrna talks of other women and other women's problems with only a word, a casual allusion, now and then, to herself. Still, I think if you will take a microscope and read between the lines you will find them more revelatory of the real Myrna than she had any-idea of. I think you will discover that by her thoughts you will know her; a portrait will emerge, detailed and life-sized.

WE were having tea and curly watercress sandwiches in Myrna Loy's charming Cold Water Canyon home. A fire of eucalyptus burned on the wide hearth. Against the pale walls tall vases of calla lilies and the silvery pussywillow glowed with a twilight pallor. Out of doors the purple lantana banked against the house, colored the twilight falling over the hills. The last of the sun's rays touched the earth with red-gold, the color of Myrna's hair. She wore dull green lounging pajamas and gold sandals on her feet. The Chinese house-boy came and went on padded, noiseless feet.

It was the setting and the hour for confidences; for women to talk together, as women will, of men and women and the problems besetting us all. We talked of fidelity and infidelity—of what a woman should expect of love and what she should give to it.

I said "Myrna, if you were in love with a man and found that he had been unfaithful to you—would you forgive him?"

"No," said Myrna.

"Well, then, if you were married to a man and found that he had deceived you—would you forgive him then?"

Myrna said "No. I might *condone* the sin if other considerations were involved—if *the man himself were important enough*. You don't *forgive* a thing like that unless you, yourself, are at fault."

"You mean *you* don't?" I said.

"I mean that *I* don't," smiled Myrna.

"Two pictures I've made rather recently,"

FORGIVE?

she went on, "illustrate rather completely what I mean. One was 'When Ladies Meet.' Ann Harding, you remember, played the wife. Frank Morgan was the husband and I—as usual—was the Other Woman. In that case the wife didn't—and shouldn't forgive. *The man wasn't worth her forgiveness.* And that, it seems to me, is the root of the whole problem. *Is the core of the man right?* Depending upon how you can answer that question is the solution of your problem. Is he significant enough, important enough, big enough? In Ann Harding's case in that picture he wasn't. It turned out to be not a case for forgiveness at all. He simply didn't matter any more. The wife saw that she had been living all those years with a cheap little fellow, a playboy beneath a suave and deceiving exterior. In such a case as that *of course* no woman should forgive. She should do just what Ann Harding started out to do—forget.

"It is often wiser to forget a man than it is to forgive him," she finished.

"Personal experience?" I queried.

"Personal experience," agreed Myrna.

"On the other hand," she said, "there is the picture I finished more recently—'Men in White.' In that case the girl I played committed the first offense, the first sin. She was unfaithful to the man's profession which was the major part of the man. She didn't love him, she loved herself and the contribution he made to her life. *He* didn't sin against love in this case—she did. If you love a man with a demanding profession you must love that profession, too. You must understand it. You must live with it, or for it. Did you see Helen Hayes and Ronald Colman in 'Arrowsmith'? Well, that is what I mean. Helen Hayes showed, in that picture, what a woman must give to a man's profession—*herself.* And so, in a problem like the one posed in 'Men in White' that girl who was myself should forgive but only because she had, first, *to be forgiven.*

"THERE was a time, a couple of years ago, when I was too tolerant, too—too *female. I expected to be hurt.* I took it for granted that to be hurt was woman's lot in this world. Men were like that and there was nothing to be done about it but bear it with as much dignity and as little whining as possible.

"I saw it on all sides of me—wives who had worked up with their husbands from meagre nothings, bearing several children, working, going without, growing tired and played out and always unapplauded while their husbands, in the more stimulating arena, remained charming and young. I saw them breaking their hearts and forgiving the heartbreakers. I thought it was too bad but—inevitable. In the nature of things.

"And then—*I was hurt myself.* I grew up after that. *I am not tolerant any longer.* I know now that it is stupid and out-dated nonsense for a woman to take it for granted that a man will be unfaithful to her; that it is the way men are. It is *not* the way men are. I wish that I could pound that fact home into the hearts and heads of other women. It is NOT the way men are—no, not even here in Hollywood where stars, producers, directors in their husband-rôles seem sometimes to forget the fixed stars and go sky-rocketing about with newer, younger stars—and when it happens *it should not be forgiven.*"

And when Myrna said these words there was something about the firm modeling of her lips, the unwavering look in her gray-green eyes that made me (*Continued on page* 82)

NO says MYRNA LOY

"It is often wiser to forget a man than it is to forgive him."

"There is no such thing as sharing *love.*"

"There has been too much of this patting of the meandering male on the back and saying, 'There, there, Little Man, it's all right. I understand—boys will be boys and all is forgiven.'"

BRITISH AGENT

THE CAST

Elena	Kay Francis
Stephen Locke	Leslie Howard
Pavlov	Irving Pichel
Stanley	Walter Byron
Medill	William Gargan
Evans	Ivan Simpson
Commissioner	J. Carroll Naish
Romano	Paul Procasi
Lord Carrister	Haliwell Hobbes
Lady Carrister	Dorris Lloyd
Lenin	Tenen Holtz

The girl had fired at the Cossack . . . now he had jumped from his horse to pursue her!

IT WAS the twenty-fifth of the month before Stephen Locke reached St. Petersburg again. He hastened to present his new diplomatic credentials to Sir Walter Carrister, British Ambassador, and was bid to the Embassy Ball that evening.

Stephen donned his dress clothes reluctantly. It still rankled a bit that he was on this seemingly safe diplomatic work, when other men his age were in the trenches, fighting with the Allies. Yet he realized, that given a chance, he could be worth many soldiers, here in Russia. He knew Russia, knew the tense situation thoroughly.

On this last trip to England, he had done his best to convince the War Lords that a way could be found to prevent The Bear That Walks Like a Man from making a separate peace with Germany. Had he been successful? Would they take his opinions seriously, young as he was?

Lloyd George had said to him: "From the kind of dispatches you have been sending us, I expected you to have a long white beard."

But Stephen had known whereof he spoke. He had come fresh from a country seething with revolt to that quiet house in Downing Street that is the hub of the British Empire. Now he was back in Russia, and his first official duty was to attend a Ball!

In October, the Russian winter has already set in, but it was not the searing cold that made Stephen shiver as he descended from his droshky in front of the brilliantly lighted Embassy. It was not the cold. It was the undefinable smell of trouble in the air, the miasma of human misery, oppressed for centuries, that had at last seeped up from the depths and now coiled about the city; invisible tentacles of a poisonous emanation, a deadly compound of unpredictable strength, of such unstable nature that no one could guess from where would come the spark to touch it off.

Stephen shivered, and passed on up the steps. He was met at the door by an old friend, Evans, the Embassy butler.

"If you'll excuse me for saying so, sir, you're getting more like your father every day," the stately old man declared.

"Official responsibility!" Stephen grinned. "I've just been promoted, Consul-general at Moscow."

"Congratulations, sir. Pity your father couldn't have lived to see it."

"Yes. He always enjoyed a good laugh."

Stephen paid his respects to the Ambassador and to Lady Carrister, and then wandered off among the crowd. The Ball was in full swing, the magnificent rooms bright under the coruscating crystal chandeliers. Music from two bands blended with the murmur of polite conversation and the sound of dancing feet.

He was out of mood with it all, and the evening seemed interminable. Twice, rumor reached him that riots were breaking out all over the city, but the music never slackened and the champagne flowed undiminished.

Stephen had hidden himself in a nook of a window, idly watching the street. He glanced at his watch from time to time, and as midnight approached, prepared to take his

A Story of Romance and International Intrigue Based on the Warner Brothers Picture

Fictionized by
DOROTHY EMERSON

leave, since he could now do so without offending diplomatic etiquette. His attention was caught by a flash at the far end of the broad avenue. A second later, he heard the shot that had caused it.

They came milling through the trodden snow, those hoards, shrieking the Internationale, baffling the cossacks who rode them down in blood-frenzy. Still they came. Driven by the centuries behind them, these revolutionists pressed their naked souls against Death and Destruction and hacked out a chapter of world history on that night of October 25th, 1917.

Stephen watched them, almost as though he saw a familiar sight. He had seen them coming for so long. Now they were here. What would it mean to the Allies, this overthrow of the Czarist régime! Only the morning would bring accurate facts on which to plan, to act.

They were abreast of the Embassy now, and the streets were filled with horrible sights. One old woman tried to drag a little child from under the hoofs of a cossack's horse. The man raised his sword to strike. The slight figure of a girl detached itself from the mob, armed with a pistol. She fired at the cossack, who swayed in his saddle and then jumped from his horse.

The girl darted into the shadows of the Embassy garden, the cossack after her. Stephen waited to see no more. He took a short way down to the first floor and reached the garden. The mob had passed on, but the cossack had lingered to have his revenge. Stephen was just in time to save her. He cowed the man with threats of British retaliation, and he slunk away.

"Tough customer, wasn't he?" Stephen addressed her, trying to see her more clearly in the dark. "Still, I can't blame him for being a bit annoyed. After all, you did take a pot at him."

"He deserved it!" she said, throwing back her head, and Stephen saw that she was young, and lovely, her face vividly expressive of the anger at the brutality she had tried to prevent.

"I'd better go," she added, after a pause, in which the quick, short gasps of her breath reached him, yet she did not seem frightened.

"You can't go out there," he expostulated. "Wait till this blows over."

"Blows over?" she was faintly amused. "This isn't just a street riot. It's the Revolution. Tomorrow, the Red Government will be in power." Her eyes shone, and unconsciously her figure stiffened, like a soldier at attention.

"Well, maybe so. Here, you can go through the house and leave by the other street. That's quiet enough."

Together they traversed the servants' quarters. Stephen peered out. "All quiet," he announced.

She glided through the gate. "Thank you, good night."

"Good night and good luck!"

She was gone.

THE momentous days that followed, were full of action for every one but Stephen. He was caught in a curious situation, one that galled him. All the Embassies were abandoned, but each of them left behind one young secretary or underling. Sir Walter chose Stephen to remain at the British Embassy, and he and Evans were marooned in the great house, with no official position, with no orders but the very definite one to keep out of trouble and carry on.

The only people he dared be seen with were the young chaps at the other deserted diplomatic centers. They gathered what news they could, but like soldiers at the front, they were the last to know of the decisive events. It was maddening to have under their eyes all the parts of the enormous puzzle; the street riots, the great meetings of inflamed mobs, and yet not be able to co-ordinate them into any genuine understanding of what was taking place.

There was the ever present possibility of Russia concluding a separate peace, which would release enough German troops from the Russian frontier to overwhelm the Western Front. They knew too, that outside the city, were counter-revolutionary forces. What was their significance?

Living with these thoughts, in forced inaction, Stephen was only too glad to join his friends in an expedition to a gypsy tavern. But the smoke-filled, foul-aired, noisy room failed to seem romantic, in spite of the passionate gypsy music and the seductive, tawny-haired women who might have been his for the taking.

Stephen eyed the cosmopolitan crowd wearily, but sat suddenly erect as he realized he was seeing something familiar; the pointed face, the deep-set eyes, the imperious carriage of the tall slender figure. It was his girl of the garden. Stephen rose hurriedly and strode over to her. Instinctively, she extended both hands: "The Englishman!"

He bowed: "And the Lady of the Garden."

"Tell me, did you catch cold that night, without your coat?"

It was such a delightfully inconsequential question. He answered it with grave precision: "I sneezed twice, and then decided against it. With your revolution going on, I didn't know when I'd get my handkerchiefs back from the laundry."

"I thought you must have gone back to England with the others," she said.

He laughed to hide his pleasure at discovering she had thought of him at all: "No, the Embassy left in such a hurry, they forgot me and an old umbrella. Shall we have some wine?"

He gestured toward an empty table and they sat down together.

"Do you come here often?"

"Every night. I sit in the Embassy all day, busily doing nothing."

"But, haven't you anything *to* do?"

Stephen rose and hurriedly strode over to her. Instinctively, she extended both hands: "The Englishman!" He bowed: "And the Lady of the Garden."

"Not a blessed thing. My orders were to consider myself embalmed. I've been sitting for the last month, watching your Russian mobsters negotiating for a separate peace . . ."

"Suppose," she broke in heatedly, " . . . suppose England were in a war where she had more men mobilized than any other nation on either side, as Russia has, more than the United States and England put together. And suppose English soldiers were trying to fight with sawdust filled shells and other rotten equipment, as our men are. Put England in Russia's place, what would you have her do?"

Stephen's calm answer made no impression on her: "Just exactly what England would do, keep on fighting!"

"Exactly, committing stupid murder and calling it English Bourgeois idealism."

"At least English idealism has years of tradition, pride, history, heroes, everything that stands for integrity in back of it. This new ideal for which you are fighting and committing murder, is nothing more than red hysteria."

So they argued, those two, pretending to ignore the tide that was rising over them, that had nothing to do with England or with Red Revolution, that was older than either, older than the world.

They left the tavern. Stephen's friends watched him go with sardonic smiles, tinged with envy. The man Elena left behind her was Pavlov, head of the notorious Cheka, the Soviet Secret Service, who watched her go and mentally checked the man she had gone with, the man she had left him for.

IT was a mad night that began with a crazy sleigh-ride to nowhere and back, and ended in Stephen's apartment where the impeccable Evans, whom nothing surprised arrived in the morning to serve breakfast. Elena, not quite sure who he might be, kept to the bed-room, and so overheard the news Evans brought with him.

Stephen gained an audience before Lenin and his committee. His arguments were strong ones, convincing . . . he was winning them he thought. But he had counted on Lenin's secretary.

It was a dispatch in code from England and Stephen looked at it dubiously while he hunted his code book: "Sir Walter probably reminding me to change the water in the gold-fish bowl."

Evans said gravely: "I threw the beggars out, sir."

Stephen's jaw dropped: "You mean the Ambassador actually had some gold-fish?"

"Oh yes sir, been with him for seventeen years."

"And you threw them out?"

"I just couldn't stand for their stupid faces any longer sir," Evans said defiantly.

Stephen roared with mirth: "I suppose under the Red Flag, gold-fish do seem a bit capitalistic. Ah, here's my book. Now lets see. . . ."

He began to read slowly, toward the end, almost stuttering in his growing excitement as he deciphered the dispatch with the aid of the code:

> His Majesty's Government has appointed you unofficial representative in Russia. We look to you to do all in your power to prevent signing of a separate peace with Germany. This does not convey recognition, but commissions you to act *only* as an individual. We cannot be responsible for your safety, or your decisions, but await your recommendations.

Stephen tossed the code book into the air and caught it again: "At last, Evans! This is the greatest diplomatic mission of the whole war, to keep the Russians fighting on the Eastern front."

"Yes sir, indeed sir. I congratulate you. And now you'll be moving into the Embassy. I'll begin packing . . ."

"Er . . ." Stephen stopped him before he could discover Elena. "Don't bother. I'll be keeping this apartment on a bit. You cut along back now. I'll be over later."

The good Evans departed and Stephen cried out: "Elena! At last I've an opportunity to do something. All these months of waiting were worth it after all. But let's forget the war for this one day."

"How can we, when . . .?"

He snatched her into his arms: "By kissing me."

She drew back: "It's ten o'clock and I must go to work."

"But I thought you were going to spend the day with me. I had it all planned."

She was still in his arms, but she said firmly: "Our day will come, Stephen. Don't be cross. Now, I must go, when there is work to do."

(*Continued on page 86*)

They're together in RKO's "We're Rich Again." The strong guy is Buster Crabbe, Olympic swimming champion and his kindred soul is Gloria Shea, water baby de luxe. Is the weather hot enough for you? How about a little swim?

Mary Brian flew to New York not long ago and here she is at the window of the plane looking quite pleased about it.

HYMAN FINK'S Snatch Shots

Above: You don't see one of these pictures very often. Hyman Fink surprised Marlene Dietrich and Joan Crawford together at the Tingel-Tangel.

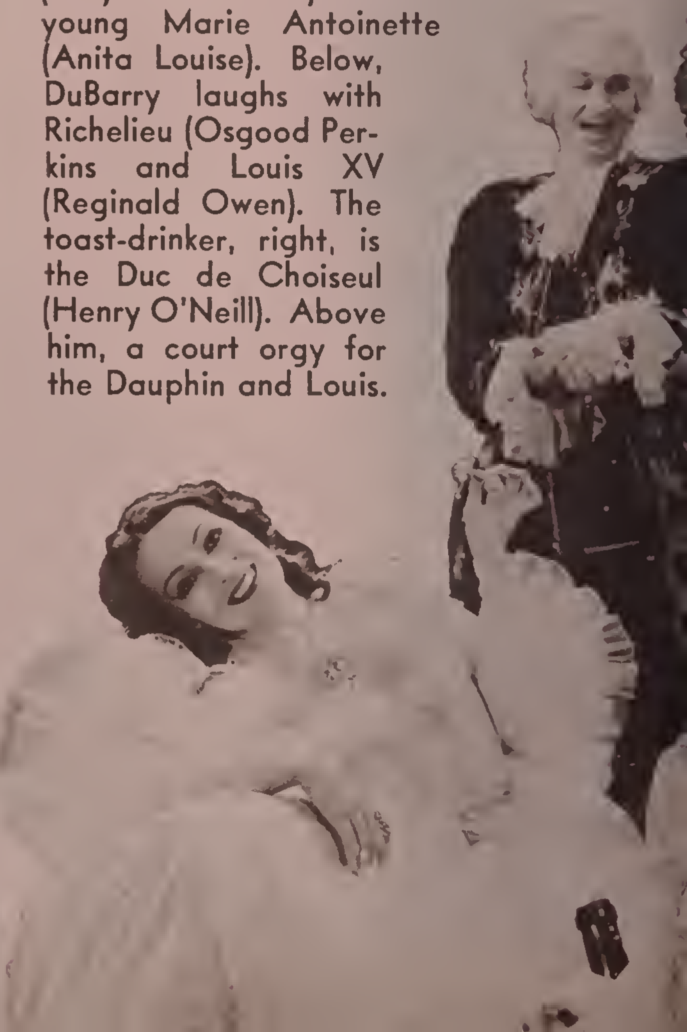
Center: Joan and Gene Markey at the Sante Fe Station en route to New York and Europe—their first trip since Melinda's birth.

Below: This very handsome couple, just in case you don't know, is Clark Gable and wife at the N.B.C. Studio in L. A.

Below: Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster have just finished saying, "Au revoir!" The occasion is his departure for Europe; and the place is the Grove.

“MADAME DUBARRY”

Here's how Warners exploit the famous French milliner who became a king's mistress. Dolores Del Rio is a beautiful DuBarry, left, and above with Victor Jory as d'Aiguillon; also on the other page, lower right. Above, left, shows the Dauphin (Maynard Holmes) and the young Marie Antoinette (Anita Louise). Below, DuBarry laughs with Richelieu (Osgood Perkins and Louis XV (Reginald Owen). The toast-drinker, right, is the Duc de Choiseul (Henry O'Neill). Above him, a court orgy for the Dauphin and Louis.



MOVIES of the

by JERRY ASHER

IT'S not a very impressive month from the reviewing angle. Will Rogers in "Handy Andy" is good for a pleasant evening and so are "The Thin Man" and "Fog Over Frisco." As for new faces, there's Peggy Wood and Robert Taylor in "Handy Andy" and Erin O'Brien Moore in "The Love Captive." Out here in Hollywood most of the talk is about five-year-old Shirley Temple who is the biggest box-office sensation in months!

✓✓ "Handy-Andy" (Fox)

You'll See: *Will Rogers, Peggy Wood, Conchita Montenegro, Mary Carlisle, Robert Taylor, Jessie Pringle, others.*
It's About: *An old-fashioned druggist whose wife gets him to sell his store and become a man of leisure and the amusing results thereof.*

Until you've seen Will Rogers as "Tarzan," you ain't seen nothin' yet. What a jungle man he makes and what a performance he gives in this picture. Rogers fans will go hysterical over this one.

Will is the proprietor of a drug store. He hasn't changed his methods of doing business in years. His society-loving wife with a beautiful home, car and servants isn't satisfied until he retires and gets into the social swim. Then the fun begins.

Rogers gets the most out of every scene. His first lesson in golf and his escapade as Tarzan when he attends the Mardi Gras ball are very hilarious.

Peggy Wood is splendid as his long-suffering wife. And Mary Carlisle as their daughter is very cute. And watch Robert Taylor, a new discovery and a very promising one.

Your Reviewer Says: It's a most entertaining picture.

For Children: Yow-suh!

Will Rogers masquerades as Tarzan in "Handy Andy." Peggy Wood plays his long-suffering wife splendidly.

✓ "The Party's Over" (Columbia)

You'll See: *Stuart Erwin, Ann Sothern, William Bakewell, Chic Chandler, Arlene Judge, Henry Travers, Catherine Ducet, Patsy Kelly.*
It's About: *The great American family who live off of one brother until he gets wise to their chiseling and puts them in their place.*

If you haven't too many family troubles of your own, you'll get a kick out of the one pictured in this story. It's pretty old stuff and done in the manner of the old-time play—building up to the great denunciation scene where the worm turns, but expert character building, good direction and fine acting make such living people of it all. You'll be very amused.

Stuart Erwin has never been better. The rôle of bankroll for a grasping family is particularly suited to him. Ann Sothern has little to do but she gives a certain warmth to any rôle.

"The Party's Over" is refreshing and amusing. Catherine Ducet plays a mother; Ann Sothern and Stu Erwin carry the love interest.

The chiseling family who make Stuart feel he is responsible for them are marvelously cast. Catherine Ducet is a wide-eyed, baby-voiced mother. Her husband is Henry Travers. Arlene Judge is a pouting sister who brings home a crooning husband for Stuart to support. And that husband is Chic Chandler, a comer. William Bakewell is the young brother who adds a waitress to the family tree, and Patsy Kelly as the maid is a riot.

Your Reviewer Says: Amusing and refreshing.

For Children: Okay.

MONTH

A Truly Dependable Movie Guide—Our Reviewer Tells Honestly Whether Pictures Are Good, Bad or Different

(✓ Check for good pictures.)
(✓✓ Double check for extraordinary ones you shouldn't miss.)

"The Thin Man," based on the best seller by Dashiell Hammett, is excellent. Bill Powell and Myrna Loy, shown here, play the leads.

"Little Man, What Now?" with Margaret Sullavan and Douglass Montgomery is from another best seller. Not up to expectations.

✓✓ "Fog Over Frisco" (Warner Bros.)

You'll See: *Bette Davis, Donald Woods, Margaret Lindsay, Lyle Talbot, Hugh Herbert, Robert Barratt, Gordon Westcott, Arthur Byron.*

It's About: *Stolen bonds, step-sisters, one good, one bad, one kidnapped, one murdered and a strange romance of the underworld.*

Here's a picture that moves so fast, you need an extra pair of eyes to keep up with the action. Not only does it move but it succeeds in going places. It's one of the most exciting mystery pictures up to date. And you haven't the faintest idea of how it's going to end until the very last part of the picture.

In playing the rôle of "Arlene," Bette Davis sacrificed a big rôle for a very interesting one. Her character of a girl, obsessed with evil, is a most exciting one. Bette more than gives this her old-time vital punch. Margaret Lindsay as her "good" step-sister, is also splendid.

Once again Lyle Talbot is given a weak and uninteresting rôle. As Bette's sweetheart, who buys her stolen bonds because he loves her so much, Lyle struggles bravely to do something with the little opportunity afforded him. Hugh Herbert is a very funny newspaper flashlight photographer. But the director displayed very bad taste in having him clown the scene where the body is discovered. The audience was much too horrified and resented having to laugh at such a gruesome moment.

Your Reviewer Says: One of the best mystery stories. You won't dare relax until the final closeup.

For Children: Not if you expect them to sleep all night.

✓✓ "The Thin Man" (M-G-M)

You'll See: *William Powell, Myrna Loy, Maureen O'Sullivan, Nat Pendleton, Minna Gombell, Porter Hall, Henry Wadsworth, Natalie Moorhead, Cesar Romero.*

It's About: *A slightly mad family who get all involved with murder, but are saved by a detective whose sense of humor is always saving him.*

W. S. Van Dyke has done it again. Never has the subject of murder been so lightly treated, yet done in such a manner that it loses none of its gruesome interest.

The many thousands who have read the book will not be disappointed, as the picture has kept pretty close to the original.

The two mad characters of the detective and his wife are played by William Powell and Myrna Loy. And never have you seen a couple more delightfully suited to each other. Their comedy moments are superb. They keep the audience in a continuous roar of laughter and yet you take them seriously every moment.

Everyone in the cast is splendid. Maureen O'Sullivan, with a pensive charm, is grand as the harassed young daughter. Cesar Romero, brought out from New York for his rôle, is interesting enough to make us want to see more of him. Like all murder mysteries, this one throws the suspicion on everyone in the cast. But the ending is a distinct surprise and can in no way be anticipated by the unsuspecting audience.

(Continued on page 83)

The Black Angel in PAUL LUKAS' Past

PAUL leaned across the table, lowered his voice so that those near us might not hear him.

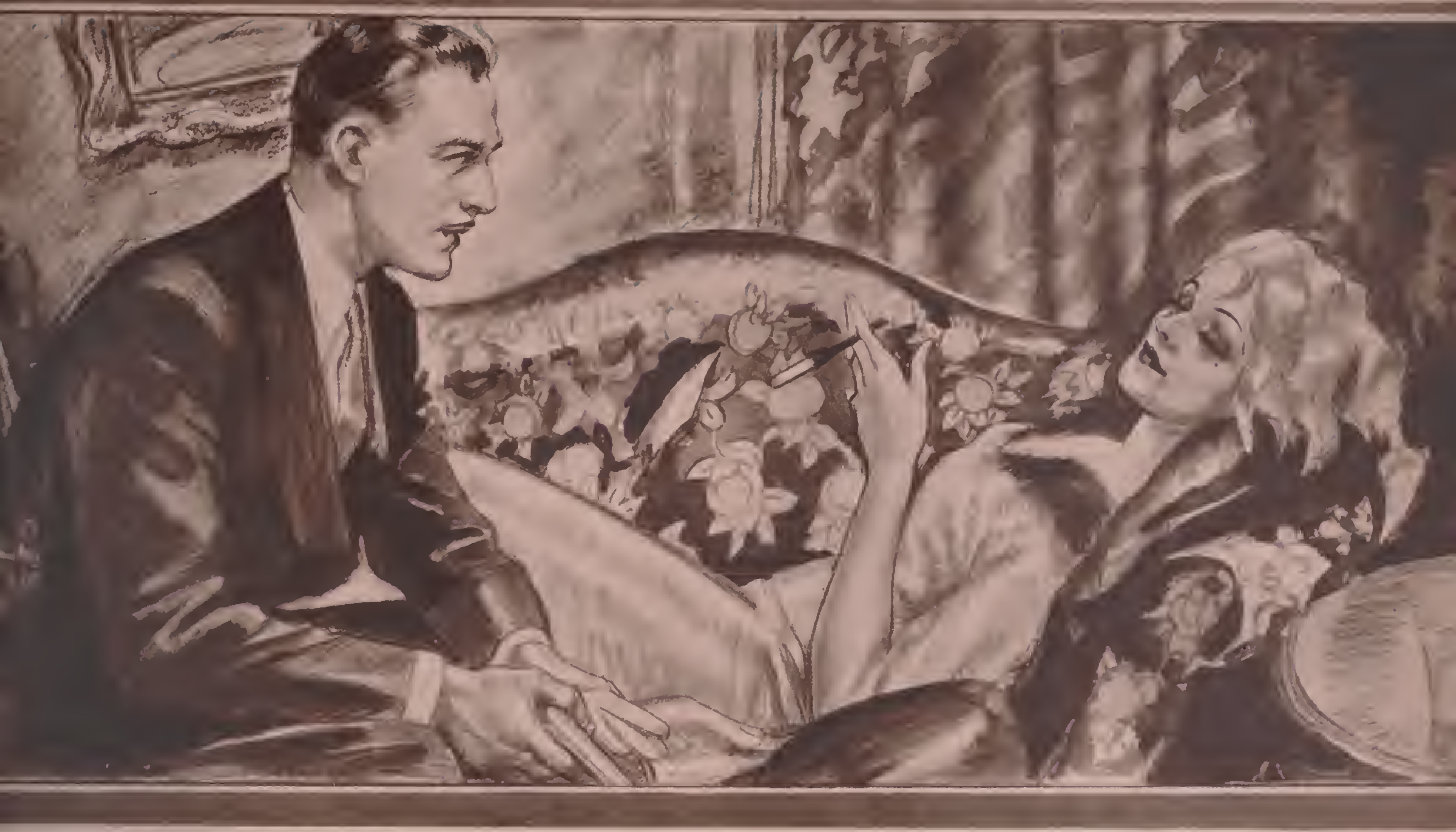
He said, "Yes, I have an untold romance. Of course. Most men have. It should, in my case, remain untold. It will be hard to prettify it. There are romances and romances—some touch the heart and the spirit of a man with an idyllic memory—others assault the heart and spirit of a man and leave him bruised and—and cynical. This lost romance of mine is of the latter species. It wouldn't sound well, set to music. For a long time, after it was over, it hung about me with the odour of grave-clothes. Yet out of it I learned what love and life may really be.

"You see, in my country of Hungary things were different. Black was black and white was white and especially where the sexes were concerned. Here, in Hollywood, a man may bring a girl, a woman, any kind or type of girl or woman into his social set with him. There, that was not possible. The dividing line was sharp. Good women were good women and bad women were bad women and there was no compromise. A man might not introduce a lady of dubious repute to his family or to his friends. If he had a love affair of that nature he was forced to keep it apart from his other world. Sometimes this wrought terrific disasters and precipitated crises and situations. I had such an experience.

"IN order to tell you about it I must first give you a little prologue. I must go back to the War. I was in the Hungarian Air Corps. Three or four times during the War we stayed in a tiny hamlet in the interior of Hungary. In a certain house in this small hamlet there was a girl—not the girl of my untold romance but one who influenced it tremendously, as you shall see. She was—oh, decidedly, not the type one knows socially. I met her the first time we were stationed there.

"On each succeeding visit I would find her waiting for me, free of all other engagements. I never said more than a few words to her. I believe that, one night, I bought her

ILLUSTRATION BY HERBERT MATHIEU



Zenia was there—old while still young. Burned out. Haggard. Her tall golden beauty was degenerated into something repulsive . . .

Revealing for the first time that "dark demanding passion for Zenia," which almost led to destruction!

by GAIL ROGERS

a cup of coffee or a bottle of wine. I never made love to her. I never even kissed her. I did not miss the look of expectancy in her eyes, a sort of sad expectancy in the eyes of one who had expected so many things of so many men.

"The last time I was there I ran out of funds. I was forced to pawn the watch and chain my father had given me. It had been his father's before him and it meant a great deal to him and so, to me. I never thought to see it again.

"Some three years after the War was over I was back in Budapest again and having my 'romance' with the girl of whom I am about to tell you. The phone rang one day and I was told that a Miss —— wished to speak to me. I didn't know who she was. I didn't remember her name. She described herself to me and said that it was important that she see me. I felt annoyed and rather fearful. What did she want? Had she come to make trouble—for me who was having trouble enough? What was her game?

"I had been learning—or so I thought—that a woman always wants something of a man, always plays a game. However, I agreed to meet her. I did. *She handed me my father's watch and chain.* I did not need to be told that she had saved her terribly earned money to get that back for me after these years. She had redeemed it for me. She didn't want anything of me. She didn't ask anything. She wanted only to give something to me. When I leaned over in an access of gratitude and kissed her goodbye her eyes filled with tears . . . and I remember thinking, then, that they were tears as fresh and innocent and heartbreaking, as free from guilt or guile as ever dimmed the eyes of an innocent young girl. I never saw her again.

"*But the returning of that watch broke off this hitherto untold romance of mine.* You will see why when I have told you my story.

"It was after the War, as I have said. I had made my debut in the Comedie Theatre in Budapest. In 'Liliom.' I had done a gamut of other rôles, in plays by Shakespeare, Shaw, Oscar Wilde, Moliere and others. I was beginning to—what you call—hit my stride.

"I MET Zenia at about this time. She was a dancer. Tall and blonde and beautiful. I had heard about her before I ever saw her, ever met her. She was well known in Budapest for—for *exactly what she was*. She had been—well, friendly—with acquaintances of mine. About her there hung stories with the aura of Swinburne's 'Faustine.' Laughter heard in hell—the lines 'Even he who cast seven devils out of Magdalene—could hardly do as much, I doubt, for you Faustine.' One man had committed suicide because of her. Another man was jailed because he had tried to kill her. A woman, a wife in town, had died by her own hand when she had discovered that her husband had left her for Zenia. She knew the futility of trying to compete there. Such were the things I knew of Zenia before I met her. A 'femme fatale,' she was, if ever one lived. Hers was a life that led to the destruction of men and, of course, to the eventual destruction of herself.

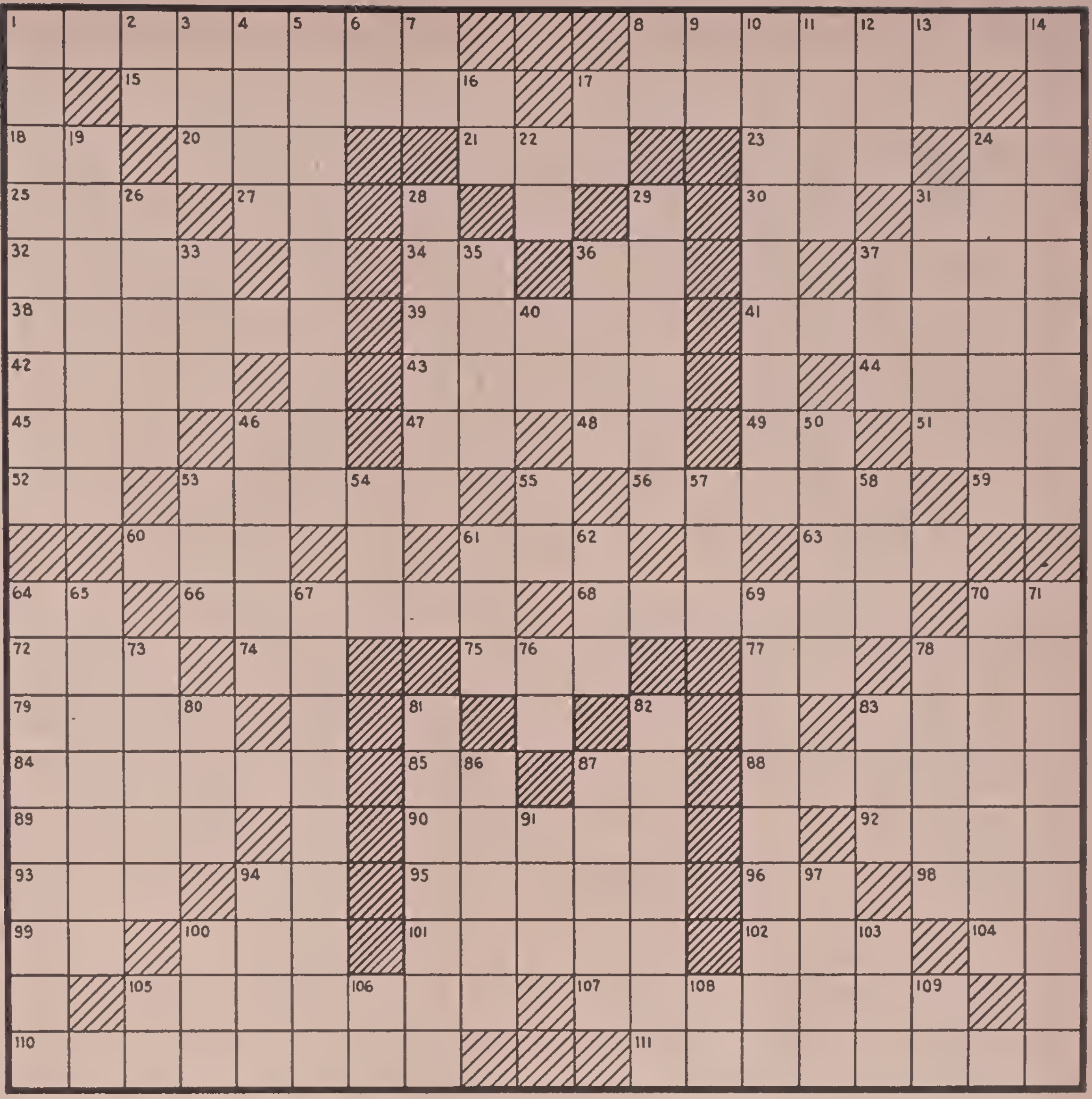
"I saw her dance one memorable night. And as I watched the convolutions of her beautiful body, the weaving and designing of her limbs I had a sense of *complete strangulation.* I knew that *I* was being caught and crushed in that web and in that weaving and spinning. I knew that I would not be free again.

"As I watched her such a hunger started up in me as I have not, even today, the power *(Continued on page 78)*

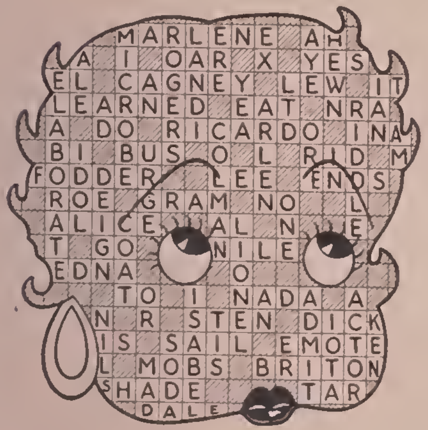
What ho for the South Seas as RKO pictures it in "Down To Their Last Yacht." The only unhappy critter on the island seems to be poor Mary Boland, in the oval. But the dancing girl at the left and the Polynesian couple farther left seem quite satisfied with conditions on Malakamokalu, which is the imaginary locale of the movie. The blonde at the bottom of the page is Virginia Reid; the brunette is Alice Moore, daughter of Alice Joyce!

MOVIE MIRROR'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

Movie Mirror awards $20.00 for the best original puzzle submitted in the month of May, to Earl T. Opstad, Glen Lake Sanatorium, Oak Terrace, Minn. Why not try your luck? You, too, may win the same amount. You must create a new and original puzzle. No trick words, no phoney definitions, please. All letters must be keyed. Submit it before August first. Address Puzzle Editor, Movie Mirror, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.



ANSWER TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLE



ACROSS

1. Her newest is "Hit Me Again"
8. Hepburn's recent picture
15. Co-star of "Wonder Bar"
17. Lodgers
18. Egyptian Sun God
20. Towards the stern
21. Lead in "Finishing School"
23. She played in "Alice in Wonderland"
24. Behold!
25. Rooms (abbrev.)
27. Preposition
30. Swedish comedian
31. Human beings
32. Possessive pronoun
34. Preposition
36. Pronoun
37. Not short
38. Founder of mesmerism
39. "Queen Christina"
41. Co-star of "Thirty Day Princess"
42. Japanese shawls
43. Saltpeter
44. Course of living or nourishment; prescribed regimen
45. Feminine name
46. He played in "Nana" (init.)
47. Printer's measure
48. Pronoun
49. Bone
51. Compass point
52. Plural suffix
53. Star of "Viva Villa"
56. He played in "Only Yesterday"
59. First two initials of former President Roosevelt
60. Ginger Rogers goes places with him
61. Lead in "It Ain't No Sin"
63. Above (poetic)
64. De Mille's first two initials
66. One who nips
68. Leading part in "Riptide"
70. Doctor of music (abbrev.)
72. Exist
74. Continent (abbrev.)
75. Health resort
77. Pronoun
78. The ocean
79. Weight for gold (British India)
83. A hydrous silicate of magnesia
84. Clara Bow's last picture
85. Same as 49 across
87. Ruby Keeler's hubby
88. Staggered
89. Margin
90. He played in "Queen Christina"
92. The contralto
93. Brazilian coin
94. Hepburn's role in "Little Women"
95. Grass of the genus Carex
96. Chief accountant (abbrev.)
98. Japanese coin
99. Her next is "Transient Love" (init.)
100. Old French coin
101. Terminated
102. Hotel
104. South Africa (abbrev.)
105. Stingiest
107. Penthouses
110. Alliances
111. He played in "Nana"

DOWN

1. Co-star in "Twentieth Century"
2. Preposition
3. National Recovery Act
4. Silly
5. Associates
6. Played in "Duck Soup" (init.)
7. Long Island (abbrev.)
8. In a like manner
9. Italian river
10. The act of sinking
11. Fresh water duck
12. Cook with fat in a pan
13. Exist
14. Lengthened
16. Northwest state (abbrev.)
17. Pertaining to
19. A genus of microscopic organisms found in fresh water ponds
22. Played in "The Mystery of Mr. X." (init.)
24. Merciful
26. Feminine name
28. "Lady Killer"
29. Gazed
31. Hollywood's chief industry
33. Same as 25 across
35. Neat
36. Newspaper paragraph
37. Doctor of law
40. Latin conjunction
46. Featured in "The Mystery of Mr. X"
50. Noisy breathing in sleep
53. Famous cross-eyed comedian
54. Tear
55. Star of "The House of Rothschild" (init.)
57. Decline
58. Still
61. Boss of every home (abbrev.)
62. Period of time
64. Elizabeth Bergner played her
65. Pondered over
67. A movie company in Hollywood
69. Hugging
70. Erases
71. Co-star in "The Cat and the Fiddle"
73. Funeral oration
76. A parent
78. Co-star in "She Made Her Bed"
80. Imitate
81. Own
82. One who bleeds profusely
83. Beverage
86. A limit
87. She played in "Berkeley Square"
91. Peculiar
94. "Sadie McKee"
97. Prefix meaning against
100. Perceive
103. Latin for not
105. Mountain (abbrev.)
106. Engineer degree
108. First two vowels of the alphabet
109. South Australia (abbrev.)

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KODAK VERICHROME FILM

I'm Through Being a Gigolo

(Continued from page 7)

"But I like it, just as I loved that grand reception in New York, with people pulling and tugging, asking questions, and telling me they like me. I loved every minute of it and the chap who says he doesn't like it isn't telling the truth."

There was a knock on the door.

"Come in," shouted Gable.

The caller was a very old man, and hard of hearing, but proud that he was the maker of Gable's shoes. Hand-made, at $25 a pair. "But I wear $50 suits," laughed Gable, "and that entitles me to the foot luxury."

Another knock; it was the candy girl.

"Candy, Mr. Gable? Gosh, I missed you while you were away. Not sick again, I hope?"

"Too healthy to live," he answered. "Been fishing. I'll take two pounds of fudge."

There was adoration in the girl's eyes and I could not help but think of the countless ladies with plenty of money who would have gladly exchanged places with the candy girl.

GABLE settled down again and I asked for the inside story of his being sold down the river to Columbia.

He was thoughtful for a moment, then began:

"It dates back to the picture 'Dancing Lady.' I was a sick man when I was cast for the male role in the picture, mighty sick, as subsequent events established beyond any doubt. But studio executives, knowing my antipathy to gigolo roles, believed I was just temperamental, and resorting to the illness gag to get out of the picture.

"Argument followed argument, and I lost every one. Finally they put the pressure on me and I played hookey from the hospital long enough to make the picture.

"I presume that I was pretty tough throughout that episode. And I was in an ugly mood when I gave in.

"So they decided to discipline me, to smack my ears down. When I regained my health I discovered that I had been elected by M-G-M to report at Columbia for a picture to be called 'It Happened One Night.'

"I began an investigation and discovered the story had been originally written for Robert Montgomery, and that M-G-M officials had read the script and turned it down. I also learned that the story which wasn't good enough for M-G-M had been sold to Columbia and that M-G-M agreed to loan Montgomery for the leading role. Presumably, Montgomery had talked himself out of it, for I was nominated.

"I knew I had been sold down the river.

"I raised plenty of the old hell.

"I told everybody what I thought about being sent to Columbia to make a picture that my own studio had declined to make.

"It was then, for the very first time, that I realized the letters M-G-M also stand for Men Go Mad.

"In the end I chalked up another marker in the column of 'Arguments Lost by Gable,' packed my make-up box, thumbed my nose at my dressing room, and reported to Columbia. Incidentally, there's still no marker under the column 'Arguments Won by Gable.' Nothing but a nice, white space.

"IT was a sullen Gable that reported for work, but that sullen Gable became a very happy individual after discussing the script. Then, when I had finished reading it, I was highly elated. I wanted to give M-G-M a bonus for selling me down the river. Down the river? Rats! I'd been shipped up stream, promoted, handed a lash with which to chase Simon Legree over the ice. It was the kind of a role I'd been fighting for, and I put my heart and soul into it. Thanks to every man and woman who worked on that picture, from script to cutting, 'It Happened One Night' proved to be the best picture I ever made, and, undoubtedly, it will be one of the big money makers of 1934.

"I returned to M-G-M and was given another grand role—'Men in White.' With these two behind me I was willing to do one more of the old variety with my pal Joan Crawford, but it's the last. 'It Happened One Night,' the boomerang that bounced back to smack the ears of the boys who tossed it at mine, decided for me. That, and my trip to the hospital."

"You puzzle me," I told him. "What did the hospital have to do with it?"

Gable laughed.

"Let's be a couple of old ladies for a few minutes and I'll tell you all about my operations," he began. "First they relieved me of my tonsils; then my appendix, and just to top it off, to give me something to brag about, I was permitted to experience ether pneumonia. But, seriously, those days in the hospital, on the flat of my back, changed my entire outlook on life. Down deep within me, before going to the hospital, I was the most serious minded individual I know. Now I am carefree.

"Little things seemed important.

"I believed my world would crash about me if this or that failed to work out.

"My career was predominant in my mind—my career as it related to being on a studio payroll. I could only think of it in terms of cash.

"There was never an hour during a day that I failed to contemplate the thought of what would happen if I slipped so badly that I couldn't find work.

"But four long weeks in the hospital changed all that. All values changed. Nothing but life seemed important. When I would have a thought about 'slipping' I'd grin and say to myself, 'Well, you old walrus, let's hope you live long enough to slip.' In the beginning, my career faded into nothing. As I grew stronger I realized I had not had a career; just a few experiences, and that if I was going to have one, I'd have to fight for it. And I came out fighting.

"I'm a new man," Gable said, grinning. "I've got new courage. I'm going to fight for Gable. I'm told that after this opus with Joan Crawford I'm going to get a swell picture, called 'China Seas.' One for ME. I've been hearing about that picture ever since I've been under contract. There may be a battle, but this time I'm most decidedly going to get that picture."

"Try and get this snapshot back"

He'll carry it and look at it and show it until it's worn dog-eared—this square of paper. Because it's a snapshot of *the* girl. Her smile. Her sweetness. Put down on paper, by some magic, so he can carry it around with him, and feel always that she's near. Now pictures like this are easier to make than ever. *Kodak Verichrome Film* extends snapshot possibilities amazingly. Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, New York.

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I've Never Been a Kept Woman

(*Continued from page 37*)

which she—and probably he, too—knew she would never live in.

You have the date of their marriage. January 28th, 1928. Two days before, Elissa had signed her first motion picture contract. She was suddenly called to go away upon location in Malta—the day following the elopement.

She was gone three weeks, returned to England and immediately started another film. Upon the completion of the second, she was sent away again upon location. It kept up like this for six months with hardly a day's rest between pictures. You must admit it was, as Elissa terms it, "pretty grim."

IN August, 1928, the then-no-longer newly-weds got away for a honeymoon. They spent glorious weeks on the Continent before Elissa was compelled to return to work.

Work at the time was a great joy. It had an objective. Not fame. Not money. But the security of a happy, married life. What more, thought Elissa, could any woman ask? Johnny would soon establish himself. Then she could retire from public performance. She, who had worked so hard and so long, would find supreme contentment in being just Mrs. John Lawrence.

There was a period when she fell ill and was unable to work for four months. During that time, her husband paid the current bills. Elissa kept a complete record of the expenditure, insisting that it was a loan. When she recovered from her illness, she paid her debt in full. That was the beginning of a financial independence which has since become almost a fetish.

I recall an incident which will illustrate her quite Spartan-like independence. The Countess Landi, her mother, was telling me of some beautiful Oriental rugs that an old friend of the family, about to return to Europe, wished to give Elissa.

"And Elissa will not accept the gift," said the Countess.

"They are much too expensive, Caroline," remonstrated her daughter.

Some time later I learned that Elissa had returned an expensive Christmas present sent her by an admiring fan. I deemed her action unusual and asked the reason.

"It is just because I have become so accustomed to earning my own living," Elissa said. "It is now difficult for me to take any present and doubly difficult when the gift is costly.

"I was fourteen years old when I sold my first poem. With the money I received, I bought silk yarn to knit a jersey. Then, I sold the sweater. My next earnings were for giving lessons in English literature and English history.

"Ever since then, I have earned every penny I have spent. No one has given me anything."

What she said had no significance, at the time, that pertained to her marriage. Nor was I aware that there might be a wistful longing in her statement. I have since discovered that the one present given her by John Lawrence is an inexpensive ring which reposes in her jewel box among almost priceless family heirlooms and costly modern pieces. There was no engagement ring and this is her only keepsake.

During the first two and a half years of her marriage, Elissa alternated between stage and screen. She still clung to her hopes, to her objective, to the desire to retire and raise a family. Then came an offer from Hollywood, financially a very fine offer. It meant leaving her husband in England but it also might afford him an added incentive. The quicker he found himself, the faster she would be able to return to him.

SHE sailed for New York in August, 1930. John Lawrence was not able to accompany her but he joined her two weeks later to remain with her until she boarded the train for Hollywood. The following year she spent her vacation with him in England.

Month followed empty month and every letter was doubtless searched for the one word "Come." Elissa frankly says, "I was ready to give it all up at any time.

"Almost a year ago, I had to face the realization that we were stalling. Yet there was no real reason for either of us to get a divorce. In Europe, a couple does not divorce without a positive reason. They grin and bear it.

"Johnny, of course, could have given me cause. A co-respondent and all that sort of thing. Yet such a procedure might have injured his reputation as a barrister."

That is Elissa. Forever thinking of John Lawrence's career. It is understandable, though. When someone spends years in directing her life as an aid to the career of someone else, it would quite naturally be foremost in her thoughts.

It did not occur to Elissa until very recently to look into the matter of her American residence. She found that she was a resident and could take action in California. She advised John Lawrence of her plans and filed suit charging mental cruelty as a result of incompatibility of careers and temperament. She could have charged nonsupport. When this was mentioned to her, she replied:

"I know, but wouldn't it seem silly for a movie star to sue for non-support? I can well imagine the fun American humorists would have with such a complaint.

"I fully realize the difficulty of John Lawrence's position. He is in London; I am in Hollywood. I *had* to come here to make money. If I were to follow a film career, I needed to be where films are made.

"I came to make money and I remained to fall in love with America—California in particular. I am going to apply for American citizenship.

"Since I have been in Hollywood, I have paid tremendous attention to my behavior. Never once have I given Johnny cause for any kind of humiliation. It would have been rotten of me to have done so.

"The result is that I am charged with being a 'cold proposition.' No one has ever said John Lawrence was a cold proposition."

Elissa does not exaggerate her reputation. She is known to Hollywood as an intellectual.

Elissa Landi was stigmatized by the label, "the coldest woman in Hollywood." When assigned to play the feminine lead opposite Francis Lederer in "Man of Two Worlds," the alleged wise-crackers cracked wise.

"Lederer demands realism in everything," they said. "Real snow wasn't obtainable, so he was given the frigid Miss Landi. She is enough to frost-bite any Eskimo."

Not a pleasant reputation for a warm-hearted girl, still in her twenties. It was inevitable that such remarks would be repeated to Elissa.

A certain reticence, it must be admitted, is a contributing factor to her reputed "coldness." This, I believe, can be explained by the fact Elissa thought twice before answering questions for publication. And one of her thoughts was for the absent husband in London.

Above all else, she did not wish to cause him "humiliation." Over there, publicity and notoriety are regarded as the same thing. Would John Lawrence be embarrassed by a notorious wife? Rather would she face a reputation for frigidity than hurt him.

It must be recorded that John Lawrence was not as considerate. He visited her in Hollywood in 1932, their third and last reunion after their separation in 1930 and his only trip to the movie colony. Several times, while here, he was heard to speak curtly, rudely to her before her friends. It must have been very embarrassing to a girl of Elissa's breeding.

Lawrence was not a social success in the movie capital where Elissa entertained for him. He was discovered to be a pleasant enough chap, but somehow he just didn't measure up to the standard of the man Elissa should have married. Or so they said. Hollywood, you know, is very jealous of its favorites. It never approved of Hal Rosson for Jean Harlow and it failed signally to be impressed by John Lawrence.

I will never be sure but what Elissa sensed this. My impression is that she did. In any event, she was gayer during his visit than she has ever been before or since. She fairly blossomed. Her husband was here and she no longer had to pay attention to her behavior, lest she cause humiliation.

Hollywood came nearer to knowing the real Elissa during these few weeks of Lawrence's visit than it ever has. Gallant lady that she is, she played the game according to her own high standards while separated from her husband. The bars came down only with his arrival and went up again upon his departure. John Lawrence may contest her divorce action against him but he cannot question her wifely conduct.

PERHAPS the real Elissa needs a bit of explaining. So seldom has the true character of this unusual girl been put down in cold type on white paper. She defies casual analysis, for she is not a casual person.

She enjoys a bewildering number of talents, being an actress, novelist, poet, musician and composer, dancer, linguist and brilliant conversationalist. But not the least of her talents is a tremendous strength of character, of purpose—tempered by humility. She is a great deal more modest than I would be had I her accomplishments.

(*Continued on page 70*)

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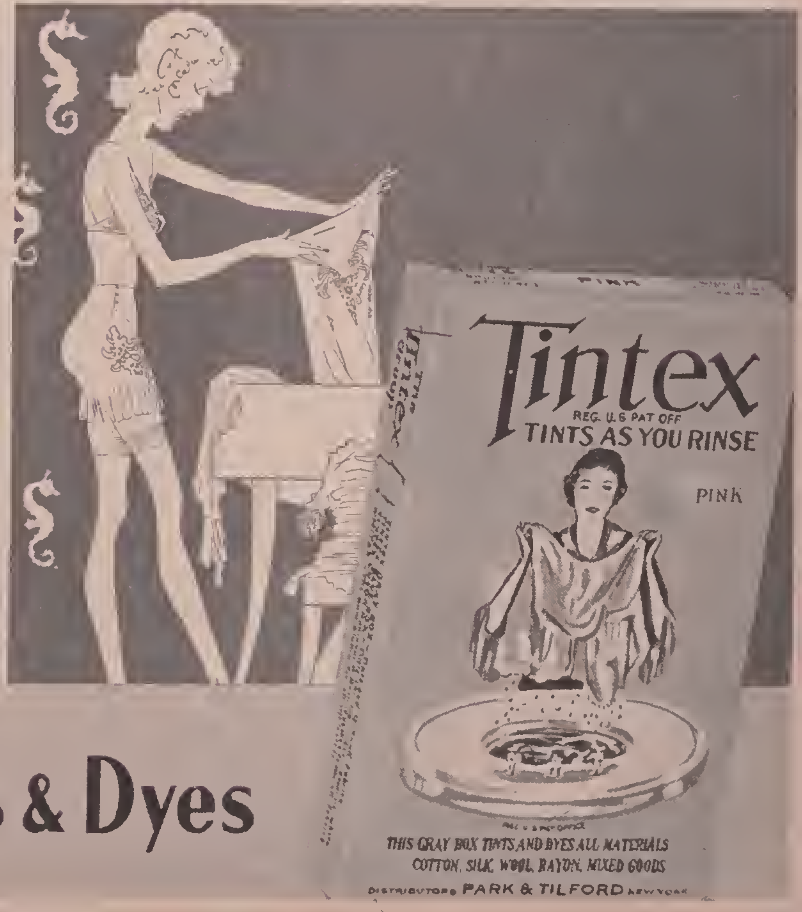
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THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

(*Continued from page 68*)

Elissa's tastes are amazingly simple. She is a nature lover, spending long hours outdoors. She bought the place where she now lives because of its gardens. The house was secondary in importance.

She is a fine horsewoman and rides daily. Pets and animals of all sorts are her joy. You should see the enormous collection of animals she has in her household.

She loathes, above all else, sham and pretense. Being utterly honest herself, she cannot excuse dishonesty in others. She never pretends to a knowledge she does not possess. And she thirsts for knowledge of every kind. I have known her to sit silently for hours absorbing complex discussions and forming her own opinions. She likes nothing better than an interchange of ideas and is not adverse to saying, "I don't know" when she doesn't know.

Fundamentally a friendly, gregarious, fun-loving person, she chose isolation in Hollywood, a detachment from even normal social contacts. She has been lonely, horribly lonely, because she is an idealist and has idealized her marriage contract to an extent of which few people are capable. That's the difficulty with having ideals. You are frequently made unhappy because of them.

Elissa has been Mrs. Lawrence now for nearly six and a half years. They have been definitely tragic years in the latter span. They have been crowded with work, as three novels and scores of motion pictures will attest. But life and the joy of living were passing her by. Women, particularly women such as Elissa, cannot live on work alone. With an objective, yes. Without an objective, no. I have called her a gallant lady. She is all of that.

"I've stuck it out this long because John Lawrence and I had once so much in common," Elissa says. "Really we did. We should have been very happy together. Nonprofessionally, we have the same tastes, like the same things. But we simply cannot agree upon careers. It is now useless to continue.

"It is stupid to say that we are divorcing to remain good friends. So many divorced couples are quoted as saying this and on its face, it is so palpably false. People do not experience enough difficulties to bring about an end of their marriage without straining the bonds of friendship. And just as I despise people who vilify one another when they have once been happy together, so do I dislike those who say they are divorcing because they 'love one another.'

"I TRUST that John Lawrence and I will never be enemies. We shall never be 'good friends' again, but I hope we are both capable of common decency.

"I do not believe I will try marriage a second time. And if I change my mind, it will not be for many years.

"Then I'll be a kept woman—and have children."

Elissa's new book, "The Ancestor," has recently been published. Note particularly her dedication. It reads "To John Cecil Lawrence."

And as Elissa explains, "I dedicated my book to the man I married—not to the man I am divorcing."

Would You Join a Nudist Colony?

(*Continued from page 31*)

cult, to her, is good for children, but the vanity of adults is too strong to allow the nudist idea popular approval.

Florine McKinney is against nudist colonies, too. But for a different reason.

"I think that something should be left to the imagination. Women are much more intriguing with some mystery about them."

BUT nudism was never meant to enhance sex-appeal! It is meant solely for health. Even the most ardent nudists do not claim that they are more alluring undressed than they are when outfitted in the latest fashion. If there is any sex-appeal in nudism, it is because the body grows more beautiful with sunshine and fresh air than it does when confined by clothing.

A little silk draped here and there about the body suggests sex much more than does a completely nude figure. And that's all right with the nudists, because it's health they're after, not sex-appeal.

Jean Arthur expresses the whole idea very simply and very well. "I think I should enjoy going without clothing. It is healthy and comfortable."

But health and nudity aren't synonymous to Jack Oakie. Like many of us, he has an affection for a special garment.

He looked at me very quizzically when I caught him on the Paramount lot.

"Nudist colony? Well, yes and no," he said. "If I could keep my sweat-shirt, yes. But if those nudists insist that I discard it—No! Ask the nudists for me, will you?"

Funnyman W. C. Fields, like Jack Oakie, wants his clothing. But for a practical reason.

"Well, see here now. I suffer with colds. I'm susceptible to flu and bronchial disorders. How do you think I'd do in a nudist colony?" he asked me. "The undertakers would have a quick on me. No. I'm for mufflers, sweaters, and even mittens."

There are now nudist colonies all over America, and three or four within a hundred miles of Hollywood. Two summers ago, when these colonies began, they were bothered by the curious who climbed walls and trees to gaze at the amazing sights. Now, except for serious health seekers, they are left alone.

Of the colonies in Hollywood's vicinity, they are quiet, peaceful places, remodeled from old ranches and farms. The nudists spend the days swimming, playing ball games and hiking. At night there are songs and stories around an open fire, but this does not last long as everyone goes to bed early. Sometimes, when the nights are cold, some of the people drape overcoats about themselves.

The colonies are, for the most part, pleasant but unexciting places. If you're looking for a dazzling time, don't go. You can find much more to shock you in any night club rich enough for a floor show.

The colonies are vigilant about the activities of the members, as any unsavory scandal that might be discovered by the yellow newspapers would be enough to kill off the entire nudist cult in its inception. The colonies are models of modesty and decorum, and, surprisingly enough, it is the new members, who come wearing clothing, who feel indecent, and not the nudists.

There is no pressure brought on any new member to make him undress, but even the most modest, after a short time in the company of nude people, feels something salacious about garments and is out of them sooner than you'd imagine.

Rackets spring up in all enterprises, and the nudist colonies are not without their share. All the sincere colonies must suffer because of the few which pander to sensation seekers. One place, not far from Hollywood, allows people to look at the nudists for a price, and even goes so far as to give a show. Its specialty is a dance entitled, rather whimsically, "The No-Fan Dance."

But for one colony like this, there are hundreds of the better sort. That the colonies are gaining in strength is proven by the way people talk about them. Ten years ago, you would just as soon ask a girl if she took dope as ask her if she'd join a nudist colony. Now, far from being shocked, people are interested. And when people get interested it is not long until they follow their interests.

ALMOST all of Hollywood is going in for private nudism. A few are agreeable to public nudism. In a few more years it will not be surprising to find Hollywood going nude on a large scale.

The last obstacle in the way of colonies is the feminine desire to dress up. When they have beaten that, if they ever do, the colonies will be universal. But there are still plenty of women who feel like Ann Sothern, who says:

"I wouldn't join a nudist colony, because a nude figure is less alluring than a draped one. There is something about nudity that is not beautiful to me. I prefer subtlety. A nudist colony may be honest in its endeavor to be healthy and comfortable, but I will take my chances on less health and comfort and more come-hither."

There are no prouder parents in Hollywood than Mr. and Mrs. Edward G. Robinson. But Edward Junior certainly hates that cameraman of ours!

Skinny!
WANT NEW CURVES QUICK? listen to this

5 TO 15 POUNDS GAINED Fast

New easy way adds solid flesh in a few weeks. Thousands gain with amazing new double tonic

NOW there's no need to be "skinny", scrawny and unattractive, and so lose all your chances of making friends. Here's a new easy treatment that is giving thousands solid flesh and alluring curves—often when they could never gain before—in just a few weeks!

You know that doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health for rundown people. But now with this new discovery you can get far greater tonic results than with ordinary yeast—regain health, and also put on pounds of firm, good-looking flesh—and in a far shorter time.

Thousands have been amazed at how quickly they gained beauty-bringing pounds; also clear skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep.

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This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured brewers' ale yeast imported from Europe—the richest yeast known—which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful.

But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast is then ironized with 3 special kinds of iron which strengthen the blood, add abounding pep.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively, skin clear to beauty—you're an entirely new person.

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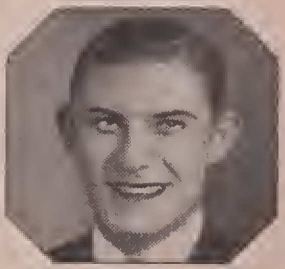
20 pounds

"I was skinny and unhealthy but Ironized Yeast gave me 20 lbs. in 2 months." Helen Roethle, N. Richmond, Wis.



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"I was thin, my nerves on edge before taking Ironized Yeast. Gained 11 lbs. in 3 weeks and feel wonderful." Frederic E. Sherrill, Gastonia, N. C.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money refunded instantly.

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The SUMMERTIME is the Ideal TIME TO REDUCE

"TEST... the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE ...at our expense

"I reduced my hips 9 INCHES" ...writes Miss Healy.

"WHY MARY! HOW DID YOU GET SO THIN?"
"I read an 'ad' of the Perfolastic Company ... and sent for FREE folder."
"They allowed me to wear their Perforated Girdle for 10 days on trial."
"The massage-like action did it ... the fat seemed to have melted away."
"In a very short time I had reduced my hips 9 INCHES and my weight 20 pounds."

REDUCE YOUR WAIST AND HIPS 3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS OR ...it costs you nothing!

WE WANT you to try the Perfolastic Girdle. Test it for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if without diet, drugs or exercise, you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, it will cost you nothing!

Reduce Quickly, Easily, and Safely!

■ The massage-like action of this famous Perfolastic Reducing Girdle takes the place of months of tiring exercises and dieting. Worn next to the skin with perfect safety, the Perfolastic Girdle gently massages away the surplus fat with every movement, stimulating the body once more into energetic health.

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Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER.

Name ______________________

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Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card

Speak for Yourself

(*Continued from page* 5)

the supreme artist. Lederer, although tall, dark and handsome, Mae West's "Answer to a Maiden's Prayer" does not rely on his good looks to put him over, and for actors such as he we should give thanks and burn incense; he is a true workman, and greater praise we can give no man!

Emma Emmett,
Portland, Oregon.

$1 LETTER

Ruts That Ruin

It is natural that film executives concern themselves with the public's demands for new faces, new this, new that. Therefore, foreign talent is imported and scouts touring domestic camps capture "finds" for the Big Ballyhoo. These gentlemen know that the public separates the wheat from the chaff. Are they aware, however, that it is often forced to kill professionally favorite stars or featured players, who through no fault of their own, are cast in repetitious inanities under indifferent direction and photography? Apropos of the latter circumstances, the recent right-about-face of a certain blonde star is viewed with amazement. Whether the credit is due Columbia Pictures, Director Hawks, or John Barrymore is immaterial. Suffice, that Carole Lombard has forsaken the Lombardy robot and in mad, dramatic "20th Century" gives an inspired, magnificent performance.

Perhaps studio politics could bring about other changes of management which would accrue to the benefit of various screen personalities whose popularity is being jeopardized by the well-known "rut."

George Wilton, Jr.,
Washington, D. C.

$1 LETTER

Stanwyck Stimulates Interest

Once in a while, we decide the movies are boring us and then along comes Barbara Stanwyck, in "Gambling Lady," and we are all pepped up again and ready to go. Our interest becomes stimulated, and our faith restored in the moving pictures as the best sort of entertainment.

I think Miss Stanwyck's acting in this part is brilliant, and the role truly rewards her for some of her less fortunate ones.

We like and appreciate good work and good pictures, and above all, we need to be lifted out of boredom. If we keep on going to the movies, we will eventually see just the right picture to meet our immediate need.

We must, therefore, bear in mind that a few disappointments now and then are unavoidable, so let's not be permanently prejudiced against movies because of them, when there are bound to be others to redeem the virtues of moving pictures.

Lillian Foster,
Hartford, Conn.

$1 LETTER

They Always Come Back

Recently I came out of the theatre behind two elderly women. The first lady kept picking out faults and flaws with the picture; in short, a chronic "crank." Her friend, however, after listening patiently, finally said, "I know, my dear, but it really was entertaining."

And thus the balance wheel of the motion pictures rolls merrily on. Hollywood producers need both types of theatre-goers; the crank and the pleased. The former supplies the "critical eye" so necessary for the improvement of the cinema, while the latter offers the "pat on the back" which is cheery encouragement in these dark times.

And the funny part is, both types always come back for more.

Howard M. Carr,
Santa Monica, Calif.

$1 LETTER

Beery Rouses 'Em!

Hello, neighbor! Why all the big crowd and police reserves? Premier showing of Wallace Beery's "Viva Villa?" Well, no wonder! When that show opens in my home town, they'll deputize half the citizenry to keep the other half in order. The Governor won't allow a personal appearance for fear martial law would have to be declared.

Joking aside, how that man Beery can portray red blooded, he-man roles! And does he take his women where he finds em—oh boy! I'm an oldster and sure enjoy getting my hard old arteries revived, and I hope to see all my favorites, including Marie Dressler and Lionel Barrymore, shine among the stars for many years to come.

N. H. Young,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Janet Gaynor looks as though she's happier than she's been in a long while. Maybe it's a funny story that Jimmy Gleason has just told her which makes her look so merry.

The Unknown Bing Crosby I Kn~~ow~~

(*Continued from page* 39)

anybody was too funny. He must have realized it himself because he suddenly grinned sheepishly and sat down. Later he and Dixie were harmonizing on "Let's Spend an Evening at Home, Dear."

He does what he likes, and what he doesn't like no power on earth can force him to do. Once, before Gary Cooper was married, we were out at his ranch one Sunday afternoon. None of us knew him intimately at the time, but we were having great fun. It grew late, but Bing made no move to go. He was enjoying himself. When the butler came to announce dinner, Gary said: "Stay for dinner?"

"Sure," said Bing laconically.

I thought Dixie was going to sink through the floor. We hadn't been asked for dinner originally and the invitation had come simply because dinner was ready. That didn't bother Bing. He felt like staying, so he stayed. He would have expected anyone else to do the same thing at his house.

He is really quite a sportsman. He's an excellent ball player, a six handicap golfer, a fair shot; he has a number of medals he's won for swimming and diving, he plays a fair game of tennis and ping pong and as a fisherman he's *par excellence*. At least, he says he is, although I have known him to troll the Pacific for as much as six days at a stretch without getting so much as a bite. About the only thing he can't do is ride horseback.

ON one of his personal appearance tours, somewhere in Connecticut, Dixie got a yen to go riding. No amount of coaxing could induce Bing to join her until she intimated he was afraid. In less time than it takes to tell, Bing was astride a horse. He rode the animal around the ring a couple of times and dismounted.

When Dixie returned to the hotel Bing was in the hands of a masseur. "Shucks," he said by way of explanation, "I showed you I could manage the mount, didn't I? I thought I might just as well kill time until you got back by having a massage."

He never uses a one-syllable word if he can find a polysyllabic one to express his thought. But interspersed with his flowery rhetoric is a slanguage all his own.

Curiously, despite all the knocking around he has done, he never swears. And, despite all the free and easy talk that goes on around a studio, he has no use for women who do.

The only time I have ever seen him upset over anything written about him was when a magazine that specializes in barbed paragraphs referred to his "adenoidal face." He has no adenoids and resents the implication.

I can best sum up Bing by saying that, with the possible exception of Richard Arlen and Clark Gable, I would rather spend an hour or a day with Bing than anyone I know. His charm is inexhaustible and he is as ever-changing as the play of light on water in every respect save two: his sincerity is constant and his simplicity remains unspoiled.

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IT'S OFF *because* IT'S OUT

Approved way to *permanently* destroy hair

So simple . . . So quick . . . And not a trace of hair remains, nor any dark shadow, when you use *ZIP*. It is the only Epilator available today for actually destroying hair growths by removing the cause. *ZIP* is free of caustics; so pleasant, it can be used just as safely on the face as on the arms, legs and underarms. Moreover, it has been repeatedly recommended by screen stars and Beauty Specialists. Ask for the new complete *ZIP* Kit, priced down to meet present conditions.

And if you prefer a cream depilatory . . . use

ZiP DEPILATORY CREAM

It is so white and creamy, as delightful as your choicest cold cream. Simply spread on and rinse off. If you have been using less improved methods, you will marvel at this modern, *perfumed* cream. And the giant tube gives you twice the quantity you formerly obtained when buying your depilatory—and at a surprisingly low price. Use ZiP, and admire your beautiful hair free skin.

During the bathing season, treatment prices at my Salon are reduced

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ZiP *Spray Deodorant*
THE SANITARY WAY TO CHECK PERSPIRATION 50c

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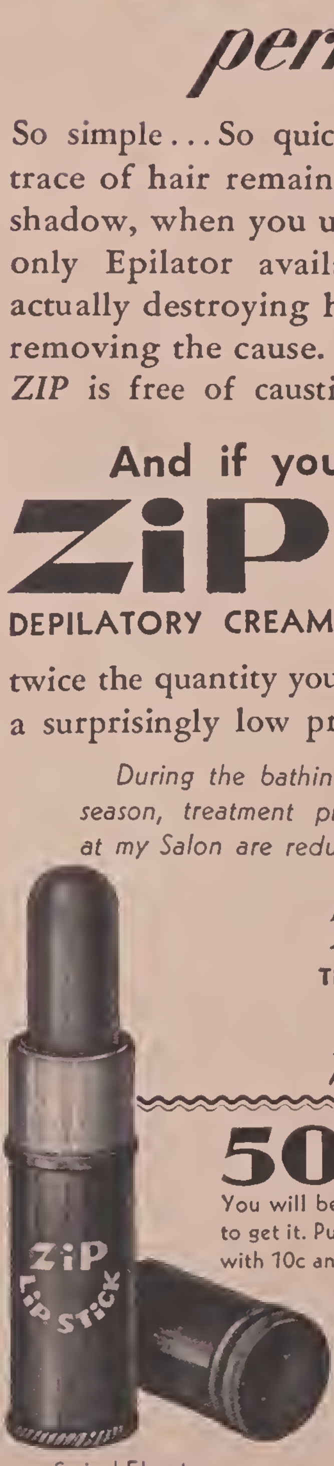

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50¢ ZiP LiP-STiCK *only* **10¢**

You will be delighted with this attractive lipstick which sells regularly for 50c. Here's the way to get it. Purchase a 50c tube of ZiP Depilatory Cream or a 50c ZiP Spray Deodorant, mail carton with 10c and your ZiP LiP STiCK will be sent to you at once.

Madame Berthé, SPECIALIST 562 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.
Enclosed find 10c and large ZiP Depilatory Cream (or ZiP Spray Deodorant) carton.
Please send me a ZiP LiP STiCK. 8-B
☐ Sherry (Light) ☐ Claret (Medium) ☐ Burgundy (Deep Medium)
Name .... *Address* ....
City and State ....

Mae West's Life in Danger

(*Continued from page 28*)

autograph, but the mystery is, how he got on the set. This incident was funny, of course, but Mae's reaction shows how nervous she is.

MEANWHILE, the Los Angeles detectives had been running down various tips. At last their vigilance was rewarded. Voilner, they learned, had been seen in Chicago, hanging about a certain night club.

Chief of Police Davis dispatched a fast wire to Chicago. It contained a complete description of the wanted man, with the Bertillon index to his finger prints, and told where he might be found.

Chicago police went to the place, and when Harry Voilner showed up, they promptly put him in irons.

The men in the District Attorney's office breathed easier then. Voilner would be extradited and put away for keeps. But they reckoned without the wily subterfuges of a Chicago gangster in his own home town. They did not bring him back, for the simple reason that he was not to be had.

Stopping at nothing in their efforts to harass Mae West, the mobsters took another tack, and on May 28 attempted to lure her director, Leo McCarey, into what detectives declared might easily have been a death trap.

Made wary by the many attempts of the Chicago gorillas to "reach" Mae, McCarey drew back from the pitfall cunningly contrived.

About midnight a man called the Paramount studio and asked for McCarey. Unable to locate the director, who was working on a set with Mae West, the operator took the message. He was told that Mrs. McCarey had been run down by a car at Eighth and Broadway, and to send the director there at once.

The mysterious caller gave his name as Chris, and his phone number. McCarey, about to respond to the call, waited long enough to check with his home. He found that his wife was safe, and had been in no accident.

Detectives Jack Dineen and E. R. Burdick found that the phone number given was faked, and declared it an obvious death trap or abduction plot, part of the horror campaign being waged to force Miss West to lay off in her determined stand against the mob that robbed her.

The Mae West guards redoubled their vigilance. Mae ordered an armored car with bullet proof glass.

She and Johnny Mack Brown selected the model. They had a lot of fun discussing the design, between shots, and the one finally selected was a town car, low swung, long, roomy, and capable of out-distancing the fastest car on the road.

It is to have steel plate hidden under the soft covering inside the tonneau. That plate will come up high enough to provide ample protection against bullets. Should danger show itself, Miss West merely has to lower her head, and six machine guns couldn't penetrate that thick steel. The driver, too, is protected by armored steel and bullet proof glass.

Miss West shows not the slightest concern for danger, Johnny Mack Brown told me. "She arrived on the set, ready for work, as vivacious and carefree as though nothing mattered in the world but pictures.

Mae West has always enjoyed boxing matches, and was a constant visitor at local prizefights until it was deemed advisable, because of the possibility of danger lurking in large crowds, to curtail this amusement. The ring men adore her.

ALL her life, Mae has fended for herself. She has known hard knocks and discouraging setbacks. Born in the tough old Tenderloin section of Brooklyn, known as the Greenpoint district, she saw the seamy side of life. Her father's best friends were the fighters who got their start in the ring by battling around in the various Brooklyn athletic clubs. Mae got into chorus girl work. A photo May Robson prizes, shows Mae and Marie Dressler in a girl show thirty years ago. In a way, these two women, though differing greatly in ages, have much that compares in their experiences through life; hardships, triumphs, disappointments, with spectacular success won when everything seemed the darkest.

Yes, it would indeed go hard with anyone who made a pass at Mae West. Not long ago, Harry Voilner was captured in Florida. Again the fugitive was in jail.

As this is being written, Buron Fitts is making every effort to bring Voilner back to Los Angeles to stand trial. Voilner, knowing what fate would be in store for him, is fighting extradition.

Meanwhile, the other fugitive, Morris Cohen, is still at large.

And their underworld connections continue to menace Mae West. As I said, she has cancelled a personal appearance tour which would have netted her a fortune. That would have meant going into strange places, among large crowds, and no matter how ample the protection afforded her, Paramount cannot afford to take the risk even if Mae West would.

Instead she will spend her vacation in Hawaii, far from the reaching tentacles of the gangdom she has dared to defy.

She isn't afraid of gangsters. But the gangsters are afraid of her. And that is why Mae West is on the spot and her life or still worse her beauty, is in danger.

NORMA SHEARER ADMITS HER FAULTS

and talks about them honestly in a grand, fast-moving interview. Don't miss it! It's in next month's issue of MOVIE MIRROR. Out August 1.

No more blind dates for me!

"NEVER AGAIN. From now on I'm through with blind dates. I don't say a girl must be pretty. But she must be some other things. Why on earth doesn't this girl know she ought to do something about it?"

Who can blame a man for resenting the odor of underarm perspiration upon a girl? It's altogether inexcusable when it can be avoided so easily with Mum, the dainty, fragrant cream deodorant.

Just a little half minute when you dress to smooth on a bit of Mum, and you can forget your underarms for *all day*.

You need not hesitate to use Mum. It's harmless to clothing. And it's soothing to the skin—so soothing you can even use it right after shaving the underarms.

Use Mum regularly every day. Then you'll offend no one with this unpleasantness which always robs a girl of popularity and admiration. Bristol-Myers, Inc., 75 West St., New York.

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

DEPEND UPON MUM TO DO THIS. Use Mum as a deodorant on sanitary napkins and enjoy absolute security.

The Hidden Hollywood

(*Continued from page 4*)

with "It Happened One Night"). Warner will get some $89,000 for playing the Capra opus—about enough to put a roof on the new mansion!

And don't yell at Warner for his apparent extravagance. The home building star puts plumbers and carpenters and decorators to work and later butlers, maids and high-powered chefs. He does more for the good of the world than the star who lives on a clerk's salary and puts his savings into bonds.

MARIE DRESSLER

The battle with the most dreaded adversary is being fought bravely by Marie Dressler. Comforted by all that money and love can do, she herself emerges as the most valiant of souls. Protected from the razzle-dazzle of Hollywood, she is visited daily by its leading physician, but the silence surrounding her is frightening. In this case time tells in a sinister measure. Give her your good thoughts. She needs them.

R. W.

LAST MINUTE NEWS

Baby LeRoy got a new contract for his second birthday present. He's making good, too, getting twice as much as a year ago.

Barbara Stanwyck has built a three-quarter-mile bicycle course at her home for herself and Frank Fay to work out on.

The friendliest four in Hollywood, the Leslie Howards and the William Gargans, have gone to Europe together; they will be joined there by Charlie Farrell and do the horse shows together.

Bruce Cabot has just purchased three thousand acres in his home state of New Mexico, where he will raise cattle.

John Mack Brown has been signed for eight pictures by Columbia, the first of which will be "Police Ambulance."

The Ralph Bellamys have established residence in New York, where Ralph will make "Woman in the Dark" with Fay Wray for a new firm called Select Pictures. Later the Bellamys will go to Europe.

Metro is still delaying the Gloria Swanson picture.

Gary Cooper has bought a new ranch. Lyle Talbot startled all Hollywood by dining alone the other night.

Warners think they can make a star of Margaret Lindsay and will start by co-starring her with Jimmy Cagney.

The Warren Williams are swelling the lists of the stellar ranch owners. Theirs is at Encino, Calif., not far from the Joel McCreas.

The George O'Briens are heartbroken over the death of their tiny son. He was nine days old.

Marian Marsh is back in Hollywood with a British accent this thick.

Joan Bennett and Gene Markey are back swearing never to go to Europe again.

Marian Nixon has successfully recovered from her appendix operation.

NOSEY NELLIE SAYS—

Read the story about Clark Gable, in this issue ("I'm Through Being a Gigolo," page 6), and you'll know why Clark's on the warpath again. M-G-M cast him for the heavy in the next Garbo picture and, of course, he doesn't want to play it. Herbert Marshall is slated for the sympathetic role in the same picture. Everybody in Hollywood is kind of rooting for Clark, too, because Metro refused to let him do Frank Capra's "Broadway Bill," the same sort of role he had in "It Happened One Night." Gable's studio promised him virile roles, but here they are, right back at the old practice of making a leading man of him again. And a villyun in the bargain!

Herbert Wilcoxen is lunching daily with Cecil B. DeMille's secretary.

Jean Muir and Milton Sperling, Hal Wallis' secretary, are being seen together frequently.

It's open season on secretaries, it seems.

Phil Holmes and Florence Rice (she's just been brought out here for Columbia) are going together again.

PARIS says—
To be CHIC
IS TO BE TRULY
Irresistible

The smart Parisienne has long practiced the subtle art of the correct use of perfume. She chooses her perfume for its effect, for its ability to make her truly irresistible. But no longer need you envy her choice, for now with Irresistible Perfume, you can give yourself that indefinable charm, that unforgettable allure that has attracted men the world over. You will find Irresistible Perfume at your 5 and 10c store. Buy it today. One trial will convince you that it has the magic power to make you, too, more irresistible.

Try also the other Irresistible Beauty Aids, each delightfully scented with the exotic fragrance of Irresistible Perfume. Beauty experts recommend them for their purity and quality, comparing them favorably with $1 and $2 preparations.

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Get a free perfume card sprayed from the Irresistible Giant Atomizer at the cosmetic counter in the 5 and 10c store. Keep it. Hours later, you will still be delighted with its lasting exotic fragrance.

Irresistible
FIFTH AVENUE, *New York*

Face Powder, Lipstick, Perfume, Cold Cream, Cologne, Brilliantine, Talc. Each only 10c at all 5 and 10c stores

Aching
CORNS
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STOPS
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Also Sizes for Callouses and Bunions

You'll have relief the minute you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. These thin, soothing, healing, protective pads *remove the cause*—shoe pressure; prevent corns, sore toes and blisters from new or tight shoes. It's a *complete* treatment—consisting of pads to end pain and separate *Medicated Disks* to quickly, safely

Remove Corns and Callouses

Sizes for Corns, Callouses, Bunions and Corns between toes. Try this sure relief today. Sold everywhere.

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Lew Ayres Answers the Gossip About Him

(*Continued from page 35*)

world for your screen career? There was no hesitation in his answer.

"Indeed I do not. I would be happy if I never had to play another romance—I mean a picture with romance the important theme in the story. I am going to tell you something I have not told before: *I just despise making love for the screen.* I simply cannot do it. I don't know if it is because I am self-conscious. I think it is something else.

"This business of working yourself up into imagining you are in love with every woman you play with (as some actors say they do) so you can do your scene convincingly, is ridiculous to me. Maybe some men can, but I'm not cut out for that.

"I DON'T see how any actor's wife ever manages to become jealous of the woman he plays with. How on earth can a man imagine he is actually making love to a woman, when he can't see a real thing about her? When she has to have a maid, a hair-dresser, a make-up man, and maybe two or three others, trailing her to see if her left eyebrow is just right, if the lobe of the right ear is showing in the proper manner, if the last drop of vaseline over the eyelid is too heavy, if the best side of her face is turned to the camera and so on; now, I ask you, how could a man make love to a woman like that? And rest assured I am not speaking of any particular woman.

"But you just give me a part like 'Doorway To Hell' and I can play that every six weeks in the year and not get tired."

There has been much talk in Hollywood about Lew's good luck being laid right in his lap, without effort on his part. That is just another one of those misleading half-truths. The history of his first year in Los Angeles would read like a fiction story of great sacrifice and determination. For an entire year he never made a single date with anyone, did not leave his room once after eight o'clock at night, and was in bed every night by nine o'clock. Each night he thought:

"Tomorrow may be the day I will be given a test and I must look my best." A year of this would have broken the spirit of most boys.

But, when the wheel of fortune did turn, due largely to the efforts of the late beloved Paul Bern, Lew thought the picture business was the easiest business in the world.

"It's a cinch," he said. "Anybody that can't get ahead in this business just has something wrong with him. That's what I thought then—before I had any bad stories. My first pictures were all good stories, and I naturally thought the business was easy. Now I know the greatest actor in the world can be no better than his story. Until he knows story values (and bear in mind I didn't know a thing about stories or construction when I came into the business) and until he has a voice in the selection of his stories, his future is just in the lap of the gods."

These are not the only matters that need be straightened out about Lew Ayres. Probably more misinformation has been spread about him than any player in the business. Because he did not defend himself, the stories gained credence. We decided to bring all these accusations out into the open and find why he acted so, if he did. If they are untrue, it is only fair you should hear his side.

He has been accused of not co-operating with his studio. This has been told in at least a dozen different guises. Yet the very morning we sat talking, an executive of Universal called Lew to tell him how much they appreciated the fine co-operation Lew had given them in the making of "Let's Be Ritzy." The executive told Lew it would not have been possible for them to have made the picture for as little money and in such a short time, but for the way in which Lew worked with them.

Another story I recall was to the effect that the studio was entertaining the American National Bankers' Association, and wanted to make a good impression by having all of their stars personally greet these conservative business men . . . and Lew refused to go.

"That isn't the whole story," remarked Lew. "I had been promised if I would come over and autograph some pictures, I would not be required to appear. I was glad to do this and autographed photographs for perhaps an hour, when suddenly I heard my name being called out for a speech. And I did disappear. I ducked behind a building and ran . . . actually ran.

"You see, that was more than two years ago. I was so shy that I suffered tortures every time I even had to meet people. I know Mr. Laemmle understands this. I hadn't any preparation for this business of acting and the publicity that goes with it. None of my people were theatrical. I had never done anything before the public. I could only act before the camera because I was being some one other than myself. People thought I was a 'hail-fellow-well-met' just because I had played in an orchestra. As a matter of fact, I was just an onlooker, so far as meeting people were concerned, and the work in the orchestra did not make me less timid.

"I TRIED desperately to do the things the studio wanted me to do, but I pleaded to be excused from public speaking or personal appearances. Once they persuaded me. I agreed to appear on the stage in San Diego. If I live to be one thousand years old, I will never forget the agony of that night! I had memorized the few lines I was to speak, but they left me. My knees shook and my tongue stuck to the roof of my mouth, and I couldn't utter one word. Literally. I fled in utter humiliation.

"For this reason, I will always be against personal appearances for myself, but I am not quite as terrified now as two years ago. You must believe me, I was never indifferent or stubborn. Wouldn't I be silly to harbor an attitude like that when I am so anxious to get ahead?"

You have heard about how Lew revels in wearing old clothes . . . a throwback from the time that he had to put on a tuxedo every night to play in the orchestra.

Nothing delights him as much as to fool someone about his identity. On his first trip to New York he took a suite at the Waldorf-Astoria, $35 a day, and then he dug out one of his old, dilapidated suits, which he carries for just such purposes, a slouch hat and a soft shirt. This, with his colored glasses, completed his disguise. It's no wonder the doorman eyed him suspiciously and the elevator boy curtly inquired whom he was looking for. He said "Lew Ayres." When asked if Mr. Ayres was expecting him, he said, "No." By that time they were just ready to throw the "rube" out. And did he laugh at their discomfiture when he told them who he was! Just a little boy having his fun.

But there are more things yet for you to get straight about Lew. He has been accused of making money his god.

"That is certainly a strange way of twisting my remarks," he says a little sadly. "Seems every man of intelligence would want to be certain of an economic independence in his old age. That is all I have ever wanted. You can hardly find a man of simpler tastes than I. When I marry again, it will be a woman of similar tastes, so certainly our needs would not require fabulous wealth.

"BESIDES, the chase for money, as an end in itself, is such a small ambition. The reason I want to be certain of a fair amount is:

"First — Because I think we were intended to live a free, full life. And hampered by extreme poverty does not tend to develop qualities of greatness. I have no religious belief that the poor are God's chosen people. I believe it's right that we should be able to arrange our lives for a full expansion.

"Second—I would never feel I could have children unless I were able to educate them. I do not feel I would have to leave them wealth. But I would want to prepare them, so that their wealth would depend on their own efforts.

"Third—When I am through with pictures, as all people are eventually through, I want to be able to devote my time to astronomy. It is no idle hobby, just to talk about. It takes money, as the instruments are expensive, and one must live during the leisure hours. This is really the thing I am working for. And I want to do other things that surge up in me for expression. For instance I have just completed a symphony (52 pages) and it is completely orchestrated. It has taken me six months to do it. I don't know if it will please anybody else, but it has given me joy to do it.

"I wish my friends of the press could understand why I don't want to talk about some things," Lew remarked wistfully. "I know we players belong to the public, but I am young yet and I may be changing my viewpoint. At least I hope I learn enough to change my mind from time to time. And there are some subjects on which I have not formulated definite ideas. I don't want to talk about these. I am not cock-sure about anything. Not even about acting. Maybe not about marriage and love. But, if I know myself at all, I am pretty certain I will never be attracted to a woman because she isn't real. I like people who are *real*."

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The Black Angel in Paul Lukas' Past

(*Continued from page 63*)

to describe to you. I wanted this girl as I had never wanted anything in my life before. I knew that she was like water to a man parched and dying of thirst; like food to a man who is famished. She was the Black Angel—but there is good and bad, black and white in all of us and I wanted her for that side of my nature which has its hooves in the mud.

"That same night I had a terrible dream. I thought I was walking through a deep green woods, the green that is almost black. I lost my way. I tried to retrace my footsteps and I couldn't find them—as I turned back and sought to find them *I could see only the hoof-marks of a goat.*

"I met her the next night after I had gone again to see her dance. She was free of entanglements at the moment. I was fairly well known and was, apparently, headed for fame and some fortune. She became my sweetheart. For three years we were together and those were years spent in a hell roofed with stars.

"I knew what she was. I could make no poetry of it. I could deceive myself with no illusions and if you have never had a romance without illusion you have not known the naked face of life. I knew that I could never marry her. I knew that she would never be wholly mine because she was not for any one man. Fidelity was not in her; nor faith nor love.

"I knew that she professed love for me because I was an actor, well known; because I could buy her pretty things and take her to amusing places. She wanted to be an actress. I was going on tour and I offered her a small part in the cast. From that, I said, she could work up if she proved to have the ability. I got her a script and tried to help her study it. I would watch her furtively out of one corner of my eye and watch her reading 'Arsene Lupin' when she was supposed to be studying lines, when she thought I wasn't looking. She didn't want to *work.*

"SHE nearly ruined me completely, in body and mind and profession. I suffered torments of jealousy and doubt and suspicion as black as hell. I was afraid to be away from her and because I was afraid I would turn down tours I should have taken; I alienated myself from my family and from my friends because I could not have her with me when I was with them. When I was not making love to her she bored me to desperation but I could not stay away from her because she was as necessary as food and drink to me. I would have starved of something worse than the hunger for bread and meat if I had left her, or if she had left me.

"At the same time, I must tell you, I was also in love with a Good Angel. She knew about me. She knew about Zenia. She tried, in her gentle ineffectual way to help me out of my predicament. She gave me solace for my mind and pleasure in my own social world—but she could not touch the fringes of my dark demanding passion for Zenia.

"There is the Angel and the Black Angel in all women. I believe that. I believe that the two seldom mix, seldom inhabit the same body. I think that is the real *why* of so many divorces. Men want the Angel *and* the Black Angel. They marry the Angel and their poor little hooved selves go ramping over the earth in search of the other. Now and again, very seldom, a man finds all things in one woman. That is what I learned from this untold 'romance' of mine—that there *can* be all things in one woman if we look long enough and wait patiently enough. I found such a woman—eventually. My wife. But before I came to that happy ending I had to suffer on the heights with the Angel and in the depths with the Black Angel.

"I knew that Zenia was not being true to me. I knew that I dared not turn my back and then look around too quickly for fear of what I would find.

"THERE came the time when I had absolute proof that she was seeing a friend of mine. I went through such agonies as I cannot describe. She couldn't understand me. In her code of life there was no rhyme, no reason for suffering over one man any more than over another. There was no reason for suffering at all—if Tom went, she must have figured, Dick would take his place. If Dick left, Harry would follow after. And so it would go—and why bother?

"I finally came to a desperate conclusion: *I would marry her.* I knew what this would mean. The utter loss of my pale Good Angel, for one thing. The loss of my social prestige and the loss of my family's pride and respect. It didn't seem to matter. Nothing mattered. If a man is dying of hunger and if, at such a time, he sees food in front of him, that he can reach out and take, he *eats* it, doesn't he?

"I knew that Zenia would seize at the chance of marriage. Without any subtlety or sensitivity of mind she had a shrewd commercial instinct which would tell her that marriage with a man of some means and position was the most and the best she could possibly hope for.

"Mind you, this had been going on for nearly three years. And at the end of that time I felt no nearer to owning her than I had in the beginning. If she bore my name, I thought, if she were my wife she might be safe. She might be protected. Men would know that she belonged to me, legitimately, in the only way they respected and so, might leave her alone.

"It was on the day of reaching this decision that the girl from the small hamlet appeared and gave me back my watch. She did not know—or did she?—that she was giving me back, also, my manhood, my independence, my self-respect, my very life? Because somehow, as I held my father's watch in my hand, as I looked at that girl's tired face and into those tear-washed eyes a great dividing line took place in my heart. I realized that even among the Black Angels *are those who are white.* Even among the Magdalenes, as we know, are those who are capable of self-sacrifice, of a beautiful, hopeless fidelity; of a love that can burn brightly and untended even among the roots, trodden down by the hooves of men. It was in the tears in that girl's eyes that *I saw Zenia mirrored as she really was.* I saw how ugly she was. I saw how ugly *I* was. I realized what a mirage a beautiful body may be and what horror it can hide. And I saw that it was finished, in the very nick of time. Over. Done with. I was free.

"I NEVER saw Zenia again until last summer when I was in Paris. I didn't say goodbye to her then. There are no goodbyes between the Zenias and the men who have loved them. It has been goodbye, from the beginning. When I was in Paris last summer, then, a friend of mine who had known us both in the Budapest days told me that she was there and asked me whether I would like to see her. I was torn between curiosity and repugnance. Curiosity won, as it always does.

"We went to a wretched little flat on the Left Bank. It was redolent of cheap tobacco, cheap perfume, the odor of burned hair and a sweetish, sickish odor I recognized as that of a drug. Zenia was there—she was what I had known she would be. Old while still young. Burned out. Haggard. Her tall golden beauty was degenerated into something repulsive that made me shudder and want to hide my eyes. Here and there remained a trace of the beauty that had been hers, a haunting trace. The beautiful line of her nose, the lovely setting of her eyes, the length of those rhythmic limbs. But those traces aroused no nostalgia in me. I felt only a sick relief to think of what I had escaped in time. I thought that if she should mention those other days I would be physically ill then and there. She didn't mention them because—*she didn't recognize me. She didn't recognize me.*

"So, my friend, this is my untold romance, the one vital 'romance' in my life, save that of my marriage.

"I have been twice married, you know. It is my second marriage to which I refer. The first was annulled shortly after it was performed. It didn't matter. It had no elements of surprise or delight or romance about it. It is my second marriage, my present and my all-my-life marriage that is my only one. And it was that past 'romance' that taught me to look up and not down, to question a woman, no matter how beautiful, how divine and say to her '*Who* are you? *What* are you?' It was that romance which taught me to seek until I should find the Good Angel who is yet human enough to laugh with and at the goatish Pan in the best of us."

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Secrets of a Hollywood Beauty Parlor

(*Continued from page 44*)

Dolly has manicured Claudette's nails for a long time and on several occasions she mentioned the fact that she would enjoy being in a picture just to see what it would be like. Not long ago Claudette was playing in a picture that called for a girl to give a pedicure. Claudette immediately requested Dolly for the part and refused to continue with the picture until the studio hired her. That's loyalty.

Mae West comes to Jim's about six-thirty in the evening, not because she is snooty, but because she enjoys talking with the girls and because they have more time to devote to her after regular working hours. Mae kids a great deal and gets a kick out of the stories that are circulated about her *come up and see me some time* line. The operators say Mae is a genuine person—placid, gentle and kind, and they say they've never heard her make an unkind remark about anyone.

Grace Moore, star of Columbia's "One Night of Love," was first sent to Jim's to have a manicure from Dolly. Dolly was busy, so dark-eyed Linda was assigned in her stead. During the manicure Miss Moore discovered that Linda spoke Spanish so from that day on Linda included a Spanish lesson with Miss Moore's manicure. Miss Moore, who has traveled the world over, says that Jim's is the best beauty shop in *that big world.*

Blondes are going out. At least Claudette Colbert, Fay Wray, Bebe Daniels, Helen Twelvetrees and Joan Crawford have all *gone natural* once again and admit that Mother Nature was pretty smart in her original color scheme. Jean Harlow is the exception and we don't mind for we'd all miss that lovely platinum hair.

"Every line on your head must mean something—and even more, it must do something for your face, height and carriage," said Jim. "Hair must always be cut to suit one's individuality. One woman should never copy another just because she wishes to be in style. The stars don't do that. They study every line of a new hair cut in relation to their features."

Jim explained that hair, like our bodies, becomes tired and lusterless from busy days, too much crushing under hats and not enough fresh air and that if you want beautiful hair you must brush it often.

When Jim has finished cutting your hair to suit your particular type of beauty your head and scalp are gently massaged.

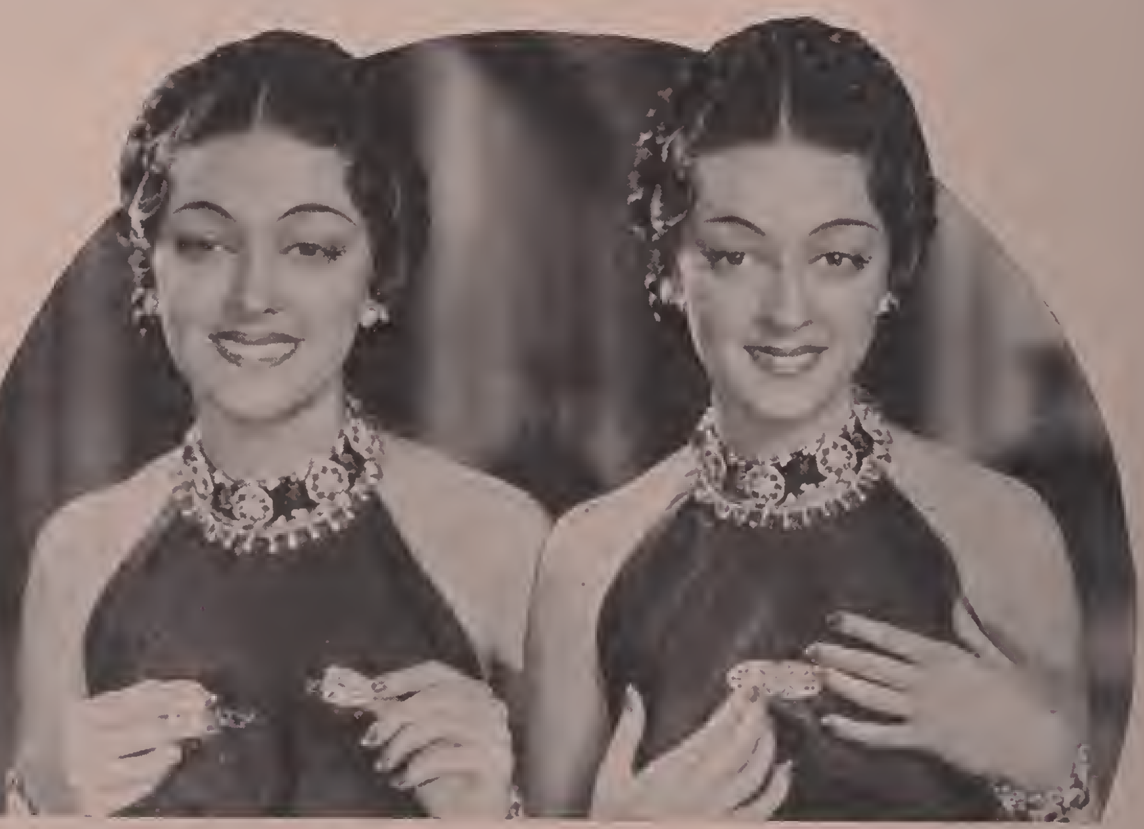
"Relaxation of the scalp before a shampoo is very necessary," said Jim.

Three good Castile soapings and a vinegar rinse complete your shampoo. If the pocketbook allows, a perfumed rinse is an added luxury. Some of your favorite perfume touched here and there on your scalp produces practically the same result. They understand hair at Jim's and believe it is still woman's crowning glory and that it should shine with cleanliness and care.

At Jim's, manicures are a real art. Your type of hand is studied and your nails are shaped to enhance the beauty of that hand. Your cuticle is diagnosed and you are advised what kind of home treatment you should use. *To apply a cuticle oil every night is a good rule.* Your shade of polish is selected to match the tone color of your skin and not just daubed on in great blotches of red. *Mother of pearl* polish is grand on a sun-tanned hand.

"Faces need relaxing, stimulating and resting," said Jim. "They get tired and drawn. All skins need clean-up and stimulation facials once in a while. The stars are more careful of their diet, exercise and rest than most women and yet they nearly all have their clean-up facials at least once a week."

Set aside a certain time every week and give your skin a good clean-up treatment. Use soap and water and hot towels and then a cleansing cream. Be sure to finish with dashes of cold water or an astringent to close the pores. Then apply a good nourishing cream. You'll notice the difference in your face almost immediately.



Kathleen (Panther Woman) Burke demonstrates a very tricky gadget which can be worn either as a clip or a pin.

Should a Girl Forgive?

(*Continued from page* 51)

aware of many things Myrna has had to forgive, or to refuse to forgive; many things, both sad and glad, which have changed the girl who started out to be a dancer, who was 'discovered' by Valentino and thrilled at that discovery into the poised and resourceful woman of today; the woman who manages the affairs of her head and heart even as she manages them on the screen, enamelled, impenetrable and *sure*.

"THERE are two basic and fundamental facts to realize before we can know what we are getting at," Myrna said, "the first rule is to be sure that it is LOVE we are talking about. Because if it IS love then *infidelity is not possible. There is no such thing as sharing love.* Love is one body indivisible and cannot be broken up into fragments and distributed here and there. When it is genuine love that a woman and a man are sharing together there is no possibility of its being shared elsewhere.

"The trouble is, few of us fall in love with or marry—love. We marry cheap and easy substitutes, with superficially attractive exteriors. We marry for the love *which is only physical attraction—an urge we can feel for more than one person.* Yes, of *course* I know what I am talking about. We do not marry the love which is, also friendship, congeniality and respect. If we married a friend as well as a lover infidelities could not occur. *We do not go about betraying our friends.* Unless we are pathological cases, or as yellow as lemons, we do not even dream of betraying one friend to or for another. If our husbands love us with friendship as well as fervor they would not dream of betraying us, either.

"Love is whole, complete and sufficient unto itself, when it is genuine. And because that is my creed of love my creed of sex is that I could not forgive the betrayal of it.

"We may be able to overlook the theft of a piece of trumpery costume jewelry—and let it pass. We could not forgive nor overlook the theft of a pearl of great price. Punishment for that would have to be inflicted. We might pardon the petty larcener who snatched a purse out of our hands. We would not pardon the grand larcener who ripped the heart out of our bodies. *The theft, the betrayal of love is grand larceny and it is unforgivable.*

"I probably sound very stern and dogmatic about this, Gladys—well, I am stern and dogmatic about it. As a professional 'Other Woman'—and very tired I am of being The Other Woman, too—I am all on the side of the wife. People wonder, ask me, talk among themselves about the seemingly amazing fact that I am not married. *This is why.* When I do marry I expect to give a very great deal. I expect to *be given* a very great deal. Santa Claus hasn't put the priceless gift into my stocking yet, that's all . . ."

I thought, then, perhaps irrelevantly—perhaps not—of the day I talked with Ramon Novarro, about Myrna, about their rumored engagement. I thought of what Ramon had told me about being married

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YOU'D be surprised how much good sense there is in that fluffy little head of Mary Carlisle. Talking to her on the "Rear Car" set, she remarked:

"Just because I am a blonde and used to laugh and kid a bit, people didn't give me credit for having a serious thought. I wanted to make good and I knew no one would take me seriously until I did. So I let them think what they would until my chance came. Besides, as long as they thought I was just a flighty sort of person, they wouldn't expect so much of me. In the meantime I had a better chance of accomplishing more, because they were more tolerant of me."

ROBERT YOUNG recently bought a new Beverly Hills home. With his wife and baby, he settled down to a quiet, married life. And not having a picture to do, he proceeded to put on some weight. He wasn't aware of it until a Hollywood columnist proceeded to put him on the pan. Instead of getting sore, Bob was very grateful. He went out and bought a rowing machine, cut out all sweets and starches and lived on the banana and skimmed milk diet. In seventeen days he lost seventeen pounds.

to his work, about having nothing left to give—to any woman. And Myrna expects to give with a generous heart and open hands and to be given to——

MYRNA was saying, "Which brings me to the second basic fact I mentioned—Love's law of Give and Take. This law must balance reasonably and perfectly. A woman must concede its full value, full time to a man's profession. If the man is important his work will be important to him. In return the wife should expect a man's leisure—*all of it*. She should expect her husband to grow, to develop, to become more significant and worth-while as the years go by. She should certainly never be jealous of his work since his work is a part of them both. And she should, for her part, develop and become more mature and more worthwhile, too, as the years go on. She must be able to give to her husband's leisure more than a pretty face, a new gown. If a woman is satisfied to be only a plaything she must realize that all humans *want more than one toy*.

"On the other hand I certainly do not agree with the too kindly theory that men are 'just little boys at heart' and that little boys always get into the jam-pot and steal. The fault with this theory is the simple and factual one that men are *not* little boys at all. They are adults and should behave as such.

"Sometimes to condone is expedient—not *cheaply* expedient, *vitally* so. I have a friend who was in a position somewhat similar to Ann Harding's in 'When Ladies Meet.' We'll call her Clara. Clara and her husband had been married for fifteen years. Happily. They had three really exceptional children for whom they had done everything and for whom they had many more plans in the future. They had a lovely home, social position, standing. Clara found out that her husband was being unfaithful to her. He told her that she had better divorce him; that he was deeply infatuated with the other woman and thought he wanted to marry her. Clara thought it all out. She forced her brain to conquer her heart. She went to her husband and said, 'Certainly *not*. I shall not divorce you—why should I? If you have got yourself into this mess and are unhappy as a consequence that is just too bad for you but I shall certainly not destroy our home, our children's faith in us and in security for—for this. And I'm not going to sugarcoat the way I feel about it. I can't forgive you for this and I'm not going to say that I can. But I can condone it and *never talk about it again*. If I can conquer myself to this extent for the sake of the other things that make up our lives you can do as much.' They went on from there, on that basis, and it would seem to have brought them to some sort of happiness again.

I DO not believe that wives should forgive the husbands who turn themselves into 'summer widowers' the instant their wives' backs are turned; the minute their wives take the children and go home to visit the old folks for the summer or something like that. I could not forgive a man I had to treat as a child, who could not be trusted to stay out of trouble because he was not being *watched*. It is all very well for women to have the much-talked-about maternal instinct—but personally I want to take my maternal instinct out on a child, not a *man*.

"There are exceptions, of course—to all of this. A man who is married to an insane wife and cannot get a divorce—that is a glaring one. I am not contending that men are not *human*—how well I know that they are!—I am simply contending that they are not beasts—or babies. Or there may be a case where a woman is a chronic invalid, incapable of entering into any of the normal functions of life. Such a man should be condoned and forgiven if he seeks love, or its nearest substitute, elsewhere. Sometimes, as in the rôle I played with Leslie Howard in 'Animal Kingdom' a man may chance to marry a *mistress* and not a wife. He should then be forgiven for seeking his wife, of course. Which brings us back to the fact that only when we marry love can we expect and demand fidelity.

"But honestly and most of all, Gladys, I do think there has been too much of this patting of the meandering male on the back and saying, 'There, there, Little Man, it's all right. I understand—boys will be boys and all is forgiven.'

"*I* would not understand and I would not forgive.

"I believe that girls and women—all of us—should be too egotistical to expect infidelity and too fastidiously proud to forgive it if it happens to us. And most of all I believe in love, the love of the poets, the love of a lifetime, the love for which a world is well lost and I believe that when that love comes to us, genuine and four-dimensional, infidelity is both abnormal and impossible."

Movies of the Month

(*Continued from page* 61)

Your Reviewer Says: A screamingly funny murder story, done in a serious manner.

For Children: No.

✓ "Little Man, What Now?" (Universal)

You'll See: *Margaret Sullavan, Douglass Montgomery, Alan Hale, Christian Rub, Muriel Kirkland, others.*

It's About: *A poor young couple and their struggle to get along.*

Director Frank Borzage, with noble intentions, has tried to put the plight of the out-of-work young man of today on celluloid without tricks or flourishes. But the poignant quality that was in Hans Fallada's fine novel is not essentially dramatic. The picture suffers from this, and, to us, from Douglass Montgomery's over-acting in the leading rôle. In stead of making the hero just an average, courageous chap looking for a job, Mr. Montgomery proceeds to make his Hans the weepiest, dreariest personage seen on the screen in months. Margaret Sullavan, though starred, has almost nothing to do.

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She does her bit beautifully, however.

The story is simplicity itself. A boy and girl, very much in love, marry when they discover the girl is going to have a baby. Then the boy proceeds to get and be fired from several jobs. That's all—and it isn't very exciting.

The small parts are exquisitely played by Alan Hale, Christian Rub, and Muriel Kirkland.

Your Reviewer Says: Better than average, but, intended to be great, it falls short of its own standard.

For Children: They won't like it.

"Dr. Monica" (Warner Bros.)

You'll See: *Kay Francis, Verree Teasdale, Jean Muir, Warren William, Philip Reed, Emma Dunn.*

It's About: *A woman doctor who is torn between duty and her thwarted desire to have a baby, only to be called in on a case where her own husband is the father of the baby belonging to her best friend.*

This is a story about a woman doctor who couldn't have a baby. Then she had a friend who could have one, and the doctor's own husband helped her out. Then the doctor had still another friend, who was more of a real pal. She could have a baby, but she wasn't interested.

Kay Francis is the famous Dr. Monica. Much as we like Kay, she just didn't have a chance to convince us with the poor material given her. Situations that should have been heart-breaking were greeted with howls of glee from the preview audience. Most of it was caused by Warren William, who had to play the sappy rôle of a husband who was the father of the baby whom his doctor-wife was forced to bring into the world.

The two best performances belonged to Jean Muir and Verree Teasdale.

Your Reviewer Says: This is terrible.

For Children: Indeed not.

"The Love Captive" (Universal)

You'll See: *Nils Asther, Gloria Stuart, Paul Kelly, Alan Dinehart, Erin O'Brien Moore, Robert Greig.*

It's About: *A doctor who performs miracles with his powers of hypnotism and also uses it as a means to gain anything he wishes to possess—which, of course, means beautiful women.*

The story concerns a doctor who cures by casting a hypnotic spell over his patients—who love via the same method—and he also uses his powers to fight his enemies. We are really never quite sure whether he is on the level or a charlatan. But Nils Asther, though suffering from bad photography, brings such charm to his rôle of the doctor that the picture holds you.

Gloria Stuart, wearing very becoming clothes, played the doctor's assistant. Her beauty is outstanding throughout the picture and she turns in an excellent performance. That capable actor, Paul Kelly, as Gloria's fiancé who objects to her association with the doctor, does not have a chance to register in his usual big way. Alan Dinehart, whose wife, played by Erin O'Brien Moore, becomes a victim of the doctor's hypnotism, has a grand part and makes the most of it.

Your Reviewer Says: Not particularly outstanding but interesting.

For children: Too morbid.

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"Merry Wives of Reno" (Warner Bros.)

You'll See: *Glenda Farrell, Margaret Lindsay, Donald Woods, Ruth Donnelly, Guy Kibbee, Hugh Herbert.*

It's About: *Matrimonial mix-ups.*

This is just another bedroom farce, only instead of having one couple, it features three. It is full of the usual misunderstandings, door slammings, kiss and make-up scenes.

If you must know, it is about a young yacht salesman who calls on a prospect (Glenda Farrell), who puts him in a compromising scene just as her supposed-to-be-away boy friend blunders in. The young salesman's wife hears about it. The boy friend's wife hears about it, and everybody goes to Reno and the plot goes to pieces.

Your Reviewer Says: It's cheap and vulgar and soooo old.

For Children: Never.

✓ "Operator 13" (MGM)

You'll See: *Marion Davies, Gary Cooper, Jean Parker, Katherine Alexander, Ted Healy, Russell Hardie, others.*

It's About: *The North and the South; a beautiful spy who is forced to choose between her country and the man she loves.*

All the action takes place in the sunny South, during the period of the Civil War. There's the hero, tall, handsome and dashing in his Confederate uniform. And there's the heroine, blonde and beautiful, who has pledged her life and loyalty to the other side. In this case they are Marion Davies and Gary Cooper. And of course they meet and fall in love.

Marion Davies is charming, versatile and photographed to perfection. Gary Cooper is very interesting but has little to do. This is beautiful at times, but trite.

Your Reviewer Says: Appealing but thin entertainment.

For Children: All right.

The Tragedy That Haunted Mary Astor

(*Continued from page* 11)

store when she met my father. He was born in Germany and had come to this country, where he tried his hand at almost every trade. He taught German in the high school at Quincy.

"When I was ten my folks thought we should move to Chicago. It was a step towards their goal, New York, and in a big city they might find some break for me. It has been said my father threw up his position to make this great effort for me. Actually, we moved at the start of his summer vacation. He could have returned if necessary; but he soon got substitute-teaching in Chicago.

"When I was thirteen I appeared sufficiently grown-up to enter a beauty contest sponsored by a movie magazine. That was the needed encouragement. That also marked finis to any chance I might have had for a regular, natural childhood.

"WE moved on to New York the next year. The contest was an entree into pictures, so at fourteen I became a leading lady. I'm twenty-eight now and the fourteen years I've spent as a film heroine often make me feel like an old lady.

"In a few years we came West to Hollywood and I was fortunate enough to land long-term contracts. I worked regularly and between pictures I was kept regularly studying at home. Not the average things, but things that would build my career. I had to study voice, and I wasn't the least bit interested in doing so. I practiced at the piano five or six hours a day.

"When I passed my middle teens I yearned for the company of others my age. I longed to go out and have fun. 'We'll all go together,' my parents would say. 'Why should you ever want to be alone with other people?' By this time I was earning a big salary and yet I had no money of my own.

"Until I comprehended that I was *never* to be an individual, I complacently accepted parental autocracy. I'd been so reared that it was sheer treason to desire any independence. I thought it was grand that my mother wanted to be with me every minute at the studio. I was imbued with the family-closed-corporation idea.

"Finally, at seventeen, I fell in love. I don't see now how it was possible for I was so closely guarded. He was a friend of the family's, a man of thirty-five. He never could be alone with me for more than a few minutes. My parents, detecting my interest, told me dreadful things about him.

"He declared he couldn't go on seeing me in the face of such opposition. That stopped it. But it did more than make me unhappy. It caused me to sense my emotional suppression. I got up the nerve to stop my singing lessons. But telling my father I was through taking them required as much nerve as—well, as it would to tell your producer that he's a fool!

"There was simply no understanding of a girl's maturing feelings on the part of my parents. They purchased the mansion because it was a fitting setting for my starry position. My father always had had illusions of grandeur. He became my business manager, of course, as soon as I started bringing in money. He adored driving to his club in the Rolls-Royce!

"We never had any parties or any fun in that house. And now I'll confess an incident that's never been revealed. One evening, while I was still eighteen, I couldn't stand it any longer. I was a film star, and I was allowed to go out two nights a month—to the first show at the movies, accompanied by my mother!

"I climbed out of a second-story window and went down to a little hotel in Hollywood for the night. My parents were frantic. I phoned an elderly couple, the only friends I had, and my parents had got in touch with them. My father and mother, realizing I might disappear—I had only $3 in cash!—promised to do anything I wished if I'd only return.

"This radical concession was such a sudden change I wasn't ready for it. I went out a lot for a dizzy month. I became engaged to an assistant director. My parents did everything to discourage me. They harped on his being Jewish, which would have made no difference to me. Finally they put so much pressure on that, when I went to Texas to do 'The Rough Riders,' I broke it off.

"When I went home that time my father drew up a contract for me to sign. It provided that 50% of my earnings went directly to him and my mother; 50% of my half was to be invested by him in a trust fund (the investments unluckily were dead losses) and I was to receive for myself the remaining 50% of my share. It was payable every six months after all expenses had been attended to. Running that mansion cost $1,000 a month. I averaged approximately, then, $1,000 cash per year; my salary was $1,500 per week!

"I SETTLED back into the rut of no more social contacts. A year later, lunching at the Assistance League, I was introduced to Kenneth Hawks, Fox director. He was so charming to me that we became engaged. Secretly, of course! I was afraid to admit that I wanted to marry, for fear my parents would intervene again. Kenneth won their liking until they saw I was serious. We were engaged a whole year before I told them. Three months after, despite every argument, I did marry him.

"My parents supervised a very elaborate wedding ceremony at the mansion—and I've never gone back to it since. It holds too many unhappy memories! They put on as brave a face as they could, but, to be sure, my father continued to enforce the contract I'd signed. And, in addition, he had Kenneth sign away all his rights to community property.

"My career suffered temporary eclipse the subsequent year. Talkies were suddenly in. Fox, to whom I was under contract, was getting experienced stage actresses for $500 a week. My contract called for a raise to $3,750 a week. They said they'd keep me if I'd take a cut to $1,500. My father indignantly refused to take any cut and as a result I was out of work for eight months.

"Florence Eldridge March finally got me a job with her in the Los Angeles stage production of 'Among the Married.' I went to work at $150 a week and loved it! It was my first play and in the first week I received six film offers. The week before the show closed, however, Kenneth met his tragic death. He was killed in the crash of two airplanes scouting for location scenes above Santa Monica Bay.

"We had been terribly happy, Kenneth and I, for he was a fine dear friend as well as a lover. I felt it my duty to go through with two pictures for which I'd signed a few days previously. At first it was impossible to believe he was gone. Then, when I realized the full effect of what had happened, I hit a mental 'low.' And my health broke.

"I was in bad shape and had to see a doctor. Lee Tracy sent me to Dr. Franklyn Thorpe. He ordered me to bed for four months! Then and then only did I begin to break the bonds that had held me. I refused to go home, refused to return to my parents' domination. I took a small apartment in town. Time passed. Dr. Thorpe came to see me regularly. Gradually I was able to work, and did 'Holiday.' The success of that picture restored my confidence. A year-and-a-half after Kenneth's death I married Dr. Thorpe.

This second marriage always seemed blessed. We were very happy from the first and when my daughter was born, I knew I had touched the very heights of happiness. My acting began to be a pleasure to me now that I was content.

"It was before this marriage that my difficulties with my parents climaxed. Of course, they were most averse to Dr. Thorpe, claiming *he* was marrying me for my money! After my illness I had only a few thousand dollars. My parents said they needed my salary to keep the mansion going. I decided a half-million dollars was enough. My father, about this time, bought a single tree for the place and paid $1,500 for it!

"I wrote him that we would cancel the contract between us, for it was ridiculous that I should have nothing to show for my work. I relinquished my share in the mansion and agreed to give him $1,000 per month for a year, during which he could dispose of the place and liquidate their finances. My one hope was to 'get out from under.' I figured I still had time to earn some security for myself if I could be free from this terrific burden. But when I sent prospects up to look at the place my father would consider no price compromises. Instead, he put a $15,000 mortgage on the mansion so he could build a $20,000 swimming pool!

"At the end of the year nothing had happened. My parents continued to resent my marriage, my baby, and my new independence. They expected to be supported, always, in the grand style to which they'd accustomed themselves. I paid my father's income tax for him and then declared that I was at the end of my rope; I had done all I could. My father's answer to my ultimatum was, 'By God, I'll ruin you in pictures for this!'

"I began getting anonymous letters condemning me for leaving my parents destitute. I heard they had nothing to eat, so I regularly had baskets of food sent up to the mansion they refused to vacate.

"Finally I went to Buron Fitts, District Attorney of Los Angeles, and he advised me to settle a $100-a-month allowance on them. Thereupon I offered them either this amount or use of a nice seven-room house near San Francisco. I got no reply. I deposited $100 for them in a Hollywood bank and they retaliated by filing the suit against me.

"NOW the Superior Court has settled the matter; I am sending them $100 a month and I shall never see them want. But my affections are centered on my husband and my child and in my very own home. I have such wonderful plans for *my* daughter—how different her maturing is going to be!"

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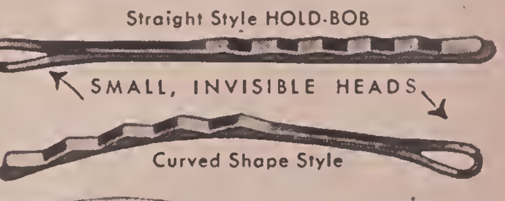

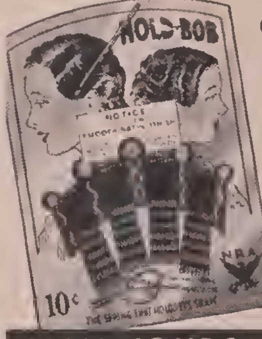

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British Agent

be cross. Now, I must go, when there is work to do."

For a fleeting moment, he was curious about what her work might be, but he kissed her, reminded her that the apartment was there for her to come to, and said good bye for the time-being.

LATER on in the day, he made his plans, and it was well that he did, for word came that the new government under Lenin was already framing the peace terms.

He gained an audience. His arguments were strong ones, convincing, couched in language that the revolutionists would understand and must consider. As he continued to speak, he could feel the antagonism, the skepticism dying down. He was winning them, and he allowed his attention to wander over the assembled officials. He was astonished to see Elena sitting fairly near the important men. As he looked, she rose and gave Lenin a folded note. Her eyes were fixed on Stephen, and something within him shrank from the defiance, the hatred in her face.

He ended his speech. There was a murmur of approval, which was cut short as Lenin said: "You promise us England's trade. You promise us recognition, at least non-interference. On whose authority?"

It was the direct question Stephen had dreaded. He hedged: "I represent England," he said.

Lenin answered him: "You lie, Mr. Locke. You represent England only unofficially. You spoke well, but expressed only the opinion of one of England's many private citizens. My secretary, who seems to know something of your affairs, has just told me the full text of a telegram you received this morning. Mr. Locke, having served your purpose by delaying the separate peace . . . for a few minutes, we will excuse you."

Stephen thought fast. He asked for three weeks grace in which to communicate with Downing Street. He promised them immediate help and that England would do nothing to hinder the Soviet, if they would only delay the peace negotiations for those twenty-one days.

Lenin said: "Our ways are not your ways. British capital is almost as hateful to us as German militarism. However so long as the German danger exists, we are prepared to risk cooperation with the Allies, on your terms. But remember, Mr. Locke, three weeks."

Stephen sent his report and his strong recommendations to Downing Street and began the long wait. He sought for things to pass the time, and remembering Elena's part in the conference, he went to the little apartment to close it. She would never, surely, come there again.

But she was there, and though he charged her with betraying him and they fought bitterly, at the end, she was again in his arms.

"You poor, foolish Elena," he said to her, with a sigh. "You believe so terribly in your hysterical mob ideals that you can't imagine how wrong they are, can you?"

"I know they are going to transform a peasant from an animal into a man. I know this New Russia is going to be better than the Old, and you call that wrong!"

(*Continued from page* 55)

He stroked her shining black hair, wondering to himself how much feminine beauty could be at the same time, as hard as steel.

"It must be wrong," he tried to explain, "to let down one's friends. This separate peace is a rank betrayal."

"You mean that England will be inconvenienced because Russia refuses to share the burden of England's war!"

"We are fighting for the world."

"Yes, but England is so smug, so greedy. She thinks she *is* the world."

This stung him to retort: "At any rate, we kept on fighting when Russians threw down their guns and ran like frightened dogs."

With the full force of her upraised hand, she struck him across the mouth. Even before the red mark of the impact of her fingers sprang out on his flesh, she burst into tears: "Stephen, Stephen, why did I do that when I love you so?"

She swayed blindly toward him, crumpling under the contending loyalties within her. He could not resist her, he did not wish to resist her. He would never be able to comprehend, he could only love her, as he knew she loved him.

THE days passed, and no word came to him from the British War Lords. When word did come, it came indirectly, for England had repudiated him. British soldiers had landed at Archangel. It was Elena who brought him the news and watched his humiliation. In a flash he saw the collapse of his hopes. For a moment his own plight did not occur to him, but when she pointed it out, his reply was immediate: "Not a bit of it. What if my diplomatic career is gone? One's either useful or one isn't. My career! What's that when men are dying by thousands in the trenches every day. England hasn't let me down. I let her down. I took too long a chance. I knew the promises I made to Lenin were lies, but I tried to delay the negotiations."

"You have failed, Stephen. And now I must go. The government is moving to Moscow, for greater safety from this new threat to the Soviet. I shall go with them . . . and you?"

He was too stunned to think just then. "Darling, I can't know. Probably. We're neither of us going to change, are we? We'll stick by our guns, but we'll go on loving each other, too."

Stephen did go to Moscow. Just why, he wasn't sure, but he doggedly refused to yield to defeat. There must be something he could do on his own. He told himself that the people at home could not have properly understood the situation. If he could have seen them, talked to them face to face. But since he could not, he would carry on in his own way, and he cast about for means.

He found the means. He was approached by representatives of the other Allies, representatives as unofficial but as eager as himself, the young men he had spent his time with in St. Petersburg when they had all been left behind by their embassies.

Together they formed a coalition to direct the up to now scattered counter-revolutionary forces. There was a part of the White Army still undefeated. There were the ten thousand Lettish troops who would follow the leadership of their Colonel Zvobodu and of an Irishman who had fought with him, Callahan. Callahan offered to cut a way through to join the British battalions at Archangel.

"You could give us a letter of identification to pass us through the British lines," he urged Stephen. "We've been accumulating as much arms and supplies as we could. Here they are."

He swept his hand about the garret room where they had met. "We can make a lot of trouble for the Soviet with this, a sort of guerilla warfare that will embarrass them. But it's not enough."

Stephen began to see possibilities opening out: "It's a long chance. If I take it, I'll have to do it on my own, entirely unofficially."

"But if it leads to overthrow of the Soviet, isn't it worth it?"

Stephen made his decision: "I'll do it."

THE Soviet Cheka, the Secret Service, was modeled on the old Czarist Intelligence Department, which had been famous, or infamous, the world over. It was not long before they knew who was responsible for the blown-up bridges, the mutinies flaring up within the Soviet regiments, the bombed buildings. Yet they could find no direct proof to bring it home to Stephen Locke.

It was Pavlov—the astute Pavlov—who found the way and delicately relished his part in the business. He put it very cleverly to Elena: "This Englishman, Locke. Aside from being a man I am jealous of, we have reason to believe he is the central figure in the White revolt. We must have evidence to arrest him. You will get that evidence. If he is arrested now, he will only be deported. Later on, he would be shot. So you see, my dear, you will be saving his life if you obtain from Callahan, whom we are holding prisoner, papers which we know to exist. I can give you a sufficiently accurate description of these to persuade him you are in with Locke, especially as he must know about that little apartment in St. Petersburg. You will do that, for the Soviet? Yes, I thought so . . . it will save his life, you know."

Stephen *was* behind the trouble, he and his devoted little group of men. Callahan's capture was a blow to them. Later on, another was killed almost before their eyes, but still they went on at the dreary, mechanical work. They paid off their workers, the thing almost comically like pay-day at a factory. They located vulnerable spots and struck at them. They roused riots at embarrassing moments. Sometimes it seemed they were making headway, but always the superb leadership of Lenin defeated them.

Then came Lenin's attempted assassination. While he lay between life and death, they redoubled their efforts, for this was their one chance. To strike hard at this psychological instant, might be to win. Already, Germany was withdrawing troops from the Russian border and sending them to the Western Front, that buckled under the onslaught of men and guns. If that peace were concluded now, it was unthinkable disaster.

Lenin's condition remained unchanged, and it began to be rumored around Moscow that the Englishman, Locke, was responsible for the shooting. The modest, makeshift British consulate which Stephen had set up, was mobbed. One of his men, the American Medill, was captured, but he and the others escaped to their garret hideaway and continued their activities.

Day and night they worked, while around them raged the Terror.

Pavlov had let loose the full horror of the Cheka. Executions followed arrests by hours. Trials were a farce. While Lenin's recovery was uncertain, the Soviet must be held in line.

He received the conclusive proof of Locke's complicity from Elena, who had obtained it without difficulty from Callahan. But now that was not enough. He must have Locke himself. He must quench this certain center and heart of the blaze that threatened to consume the new government while its leader lay helpless.

Their prisoner, Medill, would know where Locke was, but Medill promised them that Locke was in Brooklyn, in Manchuria. He continued to chew gum and banter with them: "Aren't you getting bored with this? You've been at it for three hours now."

"You're going to die tomorrow morning," Pavlov—no longer suave—snarled at him. "Tell me where Locke is, and you can walk out of the Kremlin free . . . now."

Medill stopped chewing, squared his tired shoulders and snarled back: "Look, Pavlov. If you want to find Locke, you can ring doorbells and ask for him, because I'm not going to tell you. That goes for now, and for tomorrow morning."

They went to work on him then, but when it was over, they knew no more than they had before, and Medill's parting remark was, in spite of the pain that twisted his face: "Well, gentlemen, I hope you're satisfied. You made me swallow the last piece of gum in Russia."

PAVLOV had one recourse left. Could he again whip Elena's patriotism, her fanatical belief in the destiny of the Soviet to the point where she would do what he wanted done?

"You know Medill? Yes. He is the one man we have who can tell us where Locke is hiding."

Elena gazed at him, loath to realize the implication of what he was saying: "Why is it necessary to hunt down one lone man when there are so many?"

Pavlov rose and stood over her: "Because our government is teetering. If Lenin dies, and if these riots continue, it will fall. The riots must be stopped. Locke is behind them. He must be found. We can no longer think in terms of the present, or of ourselves, Elena, my child. We must think of tomorrow and the thousands of Russians, the unborn generations yet to come. Love is of small concern beside that. Go to Medill. He knows you love Locke. Gain his confidence."

"Haven't I done enough?" she cried out.

"No! None of us has done enough until the Soviet is finally established." His voice had the finality of an Amen. It beat through to her even when she sobbed: "But I love him."

He waited: a finished student of human nature, this Pavlov. Then he said softly: "More than Russia? More than the future, the life of our Soviet?"

MEDILL greeted her cheerily when she entered his cell: "This is merely a stopover. I'm leaving tomorrow."

"You're—you're going to be shot in the morning," she said, not understanding the whimsicality.

"It was mentioned in the conversation," Medill answered.

She came close to him: "Stephen! Where is he? Oh, if I could only reach him."

Medill studied her face. "You were rather . . . fond of him, weren't you?" he said slowly. "They've got the rest of us. He's playing a lone hand now. He can't win. But he's still free, with a fighting chance of getting out of the country alive."

"I could get him out," Elena whispered.

He caught her hand. "You didn't come here as a spy, did you? No woman could be so rotten, could she?"

Their faces were close together. If he were looking for assurance of her love for his friend, he found it there. How could he know she could love Stephen, and betray him? He muttered under his breath, for the guard was listening: " . . . a garret . . . "

She reported to Pavlov: "In a garret over two vacant stores," and she gave the address. "But he won't be there till nine o'clock. The place is filled with munitions."

"Then the only way is to blow him up with it. It's eight now. I'll order a squad to close in and bomb it at nine."

Pavlov reached for the telephone and gave rapid orders. Elena stood silently beside his desk. Even Pavlov was moved. He said gently: "At least, he will never know. Bombs are sudden things."

"No," she repeated. "He will never know." She left Pavlov, walking slowly till she was out of his sight.

IN his garret, Stephen paced back and forth. The moonlight streaming in revealed the cobwebs hanging from the ceiling, made grotesque shadows among the boxes lining the walls, sent a black shadow goblin dogging his uneasy figure. Nerves keyed to delirium pitch, he heard the stealthy foot-steps on the stair, and sprang to crouch at the entrance with upraised weapon.

Elena—his Elena—stood in the doorway. She stepped through into the moonlight.

"Why are you here?" His voice was harsh.

"I wanted to be with you. I've done my duty to the Soviet. It's just you and I, now. Darling, in an hour, you and I are going away together. It's all arranged. Our work is done."

"But how . . . how?"

"Don't worry. We have an hour, to tell one another how happy we're going to be."

"We are going to leave Russia; together?" Stephen was groggy with fatigue, with the tremendous strain of the last weeks. He drew her down beside

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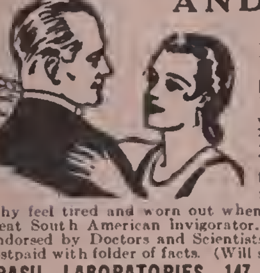

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him and tried to understand what she was saying.

"Together! I wouldn't have believed 'together' was the loveliest word in the world."

"Together!" Stephen echoed it. "Oh, the kindly things fate brings to a man when he believes that all that was worth while was ended."

"When truly it has just begun."

"I can believe that now. Tell me, Elena, have you ever been to England?"

"Yes, I spent a summer in Sussex once."

"One day, we'll have a house in Sussex. There will be no more rumble of the guns from the Front, and I'll hold you in my arms and say, 'Forever.'"

His head was on her shoulder. Above it, her face was contorted. "Kiss me, Stephen," she sobbed, and the moonlight moved slowly across the dusty floor. It passed over them and left them in shadow, and, later still, Elena stirred and said: "What time is it, Stephen?"

"Almost nine; why?"

She began to shiver, spasms shook her, and she laughed hysterically. "One hour seems to have gone so quickly. Stephen! Stephen! Kiss me, quickly; hold me tight. Tell me that you love me."

He gathered her to him again, but outside their garret the fierce pealing of bells broke in on them.

"Bells!" he exclaimed and went to the window. "I wonder what the celebration can be. Let's go down and find out." From the streets came the sound of shouting and cheers, strains of the Internationale too, but sung joyously.

"Lenin lives!" The mob was crazy with relief.

"Lenin lives!" repeated Elena.

"That means the Soviet will live, and the Terror is over." He tightened his arm around Elena. "Why are you crying, dear?"

Elena had seen a detachment of soldiers who stood waiting across the street. She knew who they were, and why they were waiting for nine o'clock. While she watched, they were approached by a messenger, and shortly after marched away.

She answered Stephen: "You'll never know why I'm crying. That's going to be my secret forever, and the reason why I can forgive myself for all the cruel things I have done to you."

Stephen scarcely heard her. He was doubtful of this respite, and he was already formulating plans for escape. He did not feel safe till they were on the Polish border. Medill, who had been released, saw them off. There were many things he might have said in farewell, appropriate sentiments. He was so stirred by the glorious happiness in their faces that what he actually did say, kept them laughing half way to England. It helped to allow them to emerge from the horror they had lived through, to bridge the transition from despair to life. It was so like Medill to cover his emotions.

His parting words were: "Don't forget to send me some . . . GUM!"

Inside Stuff

(*Continued from page* 16)

out from New York and said writer became very disgusted at the way they did things in pictures. He tried to get his release but Sam was determined that he remain here and turn out a super-colossal epic.

One morning the writer was summoned into the executive's office. He was given a long spiel in which he was told the vital importance of finding a title for the new Anna Sten picture. He listened attentively and after Sam had finally exhausted himself, the writer turned on his heel and walked out.

"Why not call it 'Nana—strikes back,'" he shouted, as he slammed the door.

* * *

HAL ROACH gave a stag party for Irvin S. Cobb. It was one of the most novel affairs ever given in Hollywood.

The guests were met at the door by guards who took them through an iron door. Once inside the Bel Air Country Club where it was held, the men were finger-printed, photographed for the rogues gallery, given prison numbers and forced to put on striped suits. They were then taken through another door, also iron-barred and into the dining room. In there, the windows were also barred, the orchestra in prison stripes and the plain board tables set with tin plates and iron cutlery.

It was taken as a huge joke by all but one famous producer. He refused to wear stripes. He asked to see Roach and when Hal came over, he gave his ultimatum. "I'll go home before I'll put on those stripes."

Roach explained that Walt Disney, Irving Thalberg and hosts of others took it as a joke. But that evidently wasn't the right answer. The producer went back to Culver City and the party went merrily on.

* * *

PATRICIA ELLIS gave a scavenger hunt. A scavenger hunt is the son of a treasure hunt. Each guest is given a list of articles that he must bring back to the starting place and the one who arrives first gets the pool. One of the items on the list was the signature of a musical comedy actor, obtained while he was on the stage. That was easy for all but the audience at the show that night. Another item was a brassiere of Jean Harlow. Tom Brown was the first to arrive at the Harlow home. Tom rang the door bell and Hal Rosson came to the door. This was just a couple of days before the Harlow-Rosson separation.

Tom gulped and went right to the heart of the matter. He asked for Jean's brassiere.

Mr. Rosson explained that Jean wasn't home and besides, she didn't wear a brassiere. The scavenger hunt came to a complete stand-still. But Rosson came to the fore.

He suggested that they take one of her chemises. Hal vanished into the back regions and returned with the intimate article. Tom grabbed and ran.

But with all of his ingenuity, he lost. Someone else was ahead of him. And after five hours of work, the prize was a paltry six dollars and fifty cents.

ANNA STEN wants the old worn-out shawl that she wore in "Nana" for her next picture "Resurrection." And when Anna wants something, she wants it. The shawl is a superstition with her and she will accept no substitute.

The United Artists wardrobe has scoured the town and still has not found the shawl. It was a rented one and has gone the way of all second hand articles of clothing. But Anna knows nothing of this. They haven't dared tell her. They figure that if there is any justice for hard workers they will find it.

* * *

ALICE FAYE was working on a Chinese street in "She Learned from a Sailor." In the scene she rides up to a Chinese café in a rickshaw, alights and walks into the restaurant. The scene was going beautifully. Alice stepped out of the rickshaw, walked into the café and stopped dead in her tracks.

For things were different. There was a bar with real cocktails on it, a buffet loaded with salads and sandwiches and on a table by itself, a huge birthday cake with not too many candles. There was a yell of "Happy Birthday" as the company came out of hiding.

Then Alice remembered. It was her birthday. And being a good little girl she blew out all the candles in one puff.

* * *

LIKE Garbo, Anna Sten is a hidden star. She goes nowhere, hasn't even been to a party since her arrival in Hollywood.

When she left for New York recently, one of the studio employees figured that here was the chance to show the great Sten to a friend. So they plunked themselves at the depot, ready to be swept off their feet by the glamorous Anna.

Just before train time, the Sten arrived. She was dressed in brown slacks, low walking shoes, a beret pulled well down over the ears and to further add to the disillusionment, huge dark glasses. All of this at ten o'clock at night.

The friends went home crushed.

* * *

ANYONE who has children knows the Patsy dolls. There are Patsy Joan, Patsykin and many others.

Mildred Lloyd, on a recent trip to San Francisco, went sightseeing in Chinatown. She passed one store, saw a tiny kimono in the window and went in to ask the price. A venerable Chinese waited on her. Mildred said, "Would that kimono fit a doll?"

She waited to see if he understood English before she took to sign language. The old merchant didn't hesitate. He answered "Yes, Missi, that kimono fit Patsy Ann." Mildred paid for the kimono and ran.

* * *

JOEL McCREA has refused to play on the screen with his attractive wife, Frances Dee. He says that it is death to romance for a wife and husband to work together. One thinks of the Fairbanks case.

The conscientious Mary worked six weeks with Constance Collier before the shooting of "The Taming of the Shrew" which was the picture that she and Douglas made together. Douglas played golf. He would postpone the learning of his lines until the day of shooting. Then when he had a long speech, blackboards were placed all over the set to help him on his road to Shakespeare. If he looked nervous on the screen, it can be traced to his hunt for his next speech.

So maybe there is something to Joel's statement. For Douglas is still in England.

* * *

The Irish are a frugal race. Maureen O'Sullivan was one of the guests at a large party at the Cocoanut Grove, looking more lovely than any of the other women. And was Maureen chuckling! As she looked around the table at the expensively dressed girls, she thought of her bank book. Her frock had cost fourteen seventy-five and was two years old.

* * *

IT was imperative to get a script to Greta Garbo for consideration. The M-G-M studio started in the morning, trying to locate the elusive Swede. They called three numbers and found that she had moved from each. Finally they had to get hold of her lawyer, send the script to him and let him deliver it. They still don't know where she lives.

* * *

ONE Hollywood hostess is still blushing.

She snared the F. Scott Fitzgeralds when they were on the Coast and pinned them down to a dinner date. She asked all her friends whom she wished to impress and waited for the important night. It arrived as nights have a habit of doing and all went well with the exception of the writing Fitzgeralds. They failed to materialize.

The hostess called the Ambassador, got Mrs. Fitzgerald and found that they had forgotten the engagement.

Mrs. Fitzgerald said, "Oh, I am so sorry. Scott is working and we aren't dressed. We forgot all about it."

The frantic hostess said, "But we are expecting you. Come just as you are."

So they did! Scott arrived in pajamas and bare feet and Mrs. Scott in a night gown and negligee, clutching a hot water bottle to her stomach.

* * *

WE'RE always hearing about a new discovery who looks like someone else. But Louise Henry is a dead ringer for Constance Bennett. Louise, the daughter of a prominent New York physician, has been signed by M-G-M and took her first test with Robert Young.

* * *

ADD this one to your list of Hollywood stories. About a year ago Ted Newton was brought out by Warner Brothers and given a contract as a featured player. After working in dozens of pictures on the lot, Warners failed to renew his option.

Recently Jack Warner insisted that Bette Davis attend a banquet for the M. P. T. O. A. Bette's husband Harmon Nelson had to get up early in the morning, so he asked Ted, who is a good friend of theirs, to escort Bette to the affair.

Seated at a special table for all the Warner players, each one was greeted by the head of the studio, as he made the rounds. When it came Bette Davis' turn,

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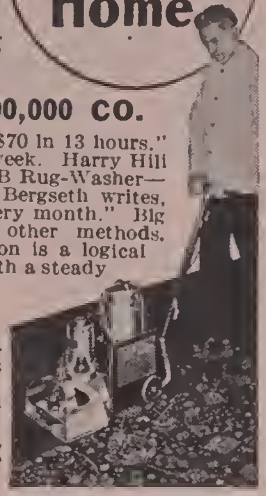

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Jack Warner smiled and shook hands. Then he looked at Ted.

"I guess you don't remember me," he said thinking Ted was Bette's husband.

For a moment Ted hesitated while everyone held his breath. "Yes I do," he said with great seriousness, "Isn't your name Warner?"

* * *

LYLE TALBOT is two-timing. But not on any one. He alternates between Gail Patrick and Billie Seward, on his nights out.

* * *

Kay Francis is making daily trips to the hospital. Her colored maid is very seriously ill and Kay is so devoted to her she is making every effort to save her life.

* * *

THEN there's the Hollywood wag who said, "M-G-M have their lion and Warner Bros. have Guy Kibbee."

* * *

DICK POWELL began to get alarmed about his feeling so bad, so went to the hospital for observation. One whole day was spent with five different specialists doing their stuff. Then they all held a consultation while Dick held his breath. Their verdict was a very bad cold!

* * *

AIN'T Jean Muir the canny lass? While she is determined to become an expert aviatrix, she hates to spend her hard earned money on flying lessons. So she goes along with George Brent, who is teaching her how to pilot a plane. And when Georgie is busy she calls up the head of the studio transportation department, who flys his own plane.

* * *

THE sound of crashing glass interrupted an important scene between Billie Burke and Joan Marsh. Cast and crew went dashing madly to the spot where the sound came from. There they found big Ed Kennedy pulling out glass splinters where a coffee table had given way beneath him.

* * *

THE center of a strange triangle Loretta Young talks freely about Spencer Tracy these days. He took her to a private showing of "Now I'll Tell," and Loretta says that "Spence" could get tears out of a stone. She is working in "Caravan" right now and Jean Parker is also in the cast. Loretta thinks the little Parker girl is going to have one of the most interesting careers on the screen.

* * *

MARY BOLAND decided to build a swimming pool in her new home and when Mary wants a thing—she wants it. She gave the laborers no rest until the day of completion finally rolled around. And on that very day she suddenly made up her mind to take a trip to Italy. Now her close friends are going to be able to swim while Mary's away.

* * *

THERE seems to be no limit to what these athletes can do. Max Baer taps a snorty jig, Weissmuller plays a championship game of golf and now Buster Crabbe and his wife do a "Bolero."

HOW'S this for fooling the public? With people practically coming from all over the world to catch a glimpse of Garbo, Hollywood citizens had her right under their artistic noses and failed to give her a tumble. In a far corner of the Cocoanut Grove, Greta accompanied by two friends sat the whole evening and not a single person recognized her in the shadows. How did we get this story? You might know. Hyman Fink, our demon photographer, who sees all, knows all and tells all—sometimes, passed the good word along. No, she wouldn't pose for a picture.

* * *

BY the time you read this, she may be well on her way to a screen career. Maybelle Lewis, diminutive sister of Mrs. Donald Cook was appearing in the "Shim Sham Revue" in Hollywood.

It was on Monday night, when the Tingel-Tangel Theatre, where Steffi Duna is appearing, was dark. So Francis Lederer called for Steffi and took her to see the other revue. When Maybelle came out on the stage, Francis forgot about the rest of the show. Afterwards he went back to see her and told the excited girl he would see that she got a screen test.

* * *

THERE'S a new celebrity in the Stuart Irwin household and competition for baby "Stew." The family pet, "Handsome," a white English bull brought home the first prize at the Hollywood dog show. Fred Stone's purp ran him a close second.

* * *

POOR Pert Kelton! She's wearing a hobble skirt in her new picture so tight that every day she arrives at the studio commissary, just as the other players have finished with their lunch.

* * *

Those little love birds, Anita Louise and Tom Brown have declared a moratorium. They see each other on certain nights in the week. The other times each is free to go where and with whom thy want.

* * *

CHIC CHANDLER, refused a trip to Agua Caliente because he was expecting a queen bee in his apiary to hatch. All day long he sat by the glass honey cages and waited for the big event. But Chic was figuring without his bees. It seems that the birth of a queen is very personal. So just before the big event the bees swarmed and ran Chic clear out of his own backyard.

* * *

POLLY (funny lady) Moran tells this one on herself.

Picking up a paper, she read where she could purchase a boat for only thirty dollars. It didn't seem possible, but Polly thought it too good an opportunity to let slip. So she sent her order.

Several weeks passed and the boat arrived. Also a catalogue on motors that could be installed for the extra charge of seven hundred iron men.

Polly says she'll sail it in the bathtub.

* * *

IF you insist, Charles Butterworth will tell you about his Scotch chiropodist, who is an awkward dancer for business reasons!

* * *

HERE'S how fashions are born. May Robson was visiting Jeanette Mac-

Donald on "The Merry Widow" set and wanted to be helpful.

"Why don't you wear Langtry Bangs," she asked Jeanette. "They were named after Lily Langtry, the famous actress. I wore them fifty years ago."

You'll see them on Jeanette in this picture.

* * *

MAURICE CHEVALIER, scaling a wall for a scene in "The Merry Widow," stopped in the middle of the scene and faced the microphone.

"Now I know what Tarzan has to put up with," he said.

* * *

Stuart Erwin says he knows a guy who sells underthings to ladies in a California nudist colony.

They're cushions!

* * *

AFTER scoring a success in the Broadway show, "She Loves Me Not," John Beal was rushed out to Hollywood to play opposite John Barrymore in his newest picture. John checked in at a Hollywood apartment house and almost immediately heard a familiar voice singing from the apartment next door. John was baffled, knowing no one in the building. Then came the dawn. It was a record of his own voice, singing one of the songs from his recent shows!

* * *

THIS is just one of the many reasons why we like Clark Gable. He was up at Watson's the tailor in Hollywood. In front of him were materials for a dozen exclusively-made suits. Instead of being impressed or taking his good fortune as a matter of course, Clark turned to Bud Watson and said:

"Remember when I ordered my first suit up here? I used to come up every Saturday and pay five dollars down. It took me six months to get it out and it seemed like the most expensive thing I have ever bought."

* * *

FOR years she used to go to the movies and silently worship a star by the name of Joan Crawford. Then one day Francis Lederer selected her for his leading lady in "Autumn Crocus." Joan went the opening night of the play and the admiration was mutual. After the play closed, Joan issued an invitation through a friend, for Julie Hayden to spend an evening in her home. And it was hard to tell which one was the most thrilled.

* * *

YOU can write your own caption for this one. George Brent has re-rented the Toluca Lake home he gave up when he married Ruth Chatterton. He has also hired back his same valet and the valet's first official duty was the returning of the Chatterton bungalow key to the Warner Studio.

* * *

RUBY KEELER has been going through a bad time. A sister to whom she is very devoted, lies critically ill. Ruby has put forth every effort and attention that money can buy, to bring her loved one back to health again.

* * *

ELISSA LANDI is rushing home these nights to complete her fourth novel. It will be called "Ancestors" and ready for the reading public this fall.

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How To Be Popular

(*Continued from page* 42)

the things found provocative and admirable in others.

"Not to imitate but to stress the qualities I possess myself and to develop the things latent within me," says Joan, "is the most valuable thing I've learned. And certainly since making a great and consistent effort in this direction I'm better off individually as well as professionally."

There can be no question, I think, that in assuming this mannerism from one person, that point of view from another person and imitating the voice inflections of still a third person mimics must lose their individual integrity. Until strangers meeting them become so confused by all the extraneous things they manifest that they cannot see beyond these things to the personality that exists beneath them.

Furthermore in an attempt to borrow charm, ready-made, from others we're too likely to neglect developing our own potentialities. Superficial gestures carry no one very far. Attraction isn't the result of a toss of the head or a tone of voice . . . unless these things, in turn, result from other things, a gallant spirit, perhaps for the first—an emotional quality, perhaps, for the second.

THERE are some exceptional people born with such personal magnetism that the things they say and do are comparatively unimportant. They are attractive in spite of themselves.

Some few other people undoubtedly are born with an instinctive wisdom which prompts them to do the right thing in their personal relationships. Almost always.

However, both of these groups are small. Far and away the great majority of attractive, charming and popular people are these things because of the thought and effort they have spent in this direction.

Helen Hayes, for instance, belongs in neither of those fortunate groups. Until quite recently Helen didn't shine at parties. She didn't know what in the world to say to people and worrying, beforehand, about this she used to stymie herself frightfully.

"It was Charlie," Helen told me, referring to Charles MacArthur, her famous, playwright husband, "who showed me where I was making my mistake.

"One night after a big party I was particularly unhappy. On the way home I made several statements. They were illuminating. They showed Charlie what was wrong with me.

"'You know,' I told him, 'So and So really doesn't like me at all. I thought he did for a time. But tonight . . . why, he seemed to take a secret pleasure in disagreeing with everything I said.'

"A little later on I spoke of someone else.

"'I'm afraid I bore So and So,' I confided to Charlie. 'I thought he'd be entertained with a little gay talk. But he was most abstracted.'"

We were in Helen's dressing-room. She was taking off her "Mary of Scotland" make-up. And remembering her as the tragic, lovely Queen of Scots, remembering the way she had dominated that great stage with her slightest gesture and moved her audience with the least inflection of her voice, for the moment I found it surprising that this magic of hers should have failed her in her personal life. Which was stupid of me. Acting, of course, she loses herself and her self-consciousness—the greatest handicap anyone can know—in the character she is playing.

"You know," she told me, "I'll always bless Charlie for the talk we had when we reached home that night.

"'You make a great mistake,' he told me, 'to translate what others do in relation to yourself.

"'You say So and So doesn't like you because you have a feeling he disagreed with everything you said tonight.

"'I'm sure he did. But that has nothing whatever to do with you.

"'Most of the time he goes around presenting a smooth enough surface. Then something upsets him. I happen to know right now he's seething.

"'So he lets go. He turns true to his instinct to fly a red flag, to disagree even with those things he believes in a better mood. It doesn't make a particle of difference to whom he's talking.

"'And that other fellow. . . . That he didn't respond to a gay mood doesn't surprise me. Neither does it indicate to me that you bore him. He naturally takes things pretty hard. And a stock in which he's invested considerable of his mother's money is slated to take an even greater tumble than it's taken during the past few days.'"

Helen turned to me, a towel wrapped about her fine head, cold cream a shiny film over her small but decided features.

"I'll grant you," she said, "that Charlie had two rather extreme cases with which to illustrate his point. But I'm glad he did. Because it enabled him to show me so very clearly exactly what he meant.

"Now I know what a mistake it is to translate what others do in relation to yourself, to see what others say and do only as a reaction to you, as an indication of their feelings towards you.

"People, after all, have their own lives, their own worries and joys, their own inexplicable moods. What they say and the way they act is far more likely to be their reaction to some part of all this than their reaction to you."

The truths Charlie MacArthur pointed out to Helen Hayes should be a tremendous help to anyone reading this. For blaming a lack of enthusiasm or warmth in others on yourself is bound to make you self-conscious, to increase any inferiority complex you have, and to inhibit you to such an extent that you can't be as easy and natural and warm as you otherwise would.

NOW we come to Mary Pickford, as delightful a personality as you'd meet anywhere. . . .

Never have I seen Mary when she was only the glittering movie star. Always, first of all, she's a warm and attractive personality. And always her guests leave her reluctantly, possessed of that pleasant sense people experience when they have felt particularly welcome.

I told Mary all this one day not long

ago and she was very much pleased.

"A true interest in people is, I think, my greatest asset," she said. "It is not only helpful in social contacts. It enriches you. In my case I have my mother to thank for this."

Her eyes filled with tears as they invariably do when she talks of Charlotte Pickford.

"I can remember," Mary went on, "mother fostering this interest, whetting my imagination and curiosity about the greatest variety of people while I was still a very little girl.

"I can remember mother laughing as we left a neighborhood delicatessen one morning, saying 'I wonder what Mr. Hilsen thinks about when he's sitting there alone with his pickled herring and potato salad and great cold meats?

"'I wonder if he doesn't dream sometimes of going back to Germany and living in a little house with pictures painted on the front, under the eaves—a little house such as Hansel and Gretel lived in . . .'

"Of course I proceeded to become fascinated with Mr. Hilsen, really interested in what he wanted from life. I began to talk to him about his country. We became staunch friends.

"And Mr. Hilsen was only one of the many people in whom mother awakened my interest . . . until after a while my interest in people became general."

Always Mary is able to get people to talk about themselves. And when they do this she is truly interested. She doesn't feign interest and reply with polite ejaculations. She asks the right questions. And, of course, people always feel closer and warmer towards her because they feel she is interested in them.

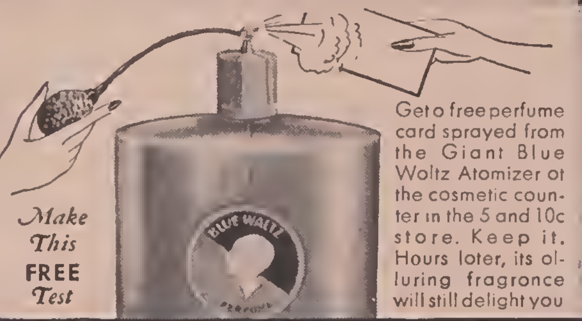
NOT one of the stars I've written about, please notice, was born to ease and security. Not one of them enjoyed the advantages of excellent schools and travel. From an early age every blessed one of these girls found herself out in the world making her own way and supporting others. They are, nevertheless, all of them as attractive and charming and gracious as they can be. And to my mind their graciousness is a better thing than the patently superficial brand so often acquired in "finishing schools."

Gloria Swanson I shall mention only briefly . . .

Talk of Hollywood's attractive personalities would be ridiculously incomplete if I neglected to include Gloria. I realize, however, she is not the personality whose experiences would be of the greatest benefit to others. To do as Gloria does you must be as Gloria is. And few are. In many ways she's far more like a man than a woman. From her soldiering, adventuring father she has inherited many fearless qualities. She hasn't ever and I doubt she ever will welch when it comes to paying the piper.

Gloria insists too many people accept things generally felt to be desirable as those things which they want themselves without stopping to think if they really want anything of the sort.

Gloria is convinced you become the greatest personality when you are fulfilled as an individual and that you never can be this unless you search yourself for understanding and discovering, at last, what



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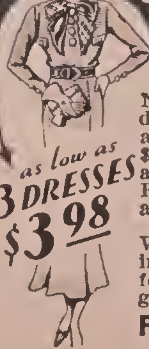

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you really want, get out and get it.

"LIVE!" says Gloria. I put it in capitals advisedly. That's the way she says it. "LIVE every minute for itself. There's no certainty of any future. And the past doesn't exist except for the color and emotion you have acquired from it to add to your store of knowledge."

It's a thrilling theory although not one everybody is equipped to follow.

I do think, however, that those inclined to be "scary cats," those who relegate themselves to a sterile, uneventful and colorless existence because they're too fearful of consequences and too apprehensive about the cost would do well, in a far lesser degree, to heed La Swanson.

AND now we come to Irene Dunne . . . I know of no one who has a more difficult social problem. Actually Irene leads a double life. She finds it necessary to adjust to two very different groups of people. In Hollywood her friends are professional people. In New York she spends her time with her husband's older and more conservative friends.

Mention Irene's name in either circle, however, and the reply will be the same. "Oh, she's so attractive. I like her."

However, Irene will tell you she isn't one of those fortunate people born with great magnetism or inherent charm. She remembers vividly being neglected at her first Hollywood party and running home in tears.

It was an RKO party. When the executives realized Irene Dunne, their recruit from the New York stage was arriving the same day the party was to be held and that no arrangements had been made to take care of her I'm sure they were in a dither.

The guests at that dinner were their branch managers from all over the country, the very men they were asking to sell Irene Dunne to exhibitors. She must be present, of course. She must sit at the guest of honor table. She must look lovely. And have a handsome escort.

So it was all arranged. An orchid corsage reached her hotel a few minutes before the famous singer—also under contract to RKO—who had been asked to bring her and be her dinner partner.

"I was tired after my trip across the continent," Irene told me, "and I was homesick. In other words I was ready to have my feelings hurt at the least provocation.

"And that," she continued, emphatically, "is the last spirit in the world to take with you anywhere. I had a wretched time. Inevitably. My handsome escort—who has since become a fine friend—wasn't in the least attracted to me. Before the dinner with all the speeches were over he turned more and more frequently to the girl who sat on the other side of him. She had come to that dinner in a happier frame of mind.

"As soon as I could I ran away. I took a taxi back to my hotel. And cried myself to sleep."

An experience like this would be enough to give most sensitive people such a horrible feeling of inferiority that they'd never have any perspective regarding what actually had happened.

The next morning, however, Irene forced herself to consider that evening calmly. She realized then that she failed to be charming not because she was incapable of being charming but because her attitude was wrong.

"And," stresses Irene, "possessing the right attitude is essential.

"For instance . . . When we're giving a party we make every effort to have it a success. We rest during the afternoon so we'll be fresh. We seek out the diffident guest. We laugh at little jokes which are made. We take an active part in the conversation. We show interest in what others have to say. We're on our toes every minute."

She laughed. "I'll be honest and admit I didn't once make anything like the same effort when I was going to a party. I can remember thinking: 'Mercy, I'm low tonight. Glad I'm not hostess.'

"Then I realized that the more attractive people at parties were those who assumed almost the same responsibilities of host or hostess.

"I changed. So I know whereof I speak when I say it is the guests who accept responsibility who have the happiest time themselves and who, after a little experience, when they manage with more ease, find themselves sought by others.

"Sought by others we all pep up and glow and expand. And to do any of these things is to become much more attractive promptly.

"Doing things," Irene concluded, "we're alive and animated and far more attractive than when we sit in a chair with an 'Amuse me!' expression."

Very well then . . .

THE girl who sits moping at home, the girl who is a wall-flower at parties isn't these things because she's a poor unfortunate who lacks the personal charm and magnetism with which others are born. She's what she is because she suffers from inertia, because she hasn't the courage to look at herself objectively or the gumption to correct whatever she finds wrong.

Certainly this consideration of six of Hollywood's most varied and outstanding personalities clearly shows that you do not have to be born a gracious and charming and colorful personality—but that you can become one!

ADVICE ON COOKING, HOMEMAKING, HOW TO DRESS, HOW TO MAKE-UP

Beginning in the September issue, MOVIE MIRROR offers the finest and most helpful departments in these various fields. And, don't forget, it's advice that comes to you—*straight from Hollywood.*

Nothing's Impossible for Shirley

(*Continued from page 29*)

actresses are supposed to be exotic creatures, and as such are entitled to eat what they please. But this order stumped the fountain boy. But after a lengthy conference, it was discovered that ice-cream and gravy were ice-cream and chocolate syrup. Shirley indicated that anybody should know that.

On our way back to the stage, we passed some little girls playing house in the cool shade of a palm tree. I thought about the stuffy interior of the stage and asked Shirley if she wouldn't rather be home playing than at the studio.

"But that's not business," she said, looking at me as though I were pretty stupid.

Shirley doesn't mind being at the studio while other children play. In fact, she doesn't know anything else. She cannot remember when she wasn't in pictures.

And even now, she is not quite sure what pictures mean. Although she has a lot of friends, she has no idea that she is known miles away from home. She has never seen herself on the screen. She is the only actress in Hollywood to use absolutely no make-up, and her complexion is the despair and envy of older actresses. Her skin seems to be covered with a fine, pink powder.

On the set, she is obedient but not docile. Her favorite actor is Jimmie Dunn, and sometimes they have quite formal dates, Jimmie calling for her in his car and taking her to see his mother. Whenever she can, she coaxes Jimmie to accompany her in a little tap routine which they made up. They do their practicing in a corner of the stage, away from the lights and cameras, and when they are called, Jimmie picks her up like a puppy under his arm, and dashes back with her.

She has an odd little face that crinkles and breaks up when she smiles. She has a knack of making people laugh, but when she tries consciously to be funny, her humor, like that of most five year olds, is pretty heavy. Her charm, really, is in her precious sense of rhythm, and in the way every thought floats up to take expression immediately in her face.

THERE are many prettier children in Hollywood. You can see rows of them, sitting with their mothers, in every casting office in Hollywood. Hair primly curled, and with something taut and sad in their little faces, as though they have looked at life too soon, they sit ready to spring upon the first important person they see.

"I love you, Mr. Goldwyn!" They lisp the rehearsed line with all the spontaneity of a train announcer.

Hollywood children, as such, are the worst behaved, the unhappiest, the least natural, and the most calculating of children all over the world. It's not their fault. Ambitious mothers stretch the kid's cuteness to the breaking point. And instill them with ambition beyond their years.

Luckily, Shirley has escaped this.

She is no more spoiled than any pretty little girl anywhere would be. She is neither forward nor shy. She is a conscientious little worker, trying to deliver her lines as well as possible in order to avoid the hurt expression that comes in the director's eyes when she muffs a scene. And, except for the ability to remember for twenty-four hours lines rehearsed the night before with her mother; she doesn't seem mentally precocious.

Shirley was born in Santa Monica, a beach town not far from Hollywood, in 1929. Her father is a bank manager. She has two older brothers, ready to take her down a peg if she ever shows signs of going Hollywood.

After loafing for her first three years, she started to work at Educational Studios, where she played leads in the "Baby Burlesk" series. She was seen by Jay Gorney, composer of the music for "Stand Up And Cheer!," in one of these comedies. He had been looking all over Hollywood for just her type. A little girl who could sing and dance and with a face more than just the inanimate prettiness of a doll.

She came through the test so well that she was immediately signed to a seven year contract. That'll make her twelve when it's finished. And if her plans are carried out, long before that she'll be a mother.

SHIRLEY has been kept busy almost every day since signing the Fox contract. So far, she's been in "Stand Up And Cheer!" "Baby Take A Bow," "Change of Heart" with Janet Gaynor, and "Little Miss Marker" for Paramount. She is going to be loaned to Paramount again to act with Gary Cooper in "Honor Bright."

There have been lots of famous little boys in pictures, but since Baby Peggy days, girls have been the step-children of movie luck. Shirley stands in a good way to break this time honored jinx.

Little Shirley, with a rhythm filled body and a face made for the camera, is on her way to big things.

Jackie Cooper is approaching senility. Baby Le Roy is no more than a handsome juvenile, cashing in on his youth. But Shirley Temple is an actress in the prime of life. And before you know it, she will be your favorite child actress.

So take a bow, Shirley. We're all for you.

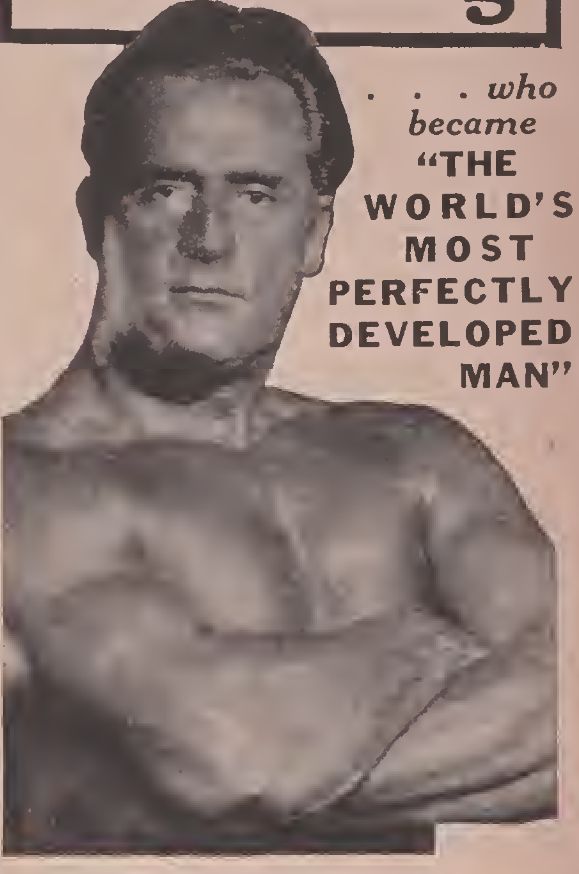
HOLLYWOOD JOTTINGS

THE old case of once a trouper, always a trouper applies to Charles Ray. Staging a comeback in the Paramount picture, "Ladies Should," Charlie literally had Cary Grant and Frances Drake screaming with laughter in his very first scene. He plays a dumb door man and most of his time between scenes was spent in receiving messages of good cheer from studio friends who dropped in on the set.

Now for the first time in screen history, Sylvia Sidney is baring her famous legs. Always refusing to pose in abbreviated costumes before, Sylvia is so intrigued with life at her new Malibu beach cottage, she has gone in for shorts and consented to pose for the cameraman.

Here's another one of your untold stories of Hollywood. Back in the good old days when Gary Cooper was struggling along as a cartoonist, he was forced to pawn an antique cameo ring, a gift of his father and mother. Every so often he would go to the pawn shop and gaze upon his prize possession in the window. Then one day it disappeared and by the time Gary had money to redeem it, all trace had been removed. Then Gary became a star. And his work in his latest picture, called for him to wear a ring of unusual type. Gary went to the men's wardrobe to pick one out and there in a basket of trinkets, came across his keepsake. Needless to say, it will never escape him again.

The 97-lb. Weakling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By CHARLES ATLAS

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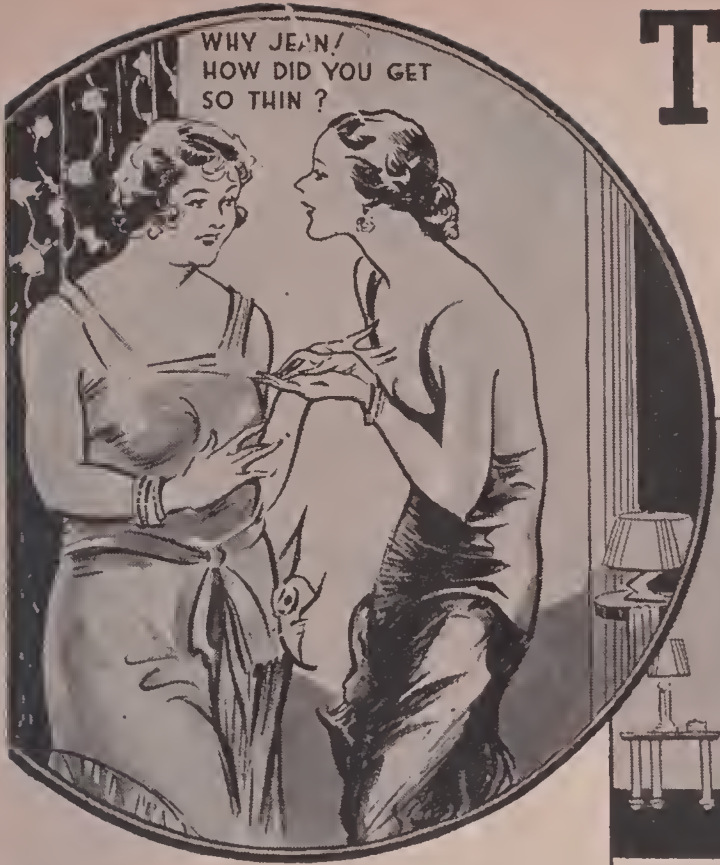
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MIRROR

Edited from Hollywood

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COVER PORTRAIT
Barbara Stanwyck
by A. Mozert

Joan Crawford was right pleased with the beautiful portrait of her by Alice Mozert on a recent issue of MOVIE MIRROR. She's one of our staunchest and most enthusiastic rooters!

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MIRIAM HOPKINS
in "She Loves Me Not"
with Kitty Carlisle · Lynne Overman
Henry Stephenson · George Barbier
Warren Hymer · Directed by Elliott Nugent

MIRIAM HOPKINS
as "Curley Flagg"

a CROSBY-CARLISLE duet

KITTY CARLISLE

PRINCETON

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SPEAK for YOURSELF

$20 PRIZE LETTER

Directors—Come Forward!

It flashes for an instant on the screen: "Directed by ——," a phrase scarcely noted, rarely remembered by movie fans, and yet. . . .

That delicate balance of comedy and pathos which made "It Happened One Night" such a harmonious characterization should be largely credited to the artistic appreciation of Frank Capra. Remember his "Lady for a Day."

Out of the huge jig saw puzzle of hundreds of tapping feet, temperamental artists, intricate scenes, crystallized the tuneful, twinkling "Wonder Bar." Lloyd Bacon patiently fitted each troublesome fragment into its proper place.

Imagination, dramatic poetry, a bit of continental charm, these were the tools with which Marion Gering fashioned "Thirty Day Princess."

Mae West is grand. She's good theatre, but the clever craftsmanship of Lowell Sherman gave vitality and color to that box-office breaker, "She Done Him Wrong."

With gay threads and drab, George Cukor wove the quaintly lovely tapestry which was "Little Women" yet Cukor it was, the versatile connoisseur, who jauntily served that spicy cocktail, "Dinner at Eight."

Vendors of romance all—so a glowing tribute and a glad thank you to the "man with the megaphone."

Eva L. Dunbar,
Oakland, Calif.

$10 PRIZE LETTER

You, Too, Author!

Old Damon Runyon has gone and done it again! Not content with having lashed all the movie scenarists to the mast with his unforgettable, "Lady for a Day" this inimitable Broadway scribe, aided and abetted by Menjou, Bickford, "Regret," "Bennie the Gouge," "Sunrise," and a smooth little doll by the name of Shirley Temple, has once more substantiated his superiority as a story teller with a profoundly moving tale about love and the good life on the wrong side of Park Avenue. "Little Miss Marker" is far and away the most hilariously amusing picture that has come my way since Adolphe Menjou laid them in the aisles with his magnificent performance as the cynical, blasphemous editor in "The Front Page." Of course the cinema ballyhoo boys, forever with an eye on the sentimentalism of the movie audiences, gave all the advance big billing to petite Shirley Temple, who in all fairness is a devastatingly provocative brat, but it's really the narrative that has the cash customers sighing sadly and waxing inarticulate with laughter.

Was Charles Bickford ever more virile and splendid; was Adolphe Menjou ever more blandly droll; could lovely, tragic, Dorothy Dell possibly have been more appealing or Lynne Overman more insolently amusing? Indeed Runyon's marvelous yarn motivated all of them to a point approaching perfection.

Stay with the cinema, Runyon, you have given the screen the most sparkling originality it has experienced in many moons!

Franklin Kennedy, Jr.
Byron, Illinois.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

Bit Players Do Their Bit

The lesser players in any production always interest me. The heartaches, and the months of waiting that many have endured before receiving even these small parts are reflected in their efforts to make the most of them. I like to see Nydia Westman receive a part. As the Swedish servant girl in "Little Women" and as "Corie" in "Two Alone," her work was exceptionally good. Another "bit" that was well done was in "Once to Every Woman"—the part of the young husband of the brain-case, whose name was not included in the list of players.

Harriet P. Jones,
Twin Falls, Idaho.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

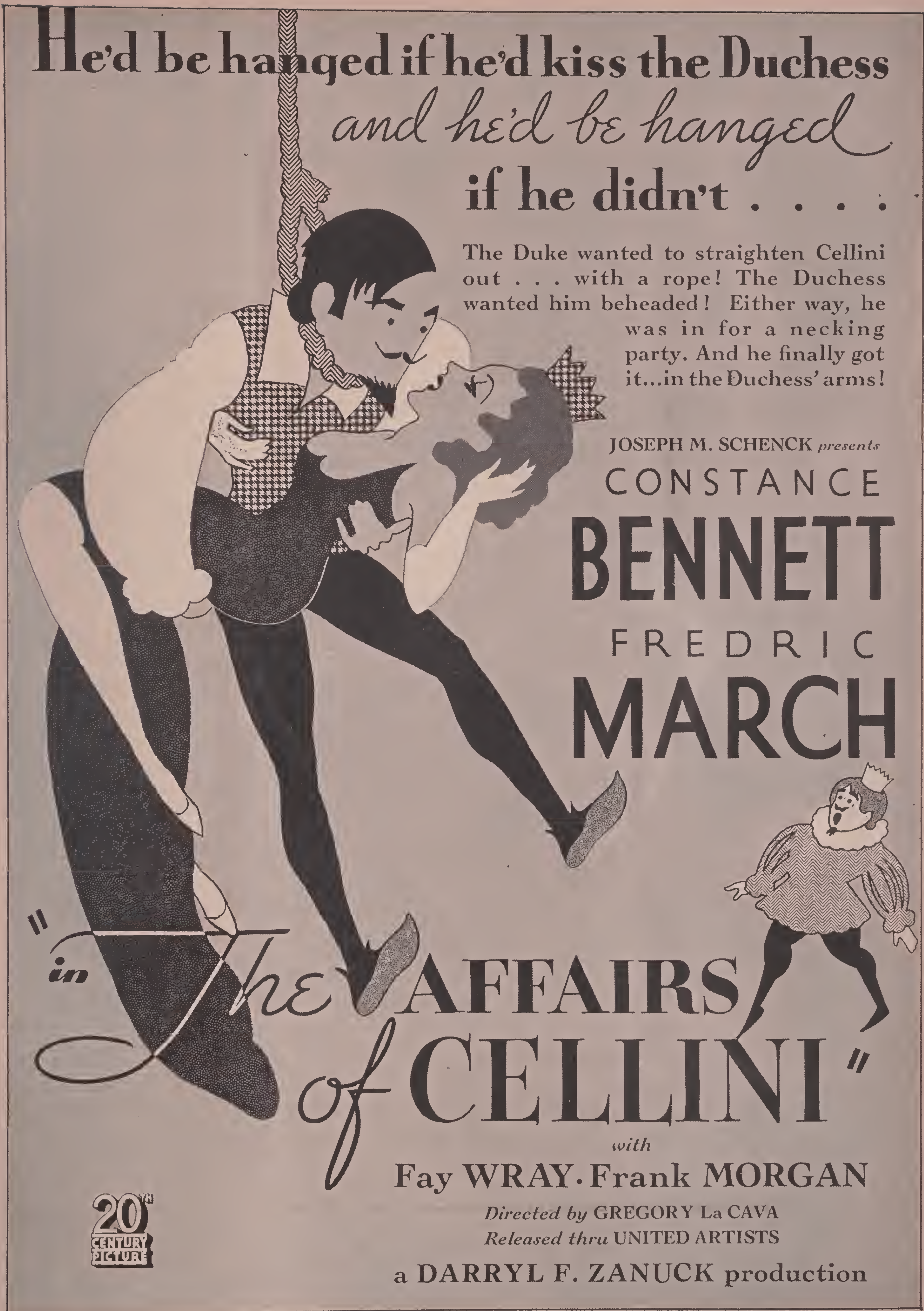
Audience, Take a Bow!

Surely, the test of the fineness of that unworldly "Death Takes a Holiday" is in the reaction of the people who watched it. At first, many in the audience feared a seizure of their emotions, and tried to withstand that seizure, and so broke into abrupt, muffled, hysterical little laughs—especially when the guests of the house party had gone upstairs, and the host, alone, felt the presence of the unseen thing.

Then as (*Continued on page* 85)

Neil Hamilton and Ann Sothern speak for themselves in this charming love scene from Columbia's "Blind Date."

Movie Mirror awards Seven Prizes each month for the best letters—$20 first prize; $10 second prize; five prizes of $1 each. Just write in what you think about talkies, stars or stories. Keep your letters down to 200 words or less. Address: "Speak for Yourself," 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.



He'd be hanged if he'd kiss the Duchess
and he'd be hanged
if he didn't . . . .

The Duke wanted to straighten Cellini out . . . with a rope! The Duchess wanted him beheaded! Either way, he was in for a necking party. And he finally got it...in the Duchess' arms!

JOSEPH M. SCHENCK *presents*
CONSTANCE
BENNETT
FREDRIC
MARCH
in "The AFFAIRS of CELLINI"
with
Fay WRAY · Frank MORGAN
Directed by GREGORY La CAVA
Released thru UNITED ARTISTS
a DARRYL F. ZANUCK production

20th CENTURY PICTURE

NORMA SHEARER

ADMITS HER FAULTS!

She reveals sixteen faults that would "drive me wild in any one else!"

by CAROLINE SOMERS HOYT

NORMA SHEARER admits instantly to sixteen faults.

"Probably I am like most of us," she says, "unaware of my most annoying characteristics but I know of sixteen faults of mine that would drive me wild in any one else."

It was a midsummer Saturday afternoon when she made this confession and we sat outside Norma's perfectly run home, facing the Pacific. It was an overcast day, warm and still, and the gulls wheeled slowly against the clouds, cawing endlessly.

All about us were evidences of the perfection of the Shearer existence. Her house lay quiet in the sun. There was not a chair out of place nor a single flower petal fallen to mar a mirrored furniture surface. The warmed, salt water in the swimming pool rippled evenly and only the sound of the little boy voice of Irving Thalberg, Jr., raised in play came to us occasionally.

Norma wore a coat and slacks of white corduroy and a blouse of scarlet jersey. The day before she had finished "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." Her work was done for a bit and she was relaxed and at ease. She was at home, on vacation, but none the less there wasn't a hair of her lovely head that was out of place nor the slightest trace of shine on her patrician nose.

I never get the sense so strongly from anyone in Hollywood as I do from Norma Shearer that she knows how to run her life. Her interest in her career is keen but she hasn't the slightest trace of that ambition which is like a fever to Joan Crawford. She is well acquainted with all the diplomacies of public relations, but she knows how to manage her publicity without being either a Garbo recluse or a Hepburn prima donna. She started with very little, not much background, practically no money, no beauty save a very fine nose, and a bad figure. She developed herself into a world-proclaimed beauty and one of its most chic women. Yet she honestly believes that her greatest fault is that she lacks character.

"I want so much to be liked," Norma says. "No one should care enough about what other people think to change their plans and ways, but I do and will. It's spineless but I'll go to any lengths to make people approve of me.

"Let's say someone does me a wrong. I'll make up my mind to snub her—it's always a her—the next time we meet. Then I'll encounter her at a party and what do I do? I beam! Faced with the situation I haven't the courage to be disagreeable.

"I'll take any path to avoid trouble because I hate scenes, and next to hating scenes the thing I hate most is making decisions. I never know my own mind. The way I act in any restaurant is enough to prove that.

"When Mr. Thalberg and I went on our honeymoon he got the first glimpse of what he has had to put up with ever since. We were sailing for Hawaii and on the ship's menu I beheld wild duck. I said I'd have some of that. Irving said I wouldn't like it, that it was roast duck I liked, not wild. I insisted, got the stuff, and loathed it. I ended by eating the roast beef Irving had ordered for himself. And right there is another of my faults. I always want what is on the other fellow's plate. I honestly believe that Irving now suggests that I order what he wants to eat, and that he orders for himself what he knows I'll eat. Certainly I am always chiseling off his plate. I am aware of how annoying this is, but I can't seem to stop.

"I procrastinate. How I procrastinate! It means, of course, that I never get my time properly organized. The other day when the President was to be on the air, I resolved to listen in to every word. But I also promised Irving, Jr., to read him a story.

"There was no reason why I couldn't have read the story at that moment and then have listened to the President but I kept fiddling around until about ten minutes before Mr. Roosevelt was to broadcast. I tried to read Irving's story then and rush it through, but I couldn't get away with it. So what finally happened was that during the time that I should have been listening to world problems I was sitting in the nursery discussing Snippy and Snappy."

An interruption came to our conversation then in the form of a secretary who wanted to know was Miss Shearer ordering the dress from Carnegie's and what about dinner. Miss Shearer said no to the dinner and yes to the dress. That was to be ordered by telegraph, a white evening affair designed just for her.

"I should hate to be one of my own servants," Norma said as she watched the girl out of sight. "I am so insistent about getting things done. I never let up until what I want done is accomplished. I can't relax until things are just so, but I don't give my servants the least help in accomplishing things. Usually, like today, I forget about dinner until mid-afternoon. Then I may cancel the meal or may want to bring home a dozen guests. And if I do bring home the guests I expect the dinner to be perfect. It usually is, too, but I deserve no credit for it.

"I do the same thing at the studio. I'll have a call for nine o'clock. I'll be late and keep on stalling around after I arrive so that when we start, we

(*Continued on page 72*)

The HIDDEN

by Ruth Waterbury

Our Editor—the First Writer to Penetrate the Secret Norma Shearer Set—Takes Us on an Exciting Backstage Visit

IN a dither of energy this month, I decided to visit the studios and see what Hidden Hollywood news I could gather. At least, that was my excuse to myself. The real truth is I wanted to see Clark Gable.

Envy me, fans. For I really can go down to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and see that man whenever I want to. I can always find my feet turning instinctively toward a Clark Gable set when he is working. In fact, I would have said nothing could keep me from a Gable set, but this month, somebody did.

It was Norma Shearer.

The M-G-M publicity department said to me generously, "You can go anywhere you like except on the Shearer set." And it is quite true that no one ever has seen the girl working.

I have a feeling that you never really see players except when they are at work. All too often in what is laughingly called their private life, they are very much—too much—like every-day mortals. But catch them in the studio, colorful with make-up and costumes, under the burning lights, in that strange atmosphere of paint and glamour, and you see in them that tension, that spark which lifts them above the crowd.

THE Metro lot was very busy the day I went there. The Crawford-Gable picture, "Untamed" was shooting. So, too, was "Paris Interlude," formerly "All Good Americans" with Bob Young, Madge Evans and Ted Healy; "The Merry Widow" with Chevalier, Jeanette MacDonald, Minna Gombell and thousands of bit players; "Student Tour" with Jimmy Durante, that new discovery, Phil Regan and Charlie Butterworth; and finally, triumphantly, invulnerably, "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," with Shearer, Charles Laughton, Freddie March and Maureen O'Sullivan.

THE first set I came across was "Paris Interlude." The scene is laid in Paris and the set was one of those very French saloons, *bistrots* they call them, which visiting Americans used to inhabit until the dollar began nosediving. Ted Healy plays the bartender and Madgie Evans was in the scene, all done up in blue satin and black velvet, as a very lovelorn girl.

The scene was Ted's. All Madge had to do was huddle in a corner and look wretched. Ted had to tell the mob at the bar, "She's sat in that corner every night for years, waiting for him to come in. Now he's had his last drink. Too bad, ain't it?"

The scene wasn't easy. The mob at the bar had to keep shifting. Ted had to remember to mix a drink. A man had to enter. They couldn't get all the action synchronized and Ted kept blowing up in his lines.

Bob Young came tiptoe-ing over to where I sat, hidden behind the camera. He had a small, very neat package with him and it turned out to be his lunch.

"My wife puts it up for me every day," he explained, beaming.

I think you could ask Bob what he thought of voodoo in the South Seas, and somehow it would lead him to talk of his wife and baby. He has exactly three interests in life, his wife, his baby, and his work. It will probably astonish him to be called an artist, but I believe he is. Of all the young actors in Hollywood, to me, he is the most sincere. He labors over parts thoughtfully and conscientiously.

Thus he was very hurt when fans wrote in to him that he was too sloppy in "Carolina." He thought that boy would be a sloppy young man and he dressed him accordingly.

Now he says, "I guess I've got to be clean shaven and in a Watson suit (Watson is the tailor to most of the men stars) whether I am playing a poor newspaper man, as I am in this, or a young millionaire." He is silent for a minute and then adds, "Still I think the public appreciates what you're trying for every once in a while, don't you?"

The director called him before I could answer and I slipped away to visit the "Merry Widow."

Lubitsch creates gaiety wherever he goes. I don't know how much of a success "The Merry Widow" will be when it is finished but watch it on the set and you are enchanted. The very settings have a glamorous, dreamy quality. There is a bedroom for Jeanette MacDonald all of white satin, white satin bed, white satin sheets, white satin hangings. And MacDonald with her red, red hair! There is the Maxim's set in the 1880's, all scarlet and gold. (Harold Grieve, the decorator, says Lubitsch likes any color so long as it's red.) The scene I watched was done in grays and blacks, however, like something out of a Parisian drawing book. It was a street, lined with hansom cabs, black cabs with fat, brown horses, gray houses, and walking along the side-

HOLLYWOOD

walks women in the high pompadours and spreading skirts of the period.

The scene was Chevalier's and Minna Gombell's. Chevalier had to ride into the scene surrounded by girls and laughingly enter the café. Minna had to walk into the scene surrounded by men and laughingly leave the café. Try laughing on order twenty or thirty times and see how good you are at it.

You will see a new Minna Gombell in this. She is wearing a black wig and it makes her face charmingly seductive. She is pathetically pleased over the chance Lubitsch is giving her to break away from the hard-boiled lass she played in "Bad Girl" and has had to play ever since. Chevalier is Chevalier. Either you like him or you don't. Personally I'll take Shirley Temple.

Scenes with crowds never go easily. Handling the excited horses was difficult enough, and Lubitsch had to cajole the bit players out of trying to give their all to the camera.

Suddenly, at the back of the set, there was a stir. The air was tense, for there, looking on, stood Norma Shearer in full costume.

On another page of this magazine you will see where Norma confesses she is a flirt. It is quite true. She flirted that day. Her clear, blue eyes, which somehow have a white light over them, like the white tone that touches star sapphires, fell first on Lubitsch. He stopped directing. They turned next to Chevalier, and he stopped acting. Both men rushed eagerly toward her. Even if she hadn't been Norma Shearer, even if she had not possessed the double magnetism in that studio of being Mrs. Irving Thalberg, those men would have rushed to her. For she was surpassingly beautiful as she stood there in the regal velvets of Elizabeth Barrett's, conscious of her loveliness and power. The other women on the set could have been so many door knobs for all they mattered.

What Lubitsch and Chevalier said to her I'll never know but from their expressions and Norma's laughter it was easy enough to guess the kind of bubbling nonsense it was. All work stopped for minutes. Then the horses began to paw the floor of the stage. The spell was broken. Lubitsch sighed. The lights sputtered into action. Chevalier moved reluctantly away. Norma turned and saw me.

"What are you doing here?" she asked. "Why don't you come over on my set?"

"Now?" I said,

(*Continued on page 79*)

The top picture shows the scene between Chevalier and Minna Gombell in "The Merry Widow" the shooting of which is fascinatingly described in this story. The picture just above, showing Otto Kruger, Madge Evans, Ted Healy and Bob Young is from "Paris Interlude."

INSIDE

LAST MINUTE NEWS: **Sidney Fox** says good-bye to Hollywood again. She goes to New York to do a play for her husband **Charles Beahan,** who is now Eastern story editor for Samuel Goldwyn.

Glenda Farrell fooled the gossips when she dashed to New York. They thought she was going there to meet **Robert Riskin,** who is returning from Russia. Instead Glenda kept dates at all the late spots with an old flame, **Ronny Simon.**

At last **Phillips Holmes** is back to his old romantic self. After a series of morbid dramas that threatened to engulf him, Phil plays a young, romantic lover in "Million Dollar Ransom." And **Florence Rice** who has been the only girl in Phil's life, has come out to make her home in Hollywood and they are still devoted.

Mae Clarke is convalescing from a nervous breakdown in a private rest home.

During the brief time she has been in Hollywood **Josephine Hutchinson,** who comes to the talkies direct from the Eva Le Gallienne Repertoire Company, has been seen here and there with her agent, **Jimmy Townsend.**

Margaret Lindsay has admitted there is a wealthy boy friend in the East, but she is guarding his name from public print.

Helen Tremholm, a new Warner Brother discovery, is being taken places by **Gordon Westcott.**

Edward G. Robinson checks in at Columbia for "Jailbreakers." It is his first assignment on his vacation from Warner's.

After twenty-one years on the screen as a heavy, **Alan Hale** emerges as a light comedian. He plays a light role in "Imitation of Life" for Universal.

Things weren't so friendly between **Florine McKinney** and **Maxine Doyle** on the "Student Tour" location. Things got so bad, ladies sharing the same dressing room finally had to be separated.

Evidently it pays to makeup. **Dot Pondele,** makeup woman for **West, Dietrich** and **Lombard** had a housewarming. Marlene furnished most of the place, with the other stars making elaborate contributions. What's more they came to the housewarming, Carole bringing **Russ Columbo.**

Phil Regan is burning the long distance New York wires to the girl he left behind him when he set out for Hollywood. Now that he's making good he may send for her.

It looks like a real romance between **Ida Lupino** and **Henry Wadsworth.**

It's **Henry Wilcoxon** and **Mona Maris** who are facing each other at dinner time in the Hollywood restaurants.

Verree Teasdale has gone to the mountains to recover from her recent attack of influenza. She and **Adolphe Menjou** plan to be married the last of August and will stop in New York long enough for Adolphe to meet Verree's mama.

Genevieve Tobin had checked in at Warners after returning from Europe. She is still engaged to **Felix Chapellet.**

Phillip Reed does not have any heart interests, but says that **Margaret**

Left, Arline Judge and hubby Wesley Ruggles with their baby in the new Ruggles swimming pool.

STUFF

by

PETER ABBOTT

with Photographs

by

HYMAN FINK

Lindsay and **Elissa Landi** are the two women in Hollywood who are intellectual and give inspiring friendship.

Bill Haines is returning to the movies. His picture will be "Young and Beautiful" with the 13 Wampus stars. His brother George and pals Larry Sullivan and Mid Foster will carry on the interior decorating business.

With her husband **Ham Nelson** playing at the Colony Club and her fight with Warners a victory, **Bette Davis** is happily going back to work again. And after her swell performance in "Of Human Bondage" she deserves to be happy.

Right, Eddie Cantor and Ethel Merman clowning at the Biltmore Bowl benefit for Marion Davies' clinic. And can they clown!

A grand exclusive shot of James Gleason's house party: starting on the other page, Russell Gleason, Walter Connolly, Bob Montgomery, Ralph Morgan, Reginald Denny, Stu Erwin, Fred March, Otto Kruger and the host.

INSIDE STUFF

(Continued)

Left, Arline Judge, Peggy Shannon, Randy Scott and Wynne Gibson. Wynne gave a house-cleaning party, her guests actually helped clean house and then had such a swell time they left it worse than before!

Isn't Mrs. Gable smartly groomed! She always is. Below she's shown with Clark at the Biltmore Bowl benefit for Marion Davies' clinic. The other picture shows Mary Pickford at the same event, accompanied by Gwynne Pickford, her adopted niece. Mary's in red velvet —and looking very lovely in it, too.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE was the guest of honor at the Breakfast Club, a group of Los Angeles business men who meet at eight o'clock every Wednesday morning to eat ham and eggs.

Shirley was asked to perform. She decided that a dance was the best she could give at that hour so a board was found and placed on the stage. Shirley stepped on the board and was ready for a tap dance. She nodded to the orchestra and was off in a cloud of dust.

But she stopped as suddenly as she had begun. She looked out over the audience, found a familiar face and shouted, "Ma, you brought the wrong music!"

* * *

JESSIE RALPH, the character actress, is a great favorite of Anna Sten, She played in "Nana" with Sten and Anna asked for her again for "We Live Again." Jessie wears no make-up in this Russian drama. The company was working on location and Jessie got a terrific sunburn. When she came on the set the morning after, her face was the color of raw liver and her eyes were so swollen that she could hardly see. Anna looked at poor Jessie and went into gales of laughter. She patted Jessie on the cheek and said, "You look just like a little ripe tomato."

* * *

JIMMY DURANTE is playing one of the principal parts in "Student Tour" at M-G-M. There was a masquerade on shipboard in the picture and Jimmy was dressed in a costume such as only a Durante could unearth.

He was sitting on the sidelines keeping his nose out of the wind when a girl came up to him and said, "Jimmy, do you know whose shoes those are that you are wearing?"

Jimmy looked down at his far from dainty dogs wrapped in a pair of square-heeled and steel-buckled shoes and said, "No, whose are they?"

The girl answered, "Those were worn by Garbo in "Queen Christina."

Now he and Garbo have even more in common.

* * *

TEMPERAMENTAL DEPARTMENT

Grace Moore, the opera star, finished her picture "One Night of Love" in a burst of fireworks that came close to topping the old days when Gloria Swanson threw all of

All's Noisy on the Western Front! They've been pals since "All Quiet." They're Ben Alexander, Billy Bakewell, Lew Ayres and Russell Gleason. The chances are that if you see one of 'em anywhere you'll see the other three, too.

Below, Hyman Fink caught Carole Lombard and Russ Columbo at the Biltmore Bowl. Is it serious, Carole? In the picture at the bottom of the page we show you the cutest pair you can see around Hollywood—Jackie Coogan and Toby Wing at the Santa Monica Beach Club. They also go Brown-Derbying together

her shoes out of her studio bungalow window because she didn't like a pair of heels. (We are speaking of shoes, not personalities).

La Moore has the advantage of the ordinary actresses though—she can yell higher. And on top of that she sprinkles French words amongst the English to further muddle Columbia.

La Diva Moore will take a nose dive unless she changes her antics. Many of the old-timers have learned that lesson too late.

* * *

CHARITY begins at home. At the Film Stars' Frolic, Wanda, Hollywood's most popular palm reader, was a very busy seer. Futures change so quickly in this town that it is almost necessary to go once a week.

The Sultan and Sultana of Johore were among the guests at the Frolic and the Sultana expressed the wish to have her fortune told. Royalty doesn't ask—it expresses a wish it seems. But there was a line waiting to get at Wanda. The Sultana was told that she must wait her turn. But it also seems that Royalty doesn't wait.

Aides bustled and servants bit their fingernails while the Sultana expressed displeasure. But as the Frolic was given for charity, it was decided that Hollywood money was as good as Royal Dough.

The Sultana left without even the slightest peep into the future.

* * *

Did you see the picture of Douglas Fairbanks Sr., with the monocle? He announced that he wears it for reading and not for swank. But why just one glass? Is Don Juan so busy that he plans to read only half of Anthony Adverse or does he read twice as fast as we other bi-glazed bipeds?

You figure it out.

* * *

IF you decide to cross the continent, don't go to Alice Faye for suggestions as to a traveling suit. Alice appeared at the train en route to New York in a bright red silk suit topped by a white hat and finished by white shoes and white gauntlets. She looked very fetching in this but it hardly was congruous for traveling. How Alice looked by the time the train had plowed through the desert is something to ponder upon.

INSIDE STUFF

(Continued)

Jae E. Brown gave a graduating party for his son, Dan Evan Brawn, and Dan's fiancee, Mary Cobb, at the Ambassador Grove. And what added to the excitement of leaving high school days behind was the fact that it was sort of a betrothal party for the two kids!

A happy couple seen together at the Grove in the Ambassadar Hotel. Of course, we don't have to tell you that they're Laretta Yaung and Spencer Tracy. Loretta has recently been ill but she's fully recovered now, much to Spencer's relief.

Hyman Fink went to the Emanuel Cahen party and managed to snatch the swell shot at the left: Mae West and Francis Lederer.

HENRY WILCOXON who plays Marc Antony in Cecil B. De Mille's "Cleopatra" has great sympathy for Humpty Dumpty. For walls were made to sit under and not on.

Wilcoxon was making his last scene in the picture. He was pacing the wall, defying the Romans to come and fight. Cleo and her gang had given him the air, to use the ancient Egyptian phrasing, and he was alone in his tunic.

He was at his most vehement when his foot slipped and over went Henry. It was a sixteen foot wall but luckily he caught the edge with his hands or he would have been as scrambled as his contemporary Humpty. The Romans were too far away to help him and Cleo had long left the place. So with great scraping of the knees, Henry got himself back on the top of the wall. He started the come-on game all over. But the remainder of the scene lacked the fire that Cleopatra was supposed to have kindled.

* * *

SAMUEL GOLDWYN is discarding the title "Resurrection" for Anna Sten's next starring picture. He has asked for suggestions which will give the picture a forecast of lightness instead of the heavy gloom of the original title.

May we suggest "Russian Scandals"? A couple of dance numbers by the Goldwyn girls in ermine scanties and a song entitled "Shuffle off to the Mines" should also help to lighten Siberia. As it now stands, though, the picture is to be called "We Live Again." Again—and again! Well, that certainly adds life to it.

DOROTHY MACKAILL acquired a new maid along with her divorce from Neil Miller. Dorothy would leave for the studio in the morning and leave a note as to what she wanted the maid to do that day. But things were never done.

After a couple of weeks of this, Dorothy had a very important errand for the Swedish Whiz to do and left the note in a prominent place. When she got home, she found that the errand had not been done.

She called the maid and said, "Why didn't you get the dress from Magnin's? Didn't you get the note that I left?"

A smile of relief spread on the face of the Nordic. "Ja, Miss Mackaill, I get it." Dorothy expected to see the dress materialize but instead, the maid returned with the entire sheaf of past notes.

She gave them to Dorothy and said, "Here they are Miss Mackaill, now you can tell me what's in dem. I can't read."

* * *

FLORENCE DESMOND'S favorite memory of Hollywood concerns a party given by one of our most prominent bachelors. He received his guests by his swimming pool and as each extremely well-dressed lady shook his hand, he turned (*Continued on page* 74)

$1,000.00

IN CASH PRIZES FOR MOVIE MIRROR READERS

ENTER THE GREAT "STAR" CONTEST

YOU STILL CAN WIN!

HERE is the second set of pictures in MOVIE MIRROR'S interesting contest. If you entered this test of your knowledge of motion picture personalities last month you need no further information. If, however, you are a new reader of MOVIE MIRROR and did not get started in the game last month here are some helpful suggestions. Read the rules carefully. Guided by them, do this month's section of the contest. Then ask for the first set of picture composites. Send your request to the contest address given in Rule 6. A reprint of the first month's composites will be mailed to you gratis without delay. Solve these and you will be on even terms with the field. Your chance to win one of the worth while cash prizes in this contest is still excellent. Get busy today, if you have not already entered, and prepare your claim for an award.

THE PRIZES

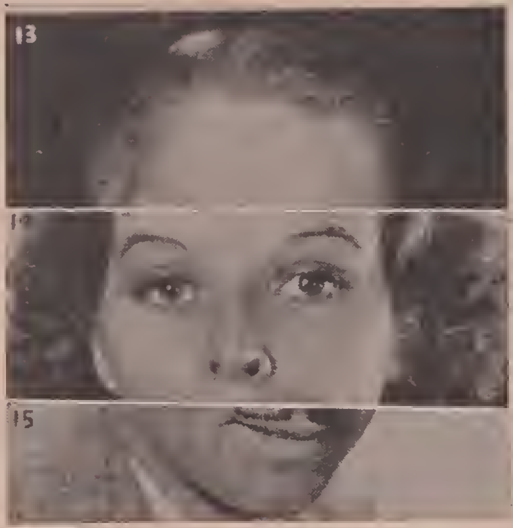
First Prize	$400.00
Second Prize	150.00
Third Prize	50.00
Ten Prizes, *Each* $10.00	100.00
Twenty Prizes, *Each* $5.00	100.00
100 Prizes, *Each* $2.00	200.00

Total 133 Prizes, $1,000.00

THE RULES

1. Each month for three months MOVIE MIRROR will publish a set of composite pictures of well-known screen personalities.
2. Each set of composites, when cut apart and correctly assembled will make four complete portraits. To compete, simply assemble the portraits and identify them.
3. For the nearest correctly assembled, named, and neatest complete sets of twelve portraits MOVIE MIRROR will award $1,000.00 in cash prizes according to the prize schedule herewith. In case of ties duplicate awards will be paid.
4. Do not send in incomplete sets. Wait until you have all twelve portraits.
5. Below each portrait write the name of the person it represents.
6. When your entry is complete, send it by First Class Mail to GREAT "STARS" CONTEST, MOVIE MIRROR, P.O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department. Make sure your name and address are plainly marked.
7. No contestant shall be entitled to more than one award. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.
8. Accuracy will count. Neatness will count. Elaborateness is unnecessary. Simplicity is best. No entries will be returned.
9. All entries must be received on or before Monday, October 15, 1934, the closing date of this contest. The judges will be the contest board of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

SET No. 2



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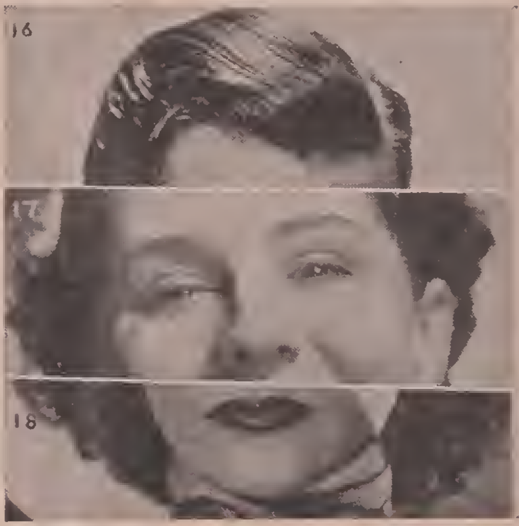

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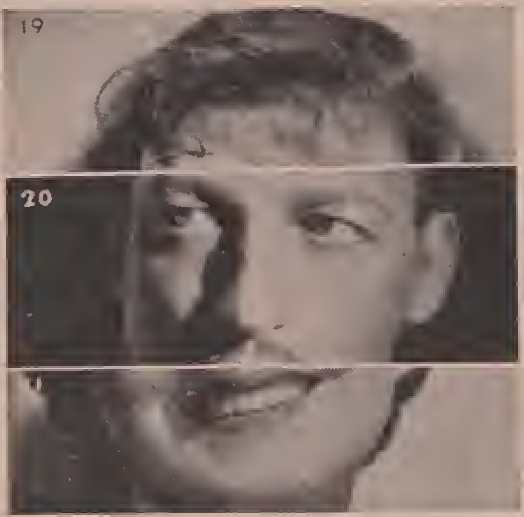

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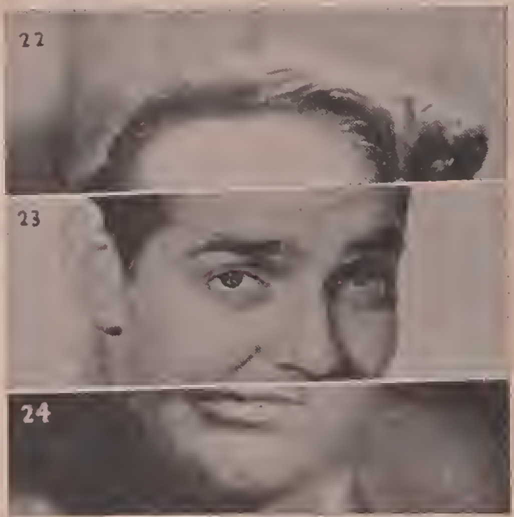

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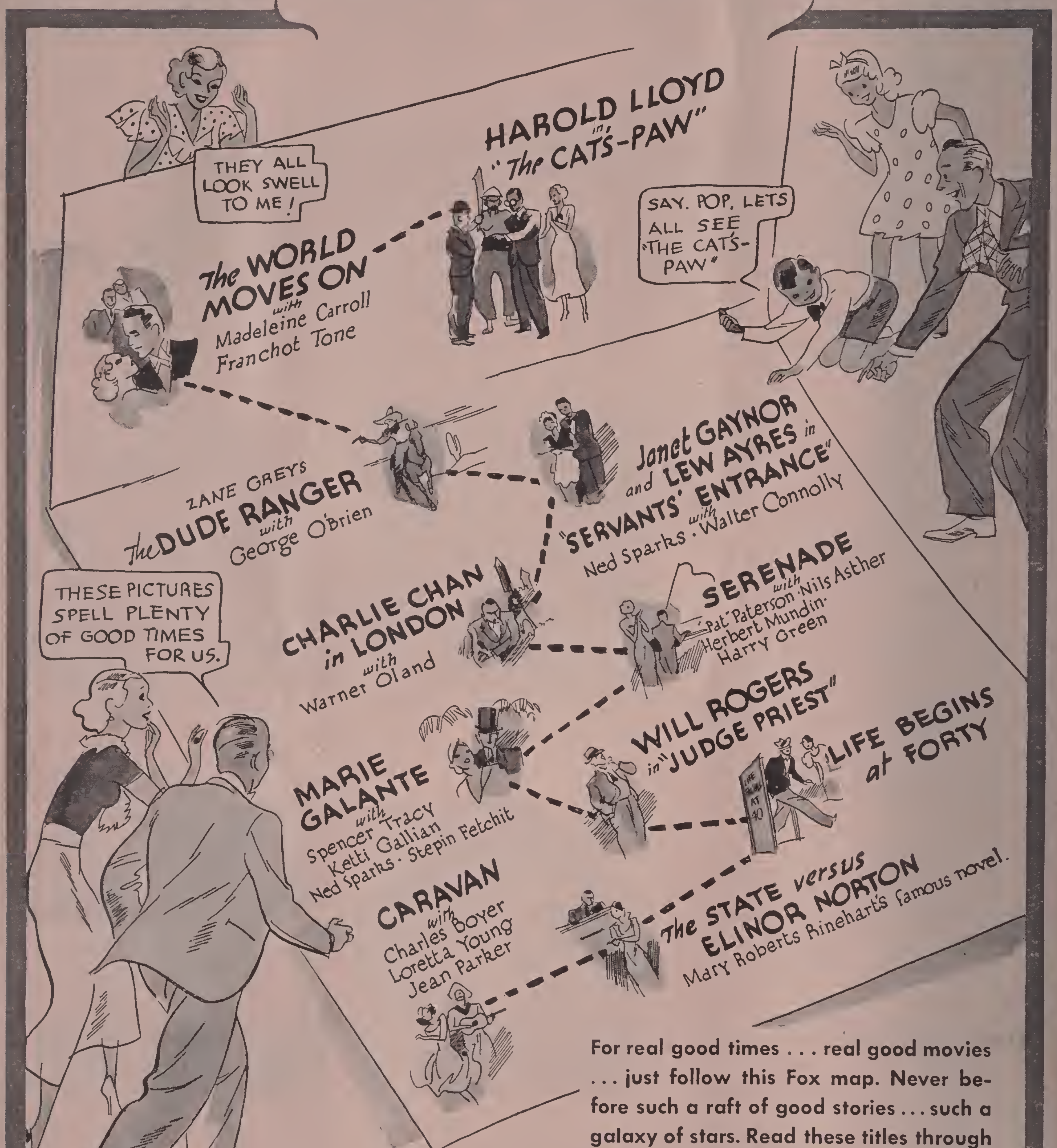
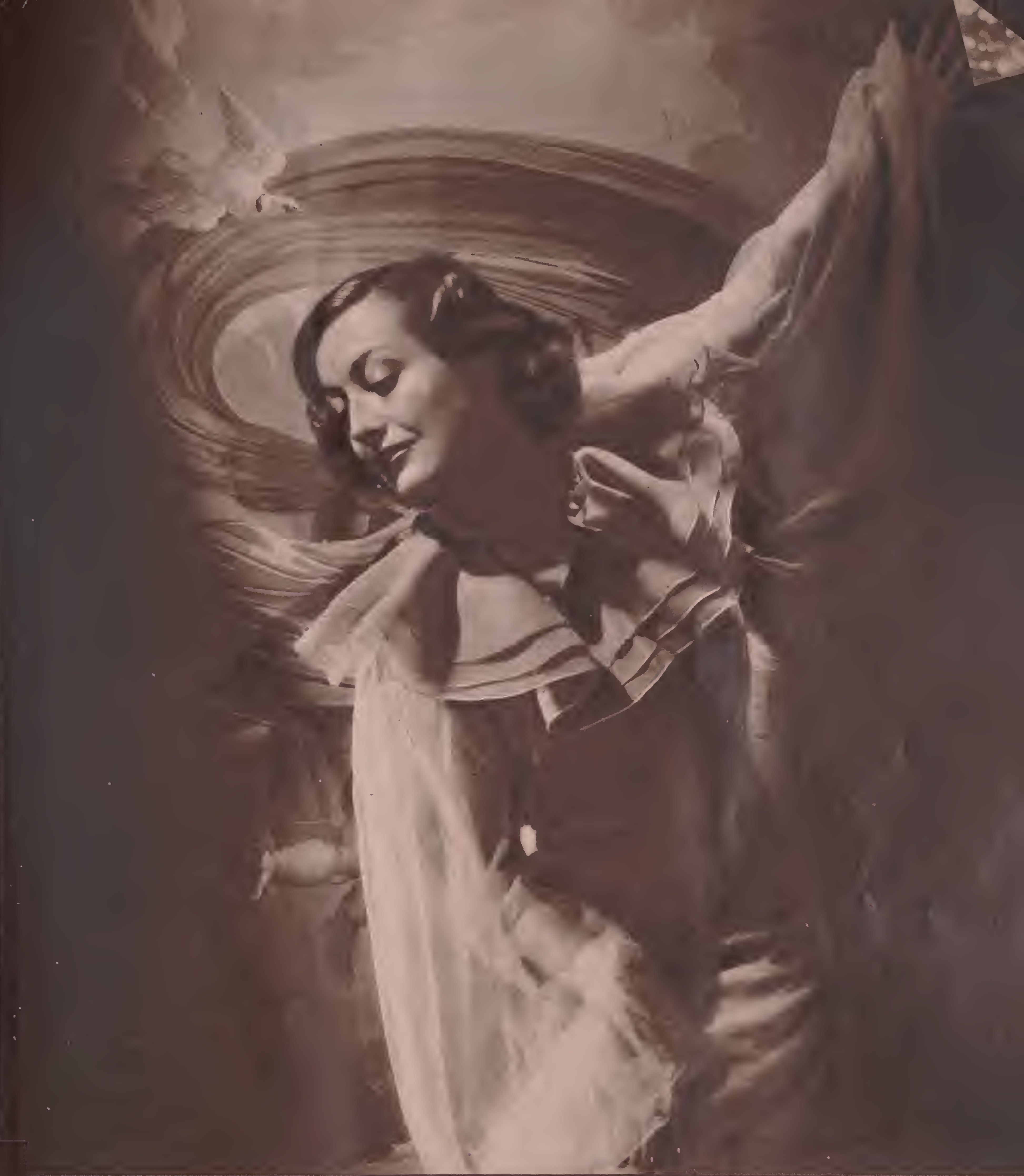
WATCH FOR THE FINAL SET NO. 3 NEXT MONTH

Here's your Entertainment map for the new season


THEY ALL LOOK SWELL TO ME!
HAROLD LLOYD in "The CAT'S-PAW"
SAY, POP, LETS ALL SEE "THE CAT'S-PAW"
The WORLD MOVES ON with Madeleine Carroll Franchot Tone
ZANE GREY'S The DUDE RANGER with George O'Brien
Janet GAYNOR and LEW AYRES in "SERVANTS' ENTRANCE" with Ned Sparks · Walter Connolly
THESE PICTURES SPELL PLENTY OF GOOD TIMES FOR US.
CHARLIE CHAN in LONDON with Warner Oland
SERENADE with "Pat" Paterson · Nils Asther · Herbert Mundin · Harry Green
MARIE GALANTE with Spencer Tracy · Ketti Gallian · Ned Sparks · Stepin Fetchit
WILL ROGERS in "JUDGE PRIEST"
LIFE BEGINS at FORTY
LIFE BEGINS AT 40
CARAVAN with Charles Boyer Loretta Young Jean Parker
The STATE versus ELINOR NORTON
Mary Roberts Rinehart's famous novel.

For real good times . . . real good movies . . . just follow this Fox map. Never before such a raft of good stories . . . such a galaxy of stars. Read these titles through again . . . watch out for them at your favorite theatre. Every one's a winner . . . pictures no movie fan wants to miss.

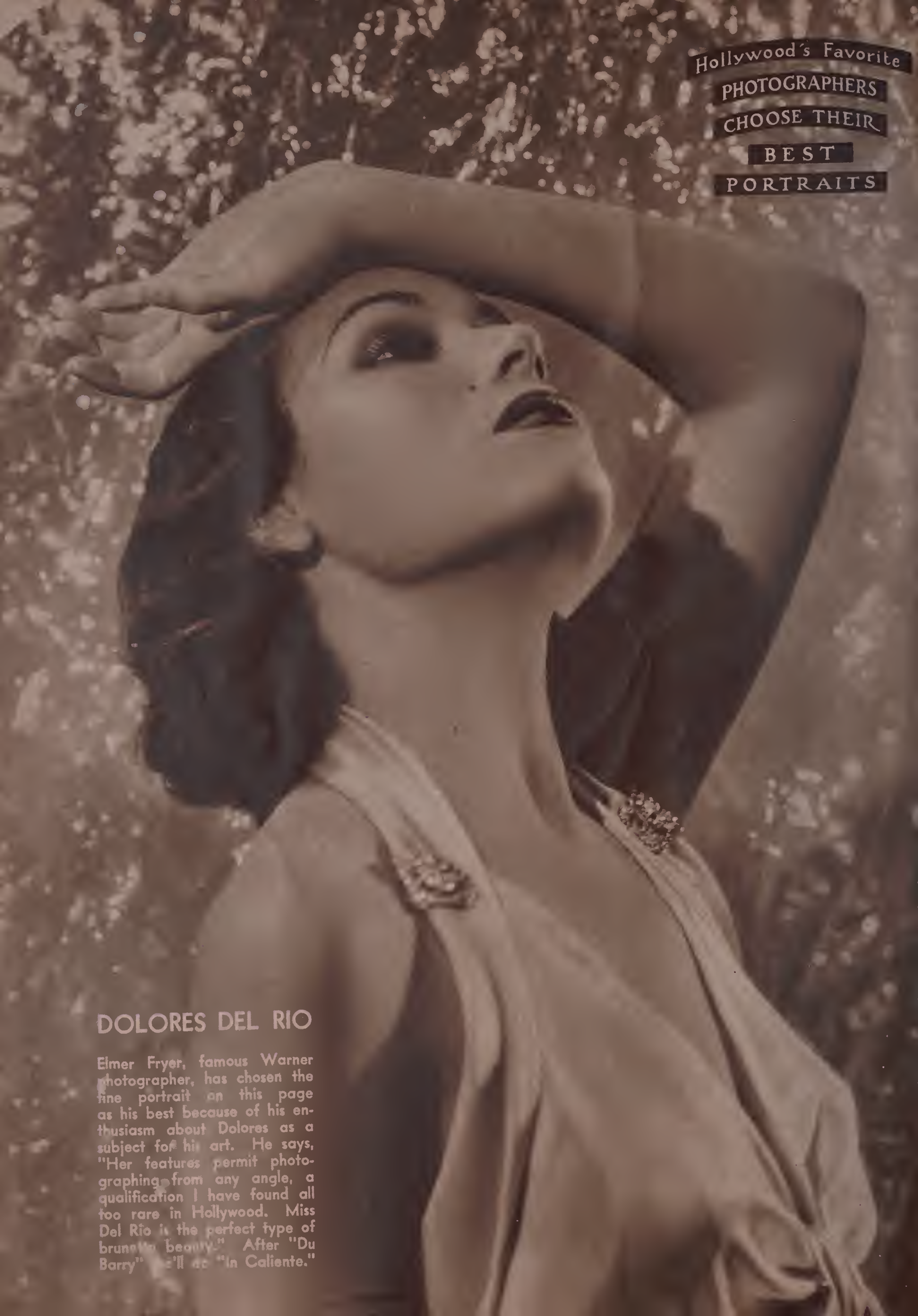
FOX



Hollywood's Favorite Photographers Choose Their Best Portraits

MOVIE MIRROR is proud to present the grand series of portraits on this and the following pages. They represent the finest photography in Hollywood! This lovely picture of Joan Crawford was made by George Hurrell, famous M-G-M photographer. He gave as his reasons for choosing it: "I think it is unusual in effect, dramatic in expression and artistic as a study. It reveals the inner beauty of her grace and charm. To me, it might well illustrate a poem of Byron's." He adds: "Of course I always find the 'best shot' in the 'last' sitting. In constantly trying for something different I find that each new sitting invariably has something better than the previous one." Joan is to be seen next in "Chained" opposite Clark Gable. Just another link in the chain that holds her to our hearts!

Hollywood's Favorite PHOTOGRAPHERS CHOOSE THEIR BEST PORTRAITS



DOLORES DEL RIO

Elmer Fryer, famous Warner photographer, has chosen the fine portrait on this page as his best because of his enthusiasm about Dolores as a subject for his art. He says, "Her features permit photographing from any angle, a qualification I have found all too rare in Hollywood. Miss Del Rio is the perfect type of brunette beauty." After "Du Barry" she'll do "In Caliente."

WARNER BROS.' "GOLD DIGGERS" FOR 1934!

"DAMES"

With 14 Noted Stars Including

RUBY KEELER • DICK POWELL

JOAN BLONDELL • ZASU PITTS

GUY KIBBEE • HUGH HERBERT

And Hundreds of Glorious Busby Berkeley Beauties

★

Directed by **RAY ENRIGHT** of "20 Million Sweethearts" Fame

★

Sumptuous Musical Presentations Created and Arranged by **BUSBY BERKELEY**

★

Five New Song Successes by WARREN & DUBIN • KAHAL & FAIN • WRUBEL & DIXON

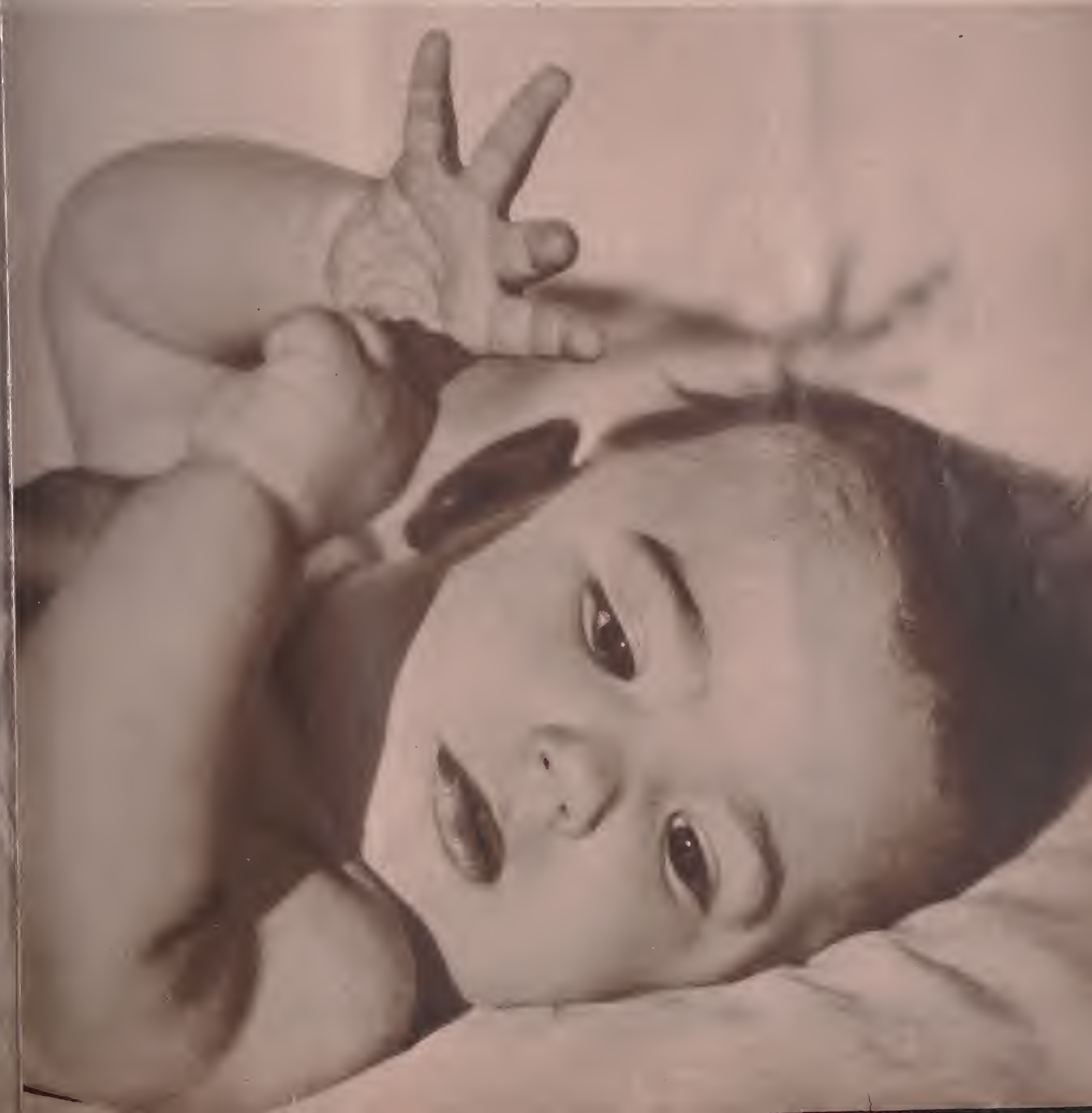
Hollywood's Favorite PHOTOGRAPHERS CHOOSE THEIR BEST PORTRAITS

LORETTA YOUNG

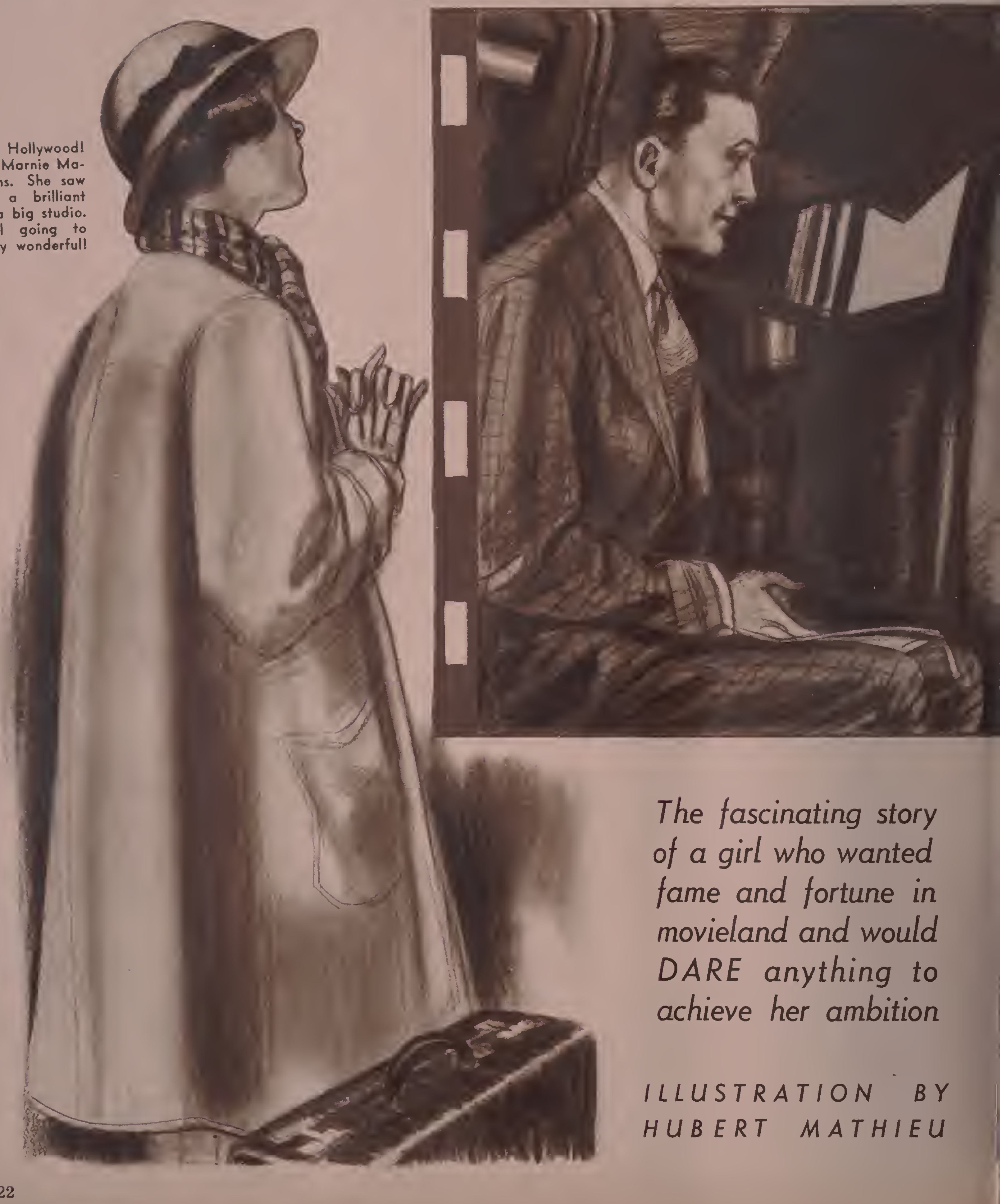
The exquisite portrait on the opposite page was made by Otto Dyar, who is the Fox studio photographer. He said the following about it: "The spontaneity of pose, the charm of Miss Young's expression, the blending of shades produced by careful and studied lighting, and the general composition of the portrait, lead me to the conclusion that this is an example of my best and most significant portraiture."

JOAN RAE BACHRACH

A star in the making! Ernest Bachrach, who poses the RKO players said: "The perfect subject—MINE!" He gave other reasons for selecting this portrait of his daughter as his best: "This shot can never be repeated; it's elusive and unself-conscious; it shows graceful handling of what is generally considered a difficult subject; the modeling, texture and detail are harmoniously rendered; last: it required no retouching!"



Hollywood

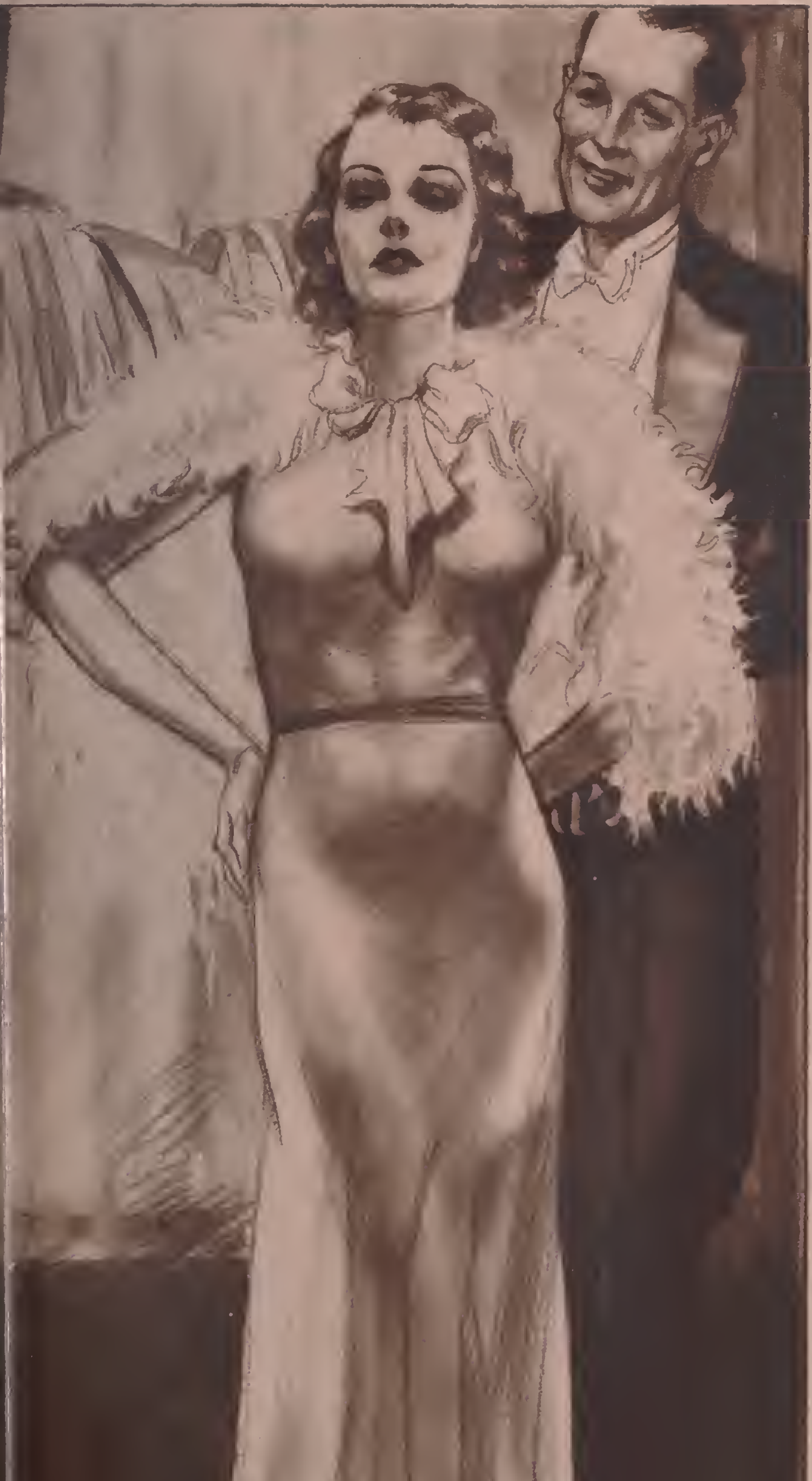


So this was Hollywood! The city of Marnie Mason's dreams. She saw herself as a brilliant success in a big studio. It was all going to be perfectly wonderful!

The fascinating story of a girl who wanted fame and fortune in movieland and would DARE anything to achieve her ambition

ILLUSTRATION BY HUBERT MATHIEU

CHEAT



by NELL MARTIN

(Author of "Lord Byron of Broadway")

THE truck stopped at the corner of Hollywood Boulevard and Highland Avenue. It was a big red truck with Bartin Transfer Company painted in gold letters in a half circle on each side. The seat was high up in front. The driver was a cherubic-countenanced person in dirty khaki coveralls and the visor of his cap was screwed clear around over his left ear. But his smile was in the right place as he sat back and beamed on the pretty girl who prepared to get down from the seat beside him.

"Well, here y'are, sister," he said. "Sorry you ain't going on up to Frisco. It's a long lonesome haul. But you said Hollywood and here you are."

Marnie Mason got down on the step and reached back for her suitcase. She took the other step and put the suitcase on the curbstone, then turned back to the truck driver.

"Well, I sure thank you. You've been swell to me. But I can hardly believe I'm here at last."

"You sure are," he said jovially. "And from what you said, I don't think you've been so long on the way. Eight days for hitch-hikin' all the way from Webb City, Missoury, ain't so bad. If you git into the movies as fast as you got across the country with that suitcase, you'll do all right."

"If the movie people are as kind as the people who gave me rides, I'm sure I will," Marnie told him. "And thanks again."

"O. K., sister," said the driver. He slammed in his gears, turned to the right and started up Highland toward Cahuenga Pass and the Northern Boulevard. Marnie stood on the corner for a minute, looking about her.

So this was Hollywood! The city of her dreams. Ever since the first travelling salesman stopped at the fountain in Gerber's drug store and said: "Do my eyes deceive me, or what is Helen Hayes doing in Webb City!" she had had a secret yearning to try her fortune in this land of celluloid royalty and glittering romance. She had devoured every word in all the movie magazines in the racks at the drug store. She knew just how all the stars got their start. Many of them had been in walks of life no higher than a soda fountain girl before fate, through a director's eye or a beauty contest, smiled on them.

Until now it had been pretty hopeless. For several reasons. Three small Masons had to be looked after and smacked on their way to school every morning, papa was a helpless if earnest little soul and he wouldn't know how to get along, no director ever came to Webb City for his ice cream sodas, and the only beauty contest held in that part of Missouri had been won by a

Kansas City girl, no doubt due to the fact that Marnie hadn't dared to send in her picture.

Not that Marnie thought that. Just her friends did. Marnie never thought she was beautiful. But sometimes, standing in front of her mirror after the kids were in bed so they couldn't catch her at it, she would close her eyes and then open them suddenly the way Helen Hayes did in "Another Language," and admit that she *did* look like her. And she just knew she could act. All she needed was a chance.

Then suddenly three weeks ago things had changed. Papa incredibly decided to end his widowerhood and marry Miss Ethel Parks. Miss Ethel was just sweet. Marnie and the kids were tickled to death. And then after the night Marnie saw Daisy Cantrall in a movie—Daisy Cantrall, from Webb City!—it just seemed fate! Miss Ethel thought so too. So, with the kids taken care of, and papa's raise, Marnie's money from the drug store wasn't so important. Marnie was to have her chance. Hitch-hiking hadn't been whole-heartedly approved, but then the Abotts said they were driving as far as Denver, and would be glad to take her. Besides, the Gilpatricks knew two girls who hitch-hiked to Florida and back and had a wonderful time. It wasn't as though she didn't know anyone in Hollywood when she got there. There was Daisy Cantrall, right in the movies! She and Daisy had gone to school together, clear to the ninth grade, when Marnie went to work.

Papa had seen Daisy himself, in that big harem scene, so finally Marnie and her suitcase had been bundled into the Abotts' rumble seat, eight days ago. From Denver it hadn't been hard. People had been very kind about giving her rides. She had all their addresses written down in a little book, so that when she was a star she could send them something nice in remembrance.

AND here she was. Rolled into a pair of stockings in her suitcase she had twenty-five dollars, put there for safety in the perils of picking up rides. She had some change in her purse. Food had taken some of her hoard on the trip, of course. But that didn't matter. Daisy would get her extra work right away. Extras got as much as ten dollars a day—sixty dollars a week! She could live like a queen on that, buy lovely clothes, and papa and Miss Ethel and the kids—the things she could send them—all she had to do was find Daisy at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio.

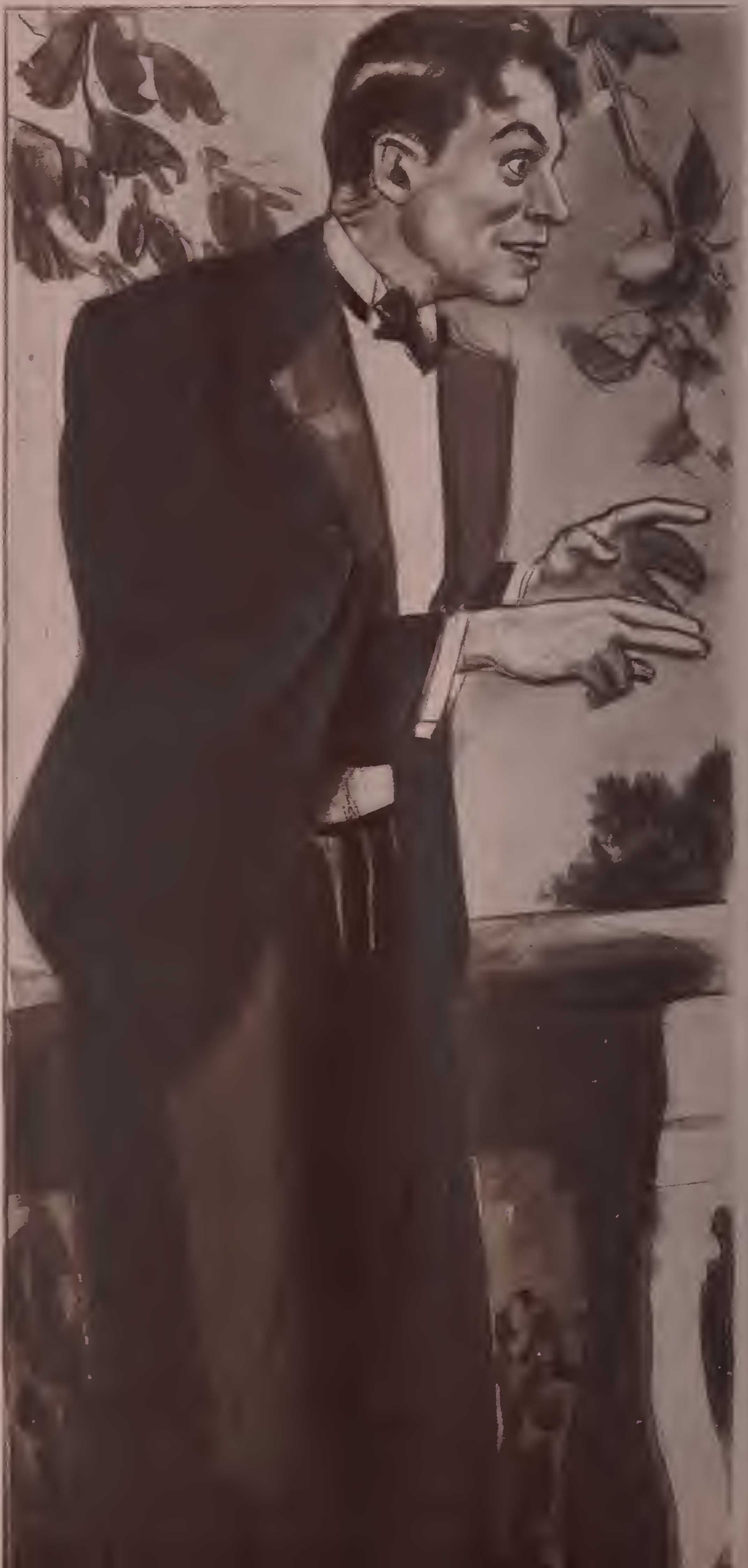
Down the block was a drug store sign. Marnie picked up her suitcase and walked east. Such lovely shops! That furrier's across the street! That ermine cloak thrown on an orange velvet chair. Constance Bennett had worn one like that. This luscious changeable negligee in this tiny shop here—like Jean Harlow wore the week before last. Oh, it was going to be wonderful. Marnie Mason would be wearing things like that. Maybe a year or so—she must not expect too much. But it would come. Hollywood! Hollywood! *Hollywood!*

Marnie went in to the fountain. She knew what people did at fountains. She had been answering questions over one for two years, ever since she was seventeen.

"Metro-Goldwyn?" the chap in the white cap and starched jacket repeated? "They ain't in Hollywood. Culver City."

"Not in Hollywood? Why—" Marnie faltered. "I thought—I thought all the movie studios were in Hollywood."

"You did?" The boy looked at her in a superior manner. "Well, you better think again. Where you been? Paramount is, and R-K-O. That's down on Gower. 'N United, out Santa Monica. Fox, Poverty Row. Warner-First Na-



"You needn't go to work in any restaurant, my beautiful. You are going to be a star! In three foot letters I'll put your name. Eleven o'clock—will you come?"

tional's in Burbank. Goldwyn's and Roach an' "—

But Marnie was dizzy by now.

"Oh, I couldn't remember all that," she said. "Anyway I just want to get to Metro-Goldwyn."

"Culver City," he said, and delivered an egg malt to a customer. Marnie had watched him make it. If she had made that kind of an egg-malt in Webb City, there would have been a complaint to the manager. Just a whiff of malt, no cream at all, half enough ice cream, no nutmeg on the top and the electric mixer hadn't had half a go at it.

"Where—where is Culver City?" she managed to ask.

"Where's—say, you must be pretty new in town," he said.

"I—just got in," she said. "I'm hunting a friend."

"You'll need one," he said gaily. "Well, Culver City's half way between here an' the beach."

He told her where to get a bus. Marnie wanted to ask the fare, but decided not to. After all, she hadn't paid any bus fare from Webb City, Missouri, to California, and there was no reason to suspect she might have to start now. "But you better step on it," the fountain clerk said. "If you're gonna catch anybody at the studio today. It's a half hour or more. An' it's after five."

So it was. Marnie hadn't noticed that before. It would have begun to darken in Webb City around five o'clock, and out here the celebrated sun was still gay in the celebrated sky. That was just one more of the marvelous things she noticed about California; had been noticing ever since the desert sand and joshua trees and greasewood and cactus had begun to give way to orange grove, rose-hedge, calla lily border and waving palm.

"Ya might telephone," her new friend said as a last word of advice, and started to make a sandwich for an order. That made Marnie hungry. The nice truck driver had bought her a snack on the outskirts of Los Angeles, but that seemed hours ago.

The fountain boy slipped the sandwich, cut into four triangles, on a plate, drew a cup of steaming coffee and slid them along toward the fat man on the stool.

"Thank you, I guess I will," Marnie said, and went out. Her suitcase was heavy. She couldn't see why, she hadn't carried it but half a block. She walked a few steps further. There was a marvelous theatre lobby. Warner Brothers Theatre. She set her suitcase down and looked long and avidly at the beautiful lobby.

Inside the great glass doors, down a long lobby, hung great frames with portraits of all the stars. Her heart lifted. Magic was in this place. It was not impossible that one day one of these frames would hold a picture of Marnie Mason, holding her ermine wrap about her and smiling happily down into the faces of her public. What did it matter if it was after five o'clock? Tomorrow would be time enough to find Daisy Cantrall.

She went in and pressed her face against the cool glass of the lobby door. Jean Muir, Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell—

WELL, the next thing was to find a place to stay for the night. She went back to the sidewalk, where she had put down her suitcase. There was no suitcase there.

Marnie stood numbed for a moment. She must be dreaming. She hadn't been gone for a moment. She hadn't been twenty feet away. Who would want her old suitcase? It wasn't so much to look at. But it was gone, there was no getting around that. Across the street a policeman strolled along importantly. Marnie, with terror clutching at her throat, ran across the street. There was a screech of brakes, an automobile—in fact, two automobiles slammed to abrupt stops, not a foot from the hem of Marnie's trim skirt.

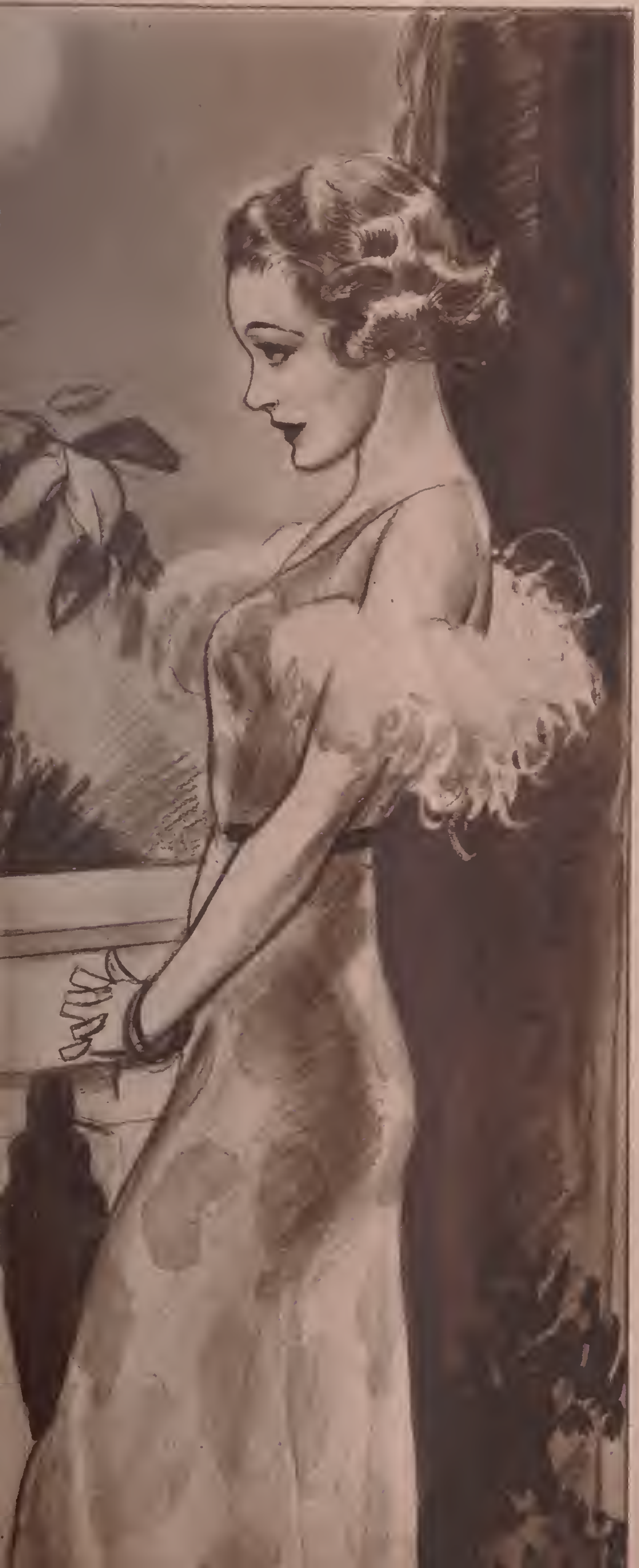
"Why'n't you look—?" one driver roared.

"Get outta the middle of the block," snarled the other. Marnie fled back to the curb until they had gone on. Then making sure no more cars were about to attack her, shot across the street and after the policeman. She caught him and touched his arm.

"If you please," she said. "It's my suitcase. It's gone."

He listened in silence to the story. And then he shook his head.

"I'm sorry for you," he said, "but what can I do? You left your suitcase on a public sidewalk and it's gone. You didn't see anyone take it. And (*Continued on page 87*)



"Of course," Marnie said, her heart thudding. One day in Hollywood and a director said he'd make her a star. "But—where? And you haven't told me your name."

Garbo and THEY'RE

says JOHNNY MACK BROWN

He ought to know—he's been screen lover to both of them

by GLADYS HALL

JOHNNY MACK BROWN, superlatively handsome and charming—still vigorous after his love scenes with Mae West in "It Ain't No Sin"—startled the eye-brows right off'n me by stating "Garbo and Mae West are identically alike. They are *basically* alike. They are not the same *type*, of course. Their surface methods, personalities, appeals appear to be totally different. But *they are sisters under the skin.* They spring from the same root. The same motives animate both of them. They both embody Sex in its most potent form though they have different faces and very different mannerisms.

Now the very handsome but extremely Southern Johnny Brown is exactly the last man in Hollywood I expected to discover would react that way, not only to West and Garbo, but to any women. He is one of those very married young men, you know, very proud of his pretty wife. He is very gallant and so very *good*. I really had expected he couldn't think of women in any other way than as creatures of a dream, wisp-ish, kissed by moonlight and scented with honeysuckle.

I absolutely suspected the Adonis Brown who said:

"*They both give me the same reaction.* When Garbo enters a room, or a scene, you know that *Someone* is there. When Mae enters a room or a scene you also know that *Someone* is there. When I see them personally, when I talk with them, when I play love scenes with them I get the same reaction, *the same sort of thrill.*

"They are both supreme individuals—and supreme *individualists*. They are both egotists, 100 per cent. They both love themselves first and the rest of mankind afterwards. Their first interest is Themselves. All others are subsidiary. In a sense, there are no others.

"This is not so with other stars. Joan Crawford has her house, her little theatre, her various friendships and to each of these outside interests she gives freely of herself, her time, her heart. Ann Harding has her child, her interest in the theatre. Miriam Hopkins has her adopted baby, her house in New York, a variety of pur-

Mae West ALIKE!

suits and occupations. Garbo has, primarily—*Garbo.* Mae has, primarily—*Mae.*

"They both have the most terrific *wam* of any women on the screen today. When you are with them you are acutely aware of them in every fibre of mind and body. You don't, because you can't, take your eyes off of them. They MATTER. They dominate. As they matter and as they dominate the Box Office of the world today. They are REAL. Whether you happen to like them or not they are *so* real that every other person fades into insignificance beside them.

"They are SEX. Garbo is the forever Unattainable. Mae is the forever Attainable. And because of this similar dissimilarity both are *femmes fatales* to all men. Because it comes to the same thing in the end—the woman no man can attain and the woman all men can attain.

"I have played in pictures with both of them. I feel that I have some knowledge of what I am saying. I have always been impressed with the similar power of their personalities. I remember working with Garbo in 'A Woman of Affairs.' She came onto the set one day. There were some hundreds of extras in the scene. She spoke some lines—in Swedish. None of us understood one word of what she was saying. But the rendition, the sheer force of that great personality was *so* great, so stirring that the entire troupe of star-hardened extras, the electricians, props, other players broke into tumultuous applause. Both of these women create audiences wherever they go. Every individual becomes their spectator.

"I saw much the same thing happen in this current picture of Mae's. We had a great number of prize-fighters on the set. Mae had a big scene to do. She did it—and not a muscle rippled in any one of those burly, not easily impressed fellows. You could have heard the well-known pin drop. When she was through there broke out again that spontaneous, tumultuous applause. Those are the only two times I have ever seen such a thing happen on a set. They were not her fellow players, those fighters, they were her audience —and they were with her, to a man.

"THEIR surface methods are different. Garbo is aloof. She doesn't mix with the other members of the cast nor fraternize with the men and women on the set. Mae does mix and mingle with everyone. She is the reverse of aloof. She takes infinite time and patience with the other members of the cast. She worked for hours with the fighters, coaching them, helping them with their lines, working right along with them. She didn't do what most stars would do—leave the set and say that she would return when they were ready to shoot. But despite the different methods both Mae and Garbo get the same results—both inspire the same dog-like devotion, abject adoration, a marked degree of awe and respect. No one is ever 'familiar' with either one of them. It is always 'Miss Garbo' to her fellow workers and it is always 'Miss West' to hers. If Garbo makes a serious, sombre remark to someone it is received with respect and if Mae makes an amusing wisecrack it, too, is received with respect. Funny, but true.

"Both are indefatigable workers. Both have enormous powers of concentration.

"People have said that it is a mistake for Mae to play 'Diamond Lil' in every picture. A mistake to wear the same sort of costumes, in the same period of time and in much the same settings. I don't agree. That character is *Mae's costume.* It belongs to her as Chaplin's mustache belongs to him, as Harold Lloyd's specs to him and as Douglas Fairbanks Senior's athleticism belongs to him. They, too, are Characters, Mae and Garbo, along (*Continued on page 94*)

A Trip to TREASURE ISLAND

by Michael Jackson

THE saying around Hollywood is that you never get to know an actor until you see him on location. Away from the prying eyes of the fans, away from the gossip writers, and columnists, the actor has a chance to break down and be himself. The real person comes out.

M-G-M rounded up a grand group of troupers for Treasure Island. Wally Beery, Jackie Cooper, Lewis Stone, Lionel Barrymore, Otto Kruger, Chic Sale and Cora Sue Collins. They were taken to Catalina, a resort island twenty miles off the California coast. And we followed them out to see what would happen.

A location trip was once part of almost every picture made. But in the last few years the tendency has been to do all the hooting right on the studio lot. This is partly because of advances made in technical equipment, partly because most scenes are now indoors, but mainly because of the difficulty in transporting sound equipment. Then, too, actors have a knack of getting in trouble when they are away from the watchful eye of the home studio.

The group that M-G-M took to Catalina is one of the most interesting in Hollywood. All they needed was a camera, a director and a script. It got them. And then things started happening.

To jovial Wally Beery fell the cruelest role.

Mrs. Beery, at death's edge, lay stricken in her hospital bed. And twenty miles of Pacific and thirty miles of land separated her from Wally.

It was an amazing display of the power of the will over strained emotions to watch Beery throw himself into a scene with Jackie Cooper, then watch him come out of it, his face tight with worry.

At the side of the ship on which he was working a speed boat rested, waiting to take Beery to his wife. No one knew if she was getting better or not. But, first, Wally's scenes had to be completed before he could leave. To watch him joke before the camera; then, the take over, see the agony in his face, was appalling.

And it's just as incongruous to be with Jackie Cooper for a couple of days. When we had decided that he was just the same as any other kid we know, no better, no worse, he did a scene that for sheer technical artistry was as delicate as any we've seen on the screen.

We watched him do a long take with Beery. Line after line went perfectly, until we were right in the mood of the thing, forgetting that it was just a picture, that there were cameras, reflectors and mikes around. Then, at the end, Jackie had to smile. Hard-boiled Vic Fleming, the director, yelled out:

"Jackie! Where the devil are your teeth?"

Jackie's face became full of apology. He reached in his pocket, pulling out three teeth on wire bridgework. He is losing some of his baby teeth and has to wear false ones for pictures now. We realized then that he was just a little boy after all and how astounding his performance had been and how we were carried away because it was so convincing.

Out at Catalina Island the distinguished cast gathered for the thrilling job of filming Robert Louis Stevenson's great classic. In the picture below are Jackie Cooper as Jim Hawkins and Wallace Beery as Long John Silver. On the top of the other page, you see this grand pair with Ben Gunn, played by Chic Sale, and Doctor Livesey, portrayed by Otto Kruger. The trio below are Lewis Stone as Captain Smollett, Nigel Bruce as Squire Trelawney, and Otto Kruger again.

Stir Yer Stumps, M'Hearties

JACKIE stays with his mother in a hotel in Avalon, the only village on the island. Every morning they drive the twenty miles to the isthmus, where the pirate ship is anchored, in a speed boat. The whole location is one glorious vacation for him. No kid ever had such an exciting background for fun.

First, there's the ship. In mantling it, the studio followed Stevenson's description down to the smallest detail. It's a square rigged, rugged looking thing, with cannons staring out of its sides. It was originally a fishing schooner. M-G-M bought it and used it in "Eskimo." Now it's thoroughly remodeled. A group of Norwegians, living in San Pedro, were found who could manipulate its rigging. It left the modern seamen baffled.

The ship is a stunning sight lying at rest in the clear water of Emerald Bay. At first glance, with the pirates climbing its masts, we were carried back a couple of hundred years as if by magic.

Jackie fell off once and got himself a good case of sniffles. That started his troubles. Every night, before going to bed, he was given a good dose of castor oil. You could hear him all the way down the hotel corridor when he had to take it. He had his emotional ups-and-downs, too. It was an affair of the heart brought on by Cora Sue Collins.

Cora Sue is the brown-eyed lass who played Garbo as a baby in "Queen Christina." And since playing that part she's been following in the path of the sex-laden Swede as fast as size eight baby shoes will get her there. Cora Sue took one look at Jackie's stand-in, Johnnie Dinmore, and proceeded to fall.

Johnnie is a neighbor and friend of Jackie's. He's the nephew of Frances Marion, author of "The Champ" and many other hits. Johnnie didn't want to be an actor, but he did want a chance to live on a pirate ship for a month. So Jackie suddenly decided that he needed a stand-in, just like some of the other stars. And, presto, Johnnie was on the trip.

He and Jackie have a swell time. They pester the death out of Otto Kruger for fishing lessons. Kruger, with Beery, broke the time record for catching bonito, a small fish which abounds in the island water. In three hours Wally and Kruger caught more bonitos than any two men on record.

Kruger is supposedly on the island for a rest. But trying to get that rest is something *(Continued on page 66)*

We're Going on Location

CHEVALIER wants LOVE

AND HOLLYWOOD WONDERS

by HARRY T. BRUNDIDGE

EVER since youth the adventurous life of Maurice Chevalier, once the gayest of gay Frenchmen, has been motivated by love—loves that were fierce, burning and all-consuming. And because of this fact Chevalier, as vital, personable and gallant as ever, is today the most unhappy man in Hollywood.

He is miserable in a new experience: An interlude without love; for Maurice, for the first time in the memory of his oldest friends, declares he is not in love!

Here in Hollywood, world-center of concentrated love, beauty and sex-appeal, the once gay Maurice cannot find a new mate for a new happiness. Chevalier admits that all efforts to bring about a change in this condition have met with failure. And so when he finishes "The Merry Widow" he's going back to Europe to try his luck on the Continent.

Chevalier confesses that for him love and happiness are synonymous. If he loves, and is loved, he is painfully happy —"dancing on air." Without this he admits, he is most miserable. There may be little adventures, "little loves," he characterizes them, which, while amusing, cannot be considered in taking stock of one's day of complete happiness. Only the great loves count! So says this great lover, anyway.

Now, truth to tell, most of the days of Chevalier's adult life have been days of such complete happiness, for, using his own method of reckoning, the exact number of his days of love reaches the amazing total of seven thousand, one hundred and twenty-seven and one half!

Chevalier has experienced four great loves and the duration of each was as follows:

The first: Two years.
The second: Ten years.
The third: Six years.
The fourth: One year and six months.

I BELIEVE I guessed correctly when I inquired if Love Number One—the two-year love—was Mistinguette, the once great French musical comedy star. It was Mistinguette who gave Chevalier more than just a helping hand in his struggle upward from the Paris gutters, for she made him her dancing partner, and danced right into the Folies-Bergere. But Maurice had naught save a yawn for answer. No use trying to guess about that ten-year love, but I know all about the third one. Those six years of complete happiness were with Yvonne Vallee, French dancer and the first and only Mrs. Maurice Chevalier. All Hollywood believes that the love after that love was his love for Marlene Dietrich. But Chevalier won't tell.

"What about a fifth great love?" I asked.

"There *will* be a fifth," Chevalier answered. "Some where in this world she is waiting, dreaming, even as I dream and wait. When I find her, there will be happiness again."

A huge portrait of Kay Francis, encased in a silver frame, adorns Chevalier's dressing table.

I asked: "Is it true that Miss Francis is your big moment?"

"No," Chevalier answered. "Miss Francis is a very great friend of mine. But so is Ruth Chatterton, and Grace Moore. We are all pals. We go around together; sometimes Kay, sometimes Ruth, sometimes Grace; but many times all four of us. I would be a very lonesome man were it not for these fine girls, and my friends in the French colony. They all know Maurice is not in love and all try to cheer me up. I have a nice house in Beverly Hills and with my friends, life is not too bad.

"Perhaps I am lucky; I am not sure. True happiness, for me, comes only with a great (*Continued on page* 82)

Kay Francis wants LIFE

by BEN MADDOX

WHETHER THEY WANT EACH OTHER

KAY FRANCIS has said *nothing personal*—until *now!* She has not talked about her amazingly sudden divorce, except to her just-exed husband and the judge who granted her decree. She has even gone further. Besides putting the taboo sign on the subject of the break-up of her third marriage, she shuns questions regarding her asserted new romance with Maurice Chevalier.

Actually, Kay has steadfastly refused to discuss *any*thing which hinges upon the personal. This has been her attitude ever since coming to Hollywood. And when a star of her undisputed glamour takes a stand like this, the movie colony is, naturally, aggravated.

At present, having procured the most unexpected divorce of 1934, she is busily engaged on a picture again. Meanwhile, the townfolks are wondering . . . wondering . . .

Why did she insist so determinedly that the studio let her go to New York to spend Christmas with Kenneth McKenna, and then why did she announce the separation just before arriving there? *How* is she really adjusting herself to this astonishing twist in her kaleidoscopic career? *What* is she going to do next?

Life, Kay has persistently and complacently informed the press, swirls on and on and she has merely been swept along on the inexplicable tide of Fate. With unparalleled graciousness she has avoided being specific. She has, oddly, made no effort to be as stimulating to the writers as she is on the screen and to her close friends.

Until MOVIE MIRROR'S Editor intrigued my vanity by remarking that no one could get a decent story on Francis, I, too, almost accepted the Hollywood dictum that, in person, Kay was beautiful and—disappointing. The star who is dull copy thus automatically brands herself.

But, even though interviewing Kay was apparently a game which she invariably won, I remembered Crosby and resolved on "one more chance." A woman of Kay Francis' movie presence, a woman who has thrice married men of position, who has all the earmarks of a genuine sophisticate couldn't be dumb.

So is Hollywood going to be bowled over by the following direct quotations from Kay! She is *not* a "beautiful illusion!" And she has a whole set of opinions. Trenchant, pithy, *personal* notions about the facts of life and how to handle 'em!

She rushed in, dressed quite unconventionally, and looking none the worse for it.

Blue silk pajamas with white polka-dots were topped by a luxurious fur jacket. A blue beret and saucy white socks and tennis shoes were the finishing touches of informality. Yet, despite this incongruity, she appeared exquisitely poised. Which proves being a well-dressed woman is chiefly dependent on a mental flair for ease in any garb!

"Why these vague interviews, Kay?" I demanded frankly. "If you wish to be truly mysterious, why not go good 'n' Garbo? This half-hearted manner with which you meet the press results in a blah story. Now, honestly, haven't you been stalling?"

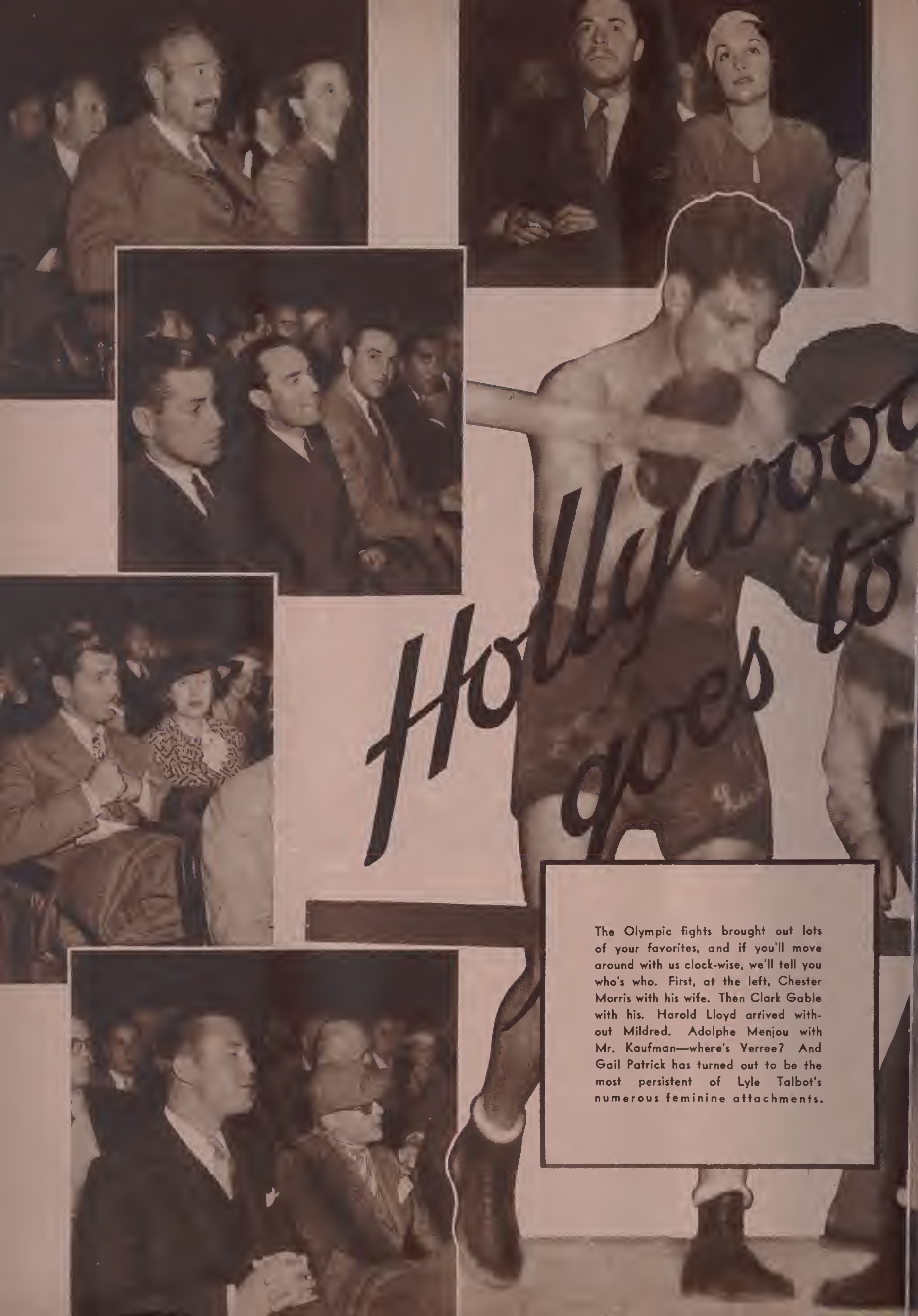
She grinned astoundingly. And then, to her own evident surprise, blurted out, "Of course I've been stalling!"

"But *why?*"

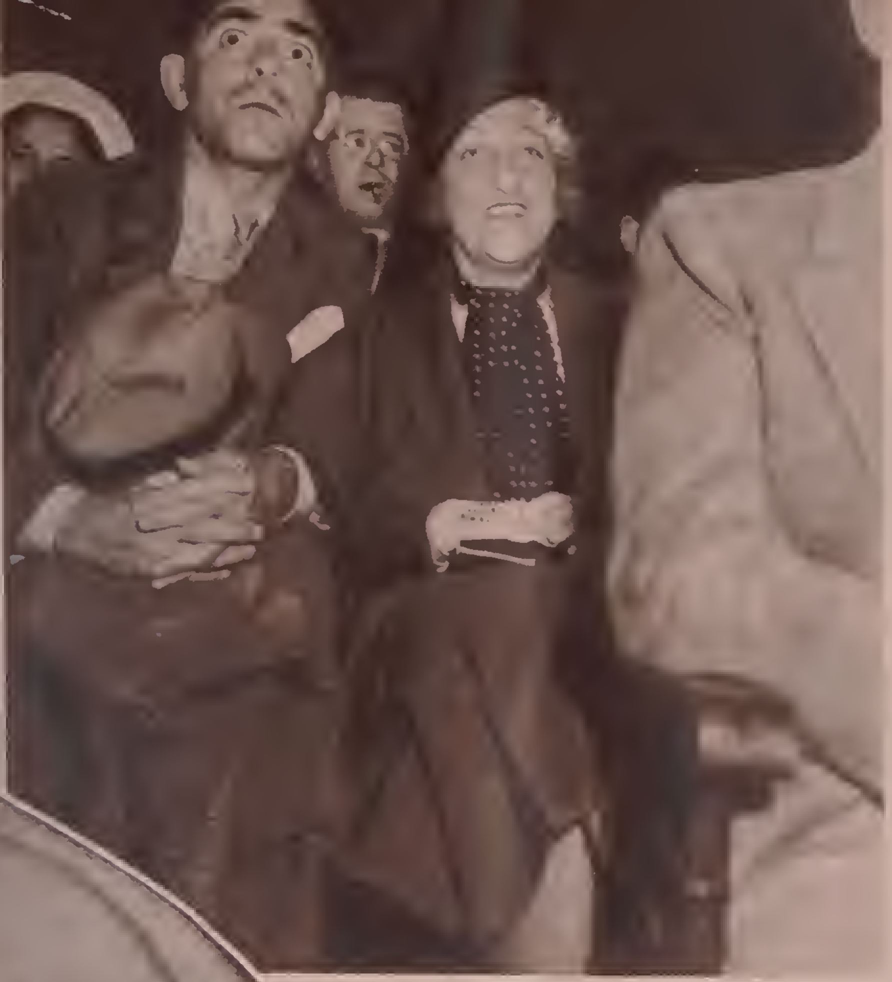
"Well," she avowed, "because I don't mix the professional and personal. I'm willing to do what I should in the line of duty. So long as I do that, my very private life is all mine!"

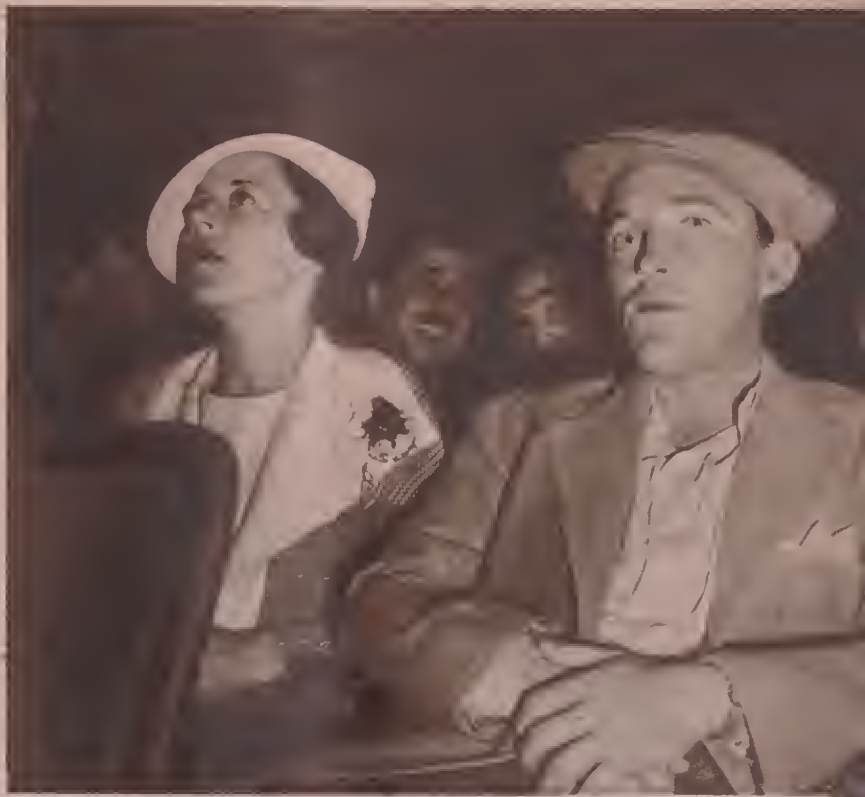
I nodded sympathetically. "All right," I bargained, "I shan't ask you about your divorce from Kenneth. That's *yours*. But Kay, we're interested *(Continued on page 76)*

Hollywood goes to



The Olympic fights brought out lots of your favorites, and if you'll move around with us clock-wise, we'll tell you who's who. First, at the left, Chester Morris with his wife. Then Clark Gable with his. Harold Lloyd arrived without Mildred. Adolphe Menjou with Mr. Kaufman—where's Verree? And Gail Patrick has turned out to be the most persistent of Lyle Talbot's numerous feminine attachments.





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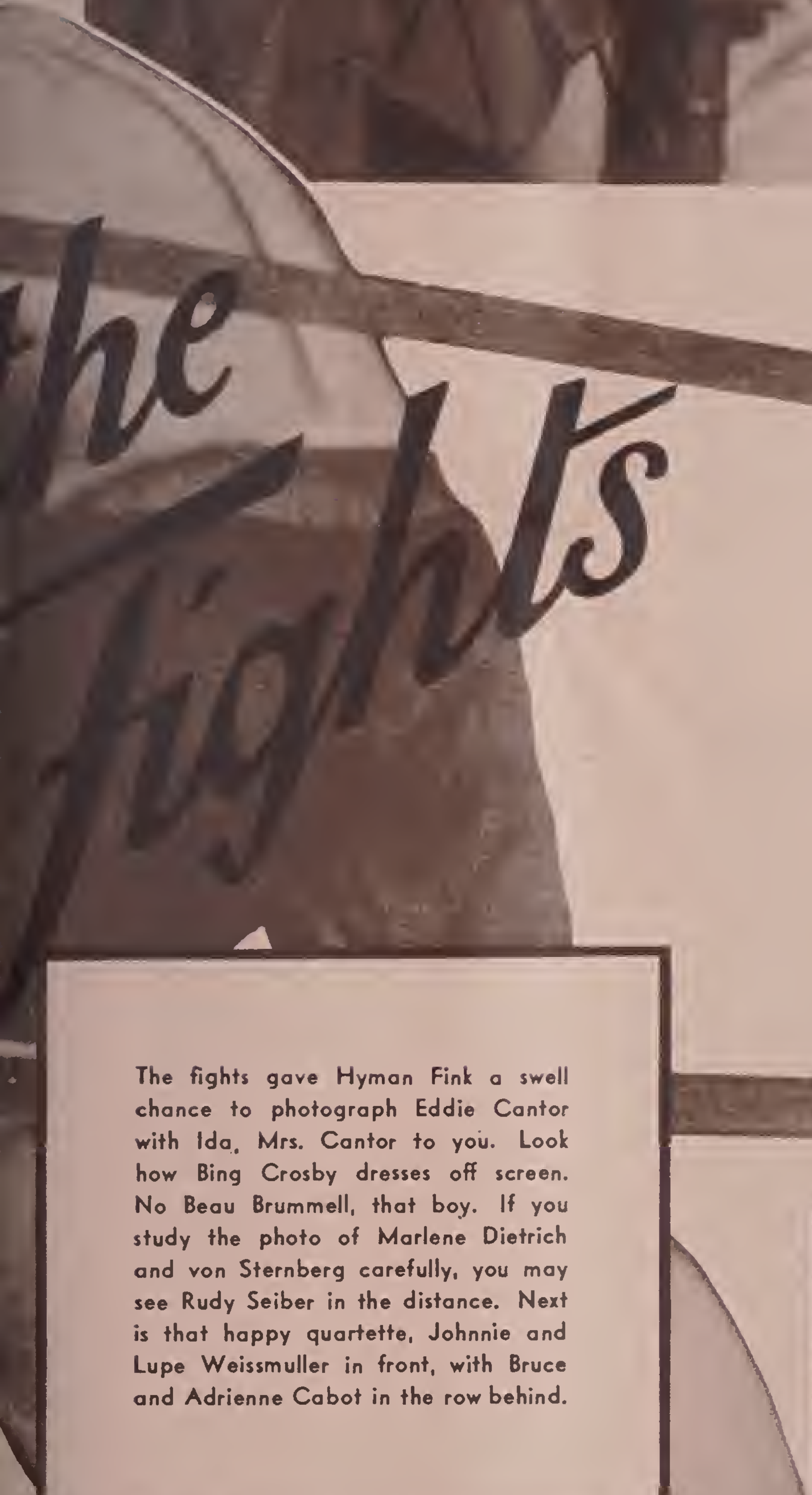
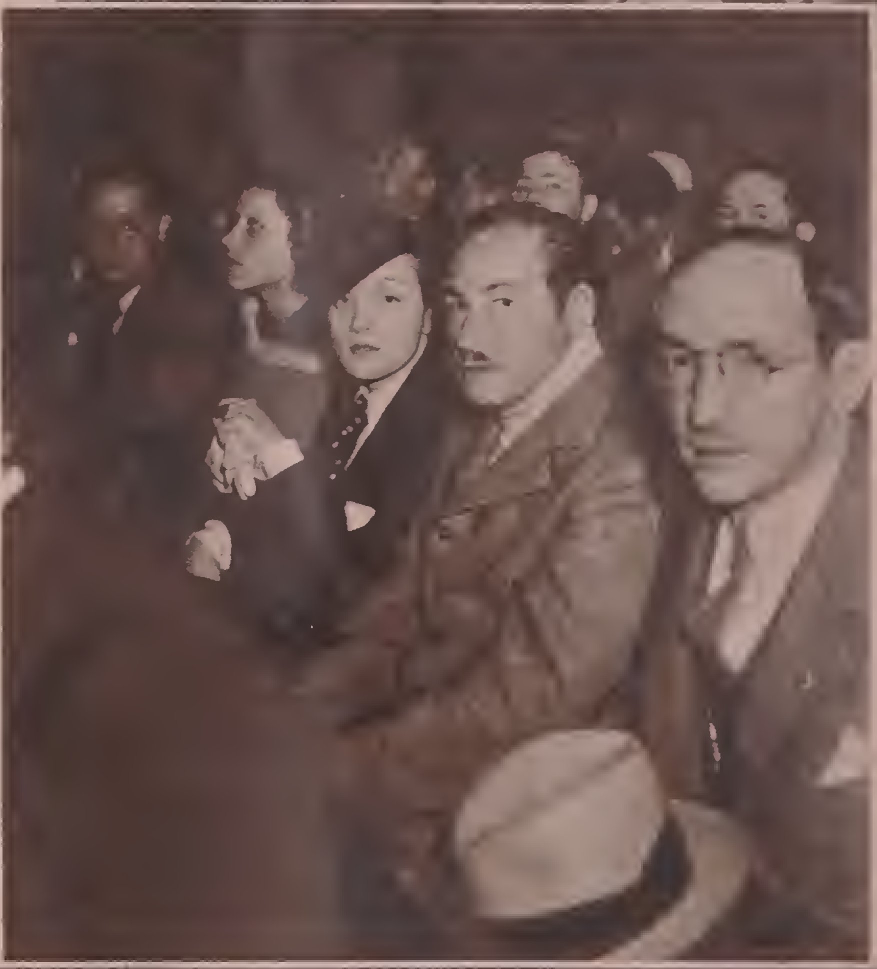
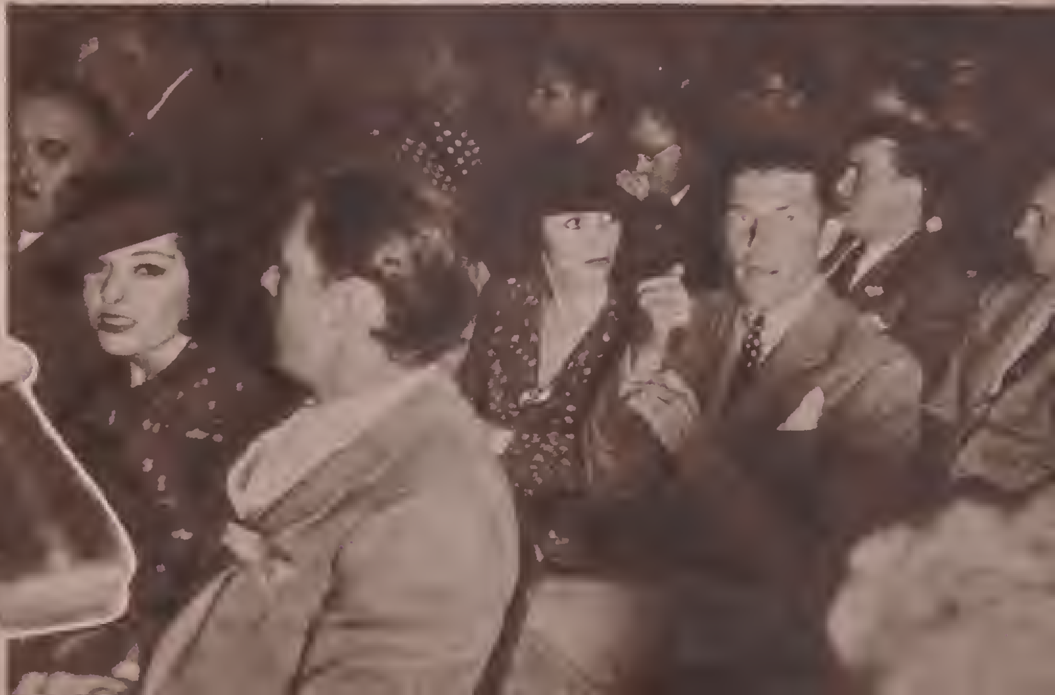
fights





The fights gave Hyman Fink a swell chance to photograph Eddie Cantor with Ida, Mrs. Cantor to you. Look how Bing Crosby dresses off screen. No Beau Brummell, that boy. If you study the photo of Marlene Dietrich and von Sternberg carefully, you may see Rudy Seiber in the distance. Next is that happy quartette, Johnnie and Lupe Weissmuller in front, with Bruce and Adrienne Cabot in the row behind.



the star who needs HEART

by DORA ALBERT

An exclusive photo taken on the steps of Goddard Seminary, Vermont, when Miriam was eighteen.

WHAT'S wrong with Miriam Hopkins?

Unquestionably one of the most alluring, beautiful and talented women in pictures, why hasn't she become a star of the first rank?

When Miriam Hopkins appeared in "The Smiling Lieutenant" as the princess who learned about legs and life from Claudette Colbert, it looked as if she were going to become one of Paramount's greatest stars. Watching her and Claudette together, Miriam so cute and pert and adorable and Claudette a little stiff and formal, one couldn't have wagered a plugged nickel on Claudette's chances at Paramount. Yet Claudette has consistently gone ahead while Miriam Hopkins has just as consistently stood still.

Apart from "The Smiling Lieutenant" and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" Miriam Hopkins hasn't given one performance that lived up to her promise. "24 Hours," "Dancers in the Dark," "Two Kinds of Women," "The World and the Flesh," "The Story of Temple Drake," "Design for Living," "Stranger's Return"—go through the list and you won't find one performance that set you tingling, that awakened in you a genuine emotion. Every one of these were good capable performances, but they didn't have the sparkle of Miriam's earlier work.

Few people know that she was married before her marriage to Austin Parker; she refused to rake over the cold, dead leaves of the past. Yet that marriage was an essential part of her development. To understand how it changed her, you have to know something about Miriam and what she was like before the fires of love touched her.

She came to New York City about fourteen or fifteen years ago, fresh from Goddard Seminary, and with a great flair for life.

Born in an atmosphere of fried chicken and Southern gallantry she was brought up with the idea that she would be a Southern belle like her mother and her mother's mother before her. At first she accepted her destiny patiently. She didn't even protest too violently when her mother interfered with the great love of her childhood—the son of the owner of a five-and-ten-cent store. Her mother felt that Miriam ought not to invite him to any of her parties because his father was in trade, and Miriam obeyed her, like a dutiful child of the South.

But in New York things were different. She was alone and on her own.

She thrilled to the mad rhythm of Manhattan, the rhythm that was like an endless jazz song, and that meant that people were on their toes, going places, doing things, living. She, too, would sample life, try out different jobs, prove the stuff of which she was made.

The lights on Broadway twinkled back at her. She walked along the street, adoring every inch of it, loving every minute—little Georgia on an enchanted island.

Just to be alive was happiness and to be living in New York was the greatest of all thrills.

What mattered the dark little room on the fourth floor of a miserable rooming house? What mattered the commonplace, ordinary designs on the wallpaper? Her life wasn't shut in by those four walls. It flowed all around her. It was a part of the life of New York; a part of the very pattern of modern life. She was a working girl!

And there was fun in that, just as there was gayety in everything. Why, right in that very midtown rooming house, there was a gentleman who called himself Marc Connolly and who wanted to write plays.

Miriam didn't know exactly what she wanted to do. She tried all sorts of things. Once she was a waitress for three days. And for a time she studied dancing in a school with Russian atmosphere. This she enjoyed.

Miriam Hopkins' true acting ability can be lighted only by the fires of love, no matter how torturing

BREAK

She thought of the spoken drama as a way to earn her living. But it wasn't so easy to get that kind of job. She compromised by getting a job as a water lily in "The Music Box Revue."

She was such an ingenuish young thing then that one night she almost stopped the show because she stopped dead in the middle of a number. She had caught sight of Norma Talmadge sitting in the first row, and she was so excited that she just couldn't go on with her routine. On another occasion, she did an adagio dance with a rim of chocolate ice-cream all around her mouth. She always rushed out and had an ice cream soda between acts, and on that particular evening, she forgot to remove the signs of it.

If you had known Miriam in those days, you might have thought that she would remain a perpetual sophomore.

She danced next to Claire Luce in "Little Jessie James," a song and dance hit, and anyone watching those two girls would have imagined that it was Luce who was slated for stardom, and not this giddy Southern girl who called herself Miriam Hopkins.

But already the fires of ambition were stirring in Miriam. She decided that now or never was the time to go dramatic.

SHE began to haunt the offices of every theatrical producer in town. At last she found one who listened to her and put her in a drama called "Puppets." According to every success story that was ever written, she should have been a glamorous, glittering success in this. But she wasn't. Without a single exception, every critic in town panned her.

Percy Hammond said, "Miss Miriam Hopkins was super-childish in the first act, so pit-a-pat and goo-goo was she . . . At the beginning she wanders into a marionette theater, fair, wistful and of the Little Eva type. Later she foments trouble in the best manner of the new emotional actresses."

Miriam didn't come of age as an actress until after her first marriage. She was appearing in George M. Cohan's "Home Towners" in Chicago in 1926, when she met Brandon Peters. He was appearing at a (*Continued on page* 84)

Snobbishness is the bugaboo, say Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lloyd, and they're guarding Harold, Jr., and the two girls against it.

HOW the STARS ARE BRINGING UP

SECOND generation, these children of the stars. Heirs to modern gardens of Versailles, baronial halls, de luxe swimming pools, Rolls Royces and perpetual Christmases; kidnappers and guards armed to the teeth, French clothes and nursery governesses, spotlight and notoriety, such is the heritage of these children of the stars. The offspring of one-generation millionaires, the heirs of Klieg lights, they could ask for the moon and get it.

What is to become of them? What kind of human beings will they be? How will they develop?

What are they doing about it, these movie parents who, within the very lifetime of some of their children, have risen from obscurity and varying degrees of poverty to the estates of millions and magnificence?

They solve their problem, the stars, in various ways. Norma Shearer is exceptionally sensible about small Irving Thalberg, Junior. In so far as it is humanly possible she is protecting him from the knowledge that *all* good fairies were present at his christening. For one instance, she takes him every week or two to a small park where Shetland ponies are to be had for ten cents a ride. He goes only when he has earned the pleasure by the cheerful performance of the small duties imposed upon him. Norma said, "I could buy him a pony of his own, of course. But I don't do that. I want him to realize that his pleasures are to be earned and paid for as other small boys must earn and pay for theirs. A pony is the great desire of his heart. I want him to realize that one must work and wait for his great desire. Possessions have a way of losing their value in the eyes of their possessors. I don't want Irving to have too many possessions. Surfeit is the most malignant sickness. I try to protect Irving from surfeit.

"When I took him to the circus this year my first impulse was to buy a box so as to keep him apart from the crowd and thus protect him from possible germs and contagions. I acted on my *second* impulse which was to buy regular seats on the regular benches and let him mingle with the other kids who *should* be all one under the Big Top! I felt that I was risking mumps or measles but decided that mumps or measles are normal and that a Big Head and a sense of unearned superiority are *not*. You usually get over measles. You seldom get over an inflated sense of your own importance.

"I send him to a small Nursery School. Not because I have to. I could invite other youngsters of his age in to play with him at home and thus solve the problem of the Only Child. I don't want to do that. I don't want him to feel that his pleasures, including playmates, are to be brought to his front door and deposited there as though he were some midget Mogul to whom is brought the treasures of the earth. In school, he is just another little boy with his place, but no more than his place, in the proper and balanced scheme of things.

"WE make him one of us, Irving and I, as often as we can. He always comes in and watches his father shave in the mornings. I turn cart-wheels for him and play that I am all kinds of an animal! I know that he will be told, read, hear about me as a screen star. I want to counteract that as much as possible. I want him to think of me only as *his mother,* no different from other mothers who play games and romp with their children. I want him to think of his father as 'just Daddy' who shaves and dresses and goes to the office as any Daddy does. To submerge the actress and the executive in the mother and father is our objective. To protect him from delusions of grandeur—and what obnoxious delusions they can be!—this is our chief aim with little Irving. And I believe that it can be done if we set our minds to it and *want* the simplicity and normalcy that are so much better for him especially now when he is most impressionable."

THEIR CHILDREN

Handicapped by noto-
riety and their parents
spotlight, these children
are being raised with a
wisdom that is instruc-
tive and most inspiring

by GAIL ROGERS

GLORIA SWANSON wants to keep her children abroad —for their sakes. She feels that over there the limelight doesn't matter and that over here, try as you may to prevent it, it eventually hardens and coats them over with the awful little precocities of "movie children."

"In Switzerland" said Gloria, "where Little Gloria and Brother are in school they are taught beautiful, old-world manners—and morals. They would come here only to hear a 'dese, dem and dose' sort of language and to be surrounded by armed guards who would give them a complete misconception of their own importance. They couldn't be expected to realize that they were being guarded because conditions in this country are frightful—they would naturally assume that their own consummate importance made it necessary. It is a sacrifice on my part, of course. I can't sleep nights for wanting them. But I'd rather sacrifice myself to loneliness for them than have them at the price I believe they'd pay."

Leslie Howard has something of the Swanson feeling.

He said to me, "The way to protect your children from the fatal effects of a parent who is in the limelight and making more money than he is worth, is to fill your life and your children's with so many *other* really vital interests that the mere fact of a parent in the studio, getting his name in the paper, will be of no more importance than if he were working in a grocery store or a bank. If you do not take yourself pompously and go about being The Actor all over the place the children will not take you, or themselves, pompously, either. If you take your work as a combination of a matter-of-course and a rather tiresome necessity the children will follow your lead.

"Another and an even more important factor in bringing our children up to be individuals on their own is to cultivate and foster in them the indisputable knowledge that they *must develop their own talents and abilities.* We, who are in the limelight, *must free them from ourselves in every way possible,* if you know what I mean. Which is one reason why I have left my children at home, in England. They must know that they have to stand on their own feet and on their own performance in life, not on mine.

"My small daughter, for instance, thinks that she would like to be a dancer. My son has an idea, well-founded, that he will be a writer. I devote far more time to discussing *their* futures with them than I ever do in discussing my own. We have any number of vital interests in common, the children and I. And because we have, neither money nor so-called 'fame' assume any disproportionate importance. I believe that this is the way to do it—if you want them to be sturdy, unspoiled individuals and not the pampered, devitalized babies of pampered stars!"

The Richard Barthelmesses, the Clive Brooks ditto the ideas of Gloria and Leslie. At the very next opportunity Dick and Jessica Barthelmess are taking Dick's daughter and Jessica's son abroad with them to leave them in school in Switzerland. Said Dick, "You

(*Continued on page* 71)

Bing and Dixie Lee Crasby have firm plans for their young son. Dick Barthelmess is taking his daughter and Jessica's son abroad to leave them in Switzerland. There's a reason. Marlene Dietrich is training her daughter for a career of her own, probably in music. Norma Shearer doesn't want Irving Thalberg, Jr., to think that his parents are different from other folks who are less famous.

JACK HOLT

He's one of the steadiest and most persistent money-makers in the business. He's scheduled to be teamed with John Buckler in "Eight Bells" and after that Columbia will team him with Edmund Lowe in a sort of Flagg-Quirt story. Ever since his divorce, Hollywood has been wondering if and when they'll learn who's to be the next Mrs. Holt.

CARY GRANT and

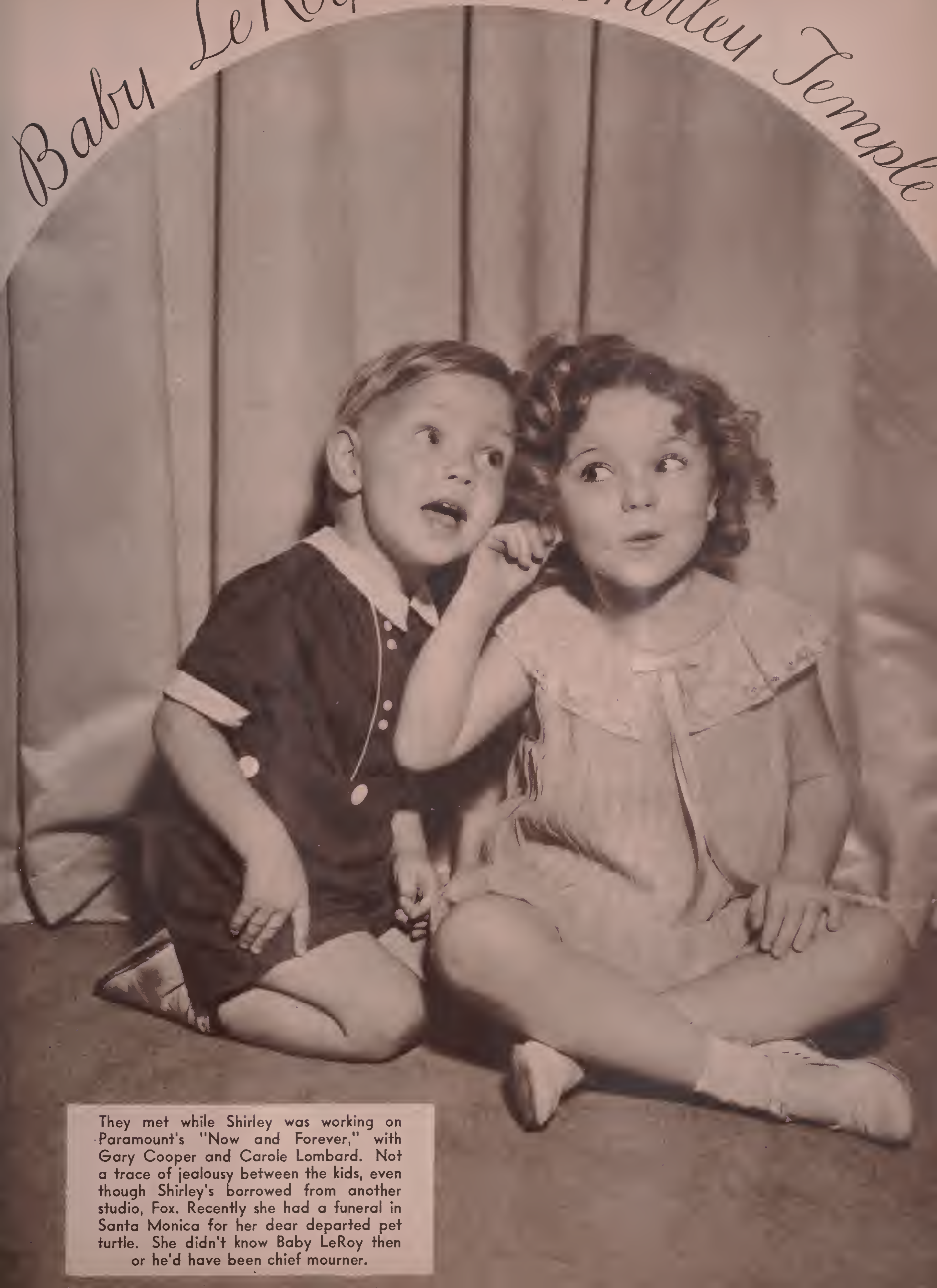
FRANCES DRAKE

You'll be seeing 'em together in "Ladies Should Listen" which marks the come-back of Charles Ray in a small role. After this picture was finished, Cary set off with his wife, the former Virginia Cherrill, for a swell motor trip to the Grand Canyon and then to Chicago for the Exposition. Frances has reason to be proud over her quickly rising star. She's making good!

HERBERT MARSHALL

Ever since Herbert Marshall appeared with Norma Shearer in "Riptide" there's been a rising roar of approval and his enthusiasts are anxiously awaiting the new version of "The Green Hat." Connie Bennett is playing Iris March and Hollywood has a lot of whispering to do over the coincidence that La Bennett is married to the Marquis, once husband of Gloria Swanson. And Gloria's name, as if you didn't know, is being mentioned in the same breath with Herbert Marshall.

Baby LeRoy ★ Shirley Temple



They met while Shirley was working on Paramount's "Now and Forever," with Gary Cooper and Carole Lombard. Not a trace of jealousy between the kids, even though Shirley's borrowed from another studio, Fox. Recently she had a funeral in Santa Monica for her dear departed pet turtle. She didn't know Baby LeRoy then or he'd have been chief mourner.

Leslie Howard's

LESLIE HOWARD lounged against the fireplace of his Beverly Hills home, owned by Elsie Janis and leased by Leslie and his wife. He said, "We didn't know whether we could bear to take this house again this year—without the children being here with us. They always used to talk and study in that little room over there—" He waved his habitual pipe in that direction and his blue, near-sighted eyes were seeing a long, long way. . . .

He said: "I'm tired—I'm homesick and children-sick and being tired emphasizes this nostalgia. It is a bit wearing—clumping about all day on the club foot I wear for my part in 'Of Human Bondage' . . . and now you ask me to dig deep into my none-too-erotic past and tell you of a lost romance of mine . . . funny, because I always wore a club foot where love and romance were concerned—always, that is, until I married. I was never any good at love. That's why I only had one romance apart from my marriage. There were never any Elinor Glyn queens in my unfruitful youth; no scheming widows; no music hall girls who died for love of me. It wasn't that *I* didn't fall in love. I did. I was almost painfully susceptible. But I'd no sooner get started, make a few timid and inadequate advances and think I was getting somewhere than some more dashing fellow would step in, elbow me aside and walk off with the girl. I was quite a grown lad, to put it temperately, before I even got so far as kissing a girl. I never *dared*.

"THEN, one summer, my people took a place at the seashore in Sussex and I went down to spend my vacation from the bank with them. Next door to us was a family, friends of my mother and father, though I had never met them. There was one daughter, Olivia. She was dark and had white skin and blue eyes with little flames dancing in them—or did my chained-lightning imagination kindle those flames in her eyes? The first time I saw her I fell in love with her. Fell—fathoms deep. And I knew, with an awful sinking of the heart, that this *was* love—none of the passing fancies I had mooned over before. I had always been afraid of love, partly because I was never a success at it, never anything of a beau, a gallant, a ladies' man. And I was also afraid of it because I'd had a premonition that it would mean suffering for me.

"When I first met Olivia, there by the sea, I knew that I was in for something tremendous. I didn't realize that I was a piece of formless and very supple clay which she was destined to mould into a shape that I could not have foreseen. I didn't at all realize that I was like a mechanical toy, going through the routine motions and that this girl was destined to make me conscious of the beating of my heart, the blood in my veins, the whole of the human comedy, tragic and divine. *I am what I am because of this old love.* I only knew, at the time, that I would not be able to bear it if she ever gave me the amused and kindly smile of dismissal that had been my portion with other and lesser fair charmers.

"But she didn't seem to feel that way about me. We took a walk by the sea that first night we met. For the first time in my inhibited young life I found myself able to talk to another human being—to say what I was really thinking and really feeling. I took out all of my dreams, shabby though I felt them to be, and spread them before her there in the moonlight. Our two youths seemed to rush together and blend and I had a sensation that we were one with the sea and the wind and the mist blowing over us. A deliriously lovely sensation. And I was immeasurably grateful to her for making me feel as I did. *All men should be grateful to the women who evoke love in them.*

LOST LOVE

A devastating hidden romance through which he found himself as a man—and as an actor

By IRIS GRAY

"I told her all about other girls—and my failures with them. I said that I knew I wasn't anything very much. I'd just started to work in the bank. I hadn't any money. I wasn't much to look at. My eyes were bad. But, I told her, if she should love me I could do anything, dare anything, be anything—I would write—I would be a poet—I would be an—an actor. It is amusing but true that there, that night, for the first time in my life I actually voiced the idea that I might be—an actor. My first intense passion was stirred, and along with it, such creative instincts as I possess.

"Olivia told me that she loved me, too. She had never, she said, been in love before. I later discovered that that was not so. I took her in my arms—that first woman in my arms, wholly mine—and I felt all of the belated sensations of the conquering lover, the *successful* lover.

"To this day, whenever I am called upon to do a love scene on the screen calling for more ardor than my abilities are easily able to meet I go back in thought to that night by the sea and feel again as I felt then, holding that first woman, dark and desirable, in my arms. Some of the fatalistic feeling I had then, about her, I am trying to transfer to the character of 'Philip' I am playing now in Somerset Maugham's great story.

OLIVIA begged me to say nothing of our love or our plans to her parents or to mine. She wanted it kept a secret. It would be, she said, more beautiful and more thrilling and more *ours* if it was a secret. And she managed, somehow, to fill me with a weird dread, a premonition of something tragic and unavoidable about to happen to me, to us. Even when I held her most closely in my arms I had a sense of imminent death about me.

"For weeks, in spite of my fears, I lived in a state of bliss comparable to nothing I had ever known. Or ever will know. Other kinds of ecstasy—yes, of course. Never the dark and magic ecstasy of those days and nights.

"Some three weeks went by in this way. I would talk about our future, hers and mine. I would work hard at the bank, rise in the world. No, I would write a book that would set all England, all of the reading world by its ears. Olivia was always silent when I made these plans for us. I took the silence for assent.

"At the end of the three weeks I noticed, one day, a very swanky car standing in front of Olivia's cottage. I noticed that a tall, dark florid man with a red face, bold bright eyes and a black mustache got out of the car. A man, I thought, not much younger than Olivia's father. I supposed he was a friend of the family. I remember hoping that they wouldn't bring him over to call on us. I didn't like his looks. He was the aggressive type that has always frightened me to death.

"Four or five times I chanced to notice this car standing in front of the cottage next door. It was not until this had happened more than half a dozen times that two and two added up together in my mind and made a nightmarish *four*. *When this man was next door Olivia was never visible.* The times he was there were the only times that she was not with me. Once, after seeing him leave the house, I thought I heard the sound of someone crying—

"I told myself that I was imagining this. It was the sort of thing I would imagine! Olivia—and a man with a big black mustache! Absurd. How could I think such foolish thoughts, I asked myself, with the memory of Olivia's kisses still fresh on my mouth? She loved me. She did love me. I knew it then. I know it now. *In her way.* That is all we may expect of anyone—that they love us in their way. We cannot regulate the features of others; the appetites, the talents. Nor can we regulate the emotional gifts they have to give.

"ONE hideous day I saw her get into the car with this man and drive away. They were gone for the entire afternoon and those four to five hours marked the blackest spot in my whole life. I can never forget them. They taught me what agony is as nothing else has ever done. If ever I am able to portray the keenness and the cruelty of mental anguish, of sick suspicion turning (*Continued on page 78*)

The

A TALL, willowy blonde, neatly but inexpensively dressed, stopped in the vestibule of a prominent theatrical office in New York City. Glancing neither to the right nor the left, she carefully unwrapped a small brown package and took from the paper a pair of shoes. Quickly she slipped them on her feet, wrapped up the shoes she had been wearing, and with dignified mien, entered the office. Her name was Jean Muir.

Jean Muir in those days could only afford one pair of shoes, i.e., one pair properly fitted (Miller's $8.00 to be exact) so she wore boys' sneakers while making her rounds from one office to another, and carefully preserved her one respectable-looking pair of shoes.

Those were the days when she and another girl, likewise ambitious, were occupying a cheap, basement apartment, convenient to the New York theatrical district, rather than live more comfortably with her parents in a suburban town.

Lack of clothes, lack of opportunity, even lack of physical qualifications were never a handicap to Jean.

Six months ago, she was called back to New York by the sudden death of her father. She was there only fourteen days and *she saw twelve shows!* Any other girl I know would have given the entire time to nursing her grief (and she did genuinely feel the loss) but she never humors herself in anything. She was devoted to her father, but her work must go on, and she might not be East again soon, so it was necessary to see as many of the new plays as possible before returning to the coast. She regrets that she had not reached the top in her profession before her father passed on.

Apparently, even death cannot stop her!

You see, there is no doubt in her mind that she *will* reach the top. She has been chided for listing herself among the five greatest actresses of stage and screen.

"Does that sound fearfully conceited?" she inquires. "Of course, I do not actually think I am one of the five great actresses in the world today. But what I mean to say is that *if I do not have in me now the potential qualities of a great actress, I will never have.*

"Why shouldn't I say, in substance, that I believe I can become a good actress? Nothing is more repulsive to me than self-effacement, which is only a shabby form of hypocrisy. I believe I have *some* talent, and, with relentless vigilance, why shouldn't I become a great actress?"

PERHAPS I need to refresh your memory about Jean Muir. Less than a year ago, she came to Hollywood with a six months' optional contract from Warner Brothers

STUDIO PEST

That's What Hollywood Calls That Strange Girl, Jean Muir, But She is Getting Ahead Just the Same!

by MAUDE LATHEM

tucked under her arm. Her stage experience, three years in all, had not been startling. Part of the time on the road, part of the time in stock, and part on Broadway, appearing in such plays as "The Truth Game," "Peter Ibbetson," "Melo," "Life Begins," and "Saint Wench."

However, since her arrival in Hollywood, she has made a definite, favorable impression on the picture-going public, to say nothing of what she has done to her own studio, where she has become at once the prospective "Queen Bee" of the lot and at the same time known as "The Pest," the bane of everybody's existence, from office boy to highest executive.

From having one scene *as a corpse* in her first picture, she has, in eight months, by her skillful maneuvering, secured for herself seven excellent parts, playing leads with Joe E. Brown, Paul Muni, Warren William, Kay Francis, Dick Barthelmess (who told me he thought nothing could stop this girl), the top spot in "As the Earth Turns" and the one you have probably not yet seen, "A Lady Surrenders," in which she is officially starred and the tall and handsome George Brent plays her lead.

You can't keep her off the set! Here she's butting in on "The Dragon Murder Case," between pictures, hurling questions at Lyle Tolbot.

A strange coincidence occurs to me here. Only last year when George was the leading man in "Female," Jean Muir had such a bit that you don't even remember she was in the picture. Another coincidence is that the part Jean is playing in "A Lady Surrenders" is a story of the "Morning Glory" type and it has been said that Jean Muir is a counterpart in the flesh of "Morning Glory's" heroine. A further incidental mention is the fact that originally Paramount tested Katharine Hepburn and Jean Muir at the same time and couldn't find any talent to interest them in either girl.

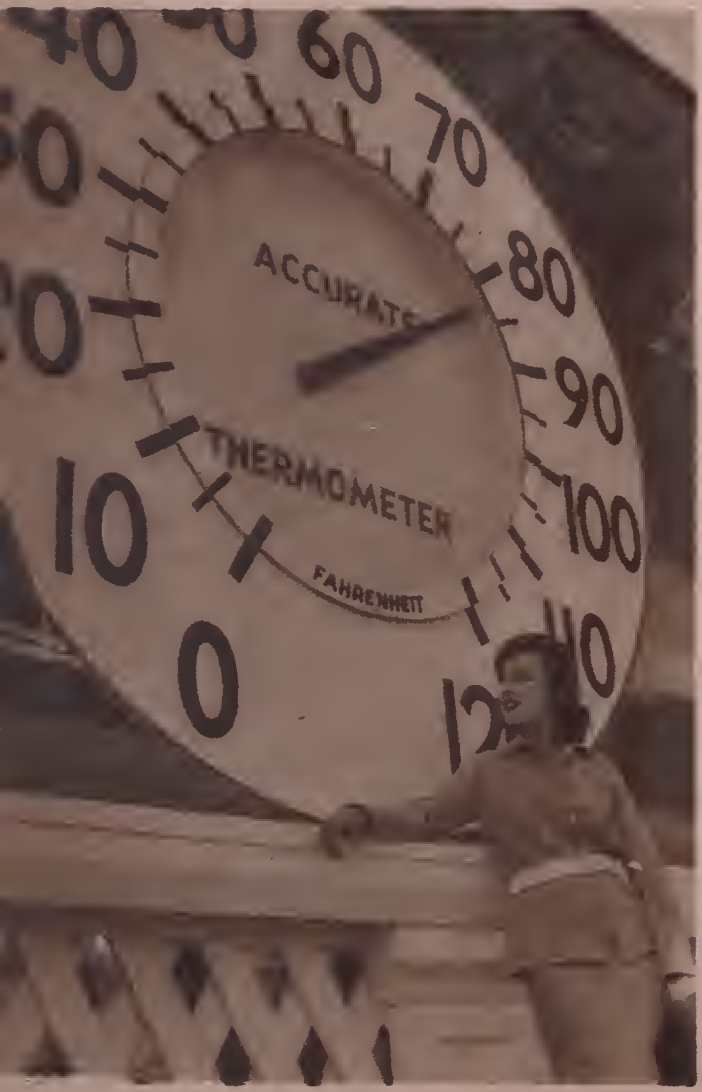
But to get back to our story—

If there is one quality that is predominant in Jean Muir, it is her dogged stick-to-it-iveness. Her mother admits that Jean had this trait from the time she could talk. She never lost sight of her point. True, she had the usual time deciding what she wanted to be, turning first to nursing, then surgery, then school teaching, but after she had once contacted John Drinkwater and a group of actors who were accompanying him back from London, she *knew she meant to be an actress.* There has never been a flicker of doubt since.

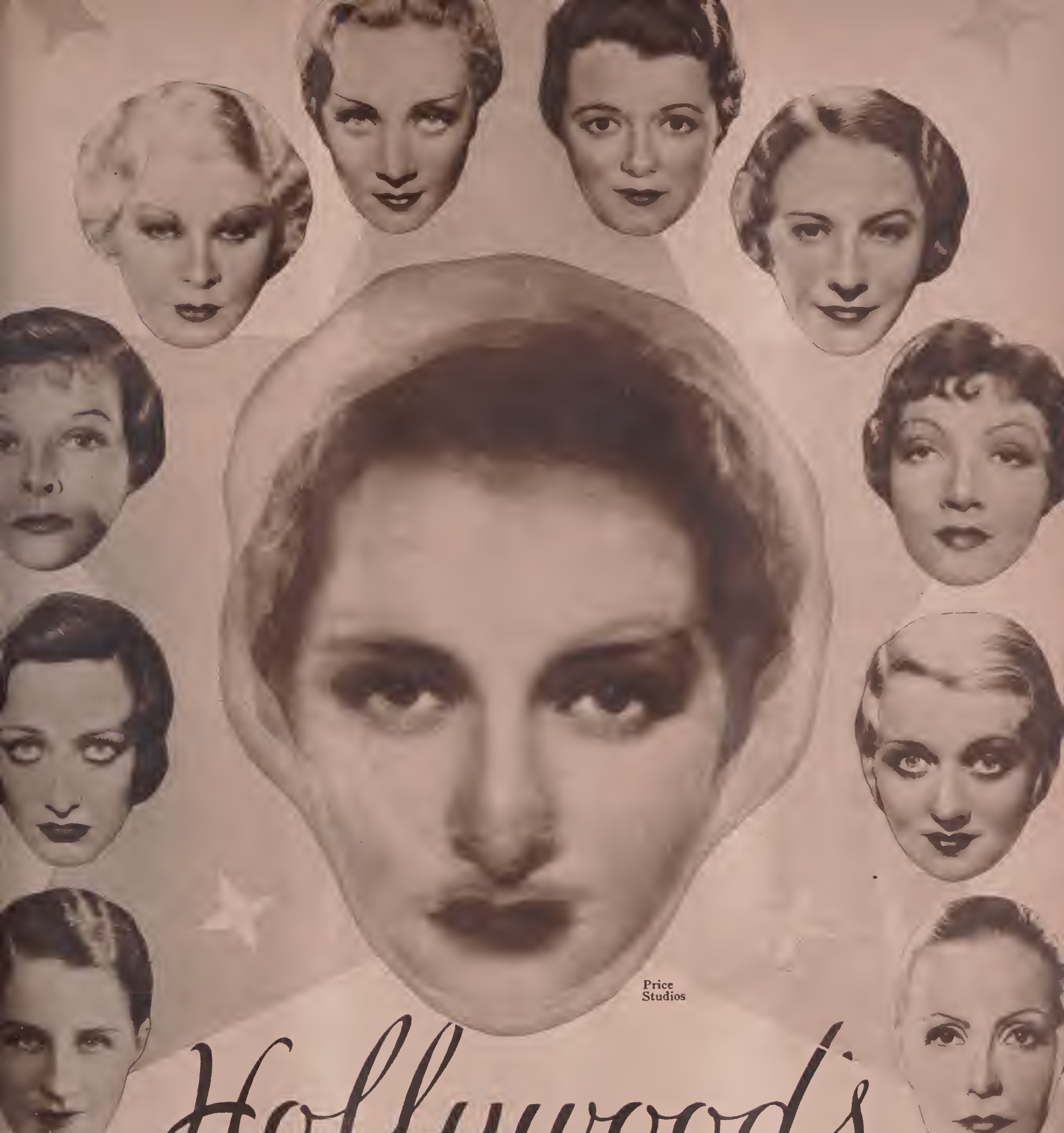
While she was general understudy with the New York production of "Dinner At Eight," she saw practically every (*Continued on page 86*)

Hollywood Sidelights

Between Pasadena and Hollywood there are over a dozen antique shops in a row, where you can get anything from old wagon wheels to china cups. Wynne Gibson, far left, holds an antique vase, Minna Gombell, shown below in front of a shop, has picked out two lovely purchases (left).



The strange sign-boards of Hollywood! Far left, Frances Drake poses in front of a spring water advertisement. Left, an ad for Tower clothes! And above, Frances is laughing at the stuffed horse used to advertise the City Dye Works! Anything for a laugh —or better still, a sale!



Price Studios

Hollywood's Phantom Star

(FEMALE)

Who is she? Where does she come from? She's a Galatea, created by a modern Pygmalion—a photographer who, with his magic process, conjured her up out of the faces of ten of Hollywood's loveliest stars: Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, Katharine Hepburn, Mae West, Marlene Dietrich, Janet Gaynor, Barbara Stanwyck, Claudette Colbert, Constance Bennett and Greta Garbo. Of whom does she remind you? Alma Rubens? Barbara La Marr? Is she perhaps a ghost princess out of the past? Or a filmy vision of future greatness?

My EDDIE

The Famous Comedian's Daughter and Secretary Knows Him from A to Z

IF THE joke is good, it's dad's.

If the joke is bad, it's mine.

At least, I got a job as secretary to my father, Eddie Cantor, by keeping a joke file that dad said he liked. But between you and me, I think he took me on for an alibi.

I did give him one of his best and oldest jokes. I started out as his gag writer at the tender age of four. I knew I had a father, but I didn't know what he looked like, because he was always away from home touring the country in vaudeville.

Occasionally, he'd drop in unexpectedly on Sundays. On one visit, surprising this strange individual in the living room, I called out, "Mom, that man's here again."

My youngest sister, Janet, also began early. Though not precocious, she is troublesome and naughty sometimes, in which case mother turns the punishment over to dad. On one such occasion, six-year-old Janet sought refuge under the bed. As father crawled after her, she whispered, "Is mother after you, too?"

You'd think from this life was all laughter in the Cantor household. It is usually, except when dad gets serious about being funny. Then it's even more fun because anything might happen.

Such as—

Crawling into bed and finding shoes and cracker crumbs hidden in it.

Dad walking into dinner formally dressed with high hat, stiff shirt, BUT NO PANTS!

The same gentleman strolling into the room looking like a ghoul because of two quarters stuck in his eyes!

Telephone calls going haywire when dad practises his newest dialect, that of a Japanese houseboy, and actually sounds more like a Polish policeman.

Being wakened out of a sound sleep and asked if you don't think a new joke is funny.

Can you imagine thinking anything funny at three o'clock in the morning? Once I did. I had been in bed a full six hours. Dad hadn't been. It was during the stock market crash, and he wasn't doing much sleeping. He stormed into my room, shook me to consciousness, and asked if I thought "Caught Short" was a good title for a stock market story. I yessed him, and he went on to outline his idea with amazing rapidity.

It was swell—so swell that he proceeded to dictate the story. By ten o'clock in the morning he had finished a rough draft, and was on the way to the publisher to sell it. That was the birth of his book, "Caught Short," which proceeded to make history in dollar book sales.

That really gives you a better insight into the Eddie Cantor I know than the almost childish tricks he sometimes delights in playing on his family. At heart he's serious and determined about his work. He eats it, sleeps it, talks it—twenty-four hours a day. He's determined to excel in every field of entertainment and happy about his accomplishments on the stage, the radio, and in the movies. He's constantly studying to im-

Father CANTOR

by

Marjorie Cantor

prove for his own "eddiefication."

His greatest disappointment is that he hasn't mastered the art of making phonograph records. For a long time he has concentrated on how to project his personality on records. Just recently he made a record—one that I think will be as entertaining as anything he has done in any other medium. But dad still isn't satisfied. He plays that record constantly to see how he can improve his work. He asks us about it, queries friends, and still isn't content.

HIS earnestness about his work is, of course, the quality that I think has made him successful. But his seriousness sometimes annoys mother. Recently, when we had guests, she asked him if he couldn't leave the movies at the studio and talk about something besides business.

He turned to her seriously and asked, "Do you know what the cloak and suit manufacturer talks about after business hours?"

Mother looked at him scornfully. "I suppose the cloak and suit business."

"No," replied dad triumphantly, "the movies."

It was in such a theatrical atmosphere that I grew up, came to love its excitement and its thrills, and envied everyone close to dad in the hurly burly world of entertainment. School seemed tame compared to the things he was doing. I came to hate it. I tried to get dad to let me quit and work for him, but he argued I would be missing too much.

I went to the University of California at Los Angeles a year. And then came the final straw—Miss Semple's School on Riverside Drive in New York where you are sent to be "finished." And was I finished? After six months of it I again pleaded with dad for a job. As a final argument I brought out the joke file I had been keeping secretly for two years. That won him over and I became his secretary last October.

Just because I'm Eddie Cantor's daughter, don't imagine the job's a snap. It may be fun. But it is work. I handle his appointments, making dates for the people he wants to see, and excuses to those he doesn't want to see. That's where I'm most useful, as I know pretty well, at least better than another girl would, just whom he wants to see.

I take care of his mail—personal, business, and fan. I handle the filing of his music orchestrations. And I'm continuing the joke file. That's important, too, because you have to know what makes a laugh go around the world.

In the first place, there aren't any new jokes. Miller's Joke Book lists most of the ones still flying about. There are simply new trimmings to the old fabrics. A comedian must know them all, and then have a sixth sense that tells him how to fit the old skeleton into a new, timely, and

(*Continued on page* 80)

The girls across the middle of the two pages spell out the word "Dames," which is the name of Warner Brothers' latest musical romance. Immediately at the right, Joan Blondell leads the row of chorines. At the bottom of this page the surprised trio is Guy Kibbee, ZaSu Pitts and Hugh Herbert. The fishing lass next to them is Ruby Keeler. On the other page, you'll find Ruby about to kiss Dick Powell, much to Joan Blondell's displeasure. To the right of that picture we again find Ruby and Dick, with Guy Kibbee and his harem. At the bottom of that page: The Spirit of '34 and the Ruby Keeler number in which all the girls are made up to look like the petite little star.

The Art of

WHAT is the purpose of make-up?

What principles govern the application of a correct make-up?

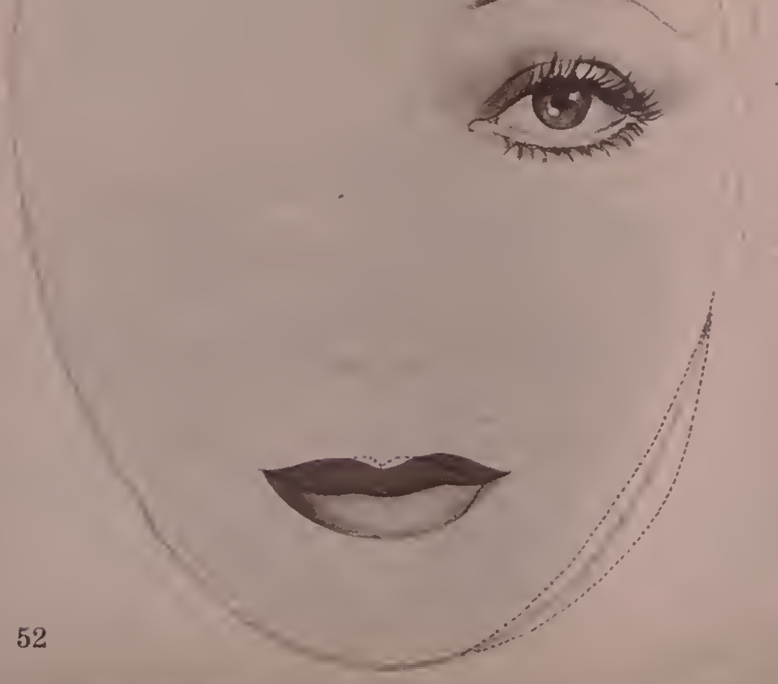
What relation does one's coiffure bear to a correct make-up?

In answer to these and many other questions Jack Dawn, make-up director of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, set forth a series of make-up principles.

"Definite make-up principles *must* take the place of the present use of make-up if women desire to make the most of their beauty," he warned. "Men want to see women dainty and feminine and not grotesque in clown-like make-ups. Most women apply make-up because of habit and daily this habit becomes more thoughtless and careless simply because make-up has no meaning to them. It is better to wear no make-up at all than one applied without understanding."

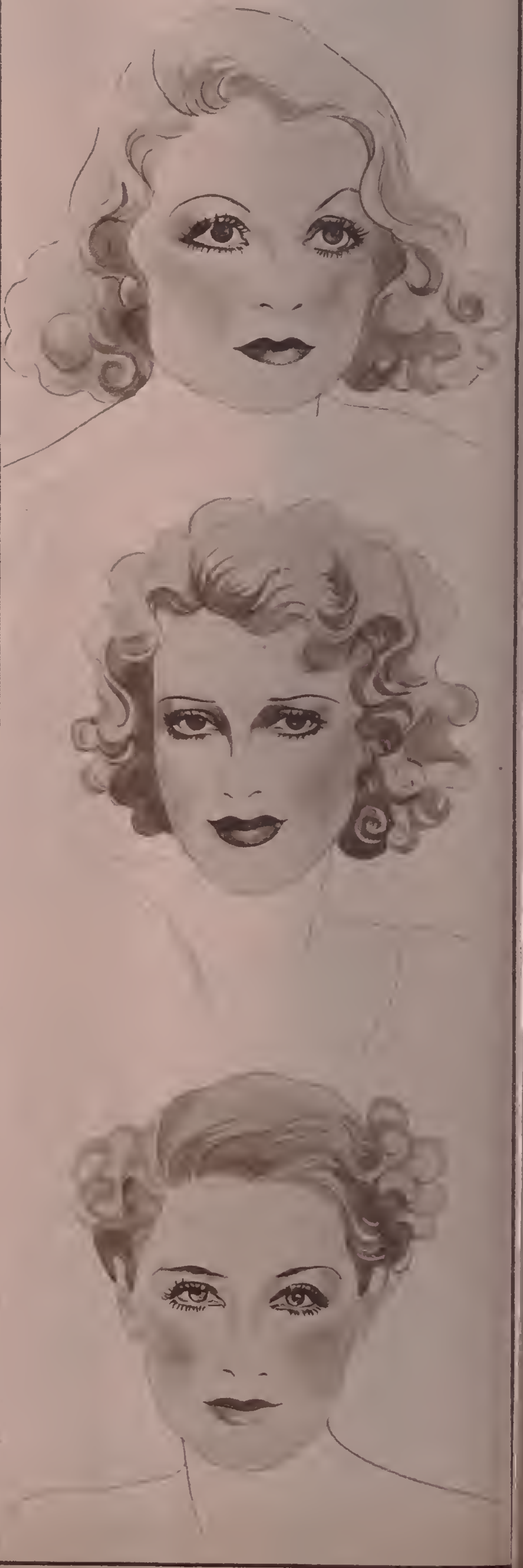
"A woman *should* use make-up," he said. "Art has accepted the classic oval face with its features in perfect proportion as the *most beautiful* face. *Make-up should only be used to effect this classic oval face.*

"All long faces belong to one of three groups—the *oval*, which comes most nearly resembling the oval of the classic oval, the *long oval* which has a more projected and a heavier jaw and the *round* or *square* face. Now the first problem of correct make-up is to make the shape of the face as nearly as possible like the classic oval. This may be accomplished in two ways. First, by adopting the proper coiffure for each type of face. The woman with an *oval* face may wear her hair back off her face. The woman with a *long oval* face should wear her hair in a coiffure that falls over the side of the face so that the heavy jaw line is eliminated—*the woman with this type of face should never wear her hair high on her head* as this coiffure will further elongate her already overly-long face. The woman with a *round* face should either wear her



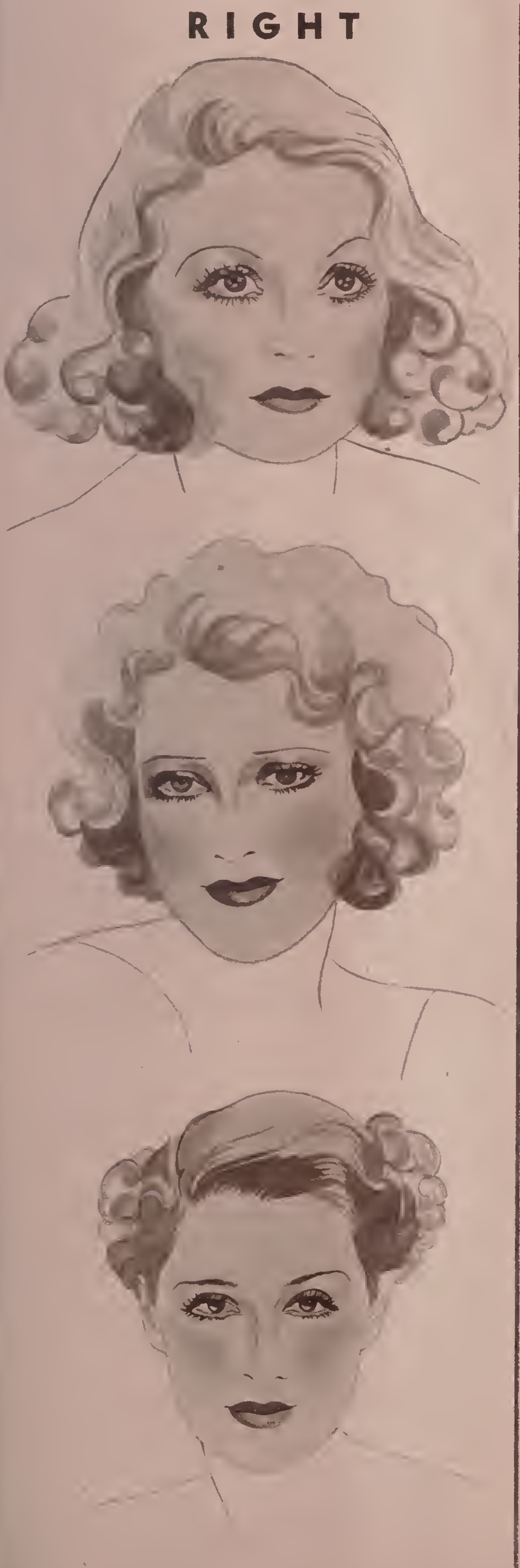
Left, the classic oval face, showing the ideal we should strive for in making up eyebrows, eyes, and mouth. In this instructive article, the proper technique is explained in detail. You will find it helpful in your own make-up.

WRONG



Make-up

by GLORIA MACK



hair high to give length to her face or she should bring it forward to cover a too square jaw. Every woman should give her coiffure a great deal of thought and not adopt it just because it is the newest thing.

"ROUGE is the second consideration in effecting this classic oval. Rouge is a highlight and should be *blended,* not dabbed, on the cheeks. On an oval face the rouge should be blended from the temple over the cheek bone and down on the cheek on a line with the mouth—*it should never extend down to the jaw line* as is so frequently done. Rouge should be applied to the *long oval* face in a similar manner and with this type of face the *greatest* of care should be taken not to have the rouge extend to jaw line. The *round* face should be rouged well backward to the sides of the face—the greatest error the woman with this type of face can make is *to rouge the center of the cheeks and leave the heavy square jaw protruding on the outer side of it.*"

"The proper application of rouge could easily fill a chapter and the only way to learn to apply it successfully is to study your particular type of face."

To better illustrate the above principles I selected the three types of faces Jack Dawn described from among the stars on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lots. In the sketches on the opposite page you will see these stars with their rouge applied incorrectly while in those on this page it has been applied as it should be. Also notice the improvement in the shape of the face that the addition of a small lock of hair makes in the sketches of Jeanette MacDonald and Constance Bennett. Norma Shearer's face is so close to the perfect oval that she may wear her hair back from her face. Study your face in relation to one of these types and then learn to dress your hair more advantageously and apply your rouge more flatteringly.

Now if you will follow the illustration at the bottom of the opposite page you will easily understand the rest of the make-up as Jack Dawn tells it.

"Before talking about eye make-up let us study the construction of the brows. The brows designate character as well as frame the eyes. They should be shaped but never plucked to the extent that they lose their character. If the eyes are too *close* *(Continued on page 95)*

How cosmetics can "make or break" the classic oval is shown in the contrasting sketches of Connie Bennett, Jeanette Macdonald and Norma Shearer; the article explains the fine points for you.

Gloria Mack, Movie Mirror's beauty expert, is at your disposal to answer any questions you have about your beauty problems. Problems of make-up, hairdress, skin care, and fine points of grooming will be discussed each month in this section; but if you have some questions you want answered personally, enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope and send your letter to Gloria Mack, Movie Mirror, 6715 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

star fashions • • by • • gwenn walters

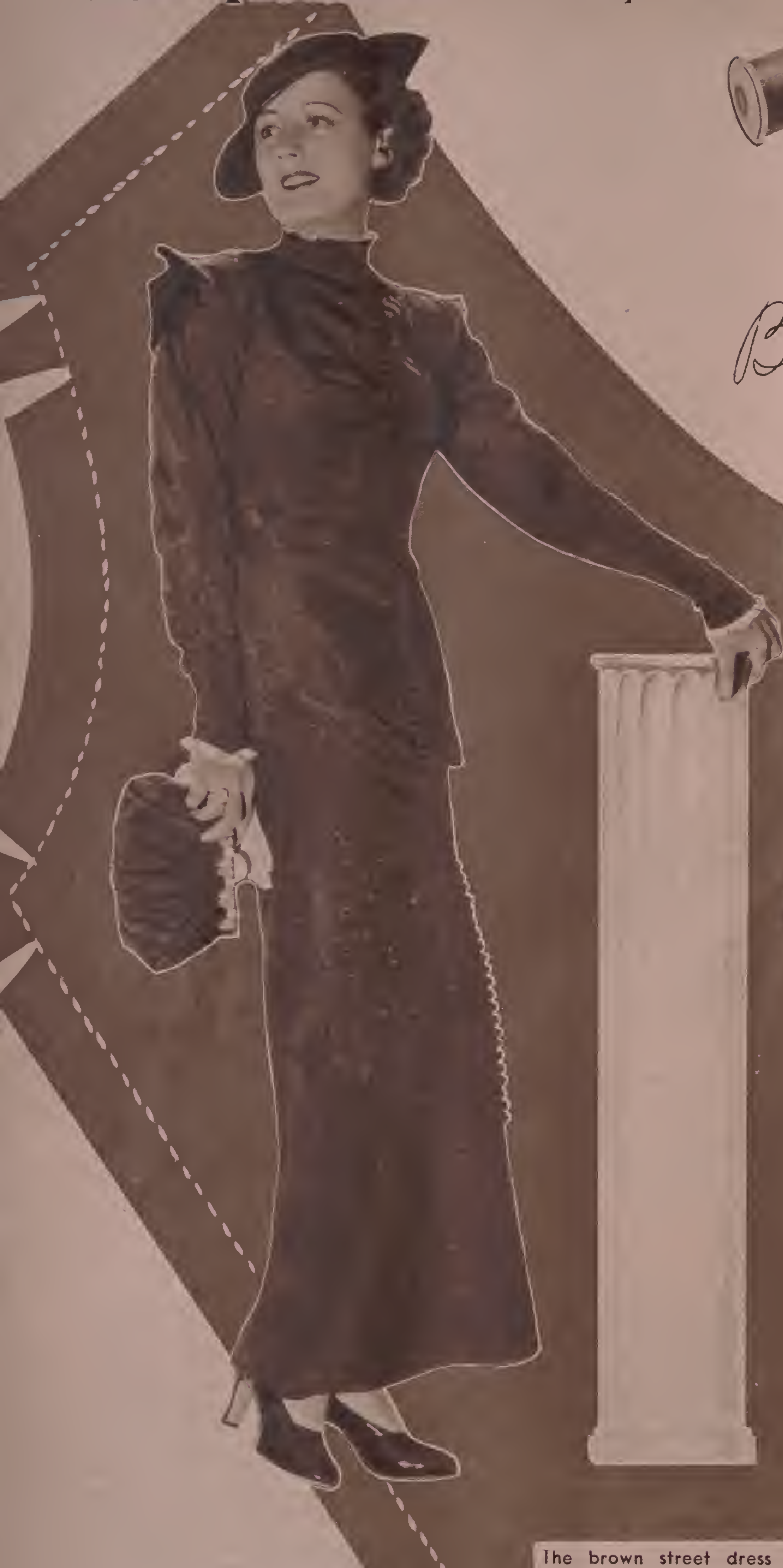
CREATED BY

Bess Schlank

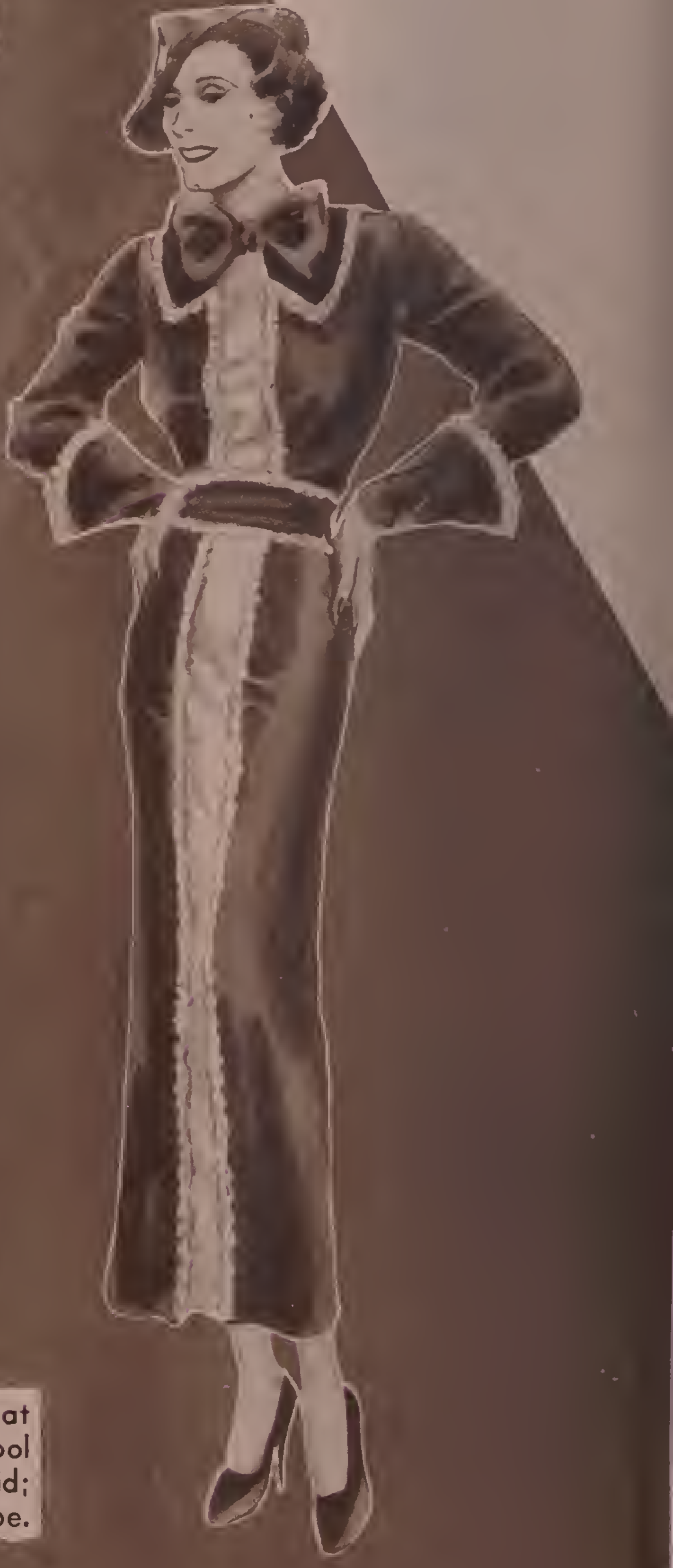
HOLLYWOOD and LOS ANGELES

FOR

IRENE DUNNE



Irene Dunne's charming afternoon dress in black moire, is beautifully set off by the stitched taffeta hat.



The brown street dress at the right is in sheer wool trimmed with gold braid; it's perfect for Irene's type.

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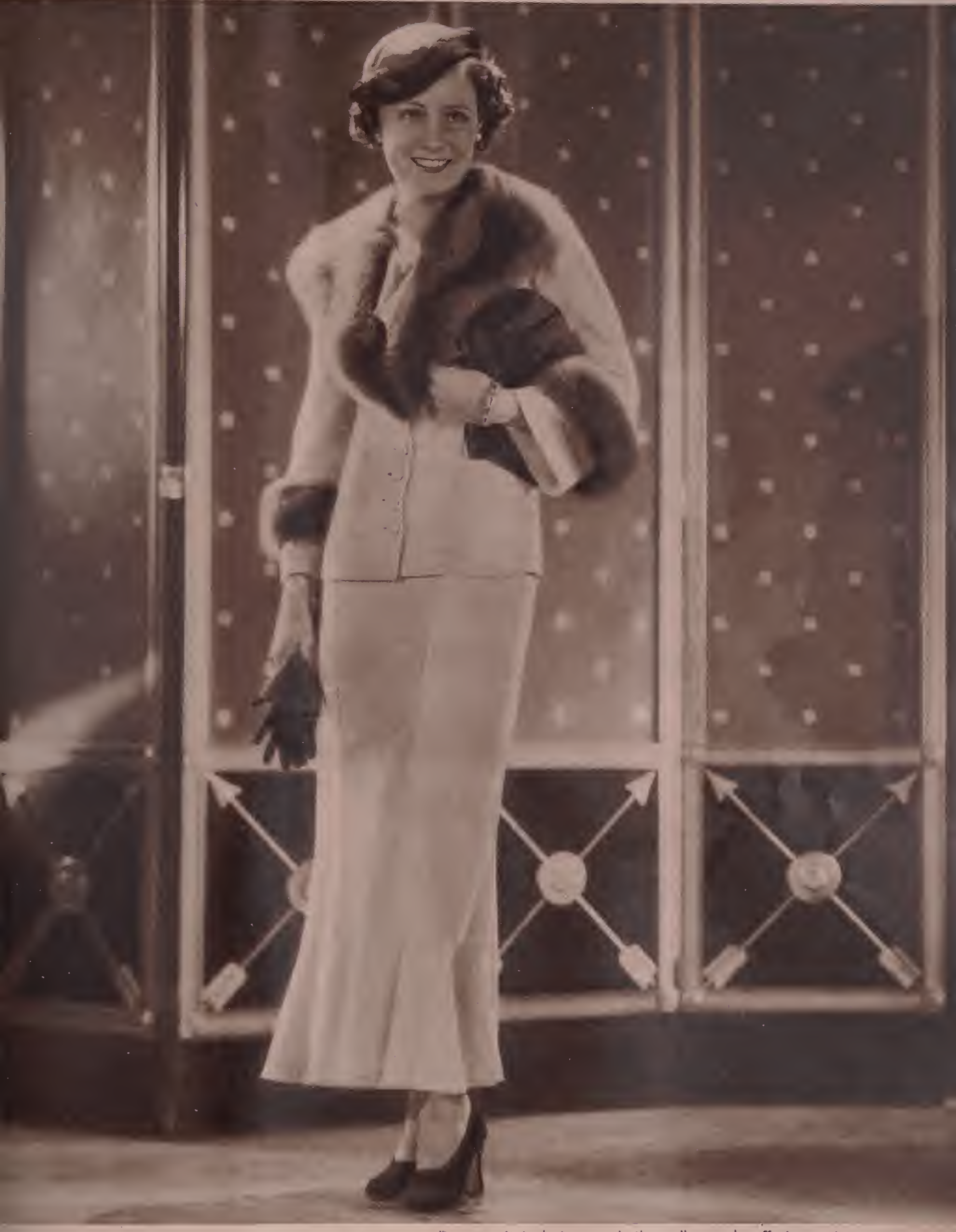

Dressy suit in beige wool, the collar and cuffs in marten fur, the hat and bag in brown satin—all in all, chic and graceful.

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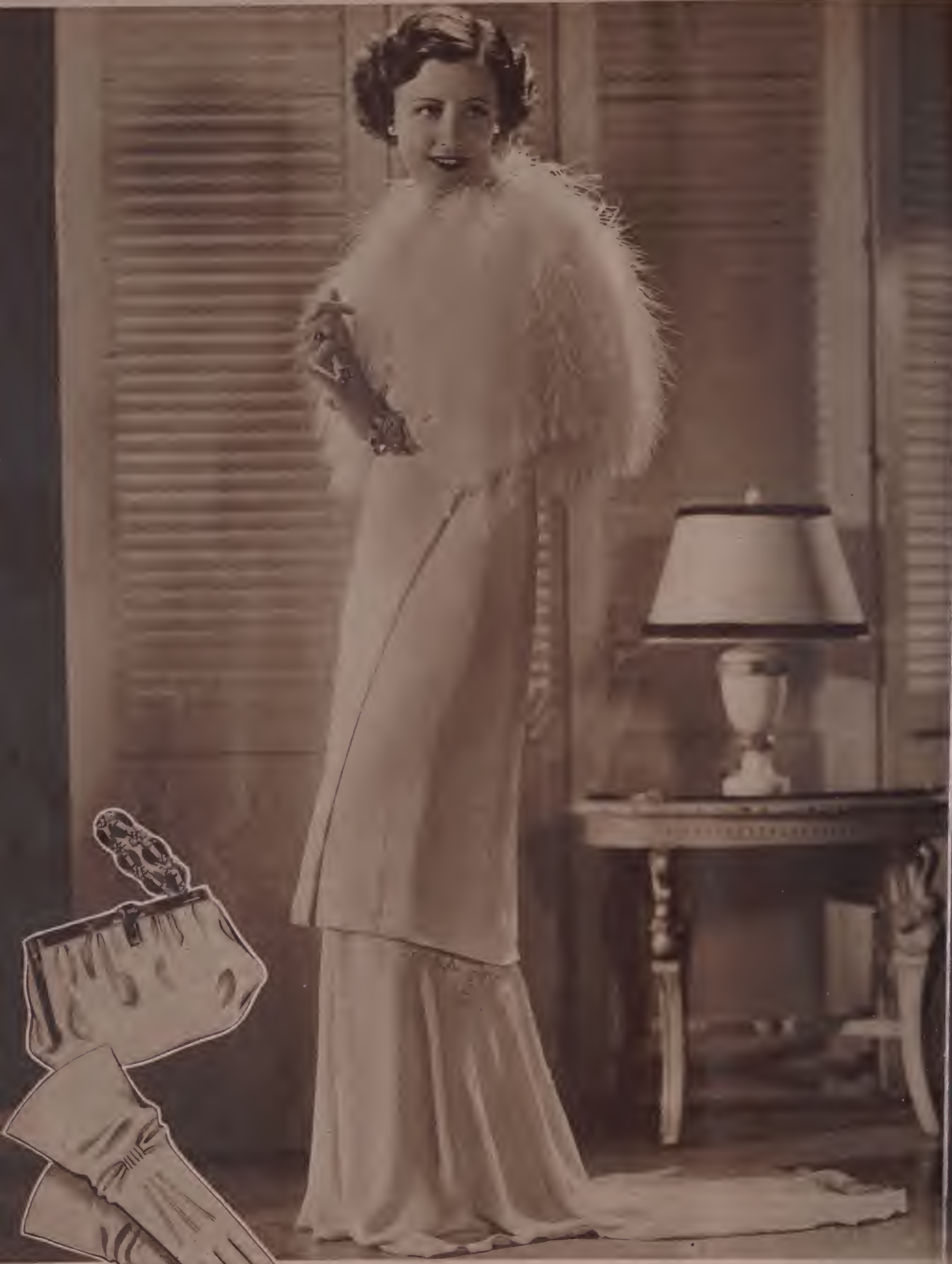

A collar of glycerined ostrich adds charm to a straigh line wrap of matching crepe, worn with the dres on the opposite page. Note sketched accessorie

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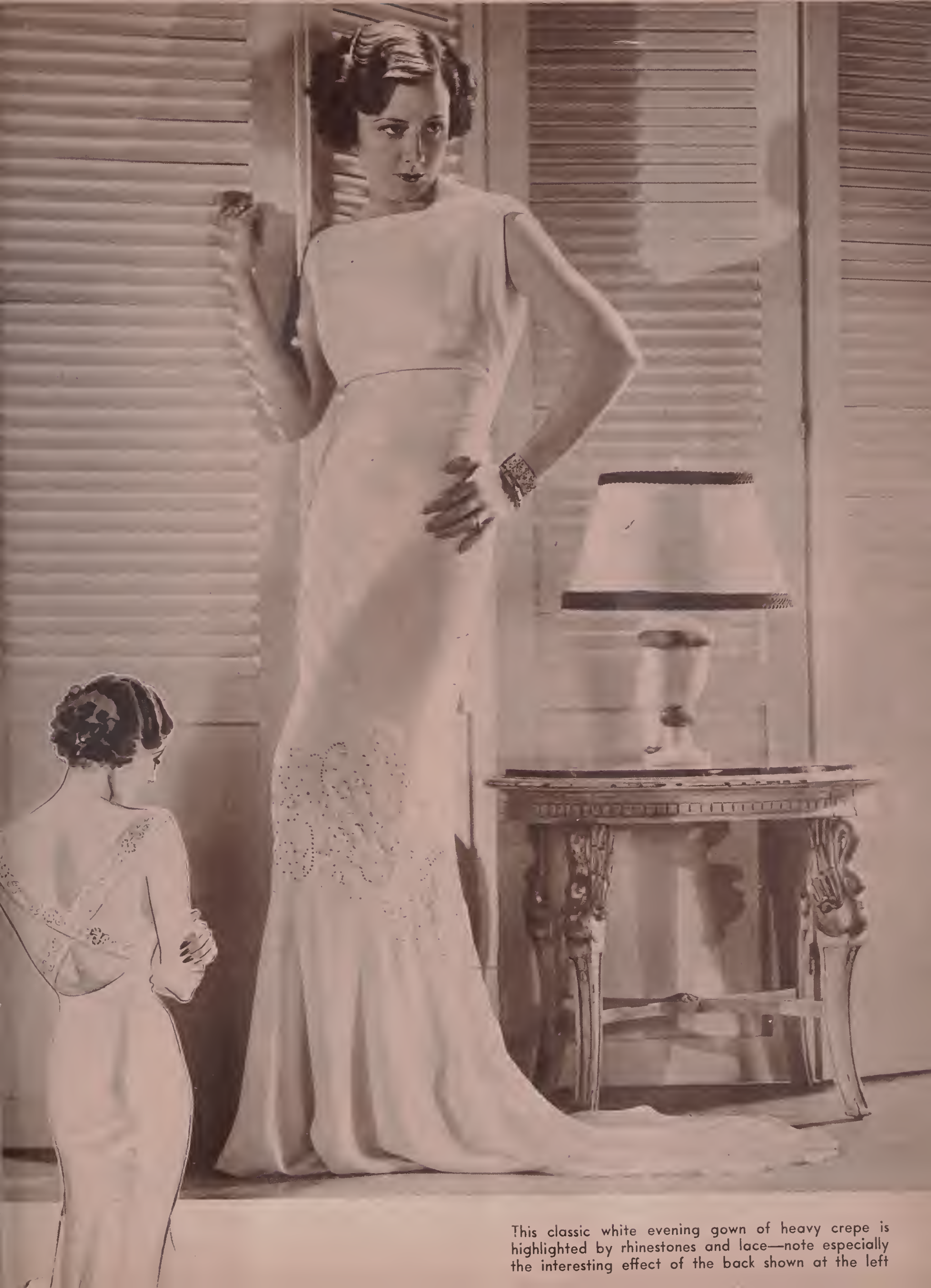

This classic white evening gown of heavy crepe is highlighted by rhinestones and lace—note especially the interesting effect of the back shown at the left

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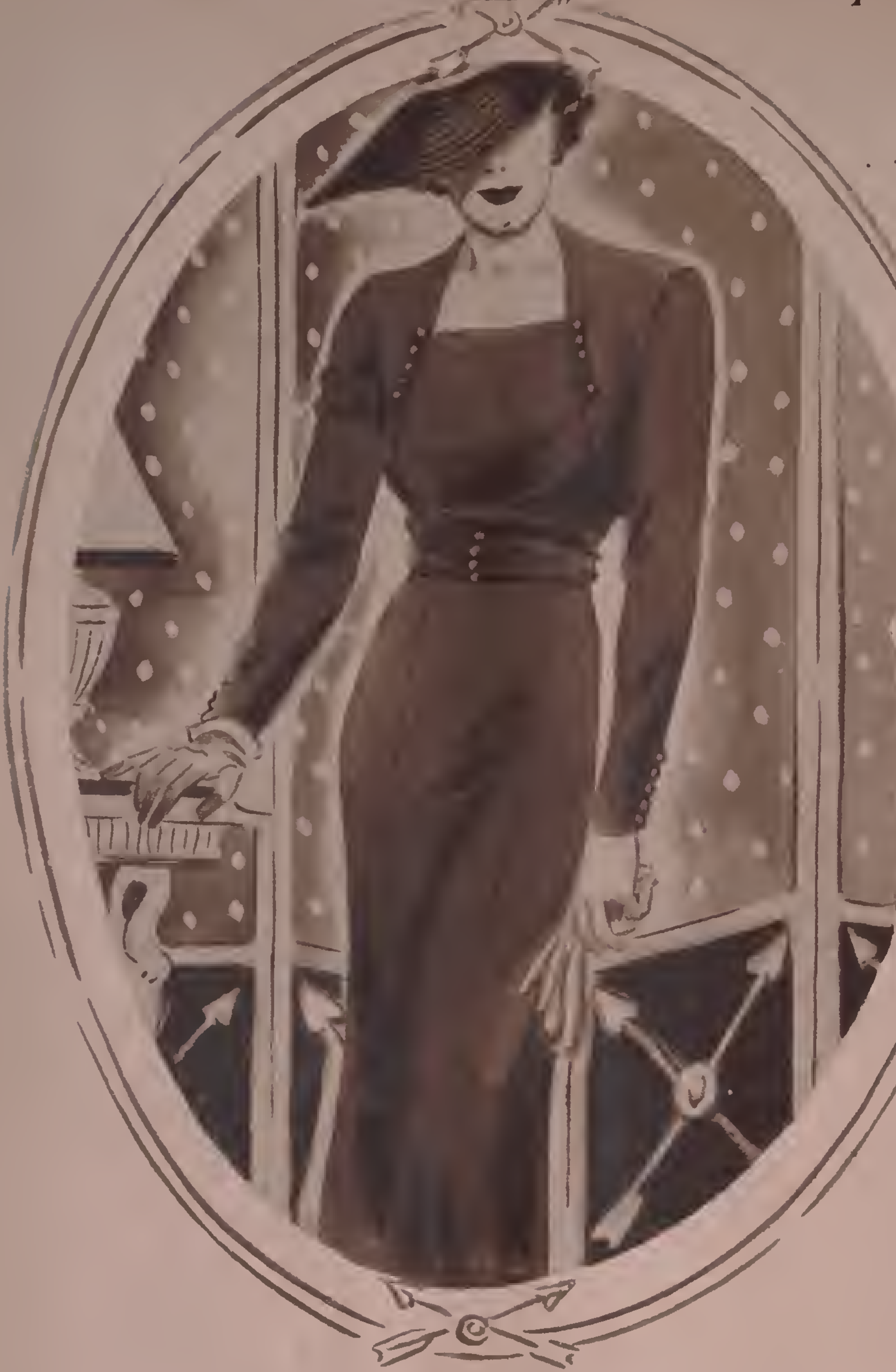
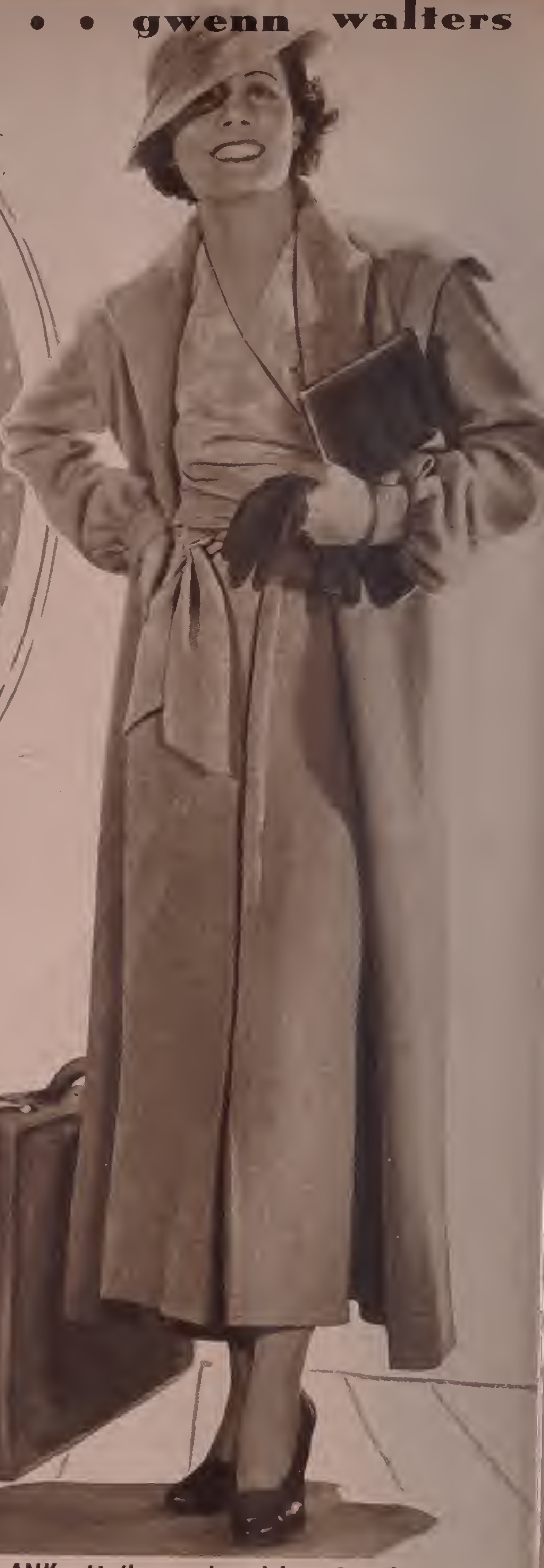


The drawing above shows Irene Dunne's street dress in dark green wool with its wide stitched wool hat.

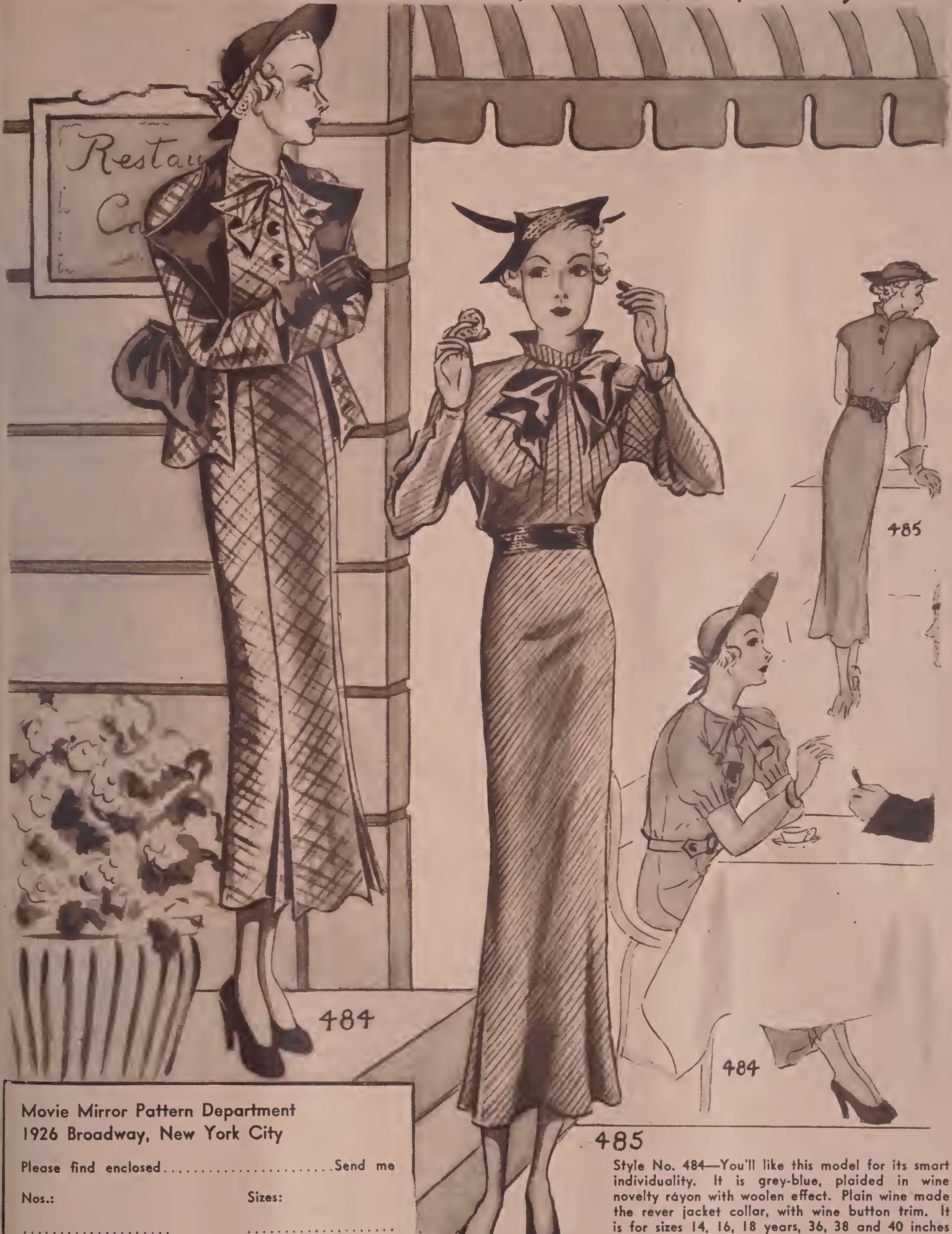


At the right, Irene poses in her green wool travel or sports ensemble with matching hat and pretty blouse in green, moire.

All Costumes Created by BESS SCHLANK—Hollywood and Los Angeles and EXCLUSIVELY Posed for MOVIE MIRROR by IRENE DUNNE

MOVIE MIRROR PATTERN DEPARTMENT

All Patterns 15¢ each in stamps or coin (coin preferred)



Movie Mirror Pattern Department
1926 Broadway, New York City

Please find enclosed........................Send me

Nos.: Sizes:

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Name...

Address ....

Style No. 484—You'll like this model for its smart individuality. It is grey-blue, plaided in wine novelty rayon with woolen effect. Plain wine made the rever jacket collar, with wine button trim. It is for sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust. Price, 15 cents.

Style No. 485—This simple model is so easily handled by the home sewer, yet so new and attractive in effect. Pin tucks in sunburst effect, create a very slimming bodice line. You'll note, too, the pin-tucked sleeves are set into modish deep armholes. Watermelon (an off red) crepe marocain, made the original model. A black satin bow accented the youthful pin tucked collar. It is for sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38 and 40-inches bust. Price, 15 cents.

movies of the month

(✓ Check for good pictures.)
(✓✓ Double check for extraordinary ones you shouldn't miss.)

by JERRY ASHER

THINGS are picking up. A whole new era in sound pictures should come as a result of Grace Moore's Columbia picture, "One Night of Love." It is the most intelligent use of sound since Jolson upset the picture business with "The Jazz Singer." Great spectacular entertainment is offered in "Cleopatra." There's adventure in "Treasure Island" and good fun in Jimmy Cagney's "Here Comes the Navy." Also, these pictures are clean pictures that the whole family may safely see and enjoy.

✓"Treasure Island" (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Jackie Cooper, Lionel Barrymore, Otto Kruger, Lewis Stone, Wallace Beery, Nigel Bruce, "Chic" Sale, Dorothy Peterson.*

It's About: *Pirates, buried treasure and all the characters of Stevenson's famous story.*

Here is "Treasure Island" back again with all the same characters, bigger and better than ever before. And it still remains thrilling from the time that Bill Bones knocks on the door of the inn through searching for the buried treasure; the battle with the pirates and the final escape of the little band of Englishmen.

This version is beautifully acted by Jackie Cooper as Jim Hawkins, Wallace Beery is Long John Silver, Billy Bones, Lionel Barrymore, Lewis Stone plays Captain Smollett, Otto Kruger the kindly Doctor Livesey, Nigel Bruce the talkative Squire Trelawney, and "Chic" Sale, Ben Gunn.

This picture has been produced lavishly and the photography is beautiful. We could quarrel with Wally Beery's Long John Silver as he is much too kindly, but the picture on the whole is too well done to make any complaint against it.

Your Reviewer Says: If you want adventure rather than sex, it's grand.

For Children: They'll adore it.

✓"Here Comes the Navy" (Warner Bros.)

You'll See: *James Cagney, Gloria Stuart, Pat O'Brien, Frank McHugh, Dorothy Tree, Robert Barrat, Maude Eburne.*

It's About: *A hard-boiled gob, who joins the navy to get revenge, only to find out his enemy is his superior officer.*

Here comes the navy with Jimmy Cagney playing the toughest gob that ever swabbed a deck. Also here comes a good hearty round of

A grand spectacle is "Cleopatra," in which Claudette Colbert plays the Egyptian temptress and Henry Wilcoxon is Marc Antony. And there's glamor and adventure in "Treasure Island" which stars Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper.

A Truly Dependable Movie Guide in Which Our Reviewer Gives You an Honest Estimate of the Latest Pictures

applause for Jimmy, who is a past-master at playing this sort of thing.

"Chesty," who is Jimmy, is a riveter. He gets into a jam with "Biff," a ship's officer. Biff takes his girl away from him at a dance and they fight it out in the alley. Chesty loses when Biff catches him off guard and knocks him cold. Right then and there Chesty decides to join up with the navy, get on Biff's ship and even up old scores.

The girl enters into it when Chesty falls for Biff's sister. This only helps to make matters worse, with the two sailors at each other's throats most of the time. Even when Chesty is rewarded for bravery he still keeps his cocky attitude. The other gobs mark him as a wrong guy and finally he loses his girl when he jumps ship to see her and her brother has him court-martialed. Unlike most stories of this type, when the final scene comes around and everyone is going to live happily ever after, we still find Jimmy tough as nails.

Pat O'Brien, as Biff, is splendid and makes a swell foil for Cagney. Gloria Stuart is beautiful and appealing as the girl. Frank McHugh, as Jimmy's buddy, who is saving his money to buy china teeth for mother, is priceless. Technical details and a view of how the navy is run, help greatly.

Your Reviewer Says: A wholesome and entertaining navy picture.

For Children: oke.

✓✓"One Night of Love" (Columbia)

You'll See: *Grace Moore, Lyle Talbot, Tullio Carminati, Mona Barrie, Jessie Ralph, others.*

It's About: *A girl who manages to become a famous opera star.*

Here is a picture of so much charm and glamor and with music themes so originally and beautifully handled that audiences everywhere, we believe, will thrill to it. Don't be frightened because most of the music is operatic. It is so effectively handled here that you will find it as exciting as a Bing Crosby show.

And in Grace Moore you will discover a new and fascinating star. Miss Moore has made pictures before this, of course, but she has changed so radically since "Jenny Lind," both in appearance and voice, that she returns a new personality.

The story itself hasn't anything very new to offer. A young American girl wants to sing. She loses a radio contest, but takes her last remaining dollars to go to Italy to study. There she meets a hard-boiled music teacher whom she resolves not to love and who

(*Continued on page* 65)

THE EDITOR SAYS:

Congratulations to Columbia, a little studio which has made three of the biggest pictures of the year *so far*: "It Happened One Night," "Twentieth Century," and now "One Night of Love," reviewed in this section.

Ruth Waterbury

"Here Comes the Navy" is hilarious fun—and the picture at the left shows Jimmy Cagney, Pat O'Brien, Gloria Stuart, and Frank McHugh. Below, Lyle Talbot, Grace Moore, and Tullio Carminati in that superb masterpiece, "One Night of Love."

FAY WRAY'S

INTERESTED in your health? Who isn't?

Fay Wray can teach all of us something about health.

Fay has just finished thirteen pictures in thirteen months. A tiny thing she is, you know, off the screen. She looks like a Dresden doll. Yet she carries a load that would stagger a strong man—that *has* staggered men as strong as Clark Gable. Thirteen pictures! More than any other actress has worked in during the same length of time. And what pictures! Under-sea stuff. And you remember "Kong!"

How does she stand the strain?,

"Regularity!" she says.

"The dangerous thing in Hollywood is the irregularity of studio life. The antidote for that is regularity. It is absolutely impossible to lead a sane, balanced life when you're in pictures. The only hope is to get the balance in your life outside—at home—if you hope to keep your health.

"In my home life I keep a routine so regular that my friends ask me why it doesn't drive me crazy. Drive me crazy? It's the only thing that keeps me from *going* crazy!"

She has a set of seven rules:

1. Moderation in all things.
2. No drinking.
3. No smoking
4. No temperamental outbursts.
5. Regular exercise.
6. Sensible diet.
7. Relaxation.

A set of rules is a good place to start, for all of us. Ask yourself, "What are the things I am doing that are harming me?" Then draw up your own list. You'll notice Fay's allows for mental behavior as well as things like liquor and tobacco. No temperamental outbursts. They burn up too much nervous energy and never get you anywhere. Make your list do the same. Are you irritable, grouchy, moody? Then one of your rules will be, "Keep my feelings under control." *Write out your rules* and paste them up on your mirror. You'll never live up to all of them, probably. But, in trying, you'll develop the beginnings of an intelligent control over yourself and a habit of regularity.

Diet, Exercise, Mental Hygiene, are the three things Fay watches. Her rule for diet is "Trust your appetite." Faddists may shriek and yell, but she says common sense is the best sense. "An experimental laboratory at a big university recently fed babies by putting trays of different kinds of food in front of them and letting them help themselves. After six months, those babies were healthier than babies fed on a strict scientific diet. And what they ate! It would have horrified their mothers. One baby went on a banana drunk and wouldn't touch anything but bananas for a week!" Appetite is no accident, Fay maintains. Nature put it into us to tell us what we need—if we're normal and healthy. If you're ill, of course, it may get twisted. Fat people (and fat is a disease) often want to eat nothing

Health Rules

You can stand any strain if you'll follow her routine

By JACK JAMISON

but fattening food. There you have to use your brains.

Fay herself never eats overly starched or richly spiced foods, or heavy desserts. She drinks only one cup of coffee a day. She eats lots of vegetables and fruits. But, outside of that, she trusts absolutely to her appetite. And it works. With nearly everyone else in Hollywood dieting, she has never once had to cut down on food to keep thin.

AFTER Diet comes Exercise. Some people get the most out of exercise only if they make play out of it. But for anyone whose work is jerky and done at high tension—No! Run an information booth? Salesgirl in a packed bargain-basement? Telephone operator on a fast PBX board? If you (*Continued on page* 73)

Fay Wray's about the hardest working gal in pictures. So she *has* to have a well-planned mode of living. Sun-bathing, tennis, bicycle riding are all part of the plan—but she does 'em regularly and in moderation.

Fred Astaire:

DANCING METEOR

by

TOM GREGORY

His talented feet are shooting him high into the cinema heavens!

PROHIBITION was the ugly sire of endless uglier things, but a dry law was directly responsible for a magnificent contribution to the stage and screen: The resilient, rhythmic body, the nimble legs, and twinkling toes of Fred Astaire.

Fred Astaire's fame and glory has transcended that of all other male dancers, including Astaire's idol, the immortal Vernon Castle. Astaire, the boy, with his famous sister Adele, was dancing the wolf from the parental door when Castle shed his life's blood for his country. And the night of the day that news of Castle's death was tap-tap-tapped over the wires in the ghostly staccato of Castle's stilled feet, marked the first and only time that Astaire slipped, and fell in an ignominious heap, before an audience. The news had left the boy, Astaire, grief-stricken, and his fall was a tribute to Castle.

It is Astaire's star—or is it a meteor—that now shines so brightly on Hollywood's celluloid horizon; so brightly that Freddie has stolen all fan mail honors at the RKO studio, by several hundred letters a week. Most of the well wishers are sweet young things. This significant fact indicates to this writer that the affections of the fair fans seem to be switching from those big strong men who rescue them from all sorts of situations, to an esthetic young chap who can give them a dancing thrill.

Astaire is the world's foremost exponent of that particular variety of heart throb!

He is the only living male who can lead a maiden through the intricate mazes of everything from a Rhumba to a Carioca, not only on a smooth floor, but up chairs and down tables!

I found Astaire at home, with the lovely Mrs. Astaire, the former Mrs. Phyllis Potter of the Chicago Potters and Palmers, in their Beverly Hills hotel apartment. They had just chased the mob of realtors, unable to decide, offhand, whether to build or rent. Just returned from London, where Freddie had added to his already long list of London successes with "The Gay Divorce," they were more than a bit excited over the fact that Freddie had just returned from secret dance rehearsals with Ginger Rogers, who will play opposite him in the film version of the same opus.

"Rogers is a grand girl," Freddie was saying. "She dances like my sister."

My first impression of this idol of New York and London was that he looks less like an actor (*Continued on page 68*)

Movies of the Month

(*Continued from page* 61)

resolves not to love her. You can easily guess what happens.

Tullio Carminati is delightful as the teacher; Jessie Ralph scores as the housekeeper and Lyle Talbot emerges very sympathetically as the American boy in love. It is impossible to put the charm of this picture into words. It isn't a thing of words. It is supreme entertainment for the eye and ear.

Your Reviewer Says: You'll be sorry if you miss this.

For Children: Yes, indeed.

✓ Cleopatra (Paramount)

You'll See: *Claudette Colbert, Warren William, Henry Wilcoxon, Ian Keith, Joseph Schildkraut, Gertrude Michael, and thousands of others.*

It's About: *Cleopatra, Marc Antony, Caesar and ooh, so much feeling.*

We doubt very much that this is history. We don't imagine Cleopatra was ever as beautiful as Claudette Colbert, nor Antony so noble as Henry Wilcoxon makes him. But if you want an evening's glamorous and amusing entertainment, this is decidedly worth your money.

Set against a typical and vast DeMille panorama, the story moves from one emotional climax to another. Caesar it is who first loves Cleopatra and brings her back in triumph to Rome. When he is killed by Brutus, Antony feels the Egyptian queen is involved and goes to visit her, to avenge Caesar. Of course, he stays in love, and thereby both he and Cleopatra lose their lives.

The whole picture is fraught with color and movement, and the big scenes are emotionally stimulating. Warren William makes a very fine Caesar, Claudette is alluring, and we think you will like Henry Wilcoxon, the English import, as Antony.

Your Reviewer Says: More fun than highbrow.

For Children: The older ones, yes.

✓"Grand Canary" (Fox)

You'll See: *Warner Baxter, Madge Evans, Marjorie Rambeau, Zita Johann, Roger Imhof, H. B. Warner, Barry Norton, Juliette Compton, others.*

It's About: *A doctor, condemned by the medical profession who goes to Canary Island to forget, but returns with renewed ambition and love.*

Perhaps it is too much to expect that the film version of A. J. Cronin's novel of the same name would carry the novel's full quota of human characterizations. Rarely does the screen capture completely the moving beauty of character portrayals of best sellers. This is no exception. If you've read the book you'll especially rebel against the inconsequential treatment of the soul-saving Robert Trantor who was torn between salvation of humanity from the devil and his own sexual aberrations. On the whole, the action is sporadic, and the yellow fever sequences a bit incredulous because of their trite handling. Yet the picture attains a certain dignity from its theme and is benefited through good performances.

Warner Baxter, as the doctor who is branded a fraud and a quack, is railroaded out of the profession because his serum fails at a crucial moment and causes the death of three people. To obliterate this horror from his mind he boards a ship bound for Canary Island. On shipboard he finds love and the desire for living again in the beautiful, already married Lady Fielding, played by Madge Evans. When the boat docks he finds the community in the vicious grip of yellow fever. Lady Fielding is of course afflicted and then the conflict comes in.

Madge Evans is exceptionally beautiful and quite convincing. The rest of the cast do nicely with inadequate and muddled parts. But honors go to the photographer who moved the story in the many spots that dragged.

Your Reviewer Says: Good and dignified entertainment.

For Children: They can gain nothing.

"I AM COMPLETELY A SELFISH PERSON!"

says Bette Davis, the magnificent unsympathetic Mildred in "Of Human Bondage." Read this exciting and revealing interview in the October MOVIE MIRROR.

✓✓"Baby, Take a Bow" (Fox)

You'll See: *Shirley Temple, James Dunn, Claire Trevor, Alan Dinehart, Ray Walker, Dorothy Libaire and others.*

It's About: *Two crooks who try to go straight, a stolen necklace, a cop whose head is flatter than his heels and a little girl who captures the thief.*

This story started out to be a straight melodrama, with two crooks, having served a stretch, determined to keep on the straight and narrow. Jimmy Dunn and Ray Walker play these roles and very capably too. Jimmy marries Claire Trevor who has waited for him and six years later they are still happy with Shirley, their little girl.

Things go well until a thick-headed policeman begins to hound them and cause them to lose every job. Suddenly the seriousness of the plot is forgotten, when an escaped crook gives Shirley some stolen pearls and tells her to take them to her daddy. There's a game of hide and seek between Shirley, Jimmy and the cop. At times it borders on slapstick. The audience loved it, however, as long as Shirley Temple was on the screen.

Your Reviewer Says: You'll more than get your money's worth of entertainment.

For Children: It's great fun for them.

"Ladies Should Listen" (Para.)

You'll See: *Cary Grant, Frances Drake, Edward Everett Horton, Rosita Moreno, George Barbier, Nydia Westman, Charles Ray, others.*

It's About: *A young man, a telephone operator, a couple of crooks and love.*

The really funny gags in "Ladies Should Listen" pull an otherwise thinly plotted story out of the category of mediocre entertainment. The story moves along in a staccato tempo, and the treatment is very superficial.

The setting is Paris. Frances Drake, as the telephone operator, is madly in love with Cary Grant, the playboy. Her romantic interest in Mr. Grant prompts her to "listen in" on the calls from his lady loves. Through this medium she learns of a plot to rob the romantically inclined hero. In a frantic endeavor to save him, the little telephone operator mixes up everything, even to the extent of getting him engaged to a woman he does not love.

There is real star material in Frances Drake. Cary Grant reveals a keen sense of comedy. But funnier are Nydia Westman as the little bore who gets herself engaged to Cary Grant and Edward Everett Horton as her doting swain. Charles Ray, as the dog-eyed doorman who loves the telephone operator, got a tremendous hand from the preview audience when he was flashed on the screen.

Your Reviewer Says: Fair for a night's entertainment.

For Children: Not at all.

✓"Our Daily Bread" (United Artists)

You'll See: *Tom Keene, Karen Morley, John Qualen, Barbara Pepper, Addison Richards, Clarence Geldert, Nellie V. Nichols.*

It's About: *Two young people who defy depression by sponsoring a back to the soil movement, that brings food and work for all.*

This is the story that Director King Vidor believed in enough to give his financial, spiritual and artistic support. The results once again prove that when this particular director is inspired, a picture of unusual quality and beauty can be expected. The dreariness of the theme is saved by the great sincerity behind it.

The story concerns a young couple who represent today's vast army of unemployed. In a busy city they are unable to find a single day's work. As a last resort they take over a run-down farm on which the mortgage is about to be foreclosed. At first it only means temporary shelter and a meager existence for them. Then they are inspired by a back to the soil movement. They post signs along the road and invite all comers to join their farm and live by exchanging community property.

The experiment is a most interesting one. Definitely it is propaganda, as a means for restoring a nation's prosperity. There is enough drama, pathos and comedy among the little band of toilers to make it almost believable.

The young couple are played by Karen Morley and Tom Keene. Karen is especially good in her rôle. Watch Barbara Pepper as a platinum lady, who would corrupt the morals of the farm.

Your Reviewer Says: You'll have to judge for yourself whether or not you'll enjoy this.

For Children: They won't be amused.

It's hard to outguess this adaptable film . . It soaks up the sun's brilliance . . . it drinks in the dull light of the shade . . works on days when ordinary films fail.

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KODAK VERICHROME FILM

A Trip to Treasure Island

(*Continued from page 29*)

else. Long famous on the New York stage, he came to Hollywood to do character parts. He was cast in a couple of pictures, and Hollywood found that it had an actor with a new kind of appeal for women. When letters from gals all over the country started bouncing in the studio got wise to a good thing. Kruger was rushed from picture to picture until he was dizzy with work and much in need of a vacation. As a reward, he was given a small part in Treasure Island so that he could get away from the studio and fill himself with fresh air and sunshine.

His rest consisted mostly of rising before dawn, making-up, and acting under a scorching sun in a row boat for six to ten hours at a stretch. We watched him a whole afternoon on a particularly nerve-wracking scene.

With Lewis Stone, and a couple of other actors, Kruger was to leave the ship in a row boat and row to shore. The camera followed them for about a quarter of a mile, until they came close to the barge where the director stood. Then the pirates on the ship fired a cannon at the row-boat. Under the water was a load of dynamite, synchronized to explode shortly after the cannon went off, so that it would seem like a cannon ball landing in the sea.

After three hours of repeating the routine, under a scorching sun, with hands raw from the salt and oars, it looked as though the actors would explode before the dynamite.

One person laughed about it all. He was Kruger, the nervous wreck!

LEWIS STONE seemed to enjoy every moment of the location. Composed but friendly, he has a knack of getting the most out of life.

He has lived well for many years, and lives well now. He has found that part of the reason for it comes by not entangling himself with other people. He resents prying questions, but is courteous, intelligent and interesting.

At lunch the company is taken to the shore in motor boats. A long row of shacks and a dining room compose the settlement. A set, an old trading post, with thatched roof, still stands near the dock. It was one of the buildings made for "Rain." Ragged, ready to fall down, it's a mute reminder of the Joan Crawford—director Lewis Milestone feud, which began when Milestone told Joan that she was making "Sadie Thompson" too much of a lady, implying that Joan should have no trouble in portraying the sizzling Sadie.

The actors would seem to be the only ones to do much worrying until we got talking to the sound men. The power for their apparatus is generated on a barge half a mile from the ship and wired in. And sometimes the slightest motion will set up a roar in the mikes. Once, doing a scene, a recorder was actually knocked down by the loud noise that came through the ear-phones. It was finally discovered that a humming bird had done it all by flying too close to the mike.

The prop department has its worries, too. The island, in coloring and topography, is quite like the West Indies which Stevenson described in "Treasure Island." But there is one big difference. The California palm is nothing like the kind grown in the West Indies.

The prop department imported some special palms, and held them up with thin, invisible wiring. Whenever any sort of breeze came up, no one knew if a palm would fall and sock him on the head.

Because "Treasure Island" has been so widely read, each detail of setting and costume must be correct. Dwight Franklin, the country's foremost authority on pirates and their times, looks after that. He designed the costumes and refitted the ship. Except that they were less neat, pirates dressed much the same as other seamen of the time.

But just when every little detail was nicely fixed, a parrot almost ruined the whole works. It learned to say "Pieces of Eight!" just dandy, but occasionally it mixed in some modern and unprintable slang with it. The parrot's voice had to be cut out and the sound duped in later.

WHEN the short lunch time is over, everyone goes back out to the ship. The sound and camera equipment is set up. Cooper and Beery take their places and rehearse the scene. When the time for the take comes, the pirates get in the background. There are many of them, as tough looking a lot as you'll ever see. They are all experienced bit and character players.

By mid afternoon the scene has been rehearsed and shot until you wonder how they can do it again. Sometimes the sound is wrong. Then some one blows up on a line. Beery keeps looking down to the speed-boat at the side of the ship. No word has got through from his wife's hospital all day. A whistle blows and the scene is repeated.

Suddenly, in spite of all the trouble and petty differences, you get the feeling that all the people are working together for the same thing. The actors, the director, the sound, the camera, the props. There is a deep feeling of oneness. The concentrated effort of the whole group for one goal has an actually thrilling quality.

The scene appears to go all right. When it is over, Beery's face stops being professionally jovial. He stares at the director. The take is okay. Beery can go.

He dashes down the gang-plank, taking off his blond wig as he runs. The speed boat is already warmed up. It starts right off, the water foaming white in its wake.

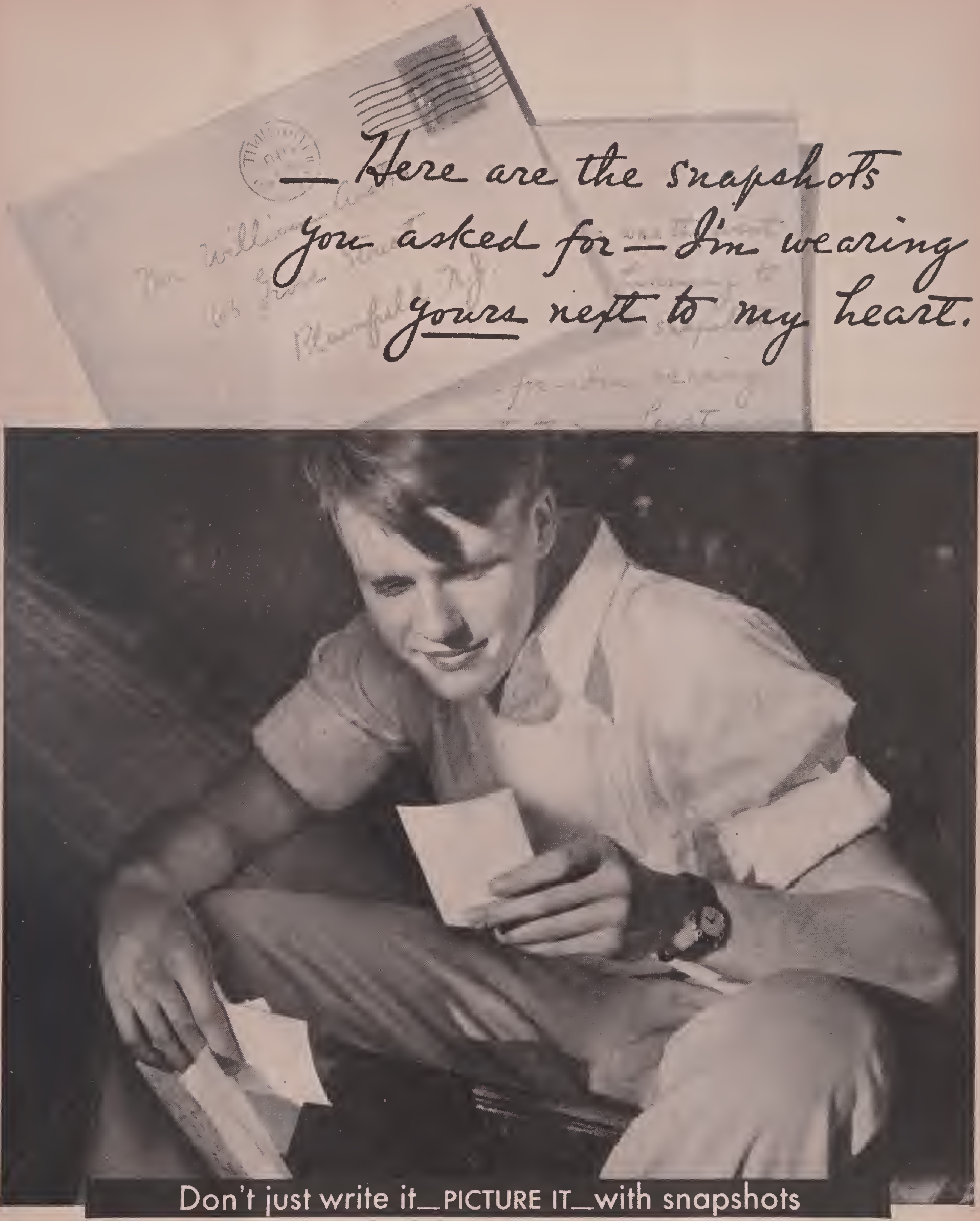
Some one, clasping his hands above him as prizefighters do when they greet a crowd, calls out: "Good luck, Wally!"

The speed-boat goes out of sight beyond the cove. Within five minutes a hydroplane is seen in the air. It's carrying Beery to the hospital. To what, nobody knows.

There is still a half hour of sun left. Enough, with luck, for a scene with Stone and the pirates. The whistle blows, snapping people out of their thoughts as they watch the plane.

The scene is started.

Then the sun goes down. And one more day of location is ended.


—Here are the snapshots you asked for—I'm wearing yours next to my heart.
Don't just write it—PICTURE IT—with snapshots

The day takes on a new glow—here's a letter! With snapshots of the one and only girl. The wonderful, wonderful girl . . . How important it is that snapshots can be taken, and sent speeding to their destinations, to make a young man's heart tremble and pound . . . So anything that improves snapshots is important, too. They've become much better since Kodak Verichrome Film came along. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, New York.

I thought I was different

I know better now!

"THIS is a hurly burly world—rushing around—gulping down food—staying up late—no time for exercise.

"So it isn't strange that, like a lot of us, I had to take a laxative now and then.

"And when that happened I used to go to the medicine cabinet and get the bottle of 'strong stuff' I had been using for years.

A Midnight Dilemma

"This time the bottle was empty—and next to it was a little blue box with the word 'Ex-Lax' on it. I knew Ex-Lax. It was that little chocolate tablet my children always take, which I thought is good for children only.

"But it was after midnight and the stores closed, so I said to myself 'I'll try this Ex-Lax tonight—maybe it'll work on me, too.'

I Make a Discovery!

"Next morning I learned that Ex-Lax was just as effective for me as the strong, nasty stuff I had been using for years—that a laxative didn't have to be unpleasant and violent to be effective.

"So I say to you: If you think *you* are different, try Ex-Lax tonight! A box of six tablets is only a dime, and I'm sure you'll be as pleased with it as I am."

WATCH OUT FOR IMITATIONS!
Ex-Lax has stood the test of time. It has been America's favorite laxative for 28 years. Look for the genuine Ex-Lax—spelled E-X-L-A-X. 10c and 25c. At all druggists.

keep "regular" with
NON HABIT-FORMING
EX-LAX
THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Fred Astaire—Dancing Meteor

(*Continued from page* 64)

than any male in Hollywood, the Beery brothers included. Modest, quiet, dignified, he exudes no glamor, excites no awe; rather, he inspires respect and confidence. He might very easily be mistaken for a banker, or a clerk in the corner grocery, dependent entirely upon the care he had devoted, at the moment, to his personal appearance. For in dress he is both conservative and careless. I'm not sure whether he ever danced on his head—I forgot to ask him—but something has worn away a lot of his brown hair. Astaire is slim, small, and has to carry the soap and towels with him to the bath room scales to tip 136 pounds; even though his father was a heavyweight. But his father was a brewer in Omaha, Neb., where Freddie was born; and used his feet for walking only.

Success came very early to the Astaire children. When most kids of their age were crying for all-day suckers, Freddie, and his beloved sister Dellie, (known to the public as Adele), were raking in the big money. But it didn't last. Just as the kids danced into the awkward age, Wall Street threw Papa Astaire for a total loss, and what to use for money was a family problem that remained unsolved for several years. Success smiled again, but misfortune frowned and Fred Astaire found himself a miserable failure at the age of fifteen years. Let's let him tell it:

"BEING a brewer, my father, Fred, Sr., naturally had some interest in things theatrical and he recognized that Dellie, who was a year older had latent talent as a dancer," he said. "I wasn't even in the picture for I was an ugly little brat and clumsy. I was the ugly duckling, or should I say squab, because I was very pigeon toed and was forever stepping on my own feet and falling down. Dellie, who had charm, grace and kid beauty, was handed over to the teachers in the Chambers school of dancing at Omaha.

"Then, along about 1905 or 1906, Fate took a hand and dealt dad a busted flush which he failed to fill. Nebraska followed Maine and Kansas into the dry column. Dad had some money, and decided now was the time for a good father to take a promising daughter to New York and get her a real dance instructor. We moved, and presently Dell was mastering ballet dancing. Because I loved her then, as I do now, I went along to see her do her stuff. Presently I became very much interested. One night I confessed to dad and mother:

"'I want dancing lessons, too.'

"They laughed, but enrolled me. Presently Dell and I began dancing together.

"Just before my eighth birthday we were signed for a skit on the Orpheum circuit. We played where child labor laws permitted, from New York to California. We were getting $200 a week and all expenses. This continued for a couple of years, maybe longer; but I do recall that all too soon we were just a couple of gawky kids whose efforts at pretty dancing made folks laugh. We were through. That was sock number one. Number two came at the same moment: dad lost his money.

"How we managed to live I'm not sure but we kids eventually licked mother Nature and regained our poise. We found our feet again, too, bought a skit on credit, perfected a routine, signed for a tour, returned triumphant, and decided to do things in a big way. With funds from the tour we were enabled to study for a brief period, costume ourselves, and buy a new act. We were booked, and opened a matinée one lovely fall day at the Stanley Theater, New York.

"After the matinée we went out for a bite to eat and returned to find our names were no longer on the board.

"We had flopped and been pulled off.

"It was a terrific set back.

"Three years of hardship and hard work followed. We had to start at the very bottom. But after three years we clicked again, became a recognized, standard vaudeville act, and in 1918 were signed for 'Over The Top.'

"Through this entire period, Vernon Castle was my ideal and idol. My one ambition was to succeed him. I never met him, never even saw him, but loved him. I shall never forget the day of his death."

"Over the Top" was a grand success and the young Astaires were moved into "The Passing Show of 1918." Freddie was eighteen. Then came a series of successes and flops; Broadway and London hits. Presidents, kings, queens and princes of the royal blood thrilled at their dancing, and guffawed unceremoniously at Fred's comedy. Then, during "The Band Wagon," love and romance danced into Adele's life in the person of the charming Lord Charles Cavendish.

"Adele had already decided she was going to leave me," said Astaire. "She wanted to quit while on top of the heap. That determination, plus the irresistible Lord Charles, saw the end of a marvelous million dollar partnership."

Adele became Lady Cavendish May 19, 1932.

THE theatrical world said it was too bad because poor Freddie could never find another partner.

Poor Freddie decided he didn't want another. Instead of looking for a girl, he took a solo flight in "The Gay Divorce" and scored the greatest hit of his career. Hollywood beckoned; he was badly wanted for "Flying Down to Rio." Before that production got under way he found time for a brief sequence in "The Dancing Lady" with Joan Crawford.

Oh yes. Love also danced into the heart of Astaire a year after Cupid took a shot at Adele and he followed her into matrimony with Mrs. Potter.

But I must not forget the shoe.

It is one of a pair of dancing pumps Astaire wore in his first Broadway success. He carried those shoes with him everywhere. He used them at least once every day. When the pumps could no longer stand the wear and tear, he put one away, and had a small bit of the other put into each new pair manufactured for him. Then the hidden pump disappeared.

"I'll give $100 for its return," he said. "I'm not a bit superstitious, but I *would* like to have that old pump back again."

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MOVIE MIRROR'S COOKING PAGE

FOUR DISHES FOR SUNDAY NIGHT SUPPER

Preston Foster is being served Lobster Thermidor by Helen Schaller, waitress at the Brown Derby. See recipe in this section.

by ANN HAMILTON

HOLLYWOOD is going social. Champagne bubbles in crystal glasses. Gardenias garland damasked tables. Candles throw their flickering beams upon the exquisite young faces of women in daring gowns who smile, at dinner, upon the world's handsomest men.

The vagabond age is over in Hollywood. The gin and ginger ale age is gone. Hollywood has elevated the home to the position of first importance and the art of living is being practiced in the guarded movie palaces of Beverly Hills.

Now there is one attribute of good living considered imperative the world over, whether the setting be Park Avenue in Manhattan, Shepherd's Hotel in Cairo, or Norma Shearer's luxurious establishment on the shores of the Pacific.

To be considered a sophisticated hostess you must serve good food. Not only serve good food but know all about it. Not only know about it, but eat it. And the food should not be unpronounceable foreign specialties, delectable though they be occasionally, not "show-off" food, but food, forthright food, served not to impress guests but to be eaten and enjoyed.

Since this is the very first month that Movie Mirror has started to reveal Hollywood's food secrets to you, I am not going to give you recipes from the chefs of famous stars as I shall in succeeding months. (Joan Crawford's chef makes the most appetizing vegetable ring, for instance.)

This month I want to give you recipes for Sunday night supper dishes, as the Sunday night spread has become a Hollywood late summer vogue. These four recipes below were secured from the head chef of Hollywood's famous Brown Derby, which does the catering for most of these occasions, and have proven the most popular with movie hostesses who want to serve large groups of hungry people after an active day of sports.

These four dishes are particularly fine for parties in a small home where servants do not abound, as they are foods which may be prepared before the guests arrive. They are dishes easy to keep hot, and guests may serve themselves with ease.

Hollywood usually serves these dishes from a side buffet situated near the out-door bar. (Every star has an outdoor bar, as well as an indoor one, since Repeal.) All that is necessary for service is sufficient dinner plates, knives and forks, napkins—paper ones are quite correct for Sunday nights—and serving forks and spoons. If guests desire bread or rolls, the smartest thing to offer is Vienna or French bread, cut in slices about an inch thick, buttered with plain or garlic butter. (Garlic butter is simply sweet butter into which one clove of garlic has been mixed.) The buttered bread is toasted lightly. Bread so served does away entirely with the problem of having messy butter about with its accompanying clutter of spreaders and spreading space. Also such bread is as nearly non-fattening as any bread can be, and this is an issue that concerns Hollywood as much as elsewhere.

(*Continued on page* 70)

WHAT IS YOUR COOKING PROBLEM?

Are you tired of the same old menus? Would you like advice on how to prepare better dinners? Do you want reducing menus? Do you know what to do with left overs? For free advice, address Ann Hamilton, Movie Mirror, 6715 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal. Enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply, please.

How the Stars Are Bringing Up Their Children

(*Continued from page 37*)

can be as sensible with them as it is in your power to be—it's the other fellow, the other youngsters who spoil them for you. They say, 'Oh, your Dad is a moon pitcher actor, isn't he?' And then follows a barrage of silly questions and conversation all tending to make the spotlighted child feel that he is of a race apart. In Europe their values are better. I admit that I am afraid of the results here in Hollywood. That's why we're taking them abroad."

Harold and Mildred Lloyd have succeeded in making their palatial house just a *home*. Small Harold Junior is scheduled to go to public school so soon as he is of school age. The girls would have gone to public school, too, had it not been argued with Harold that they stood more danger of snobbery there than in a private school where they would be more likely to meet other girls with palatial homes and swimming pools and nurses and so would take their own background more as a matter of course.

Small Harold is brought up to play with some of the "neighbor boys" and if one of the neighbor boys feels impelled to bop Harold in the nose Harold bops back and no solicitous interference is allowed. The girls were told, for as long as possible, that the armed guards who follow them everywhere were friends of "Nana's." And when they could no longer believe that they were given the sad but impersonal truth. Harold Senior hopes that Harold Junior will be a comedian, too, when he grows up. He figures that to make a world laugh is a worth-while job.

Marlene Dietrich has Leslie Howard's theory that to bring a child up with a career and an importance of her own is the very best way of negating the "fame-sense" of her mother. She is giving the small Maria an exhaustive musical education. She hopes that she will not choose the stage or the screen because she prefers the child's talent to take a more detached and independent path. She does not, however, keep the child away from the studio or from Hollywood. She has her on the set with her as often as possible. She believes that long familiarity with screen work will rob it of any strangeness or glamor it might otherwise have. She will realize that she is in a vast factory where hard and usually unexciting work is the order of the day. "I want her to be a trained musician," Marlene said. "I want her to swim perfectly, to play tennis, to be a trained athlete. I want her to know literature, art, social service work. I want her to know languages. Most of all, I am training her to understand that among these arts and sciences, vocations, avocations she must choose her own career and work at it, independent of me."

And so—these are some of the things they are doing, the theories they believe in, these parents-who-are-stars. They are facing their problems of baronial halls and Midas-gold and kidnappers with the salty wisdom of all common sense parents; with the firm hope that their children will learn to stand on their own feet.

"CUNNING DRESS—BUT IT CERTAINLY HAS A BAD CASE OF 'TATTLE-TALE GRAY.'"
"IT'S A SHAME! BUT THAT 'TRICK' SOAP JANIE'S MOTHER USES JUST WON'T GET OUT ALL THE DIRT. I WISH SHE'D CHANGE TO FELS-NAPTHA."

"Tattle-tale gray" in the clothes you wash. Here's what that means . . . Clothes that look foggy and gray. Clothes that say plain as plain can be—"*We aren't really clean.*"

Who's to blame when clothes get that way? More often than not, it's "trick" soap. For no matter how hard *you* work and rub, "trick" soaps can't get out ALL the dirt. Neither can "cheap" soaps!

But change to Fels-Naptha Soap and see what a glorious difference! When it tackles the wash, dirt *can't* stay in. Out it goes—every last speck of it! For Fels-Naptha is full-of-action soap! *Golden* soap that's richer—*with plenty of dirt-loosening naptha added.*

Two lively helpers instead of one! Together, they get clothes clean clear through and *sparkling white!*

And the beauty of it is, Fels-Naptha is *safe* for everything! Douse your frilliest things in Fels-Naptha's suds—silk stockings, filmy lingerie, even your pet woolens. Just swish the bar in your basin till the water's good and sudsy—then take out the bar—and there isn't a chance of any undissolved soap particles sticking to dainty garments. (And that's what turns brown under the iron, you know.)

Fels-Naptha Soap is specially easy on hands, too. For there's soothing glycerine in every bar.

Use it YOUR way!

Fels-Naptha boils or soaks clothes beautifully. It washes clean in hot, lukewarm or cool water. It does fine work in the tub. And as for washing machines, women who *know* from experience—women who have tried all kinds of soaps—say nothing beats Fels-Naptha!

Fels-Naptha now sells at the lowest price in almost 20 years. Get a few bars at your grocer's.

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EVERYBODY NOTICES "Tattle-Tale Gray"

. . . *BANISH IT WITH* Fels-Naptha Soap!

Norma Shearer Admits Her Faults

(*Continued from page 7*)

are way behind schedule. But when we do get working, I'll keep right on going for hours until we get the scenes perfected. When we finally finish, I'll be very proud of myself for demanding such finesse, and it won't be until then that I will realize that probably no one else wanted to stay all those hours, that they are all tired because I held them up originally—that I've been quite selfish.

"There's no escaping the fact that I am so concerned with my own affairs that I am inconsiderate of others. I'm tactless. I go around with visions of always doing the right thing but I'll get to a party and not listen to a word of a conversation that is being directed at me, simply because I am thinking of something else. Or I will try to be witty. I have such a wish to be very witty and gay—that old yearning for approval again. I will think of some smart thing to say and say it even though it has a sting in it that will hurt the victim of my so-called wit. I'm so bad I won't even know I've done it until my husband points it out to me later. He, of course, is a genius at handling people and I fear I am exactly the reverse.

"I go on like that, not being half nice enough, and yet personally I love flattery. I can fall for it when it's spread on thick as cement. The same instinct, I suppose, makes me like to flirt, although I regard flirting as a fault.

"I am always sitting and thinking about nothing," Norma continued. "I attempt to do a lot of things but accomplish few. I shirk all responsibility about my house because I don't want to make the necessary decisions to run it myself.

"I WISH to avoid responsibility so much that I do not like having possessions of any sort. For years, Mr. Thalberg and I lived in a rented house, just because I didn't want us to be bothered with owning one. Right now my husband wants to buy a yacht and I don't want him to. It seems so much to worry about.

"Possibly this stems back to some sense of independence or fear of dependence. I am unable, for instance, to ask a favor of any one. It doesn't matter how small the favor may be. I still can't ask for help. Often I know it would be gracious of me to ask since people instinctively like to help one another. Some stiff-necked quality in me won't let me do it, however.

"You see, I am proving to you that I lack character. I can't make decisions. I won't accept responsibilities. I want to be liked. I hope to do things and I don't do them. That's no fine strong girl I'm drawing for you."

"But your career," I protested, "that fine balancing between ultra-modern roles and old-fashioned ladies?"

"I can take no credit for that," Norma said. "My roles have been chosen for me by my studio and Mr. Thalberg. If they were left to me I'd probably still be making up my mind."

"You're honest and a perfectionist," I said. "You want your life to run intelligently and no matter what you say, you make it run that way."

Norma laughed that silly little cascade of notes you have heard so many times from the screen.

"Go on, go on," she said. "It's flattery—and I love it."

Reunited after a quarter-century, Hobart Bosworth and Stella Adams appear in "Whom the Gods Destroy." Down below you see them in that epic-making one-reeler, "Power of the Sultan;" the setting is a backdrop and the studio is a Chinese laundry, but it was the first movie ever made in Los Angeles! The passing years have dealt kindly with them both.

Fay Wray's Health Rules

(Continued from page 63)

have a job that's fast, choppy, jittery, like studio work, follow Fay's method.

"First of all," she advises, "find out the sort that's right for you. Never overdo. As for the rest, the important thing isn't so much what kind of exercise as the way you take it. Decide on a set time and stick to it. If you decide to play tennis three mornings a week, never vary from your schedule. Keeping a schedule of any kind will put orderliness into your life, and that's what you need if you have a crazy job like mine."

Finally—*Mental Hygiene.*

"Keep your mind young and you keep your body young—and young bodies are healthy," Fay says. Does that sound meaningless? What she means is: keep your brain lively. Make it work. If you haven't got a head for deep books, don't worry. Fay happens to like to read biographies, but that doesn't mean you have to. It doesn't make any difference whether you do problems in arithmetic or just read the headlines in the papers. What counts is making yourself *think*, and making yourself do it regularly. Give an hour a day to your brain. Take the headlines for an example. If they say "U. S. Goes Back on Gold Standard," don't just gawp at them. Ask yourself why? What does it mean? What results will it have? Think—and think regularly, every day. An open mind is the best beauty parlor.

Put up a set of rules for yourself and follow them *regularly*.

Eat about what you like, but don't make a fool of yourself. Pay attention to what you eat, *regularly*.

Use your common sense as to exercise. But, whatever exercise, take it *regularly*.

Make your home a place where you can relax *regularly*.

Set aside a certain period every day to exercise your brain the same way you exercise your body—*regularly*.

There, boiled down to the bare essentials, are Fay's rules for taking care of herself. They work. You may never have to endure the strain of thirteen pictures in thirteen months. So much the better. If they work for Fay, that means they *certainly* ought to work for you!

NOSEY NELLIE SAYS—

When questioned at his house, the day Johnny Weissmuller and Lupe Velez separated, this was "Tarzan's" only comment: "I haven't time to talk now. I just came back to the house to get some of my things and I want to get out of here before Lupe shows up and we have another fight."

The Charles Chaplin-Pauline Goddard romance seems to have chilled, despite what folks say about their being married.

Producer Mel Shauer has settled his attentions on pretty Frances Drake.

Gail Patrick and Lyle Talbot have declared a temporary moratorium. In the meantime Lyle and Sally Blane aren't exactly yawning in each other's company.

Of course you know that Richard Dix married his former private secretary but did you know that Ralph Graves eloped to Yuma and wed Betty Flournoy, debutante actress?

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to equal the New GLAZO
even at 3 times the Price!

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GLAZO NEW POLISH REMOVER. *Just out! Contains Oil! Non-drying to cuticle and nails! Extra-size bottle, 25c. In Canada, 30c.*

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ANCIENT EGYPT
New as
MODERN PARIS

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History records that Cleopatra's greatest charm was the deep, dark beauty of her commanding eyes . . . eyes that were mirrored pools, their brilliant depths subtly enhanced with beautifully accented lashes.

Yet, with all her wealth and power, Cleopatra had only the crudest materials . . . How she would have revelled in having smooth, delightful Maybelline . . . the non-smarting, tear-proof, utterly harmless mascara with which modern women instantly darken their lashes to the appearance of long, sweeping luxuriance. Nothing from Paris can rival it! Maybelline's use by millions of women for over sixteen years recommends it to you!

Maybelline is now presented in a new ultra smart gold and scarlet metal case . . . in Black, Brown and the NEW BLUE. Still 75c at all leading toilet goods dealers.

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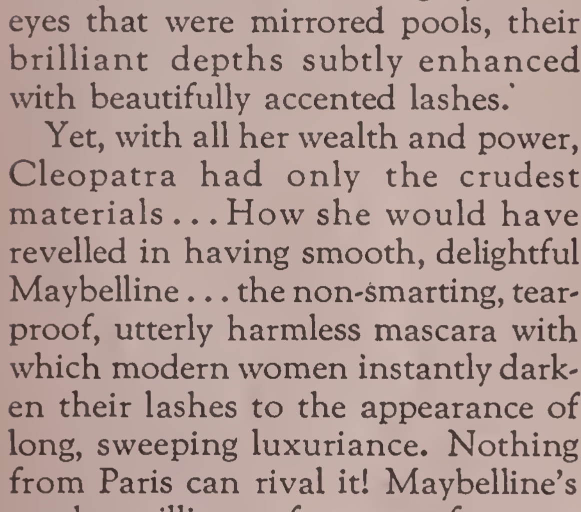

THE APPROVED MASCARA

Inside Stuff

(Continued from page 14)

her wrist and gave her a push that sent her head over heels into the swimming pool.

As the gasping and water-logged guest climbed out of the water, the host would make a quick survey of her wardrobe and hand her a check for that amount. Florence Desmond's check even covered the bath of the aged silver foxes that she was lucky enough to be wearing that day.

* * *

THE Wampus held a meeting prior to leaving for the Shrine Convention in Minneapolis. They are sending this year's Wampus Baby Stars east on a special train. Eddie Cantor was making a speech at the meeting. Mrs. Cantor was listening.

Eddie said, "I just told Ida that it has taken us twenty years to get five daughters. Then this woman in Canada comes along and has five in five minutes."

* * *

WHEN Mary Pickford was introducing her cousin and closest friend Verna Chaliff to a visiting Crown Prince lately Mary became so flustered that she turned to her cousin and said "What is your name, dear?"

Verna said, "Mrs. Chaliff," and without even a suggestion of a smile. Mary went ahead with the introduction.

* * *

THAT benefit at the Biltmore Bowl for the Marion Davies clinic, turned out to be a huge success. And Eddie Cantor, in the role of master of ceremonies, had the audience standing on their feet singing "We Want Cantor," long after the affair was over. Raquel Torres, doing a very torrid hula number, hula-ed up to Eddie's table and gave him the business. Turning to his wife, sitting next to him, Eddie shouted so he could be heard all over the place:

"Ida, pay close attention to Raquel. I want to see what you can do when we get home!"

* * *

Ernst Lubitsch is tripping the light fantastic these days with beautiful Sheila Manners at the Cocoanut Grove.

* * *

ROSITA MORENO, dark-eyed Spanish beauty, and Mel Shauer, Paramount producer, do enjoy the food at the Hollywood Brown Derby. Incidentally they also enjoy each other's company.

* * *

GAIL PATRICK has decided there's only one thing left to do. And that's to have a nice plush-upholstered name plate made for herself and wear it around her neck. One night while dancing at the Cocoanut Grove, a stranger came up and took her for Alice Joyce. Another time while dining at the Vendome she was mistaken for Florence Vidor. In the latest case of mistaken identity, they mistook her for Evelyn Venable. So now Gail's going to do something about it before she reaches the Joe E. Brown stage.

Look what we learned! Pola Negri is living quietly in Washington, in a cottage buried in a cherry orchard. And Weldon Heyburn seems to be the man of the moment. In case you've forgotten, he was married to Greta Nissen and was once heralded as the Clark Gable of the Fox Studios.

* * *

MADGE EVANS was asking Una Merkel's advice.

"They refer to me as the 'All American Girl,' 'The College Boy's Delight' or 'Someone's Big Sister,'" said Madge. "What would you do if you were me?"

"I'd have an American flag tattooed on my chest and live up to my name," was Una's quick reply.

* * *

MILTON BEECHER, who handles her publicity, and Florine McKinney, are having a Hollywood heat wave.

* * *

MAE CLARKE took herself out of an important role in "Four Walls" and entered the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital. It was the only way she could ward off a nervous breakdown, as she had been working so hard, her nerves would not allow her to sleep. On the same day Mae checked in, Isobel Jewell took to bed also. She had slipped and broken a bone in her foot. This cost her a role in a forthcoming production.

* * *

Here's one reason people love Ann Harding.

Coming in from lunch one day, Ann found her stand-in asleep on the set. She made everyone walk around on tiptoe and insisted on doing her own standing-in, so the girl could get her needed rest.

* * *

HOLLYWOOD'S latest indoor sport is movie stars managing the careers of fighters and wrestlers. Mae West started the idea and now Mae Clarke has followed suit. Only Mae Clark's wrestler is going in for a screen career and that's where Mae's advice will come in.

* * *

EVIDENTLY Winfield Sheehan is satisfied with his choice of importing Kitty Gallian, beautiful French star. He's been dining with her at the Beverly Hills Brown Derby.

* * *

We're sure it isn't a romance, but they do make an interesting looking couple. Marlene Dietrich and Douglass Montgomery have been having long conversations in the shadowy corners of the King's Club, Hollywood's newest late spot.

* * *

POOR Jeanette MacDonald. It's a wonder she hasn't white hair by this time. Going into her beauty parlor for a shampoo, she told the girl that she was very excited because she was going to have brunette hair for "Naughty Marietta," her next picture. Of course the girl didn't realize that Jeanette meant that she was going to wear a wig. So she proceeded to dye the titian locks of MacDonald. Jeanette took one look at herself and almost swooned. She was right in the midst of shooting "The Merry Widow," but fortunately for her, she wears wigs in this one, too. And the poor operator who made the mistake wasn't able to eat for a week!

* * *

Madge Bellamy is back. She has been signed by Fox, the studio that gave her the first big chance. And the new Bellamy is even more beautiful, now that she is all sophisticated and grown up.

* * *

WHEN Franchot Tone was notified by the studio he was to play the lead in "Four Walls," Joan Crawford immediately sent for the old silent print of the picture and ran it for him. John Gilbert was the star and Joan played her first real dramatic rôle!

* * *

CLARENCE BROWN pulled a gag on Joan Crawford that worked to perfection. In a scene for "Chained" Joan was supposed to shoot off a double-barreled shot gun. When Joan was scared practically to a state of paralysis, Clark Gable volunteered to show her all the tricks. Finally Joan got to the point where she could pull the trigger without flinching.

The scene started and Joan picked up the gun, pulled it to her shoulder and fired. There was a moment's silence and then from somewhere up above, an old stuffed duck fell at her feet.

Brown had sent a prop man up to the rafters to drop the dummy at the proper time. And for a moment before she realized she had been ribbed, Joan thought she had actually shot it!

* * *

HERE'S the hottest news tip of the month. Franchot Tone has a new girl friend. He's completely gone on her and can't find words enough to express his admiration. Strange part of it is, Joan Crawford knows all about the affair and doesn't seem to mind.

The new girl's name is Shirley Temple!

* * *

Who do you think are inseparable palsies in Hollywood? None other than Babe Hardy and Guy Kibbee. They hunt, fish and play golf together and, of course, laugh at each other's jokes.

* * *

WHO do you think is the latest screen siren to have a stand-in? None other than little Shirley Temple, who rates so high with the big bosses they're practically wrapping her in cellophane.

* * *

THERE'S a very disturbed young man in Hollywood by the name of Phil Regan. Discovered singing over the air, he was signed by Warner Brothers and loaned to M-G-M. Clarence Brown took an interest in him and when he visited Brown on the Crawford set, introduced him to Joan. Joan was just leaving the set and Phil was just leaving the studio. So he walked across the lot with her. That was the extent of their friendship. Yet some bright young person immediately started the rumor of a new romance.

Don't be SKINNY!
Posed by professional model

New discovery adds solid flesh quick..!

5 to 15 lbs. gained in a few weeks with new double tonic. Richest imported brewers' ale yeast concentrated 7 times and combined with iron. Brings new beauty.

TODAY you don't have to remain "skinny" and unattractive, and so lose all your chances of making friends. Get this new easy treatment that is giving thousands solid flesh and alluring curves—often when they could never gain before—*in just a few weeks!*

You know that doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health for rundown people. But now with this new discovery you can get far greater tonic results than with ordinary yeast—regain health, and also put on pounds of firm, good-looking flesh—*and in a far shorter time.*

Thousands have been amazed at how quickly they gained beauty-bringing pounds; also clear skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep.

Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured *brewers' ale yeast* imported from Europe—the richest yeast known—which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—*made 7 times more powerful.*

Mr. Irvin Echard

14 lbs. quick

"I was so skinny and weak that everybody laughed at me and called me scarecrow. Finally I tried Ironized Yeast. In 5 weeks I gained 14 lbs. Now I go out regularly and enjoy life." *Irvin Echard, Barberton, O.*

Mrs. W. K. King

11 lbs. in 3 weeks

"I was very weak and thin, my skin was yellow. With Ironized Yeast I gained 11 lbs. in 3 weeks and my skin is lovely." *Mrs. W. K. King, Hampton, Va.*

But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast is then *ironized* with 3 special kinds of iron which strengthen the blood, add abounding pep.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively, skin clear to beauty—you're an entirely new person.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money refunded instantly.

Only be sure you get *genuine* Ironized Yeast, not some imitation that cannot give the same results. Insist on the *genuine* with "IY" stamped on each tablet.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health *right away*, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by an authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—*or money refunded*. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 229, Atlanta, Ga.

She's an ex-AIREDALE

Hollywood saw that she was beautiful, but movie people work under pitiless lights, play in glaring sunshine. They called her an *"Airedale"* because her arms and legs betrayed superfluous hair.

You'll never guess her name—for she is now one of the most perfectly groomed women in the world—thanks to X-Bazin. With X-Bazin Cream or Powder *any* woman can be exquisitely free of hair on legs, arms and under-arms.

Constant research and improvement have made X-Bazin more and more mild, efficient, and agreeable. This really reliable depilatory leaves your skin exquisitely smooth, white and hairless. Even the future growth of hair is retarded.

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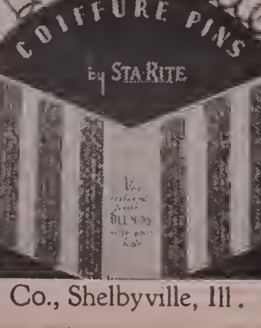

New "textured finish" *absorbs* rather than reflects the light and makes the pins an unseen part of your hairdress. Look for them at your favorite store or write for free sample—specify color.

STA-RITE HAIR PIN Co., Shelbyville, Ill.

Kay Francis Wants Life

(Continued from page 31)

in you as a person. We *do* care what you think about life, what you're going to do now. You've put up such a colorless front to interviewers; isn't there anything left for you to want?"

"Certainly I have an object in life!" she exclaimed. *"I want a life worth living!* Blase? Fed up? I'd be a fool if I were!

"When I say my only ambition is for a life worth living, I mean by that a life in which I'll make the most of myself and a life which will be of some service to others. I live, essentially, for *today.* Never have I planned ahead. I try to live, daily, in the fullest sense and I have implicit confidence in things being smooth in the long run. They always have worked out satisfactorily.

"Surely I'm low at times. I've been broke. I've been disappointed in love. I've been terribly afraid. But those blue moods have never lasted more than a couple of hours or a couple of days. Happiness, I figured when very young, is a daily condition of one's own creation. It is not to be anticipated.

"Only a fool broods. We all have our misfortunes, but why take them big? Do that and you not only upset yourself, but you're no fun to others. Personally, I'm conceited enough to want to be attractive. And that's the secret of why I *never* discuss what might be considered my troubles. I never gaze longingly back at the yesteryears. When I'm through, I'm done. When I've made mistakes I profit by them, and I do *not* advertise them!"

GRADUALLY I comprehended why Hollywood has so totally misunderstood Kay. We dubbed her a "lady" and then blamed her for behaving in that guise. So garish are most movie ladies that we mistook good breeding for indifference.

"What do you suppose you'll be doing now that you're single again?"

"The only alteration," she replied, "is that I've had several rooms in my house redecorated, and I've traded in my three-year-old Ford coupe for a 1934 model!

"I will let you in on one great mistake I once made. It was about money—I didn't give it a thought. The last play I did before going into talkies was 'Elmer the Great.' We opened in Chicago and did fine. Then we flopped on Broadway. I'd been a fool and hadn't saved a cent. All I had left was $3.25.

"Then and there I vowed to climb out of that mess myself. If you cry for help you'll never amount to beans. I'd been an idiot. There were many friends to whom I could have turned, but I refused to consider borrowing. Luckily, the test I made for Paramount literally rescued me. I signed for the lead with Walter Huston in 'Gentlemen of the Press.' I then did 'The Cocoanuts' and was later sent to Hollywood.

"That experience I've profited by. I live with unusual modesty in Hollywood because I am saving my money to secure my financial independence."

Her philosophy of daily happiness does not jibe with the regulation success theories.

"If you resolve to accomplish a material goal by the time you are, say, thirty, you strive so hard achieving it that you miss all the joy of youth, and when you reach your goal you are too tired to relish it. *Live today,* completely, competing with the daily problems that arise, and you'll retain both your health and your zest.

"Today I find myself in a fortunate spot. I have an excellent job, the prospect of going on with the work I like. I have my health. Why should I be downcast? Love? The tomorrows will take care of that for me!

"It's strange how my life has evolved. I never dreamt of becoming an actress. I grew up happily, attending private schools, having fun. A month before I was seventeen I married." Her husband was the youthful scion of a wealthy New England family. "We had a fashionable church wedding in New York City and being a housewife was my sole intention.

"However, we were poor. My husband's parents correctly assuming a newlywed couple should rise on their own merits, I decided I wanted a cook and I went to work as a social secretary to pay her wages. Later, for nine months my husband, who was in the woolen business, was stationed at a factory in Pittsfield, Massachusetts. That's a small town up in the Berkshires. I lived the simple life there, doing all my own housework, and I was perfectly content."

Two years of matrimony and—Kay isn't confessing what happened. She went to Paris for a divorce. A tour of the Continent and she returned to America to marry, a week after landing, a business man with whom she'd fallen in love at first sight just before leaving. They chanced to meet in Paris and he found it convenient to take the same boat back. Before this wedding, which was the antithesis of her first, she had taken stock of herself. She'd refused alimony and so needed work.

"I found my capital was a certain amount of looks, figure, and youth. Apparently I was most suited for the stage. I would become an actress." Her distinctive poise paved the way to an immediate lead in the Broadway production of a modernized "Hamlet."

BECAUSE of her promising new career and her husband's political doings, Kay married with extraordinary secrecy to preserve their individual undertakings. In two years their careers tripped them both. She had had to go to the Mid-West for stock company rôles and her husband was often away from New York on business. At twenty-one she asked for her second divorce.

Undisillusioned, she found happiness in acting. And little did Hollywood guess her financial or mental condition when, about two years later on, she arrived in our midst. So sleek, so glamorous, Kay zoomed spectacularly. Kenneth McKenna, actor-director, courted her persistently and for three years they appeared happily wed.

"I may as well admit, having gone this far, that I was scared stiff of the "iniquities" of Hollywood as well as being financially low when I came here. My friends had warned me I'd probably be inveigled into taking dope, so I actually brought a girl-friend from New Orleans along to stay with me as protection for awhile! When I got acquainted I found Hollywood wasn't a bit dangerous.

"It's against my principles to admit uncertainty, but I'm scared frantic on preview days of my pictures! But no one ever guesses I'm jittery inside!"

I interposed. "Hasn't this business of being an actress tended to harden you?"

"Why, yes, I assume it has," Kay candidly answered. "But only to the extent any man or woman is hardened by business. One has to make decisions, insist upon rights. You've little time for lazying. And I do get cross when I've had a tiring day. But the fight to get ahead has its compensation—the satisfaction you derive from doing your job well.

"As I told you, I separate my business and private-life selves. I think a life worth living necessitates one's being selfish as regards business and thoroughly unselfish in personal conduct. In business you must be very definite." She winked gayly. "But no woman who is smart," she emphasized, "is ever *too* definite in her private-life relationships with men!"

When I wondered aloud if she had any special faults she wished to conquer, Kay said. "Of course we never live up to our ideals. But as to my faults—let's apply this to clothes. A woman should display her best points and hide her bad features.

"Perhaps it was the problem of my height that taught me this." (Kay is five feet seven, exceptionally tall for movies.) "Even as a girl I was tall, but mother instilled the sensible attitude. Rather than making me self-conscious, she kept reminding me that my father had been six feet four, that height was admirable.

"She held before me the motto: *'Whatever you are, be.'* And I have patterned my philosophy on it. The characteristic I adore in others is sincerity. Myself, I've refused to be bulldozed, to do anything I hated. I refuse to be unhappy now!"

Kay is no forlorn ex-wife. "I'm used to caring for myself. There is no reason to be lonely. I enjoy solitude and whenever I want company I've a number of friends who are ready to join me. I went to Europe and Hawaii alone, you know, and bumped into some grand people. Some day I hope to tour the rest of the world. No definite plans, for I am concerned with *today,* with making worthwhile pictures."

Assuredly, Hollywood, the hitherto vague Francis has opinions, a motive. You can't imagine the cinema Kay being tabloidish, can you? We of Hollywood have endeavoured to pour her into our headline mold and a lady just doesn't get chummy on intimate topics.

Most certainly she's lived. And loved. And learned. This recent split with Kenneth McKenna remains a mystery, but it was no casual gesture. She's merely too discreet to sob on her fans' shoulders. Maurice Chevalier is devoted to Kay this summer, but does his Parisian-way impress her—seriously? Ah, Miss Francis, if put under oath, would be guilty of contempt of court. She wouldn't tell, for that would be trespassing into her very private affairs. And remember, she said the wise lady is never *too* definite to or about the men she attracts!

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Leslie Howard's Lost Love

(*Continued from page* 43)

in the heart like a blunt knife—*those hours taught me how*. They taught me how the heart beats too rapidly; how the pulse races; how the hands and feet grow cold and a deadly nausea attacks—they taught me how sweat breaks out on the brow and how it feels to want to cry and be unable to. I have had other experiences since. The War. Separation from my children. But when I want to reproduce the deathly nausea of mental agony I refer back to that hideous afternoon.

"That night Olivia was with me again. My agony was only slightly appeased by her presence. I didn't dare to ask her about that man. And to further illustrate the fact that no human experience, however painful, goes for nothing—that cowardice of mine taught me another lesson I use today in my work—*the lesson of what cowardice feels like*. Not physical cowardice. That is a simple, a kindergarten matter compared to the cowardice of the heart that shrinks from being wounded with wounds that do not show.

"She was more tender than ever that night. I didn't mention him. She gave me, even more demonstratively than usual proofs of her love. In my sense of conquest and delight I was able to fool myself once more. I could think, with bravado, that this girl in my arms could have nothing in common with a dark, red-faced man wearing a black mustache! A man old enough to be her father.

"We came to the last day of my vacation; the last night before I was to go back to London, back to the bank, back to the sack of the city which was to be my gift to my bride. We were sitting with our backs against the sand-dune that had been, all those weeks, the couch of our love, I held her in my arms. I kissed her. I felt that I had touched the heights and the depths. Suddenly, as she drew away from me she said 'Leslie, I am going to be married.' Even then, even with those words I did not recover sufficiently from the anaesthetic thrill of her kisses to perceive what she meant. I only laughed triumphantly and said 'I know you are, beloved to ME!'—or something fatuous of the sort.

"She said, drawing away from me so that I remember being conscious of a chill wind blowing in from the sea: 'No, not to you, dear. To—to Josselyn.

"Josselyn? And then, suddenly, she didn't need to tell me. I remembered things I had heard my mother say—'Josselyn H.—Olivia's mother thinks so well of him—a very big man—good business—in trade, of course—but now—' Josselyn!

THEN I gave my Big Scene. I am afraid that I am giving away the fact that this was not my most sacred love by the fact that I am able to talk about it as I am talking, to view it as objectively as I seem able to do. I am afraid that, now, in the distance of a good many years the chief interest of this love affair is that—*it taught me how to act!* It put me through all of the paces of passion; it made me run, breathless and spent, the entire gamut of human experience where the emotions are concerned. I knew the beautiful triumphant thrill of faith—faith in a woman, faith in myself as the beloved. I knew the dark and ugly revulsion of faith cheaply betrayed. The hero—the heroine—the haughty parents—the clink of gold—the black villain—all of us were there; we played our parts upon that sandy stage and vanished—

"I threw out my arms. I beat my breast. I cried, I grovelled. I reviled. I pleaded. I threatened suicide—and murder. I prayed—to her—to God—to the Devil. By turns I was scornful and abased and broken and bitter.

"The things she tried to tell me—the cheap little things—fell on my ears like stones and I tried to silence her, tried not to hear: She loved me. She would always love me. That had not been, would never be, a lie. But her mother—her father—they demanded, insisted, commanded her to marry Josselyn. Her father had a very bad heart—he was not able to be insured, to work any longer—when the end came, and it might come at any time, he would leave her mother and herself unprovided for. They had done everything for her, all of her life. Things they had not really been able to do but had done. They had begged of her to make a safe and substantial marriage, to ensure her own safety and protection, to ensure theirs, to make their lifelong sacrifices not in vain.

"She didn't say anything—she could find no words to touch the raw and bleeding spot that was—*me*.

I went back to London the next morning. War had broken out. The world was falling to pieces around me and I didn't know, didn't see, didn't care. *My* world had broken into pieces and I was buried, tons deep, beneath the debris. I had grown, in one short month, old and tired and *done for*.

"The odd part of this is that it was true—for days and weeks and months and even years I *was* old and tired and done for. I went to war, after a desperately hard time getting in because of my eyes—hoping that I would be killed. I would like to say that this was all a vapor of youth, didn't really exist, wasn't so. But it was not a vapor. It did really exist. And it exists today still living, in anything I am able to portray of emotion, of the suffering of emotion, of disillusionment and mad 'illusionment' and despair.

After the war I was again in Sussex. I was married. I was happy. Walking on the beach one twilight *I met Olivia*. No, no, I didn't meet Olivia. I met a stranger. A woman who had grown thick and coarse, with clothes expensive but frumpy, with hands that were ringed and pudgy. She stopped me, who would have passed her by, and spoke to me. She called me 'Leslie.' She told me about her children, her house, the fun they were having on their holiday. She had the deplorable bad taste of trying to reminisce 'D'you remember, Leslie? Wasn't it right over there . . .?' I muttered a few banalities and forged on. I didn't know *who she was*. My near-sighted eyes unhappily recognized her. My heart did not. *You cannot raise the dead even when the dead call you by name.* I learned that, too."

The Hidden Hollywood

(*Continued from page 9*)

being that anxious to be on the job.

"Why not?" said Norma. "I've been doing a crying scene. That's why I had to leave and come over here. But the next scene is a nice calm one. Come on. You probably want to meet Laughton anyway."

WHAT atmosphere I had expected on a Shearer set I'm not sure, some murders of the Rue Morgue effect, I guess. Instead I found it one of the gayest companies I've ever watched work. I had always imagined her casts stood about respectfully, but instead there was a positive air of "isn't this fun!" Sidney Franklin, who has directed so many Shearer successes, is directing "Barretts." He has a distinction peculiarly his own. He calls his players not "Miss Shearer" and "Mr. Laughton" but "Elizabeth" and "Father," their names in the picture.

The scene they were working on that afternoon was one in the Barrett library. Maureen O'Sullivan as the disobedient daughter and Norma as the frail Elizabeth were talking. Maureen has been put out of their home by their father but had come back to call on Elizabeth. The maid, Wilson, hears Mr. Barrett coming and rushes to warn the girls. Laughton enters, however, frightening the maid and his daughters. He orders Maureen out of the house once more.

Una O'Connor, that little Irish woman who scored so distinctly in "Cavalcade" and who has been in so many Fox pictures since, was playing Wilson. She had to rush into the room, announce, "The master's coming," whirl around twice, let Laughton enter, and then exit, closing the door. But the whirling, what with her hoop skirts, was almost too much for her.

They took the scene six times. Instead of making Miss O'Connor's nervousness a solemn matter, as it would have been on most sets, the three stars and Franklin took it as amusing and teased her about it. Suddenly in the seventh take, Franklin cried to her, "But haven't you any drawers on?"

That was too much for the little O'Connor. She blushed beet red.

"Why, Mr. Franklin," she cried.

Came the tired voice of the property man. "I have drawers," he said.

Laughton began roaring, that great laugh you heard in "Henry the VIII."

"He means Victorian drawers," he said.

"Pantalettes," said Norma. "The ones to go under your hoop skirts."

It was hopeless taking the scene then. They were all laughing too much. So Norma said we might as well all have our pictures taken together and quit work for the day.

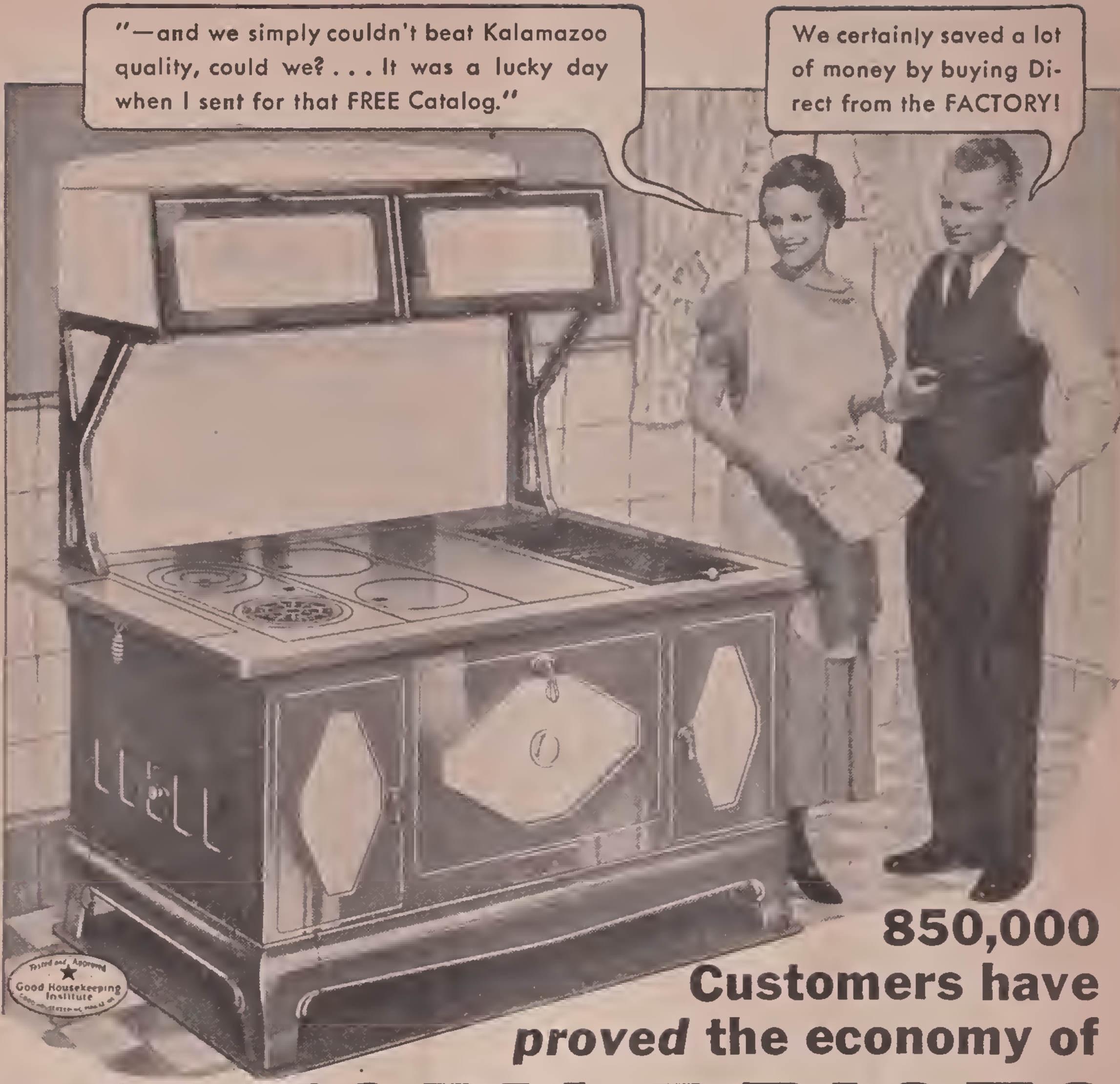
AS I left the set I ran smack into the head of the publicity department.

"The only thing you've missed," he said as I told him what had happened, "is Garbo. She just walked through here five minutes ago."

"Garbo," I said, "and Gable."

"Oh, you can get Gable next month," he said. And you may depend upon it. I shall.

R. W.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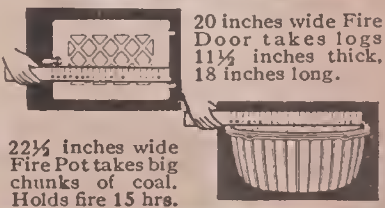

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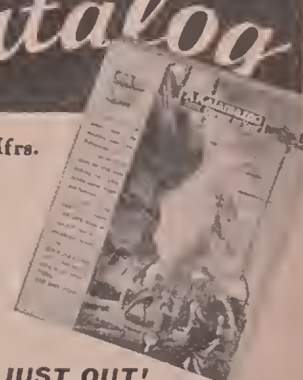

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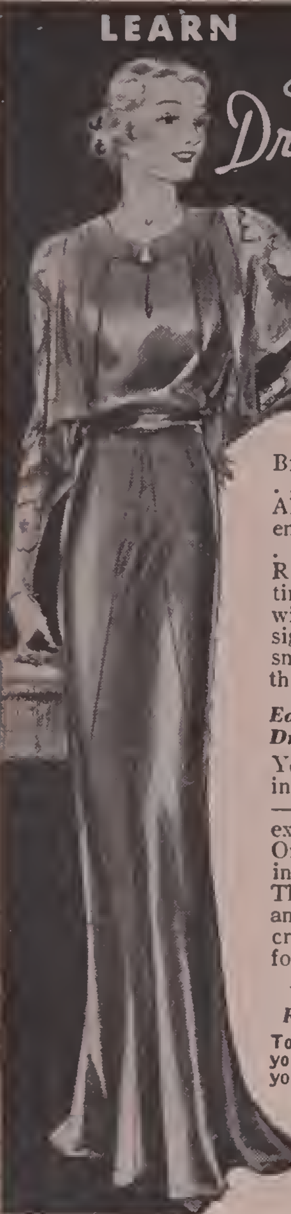

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My Father, Eddie Cantor

(*Continued from page* 49)

different garb. And even if a secretary hasn't the knack of timing, punch and terseness that make a joke funnier in telling, she must know which ones will fit a certain situation and when they are ripe for releasing.

I flatter myself in thinking I have learned the principles of comedy from Dad. At least I got a job on the radio because he thought I had. It was down in Florida. He had been rehearsing for his radio program, but wasn't satisfied. A girl he was using wasn't punching up the laughs for him. At dinner he was still worried. I agreed, and told him how I thought the lines should be read.

That remark snapped him out of his coma. "You'll do it," he said. It was then 7:30 and we were due on the air at 8 o'clock. I'll never forget that broadcast because I was pretty scared. In the station I received all kinds of advice.

My principal adviser was Eve Sully of Block and Sully who were making their radio debut and who got a big contract out of working that time with Dad. Eve was most solicitous. "Don't be nervous," she chattered. "Just take a sip of water before you go on and everything will be all right."

If you thought I was scared, you should have seen Eve Sully. She was positively shaking from nerves. I was passable on the air, I think, but it's just as well I didn't get billed. I didn't set the world on fire.

DAD'S a good salesman on the air. When he takes over Wallington's sales talk and rambles on intimately about the way he serves coffee at home, coffee sales increase tremendously. His sincerity is convincing. But, shhh! Perhaps I shouldn't say this. We do drink the coffee Dad advertises all the time. But occasionally after wrestling all week over a program and rehearsing it all day Sunday, he sits down to dinner wearily. "Coffee?" asked the waiter.

Dad then glares at him as he replies, "No—buttermilk."

When I started out as Dad's secretary, I didn't make an auspicious beginning. In Pittsburgh, where Dad was making a personal appearance, he let me talk to the reporters. I told them father and mother were married in 1915. And that I was nineteen. I really am nineteen. My mistake was not remembering dad and mother were married in 1914.

For that Dad exacted a penalty. In Philadelphia reporters asked if he were actually an enemy of Rubinoff. "Why," exclaimed Dad, "do you think I'd let him be engaged to my daughter if I really hated him." So all week the papers carried items about Marjorie Cantor, engaged to Rubinoff, though I am still quite heartfree.

Dad loves the radio. And works hard at it. Besides the actual broadcast and rehearsal, he works closely with his writers, advising them and making suggestions. He's highly gratified by the fan mail, and is happy to think that he's done a lot of good—that it isn't just trivial entertainment. During a courtroom scene, he announced on the air it would make him most happy if he received just one letter that showed the program might have saved a man's life.

He received not one—but many. One man's letter was most pathetic. He told of having gone into his garage and turned on the engine to wait for the deadly fumes of carbon monoxide to take their toll. As he sat there, he tuned in Dad's program, and became so interested that he turned off the engine and went out of the garage to take a new hold on life.

Each mail brings us a bunch of supposed song hits by aspiring writers. We've received at least a hundred and fifty songs about NRA or the Blue Eagle in the last six months. We send them all back. Sometimes the songwriters apply in person, and when I slip up, we have to sit and hear them. That's agony.

You'd be surprised what pretexts people use to get to Dad with material. As I sat typing in the office one day, a youth whom I'd never seen before approached Dad's manager and tried to get him to accept a manuscript. "I'm sure Mr. Cantor will at least look at it," he insisted. "I go around with his daughter, Marjorie, and he'll read it just as a friendly gesture."

I didn't let him know I was Marjorie. It would have been too cruel.

Dad doesn't get many proposals or mash notes in his fan mail. He's publicized his family too extensively. Many write for advice about a theatrical career: He usually answers them at length along lines like this:

"Don't go on the stage, try the movies or radio, unless by experience you have proved you have exceptional talent and some new ability to reveal. By all means don't come to Hollywood or New York. Establish your reputation where you are with stock companies or radio stations. If you have the talent you think, Hollywood and New York will come to you with offers."

He receives countless requests for money, because people have read he is wealthy. One woman wrote that she loved organ music and would Mr. Cantor send $10,000 so she could buy an organ. He gets requests for banjos, radios, and hundreds of crazy things. Invariably, the letters wind up, "It will mean so little to you to give, and so much to me to receive." We figured once it would take $5,000 a week to fill all the requests.

Then there are the souvenir hunters. Some want a button, an old tie, or a finger print. Others are satisfied with just autographs. Dad sets aside an hour a day for signing pictures. Once, however, he was out of town, and I presumed to sign a picture for a little girl. She wrote back and said her penmanship teacher had told her the writing was that of a fine man, with a family, and lots of character.

BECAUSE Dad likes to play benefits, he receives innumerable requests for free appearances. It is nothing for someone to ask him to get in an airplane and fly to Seattle for a luncheon, which probably turns out to be for about fifty people.

The requests are so numerous that Dad

has to limit himself to those that are the largest and capable of doing the most good. Sometimes he breaks a rule. After one broadcast, he and George Jessel did several benefits. After getting home they became restless and decided to go out looking for more free work. They found three benefits and worked them all.

Some producers argue a star should not appear in public because it destroys the public's illusion. Dad doesn't think so. He probably holds the record for benefits for charity with Will Rogers a close second. Rudy Vallee never passes one up. Their popularity, and that of everyone playing benefits, is sufficient answer to critical producers.

Just as Dad plays only the most deserving benefits, so does he contribute to charity only through recognized organizations, such as the Salvation Army, Red Cross, and other organized charities. He feels they can check all applications for help and give only to the needy.

While Dad is intensely serious about his work, he does have his lighter moments. As we transferred to the Chief on our way to California this time, he walked up to the conductor with his arm about Frenchie, his valet, and introduced him as Eddie Cantor. "Be sure to take good care of him," Dad said seriously.

"Why," exclaimed the conductor, taking Frenchie's hand. "We've had Mr. Cantor on this run many times. You don't have to tell me about him."

Episodes like that make working for Dad fun. The interesting people and the different things he does are also fascinating. It's great fun to be around when ideas for his pictures and radio programs are taking shape. We knew something was going to happen when Dad started fiddling around with square golf balls and crooked clubs. Out of it came "Kid Boots."

NOW he's up to his neck in his next picture for Samuel Goldwyn. He's fretting now about what to call it. It's hard to title because the story happens everywhere. Some suggested "Son of the Sheik," which was ruled out because it might violate the memory of Valentino. But until it's titled, Dad will be restless, because he's helped title every show he's been in.

In any event Eddie Cantor is a grand boss. But he's even grander as a father. He isn't with us as much as an ordinary father. Perhaps that's why I think of him as such a good friend, as well as a father.

But even when he's away from us, he's still with us. He writes us beautiful letters. They're full of good advice, and written just as if he were there talking to us. I sometimes think I'd like to collect those letters and publish them. They're most interesting. And they'd be as helpful to everyone as they are to us—his family. If I ever do, I'll call the book "Punillo."

Sounds funny, doesn't it? But it's a name full of sentiment for the Cantor family. It's our pet name for Dad—mother's in particular. Years ago in vaudeville he used to appear on the same bill with a dog act. There was a cute, little Mexican bull dog in it called Punillo. He had a thin, narrow face with great big eyes. He looked just like Dad. We've called Dad Punillo ever since!

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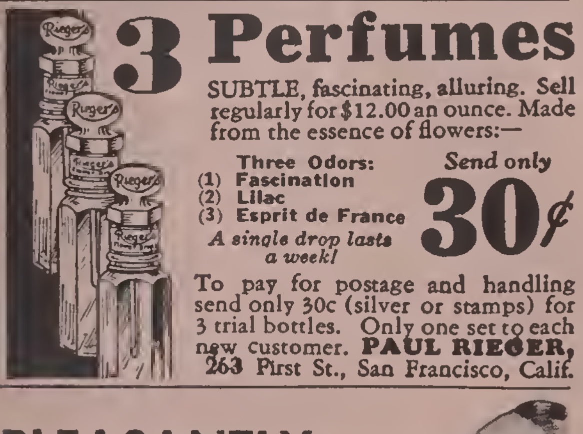
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Chevalier Wants Love

(Continued from page 30)

love. I must love, with all my heart, and be loved like that. Little loves do not count; all put together do not give the thrill of one hour of a great love. I am unhappy because I am not in love, but I am less unhappy than I would be in love with the wrong woman. Maybe, I am not so sure, it is even better to be unhappy than to be in love. Four great loves, and lots of little ones, have left me undecided on that point. I say that silly thing even while searching for my next great love."

"What will this woman be like?"

"Ah! That I cannot say for sure. She must have beauty, love, harmony, understanding—oh! so many things I cannot define until I find her."

"Would you marry a Hollywood star?"

"How can I tell?"

"Well, would you marry an actress?"

"All my great loves have been actresses."

"Does the fact that you are, or are not, in love, have any bearing on a performance you undertake?"

Maurice looked at me in astonishment.

"In my work? No! I do not carry sentiment on to a stage with me. Work is work; love is life. But I should like to find a love so great, so all-consuming, that I would have but little time for work—say one picture a year. That would be great, eh? It might happen, even to me."

With the completion of this "Merry Widow" Chevalier will return at once to Europe to observe the twentieth anniversary of his re-birth. If possible, Chevalier will celebrate it on the exact spot of a battle field not so far from Paris where after digging him out of a shell hole German soldiers brought his shell torn body back to life. Those kind hearted Germans play a most important part in Chevalier's success; in fact, the most important part.

ON August 21, 1914, Chevalier, a private in the ranks of the Thirty-first (French) Infantry, experienced his first taste of war. The German Army, with machine like precision, was driving toward Paris. The Thirty-first fought to the last man, and the Germans moved on toward Paris. Twenty-four hours later Chevalier was dug from the shell hole. Only his legs had been visible. There was a gaping hole in his chest, and a chunk of shrapnel in his right lung. Shell splinters had torn his face, neck and abdomen and there was a bullet in his left shoulder.

"My recollection of my baptism of fire begins and ends with the bursting of shells, of pains here and there in my body, and then, suddenly, sinking into a grave, and being buried alive," Chevalier told me. "When I regained consciousness I was in a German hospital at Magdebourg. The doctors told me how I had been dug out of the mud, given emergency treatment by two infantrymen, and put into an ambulance. How I would like to know the identity of the Germans who enabled me to be reborn! What a thrill I would get out of rewarding them!

"I was in the hospital many long, long weeks. Slowly, with each succeeding operation, the German doctors restored me to health and at last I was sent to a German prison camp. It was there I learned the English I now speak."

(Writer's note: It hasn't improved much.)

(Writer's note: Chevalier's experience in the world war added to his weight. He has numerous shell splinters embedded in his flesh; one large chunk remains in his right lung. Perhaps his hospital experience accounts for his intense interest in the hospital he founded in Paris—The Despensaire Maurice Chevalier—a charitable institution he supports with a portion of his earnings.)

"You can understand," Chevalier continued, "why I want to stand on the spot where I was buried. Twenty years will have passed since my first 'death.' Friends in the military service have assured me they can lead me to the approximate spot. I would like to stand upon it and with a glass of champagne, say: 'Thank you, my German friends. Life, I salute you.'

"It was there, in a muddy shell hole, that I was reborn. It was there that my future began. Perhaps I shall be again reborn on that same spot. Maybe, standing there, I shall find a new love. Stranger things have happened. Who knows?"

"AFTER the pilgrimage—what?" I asked.

"To Paris, to my house at Cannes, to my search for a new love," he smiled, as the long lower lip crept upwards toward the end of his nose.

"Life at Cannes should not be lonesome."

"And why not?" Chevalier demanded, as though I were intruding upon a contemplated loneliness.

"Because I see by the papers that the petite Lilian Harvey, having tossed her picture contract to the four winds in scattered bits plans to return to her house at Cannes."

"And what has that to do with my loneliness?"

"Well, her estate almost adjoins yours, doesn't it?"

"And suppose it does?"

"Well," I laughed, "I well recall the rare orchids and the equally rare old vintage that used to arrive with some regularity at Lilian's bungalow on the Fox lot, with your card. Lilian never drinks—and I like champagne. I could always count on finding a cold bottle in the baby refrigerator when showing her bungalow to a visiting scribe."

"Nonsense," he said, coloring a bit under the grease paint. "That was a . . . a a . . . a gesture. Just a gesture. She was a stranger to Hollywood, and I wanted to be kind. She was a lonesome little girl.

"It wasn't even one of those little loves?" I asked.

"Not even a little tiny bit of a love," he asserted. "Only a big friendship."

Chevalier quickly changed the subject.

"Would you be interested in knowing about my one big plan for the future?" he asked.

"I would, indeed," I assured him.

"Well," Chevalier began, beaming, "when I decide to retire from the screen—and the time is not far distant when I shall make that decision—I shall devote my time in a search for a woman, a very young woman, who I can develop into THE very greatest screen artist of all time. A woman I can give to Hollywood and say, 'This woman has EVERYTHING.' What a woman she will be! She will have great beauty of face, body, and mind. Her body will be slim, and perfectly moulded. She will have tawny hair, full, scarlet lips, over beautiful teeth, like pearls. She will have flashing eyes, green eyes, almost Oriental, with long lashes. She will be a woman endowed with the capabilities of Chatterton, the charm of Norma Shearer, the grace of Joan Crawford, the 'It' of Clara Bow, the ice of Garbo, the fire of Velez, the legs of Dietrich, and the slender, expressive hands of ZaSu Pitts. She will be a splash of color, a burst of melody. She will be the creation of Maurice Chevalier!

"And then, do you know what I shall do?" he asked, wide-eyed and serious.

"Sure," I answered. "I know what you'll do."

"What will I do?" he asked.

"Take her for your eighth or ninth love," I answered.

"Non, non, non," Chevalier cried excitedly. "I shall give her to the world as the creation of Chevalier. Besides, she will be a very young woman and me—well, I know my limitations."

LAST MINUTE NEWS

Ruth Chatterton will probably cost her lot with Columbia Pictures. After turning down eighteen stories submitted by various studios, Ruth is favorably considering a Columbia original by Edmund Goulding.

When Irene Hervey isn't at the Colony Club with Edgar Selwyn, she's dividing her time between Nick Stuart and Eddie Hillman.

The happiest girl in Hollywood is Maxine Doyle. She's been boosted to a lead with Joe E. Brown in "Six Day Bicycle Race." (Bet they change that title.)

Doug Fairbanks, Jr., is no longer a controlling interest in the United Artists Company in London. Doug left the company when "The Scarlet Pimpernel," which he had set his heart on doing, was given to Leslie Howard to play.

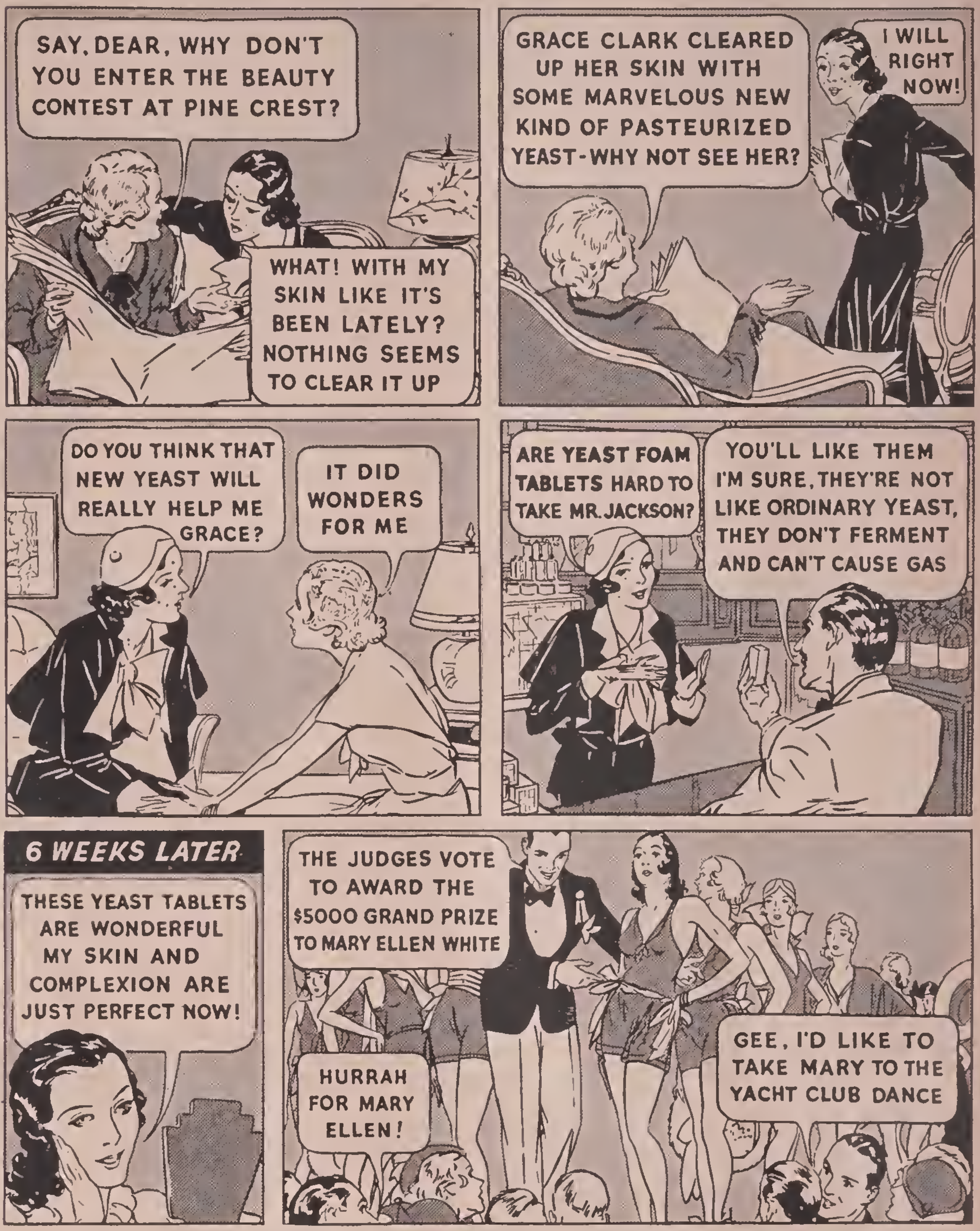
Preston Foster is definitely playing Garbo's second lead in her next picture.

Celia Parker reports that Garbo has very long slender hands and her nails are entirely devoid of polish or artificial coloring.

Ever since Ted Newton returned to Broadway, Gertrude Michael has been giving her time to Bob Norman.

Gloria Stuart, since divorcing Gordon Newell, has singled out Arthur Skeelman who writes for a living, as her constant companion.

How Mary Ellen Won the $5,000 Beauty Contest


SAY, DEAR, WHY DON'T YOU ENTER THE BEAUTY CONTEST AT PINE CREST?
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GRACE CLARK CLEARED UP HER SKIN WITH SOME MARVELOUS NEW KIND OF PASTEURIZED YEAST-WHY NOT SEE HER?
I WILL RIGHT NOW!
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IT DID WONDERS FOR ME
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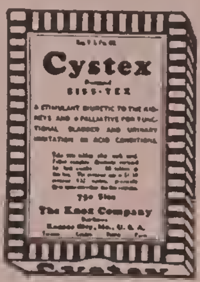

Dr. Walter R. George, for many years Health Director of Indianapolis, says: "Insufficient Kidney excretions are the cause of much needless suffering with Aching Back, Frequent Night Rising, Itching, Smarting, Burning, Painful Joints, Rheumatic Pains, Headaches, and a generally run-down body. I am of the opinion that the prescription Cystex corrects such functional conditions. It aids in flushing poisons from the urinary tract, and in freeing the blood of retained toxins. Cystex deserves the endorsement of all doctors. If you suffer from Kidney and Bladder dysfunction, delay endangers your vitality, and you should not lose a single minute in starting to take the doctor's special prescription called Cystex (pronounced Siss-tex) which helps Kidney functions in a few hours. It starts work in 15 minutes. Gently tones, soothes, and cleans raw, sore membranes. Brings new energy and vitality in 48 hours. It is helping millions of sufferers and is guaranteed to fix you up and make you feel like new in 8 days, or money back on return of empty package. Get guaranteed Cystex from your druggist today.

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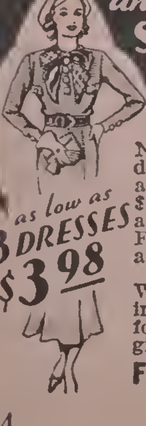

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The Star Who Needs Heartbreak

(*Continued from page 35*)

local theatre in "Dybbuks." How they met, what they said to each other, what their eyes told one another—all these things are a sealed book. For Miriam is by birth and breeding what so many women in Hollywood have struggled to make themselves—simply a lady. She refuses to make a Roman holiday of her love life and her private affairs.

She had had the kind of life that most girls only dream of, with men flocking around her, drawn irresistibly by her flair for life, her gayety, her dazzling, champagne charm. Men buying her lunch; men paying her dinner check; men begging for the privilege of dancing with her.

So many friends—and yet not one to end this feeling of being alone in the world.

Miriam fell in love, and thought that she was finding an answer to the hunger for understanding in her heart. But she found no answer—only desolation and disillusionment. How deep that disillusionment went one can only guess by the fact that she never talks about her marriage to Brandon Peters, although she'll chatter quite freely about Austin Parker and her gay honeymoon with him in France.

She was married to Brandon Peters on May 11, 1926 and separated from him five months later. In those five months something happened that turned a giddy little ingenue into a grown woman. When the marriage broke up, Miriam didn't even ask for a divorce. She was too disillusioned to think of remarrying.

She returned to New York to appear in "An American Tragedy," and gave a performance as Sondra that startled Broadway, so vibrant was it, so alive with pity and understanding.

AND then again Miriam Hopkins fell in love. Only this time it was such a gay, understanding companionship, a mad, vagabond sort of love.

Miriam Hopkins met Austin Parker at a party, where they sat and talked till the party broke up. Then they went to Child's and talked some more. Miriam got home at seven o'clock in the morning.

Their honeymoon was just as mad. They dreamed of travelling to Europe together. But it isn't very convenient for a couple to travel to Europe unless they're married.

Now that she was in love with Austin, Miriam wanted to get a divorce, so she appeared before a judge and pleaded for a divorce, alleging cruelty. The newspapers claimed that on the day Miriam married Austin Parker, she was still legally married to Brandon Peters, because her final decree had not been granted. But the mix-up was finally straightened out, and Miriam, brushing formalities aside like so many cobwebs, sailed with Austin for a gay and sparkling honeymoon to Europe.

Theirs was to be a marriage founded on gayety and built on laughter. Nothing serious, nothing pompous about it. Austin wrote in the garden, and Miriam bicycled around the countryside, and both thought that life was grand and glamorous.

But one day Miriam picked up a newspaper and began reading about all the new plays that were being cast in New York. And suddenly she knew that the honeymoon was over. Frantically she began to pack, and to pour out a torrent of words to Austin about how she had to get back to New York.

Back to New York they went, but somehow in New York some of the glitter and the glamor of their marriage was gone. They were no longer two gay young creatures exploring Europe together. Austin was a serious young writer and Miriam a serious young actress.

"Tragedy does your soul a lot of good," she confessed gaily. "When you can go around the theatre saying, 'Oh, my God!' it's an emotional outlet. I'm always pleasant around the house when I'm playing emotional parts in the theatre. When I'm playing in comedies, I'm always a little disagreeable around the house."

Miriam, a glittering success in pictures went west to Hollywood. Austin Parker came west too to write dialogue for pictures. But they lived in separate apartments, still adoring each other.

In the end they salvaged their friendship, but not their marriage.

She had grown enough not to be willing to have Austin take all the blame for the failure of their marriage.

With her marriage at an end, Miriam Hopkins looked for something to give meaning and substance to her life. When she had been gay and giddy, it had been joy enough to have an apartment of her own, money of her own—a free and independent life. But love had taught her that her work, to be meaningful, must be centered around someone else.

Once she had thought of having a baby of her own, but her career had interfered. She couldn't go back on her contracts. Now that dream was over, for the time being. But still she thought wistfully of what it would mean to bring up a child, and if it could not be a child of her own blood, why not some other baby, upon whom she could shower the gifts fortune gave her?

She fell quite in love with a blond, blue-eyed baby in an orphanage in Chicago, and adopted him when he was six days old. Now her world almost revolves about him.

MARRIAGE? Of course Miriam will marry again. But she is still a little raw from the wounds life dealt her, from the disillusionment she has known. So if some dear friend asks her to marry him, nine chances out of ten she will say, "Why can't we just be friends" and shiver a little inside as though some cold wind had just brushed her. She laughs about all her rumored Hollywood romances, and yet I wouldn't be at all surprised if she rushed headlong into marriage some time soon.

I think she is in a state of transition now. She has not yet found herself; she is restless and searching and dissatisfied, though on the surface she is light and gay and frivolous. She herself expects to remain restless all her life.

"To imagine that I had reached some goal and that I could now stand still—that would be terrible. I imagine I shall go on looking all my life. And at the end when I'm lying at death's door, I shall think of some new thing and say, 'Ah, *that's* it, the elusive something I've been looking for.'"

Speak for Yourself

(*Continued from page* 4)

silence crept over the host himself, and over the room portrayed, it crept out over the theatre as well. That quiet, ominous coming-in of Death reached beyond the limitations of the screen. The whole theatre rocked, breath-bound, with a presence that was actually there. From that moment, and during the continuation of the film, Fredric March held his audience.

Motion pictures have progressed far to give us such an actor in such a role; but so have audiences progressed far, to be able to appreciate such a film to the full.

J. E. Harris, Strafford, Penna.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

Wallace Wallops 'Em

"10 months to make—100 cameras filmed it—10,000 in the cast"—thus is it described by the producers. But it remained for one man's genius to transform what might well have been a magnificent experiment into one of the outstanding pictures of all time.

In "Viva Villa," Beery manipulates the strings of human emotions with the deft subtle touch of a master artist.

So a toast to "Hollywood's homeliest hombre," standing in solitary splendor on Cinemaland's loftiest peak—a gigantic silhouette against the sky of dramatic achievement. "Viva Villa!" Viva Beery!

Carl Pennington, Jacksonville, Fla.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

"The Actor Laddie" Touch

Naturalism and charm, as personified by Herbert Marshall and Leslie Howard, are appealing qualities in an actor, but caviare as a staple diet would be definitely dull. I believe that the medium of the screen more frequently demands what is known professionally as "the actor laddie" touch —virility and "punch" more ruthless "hit-or-miss" tactics, that magnetic spark that communicates itself to the unseen audience and sweeps it irresistibly along. John Gilbert, March, Huston and the Barrymores all have it—so have Dressler, Beery and Hepburn without question. Let's have subtlety, well-bred reserve and undertone, by all means, but there's always room for that authentic dash and verve that adds glamor to almost any picture.

John Webster Brough, London, England

$1 PRIZE LETTER

Superlatives Are in Order

The intelligentsia bother me with their passionate panning of the "colossal, magnificent, stupendous" type of movie advertising. My advice to these devotees of theoretical culture is—try it yourself. Just go through every thesaurus and dictionary with a fine comb and try to find words that adequately describe the marvels of dramatic perfection and screen science that daily are released. Why the movies of today are wonderful; they're amazing, colossal—there I go!

Vera Leopold, Eau Claire, Wis.

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The Studio Pest

(*Continued from page* 45)

play of note not once but many times, and as she knew all the theatre managers it cost her nothing. Each night she reported to her own theatre and if all six of the principals whom she understudied were on hand, she would then rush to the nearest show she had not seen and catch whatever act she could. The good plays, or the high spots of every good show, she saw many times.

WHEN Jean first arrived in Hollywood, she might have met the same fate as thousands of other new girls. The studio had already engaged an apartment for her at the Hotel Knickerbocker in Hollywood and expected her to remain there until they called her. She didn't take the apartment they had reserved, but a much cheaper one and kept her entire expenses down to $25.00 a week. Nor did she remain at her apartment until called. She had entirely different ideas. She marched herself right over to the studio and set herself down to learn the business of motion pictures.

Naturally, some of the publicity boys almost had nervous breakdowns, because of the thousand questions she asked. But, also, in the meantime, they learned a lot about this new girl and found she had plenty of ideas (even if they didn't agree with her) and as a result they sent out reams of publicity on her while other girls signed up, who had much more experience, got a bare mention.

It is true that directors had to have scenes re-shot because of her annoyance. She asked questions 9999 and the directors pulled their hair and swore under their breath. She even made suggestions to them! But they didn't have her thrown off the set. They were afraid. They were certain she had some kind of "pull" with somebody higher up or she couldn't have had the effrontery to remain on the set and question so relentlessly. Such a thing had never been heard of. Several times they actually ended by taking suggestions that she made. And none of them ever forgot her. One director said to me: "That Muir girl drives me crazy. I could cheerfully drown her, but I want her in my next picture. She won't let a fellow down once she agrees to do a part." So, three or four directors were asking for her in less than four months.

But whether they had been asking for her or not, she was asking for them. When less than six months after she started she was cast for the lead in "As the Earth Turns," she requested Al Green for her director. And got him!

The girl is just selfish enough to succeed. She makes no effort to curry favors anywhere. Furthermore, she says:

"I shall never get married. I'm too selfish to be loved by any man and I'm too interested in my career to let my emotions become a stumbling block."

Maybe you think she spends her luncheon hour visiting fashionable eating places. Guess again. She's thinking only in terms of pictures. The minute she hears anybody say the studio is considering a certain story, she makes it her business to find out what that story is, and if it sounds right for her she goes immediately and suggests herself for the part.

She actually was cast in every one of her eight good parts as the result of her own suggestions. The executives were so astonished at her courage and unadulterated "gall" that they listened in amused fashion. But being good psychologists as well, they knew if she believed in herself that much she would likely give a good performance, so they ended by giving her the parts.

But, just landing a part is not the whole story. She had much more to learn. All the technique must be mastered. So the cameramen and the electricians came in for their share of the ordeal. Fain would they have hidden at first sight of her advance guard (her little black Scottie) but no one escaped. She could write a creditable thesis now on lighting and camera angles.

AND how does she spend her evenings? There are no exceptions . . . it's always either a picture or a play. No dancing at the Cocoanut Grove for her. She is here to become a picture star. She sees every *good* picture that is made by all the studios and *she sees all the pictures made by her own studio—good or bad.*

She is a constant delight to the press. She readily admits that she is taller than Garbo, wears number nine shoes ("But," she adds, "they are quadruple A, making them aristocratic looking, don't you think?") is absolutely without sex-appeal, and since her stay in Hollywood has decided that "marriage can be more immoral than a mere affair." Her frankness continues to amaze.

"That's only good sense," she explains. "When you have told all the worst possible things about yourself, people don't get any fun out of picking out these shortcomings and holding them up for the gaze of a curious public. They are more likely to laugh *with* you and that is better than having them *laugh at you.*"

She is unlike most of the girls who think they can pay a huge price to some teacher and at the end of a given period be assured that they will come forth with a good speaking voice . . . "well placed." She thinks you learn only by doing, not by employing teachers. She says:

"The woman who goes to a teacher to learn how to talk or walk is lacking in intelligence. She is merely marking herself as unobserving!"

La Muir merely arrives in a different way. She admits she has learned worlds from Helen Hayes and that James Cagney has been "ten kinds of a dear" in giving her suggestions.

The chief point is that whether or not Hollywood likes Muir it can't stop her. Warners are now paying her exactly twice what her contract calls for at this time, and this without request from her. But despite this she still occupies a tiny bungalow for which she pays only $32.50. And she has saved more than half of her salary since she came to Hollywood.

She is a real personality and she will get to the top if she has to shoot all the Warner brothers to do it.

Hollywood Cheat

(*Continued from page 25*)

you mustn't jaywalk. They'll arrest you."

"But—my clothes! All I brought!" Marnie gasped.

"You've just come?" he asked, looking past her at a glamorous lady entering a slinky car which stood at the curb. Marnie followed his eye and gasped.

"O—Ruth Chatterton?" she whispered.

"It is indeed," he informed her. "Young lady, just come here, I asked you?"

"Yes."

"Where from?"

Marnie told him. She answered some more questions. The policeman was not rude, but he was disapproving.

"And a pity. So many of you do it. You don't know that there are twenty thousand of you here, every one of you praying for that one job that one of you can get—and no more. Go home, before you're in trouble. Before you have your heart broken and your pride smashed. Or if you won't—and I know you won't, get a job at something else. Forget the pictures."

"Oh, but I won't have any trouble," Marnie assured him. "I have a friend at Metro-Goldwyn who'll help me."

"THEN it's lucky you are," he said. "And few of you are."

"But my suitcase!" Marnie mourned.

"It's not in one of my pockets," he shook his head. "Perhaps your friend will help about—the clothes."

"Of course," Marnie smiled.

"Well, I wish you luck. You look like Nancy Carroll at that," said the officer.

"Oh, no—Helen Hayes!" said Marnie quickly—and blushed.

"Oh, is that it?" he grinned, and moved away. He stopped, came back. Marnie was watching the back of the shining car that had taken Miss Chatterton on along the boulevard. "Listen, young lady, your money wasn't in that suitcase, was it?"

"Oh, no," Marnie assured him. "Just my clothes. But—I'll—I can get more," she said brightly.

"Fine." With another wave he went on. Marnie gulped. She wondered just why she hadn't told him most of her money was in her suitcase. Vaguely she felt that if she had he would have arrested her, or something, and telegraphed her father to send for her. She had felt so safe with that twenty-five dollars wrapped in a pair of stockings. Well, she put up her chin. There was no use crying over a measly twenty-five dollars. She would soon be making twice that every week, and more. The money in her purse would tide her over.

She opened the purse and counted it. Two one dollar bills, a quarter, two dimes, a nickel and three pennies. That would do until she found Daisy, tomorrow.

With determination she turned and started back in the other direction. Walking east hadn't brought much luck. Maybe west would be better. Oddly enough, her mind went back to that sandwich, cut in four pieces. She crossed the street, at the corner this time, with traffic, and went back to the drug store.

"Back from Culver City already?" grinned the boy in the starched coat.

"Oh, yes, they signed my contract right away," she grinned back. "I'll have one of those tuna sandwiches now, and coffee."

"If you haven't found a friend yet, how 'bout me?" he leered, as he put the cup beside her sandwich.

"I've heard that from the other side of the counter," Marnie said serenely. It seemed to stump him so that he only stared as he went about his work. Marnie put the quarter on the counter and went out. She wanted to go sightseeing, but what fun was there in seeing things alone? If only there was someone to tell her the names of all the celebrated places—and the people passing; she was convinced that every shining limousine carried a glamorous star. Presently she saw something that could not be mistaken; she had seen too many pictures of it in the fan magazines—Graumann's Theatre! It was here they held all those colorful premieres! She wished with all her heart that there were one tonight.

At least she could stand and look at it undisturbed. The time would come when she would step out of her Rolls and sway over the footprinted stones, stopping before the microphone to say, "Hello, everybody; I'm so happy, this is the greatest night of my life. If you don't like my picture, I just know my heart will break——"

"Well, why don't you look where you're going——" a voice said. And then: "Excuse me. I—I mean, it was my fault."

MARNIE looked up. He had the nicest eyes she had seen in a long while. And curly hair. A kind of brown with little gold lights in it. And he was smiling. His smile was almost as nice as the truck driver's.

"Sorry," she said. "I wasn't looking."

"You must be a stranger," he laughed. "Hollywood never admits it's wrong. You get used to bawling the other fellow out."

"You sound as if you didn't belong here yourself," Marnie said.

"Me?" he seemed surprised. "Why—of course I do."

Marnie was shocked to hear herself talking on. But she hadn't meant to. "Then," she was saying, "if you know this town, you can tell me lots of things. I've just come, and I'm kind of lost."

"I'm a professional lost and found department," he said, grinning. It was a marvelous grin. "How about some coffee while we talk it over?"

"That would be nice," Marnie said.

"All right. Like the Brown Derby?"

The Brown Derby! Marnie thought nobody but stars went there. It was one of the magic places conjured up by the genii when you rubbed the lamp—and it appeared her new friend owned a lamp!

"Love it," she said.

It seemed very comfortable to have someone take hold of her arm and turn her around. His name, it appeared, was Barry. Bill Barry. He was very proud of the fact that in the short space of two years he had become assistant to Merkel, the ace director. That is, one of the three assistants to Merkel. Marnie thrilled to that. And when Bill said he was from Oklahoma City, it was an added thrill.

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"Then—it is true, isn't it," she asked, "that folks from—I mean they aren't all well known people from New York, and places like that?"

Bill laughed. "As if there was any place like New York," he said. "I'm going there some day, and direct plays. But that's all ahead. Look!" he said suddenly. He drew her to the outer edge of the sidewalk and pointed. North, straight up a wide street, high on a hillside, great silver letters sending out silver sparks spelled out HOLLYWOODLAND.

"That's magic," Marnie said and then was silent, remembering a story she had read about one poor child who found the end of her dreams up there on those letters. "So that's where it is——" she said. "I'd sort of thought of it as hanging from wires from the sky, right over the city."

"Everything hangs from wires here," he told her. "It's knowing which of the wires to pull that makes all the difference."

"Can't you get in without pulling them?" Marnie asked.

"You *are* green," he said. "Of course. Well, here we are. Now we can get everything settled."

MARNIE found herself being seated at a table for two, with Bill across from her. He was very nice to look at, and—he was assistant director.

"Something to eat?" he asked. Marnie shook her head.

"I've eaten," she said.

"Well, I haven't," said Bill, and proceeded to give a healthy order. Marnie took coffee. "Now, let's hear about you. Do you know, when I saw you up there, I mean when I apologized, I thought you were Clara Bow. Honest I did. Of course I saw you weren't after a minute, but—don't think I asked you to come with me because of that. But you look like her."

"I must look like a lot of people," Marnie said soberly.

"A lot of people?" he puzzled. "No, you don't look like Clara Bow. I don't know what made me think so. Of course you've got red hair, and a kind of tip-up nose, and your eyes are slanty and big—"

"Where is Culver City?" Marnie asked, forgetting all about Clara Bow.

"Culver City——"

Then Marnie began. She told him all about Daisy and hitch-hiking and the suitcase and the twenty-five dollars and Miss Ethel and the kids and papa. She was right in the middle of the story about the man who had taken her from Santa Fe to Tucson, Arizona, when a vision swept by them and her breath died in her throat.

"Isn't that——" she whispered.

"Gary Cooper and his wife," Bill said. "Yeah. And over there is Joan Blondell—see? With the bracelet."

The waitress was putting down Bill's order and Marnie had a hard time dividing her attention between Joan Blondell's bracelet and Bill's steak with mushrooms. She was wondering if she might say nonchalantly, "After all, I might have a bit of——" what? Salad? She couldn't say steak. But she was saved the trouble. Someone stopped by their table.

"So they've moved the set up to the Brown Derby?" someone said.

Looking up Marnie saw a pretty girl in a dark red suit, two other people back of her. The girl had too much lip rouge on and it wasn't the same color as her suit.

"Why, hello, Babe," Bill said. "Just called you and there wasn't any answer. Merkel and D'Artee had a row and they stopped shooting. Miss Mason's new in Hollywood and Merkel asked me to look after her. I phoned you—I mean to come and eat with us——"

"Thoughtful of you," said "Babe." She didn't look at Marnie. "But I'm dining with Esther and Frank. Awfully nice to have seen you——" and she swept on.

"Hell," Bill Barry said. "Finished your coffee? I'll take you where you're going and——"

"Don't bother about me," Marnie said serenely. "Is that your wife?"

"No," he said. "But——"

"You'd better go right over and square yourself," she told him. "I'll be all right. I have to find a place to live anyhow."

"Place to live? Do you mean to say you aren't even staying any place?"

"I certainly do," she said. "I told you about losing my suitcase. I was going to find a hotel then. If you'll just tell me a good place, then you better go over——"

"Let's get out of here," he said suddenly. She went, only because she dreaded a scene.

"It's my fault," she said. "I talked to you. I shouldn't have. I was just—you know, in a strange town and you looked friendly—if you didn't sound that way——" she laughed. "Back in Webb City I would have been friendly to a stranger, and I didn't understand—I mean, this isn't Webb City. Thanks a lot for the coffee." She turned and walked swiftly away, leaving him there. Unaccountably there were tears in her eyes. She had been so glad to find a friendly soul—and after all she had just been what—back home—they called a "pickup." Well, that's one more lesson, she thought. She turned from Vine street back into Hollywood Boulevard and started west. The street lights had come on; great clusters of lights like a moon pathway on water. She dried her eyes on her little red handkerchief, and put it back in her pocket.

A POLICEMAN had just put in a call at a box on a post and was turning away. Marnie ran and caught him.

"Excuse me," she said. "But—I'm strange in town. Could you tell me where I could go to get a room? I mean, not a hotel, because I—I lost most of my money this afternoon."

"God in Heaven," he said. "We've another one. And what a pretty one it is, too. Who was fool enough to let you come here alone? Have you got a mother? Sure and you've got everything they want for the pictures with the looks of you, but I'd almost rather see you starve, I would. It's a heartbreaking game at best. But was it *that* brought you here?" He talked so fast that Marnie couldn't keep up with him. Now she said:

"Oh, yes, I came to work in pictures."

"And what might your name be?" he asked. She told him.

"Marnie Mason. Little girl sound, it has. And little girl look, you have. And you've no place to sleep. What with your money gone. And how did that happen?"

Marnie told him, while he shook his head. She told him about the other policeman and he still shook his head.

"That would be Lonergan," he said. "And what could he do? And what can I do? I dunno. Why wu'd you go away and leave a suitcase on a sidewalk?"

"I never thought. In Webb City nobody would touch anything like that."

"And this isn't Webb City, God save your soul," he added. "But come along with me. I'll find you a spot that's safe for children."

A few blocks away he stopped and rang a bell. A middle-aged woman answered it. She stared at the policeman, then at Marnie and then grinned.

"Well then, McGuire," she said. "Is it yourself? And what have you got now?"

"A new little gurrel to the town," he said. "If you can spare a room."

"Now, McGuire," the woman challenged, "I've taken in enough of the ones that couldn't pay for——"

"I could pay for a room," Marnie said suddenly. "I'm not asking charity of anyone. I can get work tomorrow. What does a room cost?"

"I don't let one go for less than a dollar," said the woman.

"I can pay that," said Marnie. "And thank you, Mr. McGuire."

"I'LL be askin' about you, child," said the policeman and went away. Marnie followed her hostess down a hall and into a plain, cheap, clean room.

"The bath is at the end of the hall," said the woman. "My name is Grogan. What is yours? And how long do you expect to stay?"

Marnie told her story. Mrs. Grogan was stolid.

"I've had a lot of these movie-struck ones in my time," she said. "But not one brazen enough to say she'd had her money stole on her within the hour she hit town. McGuire, he's soft like that for any story."

"I didn't tell him a story," Marnie defended herself. "I simply asked him to recommend a good place to sleep. You needn't worry. Here is your dollar. And if I haven't a job by tomorrow night I won't be back. All I have to do," she finished, "is to get to Culver City and the Metro-Goldwyn studios."

"Well, I hope you're right," said Mrs. Grogan, shutting the door after her. Marnie sat down on the bed and looked into her purse. One dollar bill, the two dimes, the nickel and three pennies. Minus the fare to Culver City—in five minutes, Marnie, her clothes neatly hung over a chair, was fast asleep.

A loud knocking woke her.

"Yes?" she said.

"It's ten o'clock," said Mrs. Grogan. "Time anybody was up and out."

"I'll be out in ten minutes," said Marnie.

And was. With all the information about how to get to the Metro-Goldwyn studios. And that, thought Marnie, was that. She wouldn't go back there. But she wouldn't have to. Daisy probably had one of those luxurious apartments you see in the movies; she was in pictures. Daisy would put her up for a day or two.

She didn't stop for breakfast, and was glad she found out the bus fare to Culver City. Then she shrugged her shoulders. It didn't matter. She would be working in a day or so. Maybe tomorrow.

She climbed down from the bus when the driver bawled out M-G-M. She was surprised when a uniformed person, rather aged, said "Pass?"

"I—I haven't a pass," Marnie said. "I just want to see Daisy Cantrall. She works here. I'm a friend of hers from Webb City, Missouri."

The gateman talked to several indefinite persons over his telephone, finally announcing that no person named Cantrall was on the lot. He referred her to the main office. Here a girl referred her to Central Casting.

"What's Central Casting?" she asked.

"Oh, my stars," said the girl. She gave Marnie the address with a superior smile.

"Is that in Culver City?" Marnie asked then. The duchess stared.

"Hollywood," she said briefly.

Marnie sighed and went out to wait for a bus. She asked the bus driver, when she climbed in, how near he went to the address she wanted.

"Get off at Sunset and Vine and walk three blocks. I'll tell you when."

Central Casting looked most formidable, Marnie thought. The young man at the window didn't give her a chance to ask any questions.

"Nothing today," he said.

"They told me out at Metro-Goldwyn studio——" she began.

"You ought to know you can't get work by going to a studio," he said in a bored manner. "I don't know what you girls think that will get you. You've been told often enough you can't get by going over our head like that. And when you try to put one over on us like that, we just take your name off the list. You've done for yourself for good now."

"But my name isn't on your list," Marnie told him. "And I didn't ask for work. But do I have to register here to work for a studio?"

"Well where have you been all your life?" he said wearily. "Of course you do. Fill this out then, if you aren't already on the list." He pushed a large form toward her. "Leave it with your pictures." He turned away.

"PLEASE," Marnie said. "I'm looking for a friend of mine, Daisy Cantrall. She worked in 'The Sultan's Bride', so I went to Metro to find her. They said you had her address."

"She's registered," he admitted, "but we can't give out addresses. Against the rules. You can leave a note for her, put a stamp on it and we will forward it."

"But I've got to find her—today!" Marnie said.

"Sorry," he said. "Do you wanta fill out the questionnaire?"

"I might as well," Marnie said. "I'm going into pictures, and if that's how you have to start——"

"That's how," he said laconically. "Just leave it here, with your pictures."

Pictures! Marnie had only one photograph of herself; *had* was right. It was in her suitcase. "I'll—have to have some new ones taken," she said airily. "I'll bring them over soon."

"Can't file your registration without 'em," he said and went away

It seemed like a squirrel cage. She couldn't get studio work until she was registered. She couldn't register without photographs. She couldn't get photographs until she had money. She couldn't

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get money until she worked. She'd wait until she found Daisy. But the only way to find Daisy was to write her in care of Central Casting. Things weren't as easy as they seemed. If she went back to Mrs. Grogan's, it would take her other dollar. And right this minute she could eat it.

She turned to leave, discouragement dragging at her feet. Behind her a door slammed. A tall dark chap came out of the Casting Bureau and headed for the street. Marnie noticed his eyebrows. They were heavy and dark and met over the bridge of his nose. As he passed her, the set of his shoulders was jaunty. He smelled pleasantly of tweeds and pipe smoke. Marnie went on out through the door he held open politely. When the door had closed behind them both, he turned and spoke to her.

"I heard you, inside," he said. "It's a stuffy rule, and you look like you are in trouble. I happen to know that Miss Cantrall lives at the Studio Club. That's just a few blocks from here. I'm going that way. I'll show you."

"OH, thank you," Marnie said, falling into step beside him. They chatted pleasantly, and in five minutes Marnie felt that she had known him for years. In ten she was calling him Brandy, his nickname, he told her. Brandon Phelps, he was, a laboratory man at Paramount. He explained that Daisy had worked in a picture or two on his lot. When he left Marnie at the Studio Club, he had her promise to telephone him when she was settled and let him know where to find her. Marnie liked him. His black eyes twinkled and he had a trick of looking very fierce when he smiled, which was very often. Marnie felt that she had two friends now. But he had explained that the Central Casting man was right. She would have to register.

"But you'll get by," he grinned at her. "You can't miss. You look a lot like Barbara Stanwyck. Good luck—I'll be seeing you."

Marnie laughed as she went into the Club. Helen Hayes, Nancy Carroll, Barbara Stanwyck—who next?

She went on across the attractive, comfortable lobby, straight to the desk, presided over by a smartly groomed, pleasant woman. Yes, she thought Daisy was in. She would call her.

What a pleasant place to live, Marnie thought. Just like a smart hotel. She wondered what it cost. She would get a room here herself just as soon as she could. Maybe with Daisy. She sank into a deep upholstered chair to wait. Almost immediately Daisy got out of an elevator and came across the deep piled rugs toward the desk. The lady in charge nodded toward Marnie.

"Someone to see you," she said.

Daisy came over. She said "Did you wish to see me?" very distantly.

"Why, Daisy, don't you know me? I'm Marnie—Marnie Mason."

"Marnie Mason—why, of course! From home? Are you here on a visit?"

"No," Marnie said eagerly. "That is, I hope not. I've come out to get in pictures. I saw you in 'The Sultan's Bride' back home. So I looked you up."

"Oh, I see. I didn't have much of a part in that picture. But I like to work for Cromwell, he directed it. I just finished another picture with him. It's a much better part. And I expect to play with Clark Gable next week. Of course, being a natural blonde I'm quite in demand. And they say I have perfect photographic features. And how long have you been here, Marnie?"

"I just came yesterday. I went out to get your address at Metro-Goldwyn, and they sent me to Central Casting."

"Well, they aren't supposed to give out addresses. I could make them plenty of trouble if I wanted to."

"Oh, they didn't tell me. It was—a young man who just heard me asking and he stopped me outside and said he happened to know you lived here."

"What was his name?" Daisy demanded suspiciously. Suddenly Marnie didn't want to tell that. So she said: "I didn't ask him." Well, she hadn't.

"Oh, I'm pretty well known around most of the big studios, and of course if you saw him at Central Casting, he's some actor looking for work. And a good many of them know me. I've lived here for almost a year now. It's very hard to get in here. They have a waiting list miles long. Where are you stopping?"

"I got a room for last night," Marnie said. "I—I had bad luck right at the start. My suitcase and money were stolen—I thought maybe you—you could—maybe you had a couch you'd let me sleep on until I—I mean, I'll get some work right away, I hope."

Daisy had stiffened. She said, "I'm awfully sorry, Marnie, but there isn't a thing I can do. We aren't allowed to take anyone in with us, even if we had room, which we haven't. I'm rooming with Helen Powers now. We only have one bed. And I'm just one jump ahead of the sheriff. I never have any money. I suppose I'm extravagant, but with my reputation I have to look my best all the time. I'm always in debt up to my neck. I really haven't a cent I could lend. It's too bad about your money. But of course you still have your round-trip ticket home."

"I DIDN'T buy—a round trip," Marnie said. Her heart had fallen clear down into her brown slippers. This wasn't the Daisy Cantrall she had gone to school with, played hookey with. This was a cool, distant, uninterested movie actress, bound round with the Hollywood tradition. Share anything you have with any girl who is already in, but stand united to keep newcomers out. There were too many of them trying to edge in. That endangered your own chances.

"I never could understand anyone coming to Hollywood without a round trip ticket," Daisy was saying. "I had one myself, but of course I never had to use it. But of course I'm the type that pictures always want. I'm really very sorry for you, but I don't see what I can do. You'll have to go to Central Casting about work. And Miss Benson, at the desk, might be able to help you with some advice about a place to stay. But you can write home for money, of course. You'll need it, Marnie," she said kindly. "It's very hard for most girls to break into pictures. You need a nice wardrobe and all that. You just can't get anywhere without one. And I'm sorry, but I have to run now. I have a luncheon date with a director from United. He's expecting to get me a part in a big production. But it's so nice to have seen you. You'll let me know how you come out, won't you?"

"Of course. I suppose it wouldn't help any if you introduced me to——"

"Marnie, I'm sorry, but it just isn't done. In the first place it wouldn't do a bit of good. You see, you haven't any experience. In the second place, directors don't like it. It would get me in very bad. You understand, don't you? I couldn't get myself in bad with anyone right now. I've worked too hard to get where I am. And anyway, it just has to come through Central Casting."

Central Casting—Marnie felt that she would scream if she heard that again. "Of course," she said. "I'm sorry I asked. I quite understand."

She did. She understood only too well. Well, there was nothing to be hoped for from Daisy. "Goodbye," she said pleasantly. "I don't want to make you late for your date." She nodded and turned toward the desk. She didn't watch Daisy hurry toward the entrance, settling her smart little linen cape as she went. She felt now that nothing would do any good. After all, she didn't have two friends in Hollywood. Only one. Brandy Phelps. And she couldn't telephone him until she was settled. Settled? Where? How? Did Hollywood have her licked before she started?

"SAY," said a lazy voice, and Marnie saw a sleek red head lift from the depths of a divan on her left. "I heard that Cantrall cat talking to you. That was exactly what I'd have expected from her. She wouldn't give her grandmother a hand to climb out of a well. 'It would get me in very bad' "—she mimicked Daisy. "The truth is that it wouldn't do you a lick of good. She's got about as much influence as I have—and that is precisely nothing minus six. Sit down, kid, and have a smoke. I know most of your tale of woe. Suitcase and money gone, no ticket home. No place to flop. That's what I call tough. Well, I might be able to do something about it. My name's Bab. Bab French and I'm fighting shanty Irish. I'm from Chicago and I'm twenty-three and I haven't got a lick of ambition to be a star. I'm an extra because I like it. I work when I have to and I party the rest of the time. I live here because I am too lazy to move. I didn't catch your name?"

Marnie choked over the cigarette and told her. She didn't smoke very often. Bab French laughed. "All the virtues and none of the vices," she said. "Hollywood will change all that. Now let's get down to cases. You've got to have a place to stay and a job. Your snooty friend was right in one thing. You have to register at Central Casting." This time Marnie felt she could bear it. It came in a different voice, and with friendliness behind it. "I make a bet your photos were in that suitcase. Are you flat?"

"Practically," Marnie said. "I kept my money in the bag——" she could tell this girl she had hitch-hiked.

"Well, shut your mouth!" Bab said. "Oh —that's just a line I use. I don't mean it literally. You sure did want to get here. I hand it to you. Let me make a suggestion. You can't get work without clothes or pictures. So what you need is some kind of a job. Henry's is a restaurant where the late gang goes to eat. We've got newer and sweller ones, but the old-timers are faithful to Henry's. Believe it or not, there are a dozen or so girls making a nice living in pictures that were waitresses at Henry's. I know Bob, the manager. He'll give you a job or I'll know why not. You'll be right in the shop window for any director to spot, and unless I'm nuts, they'll spot you. You're a dam' pretty girl, Marnie. We'll wander over and eat there and talk to Bob. And I'm going to a brawl tonight at Jim Collins's place. I'll take you along with me. You can wear one of my dresses."

"Why—I don't know what to say—to thank—you're——" Marnie said.

"Then don't say it," Bab said. "Had your lunch?"

"N—no—" Marnie said. "You see—"

"No breakfast either, ten gets you five," Bab declared. "Come on. I've got a finif left. I got to work a couple of days before the rent's due."

"I have a dollar," Marnie said.

"You'll need it," Bab told her. "Cantrall was right, they don't let you take girls in to sleep. I've only got a single anyway. Cheaper. But if Bob gives you a job, we can find you a room somewhere. You ought to pick up quite a little in tips. That is, if you aren't too proud to be a waitress."

"I've tended a soda fountain for two years," Marnie said.

"How old are you?" Bab demanded.

"Nineteen."

"Infant! I'll be back around two," she called to the desk. "If anybody cares."

They walked up the tree-lined street. Once more the air was like wine to Marnie. She did have two friends after all. If this "Bob" gave her a job, she would get her pictures taken right away and matriculate at dear old Central Casting. She wasn't afraid any more. Daisy Cantrall didn't matter.

Marnie, keeping step with Bab silently, repeated in her mind the lines of her favorite poet, Blanding, the Vagabond: *Drama, a city full, tragic and pitiful, Bunk, junk and genius, amazingly blended; Tawdry, tremendous, Absurd and stupendous, Shoddy and cheap . . . and astoundingly splendid!* After all it was that poem which gave Marnie a picture of Hollywood. In one day she had seen many sides of it. It now remained to be seen whether it was "astoundingly splendid."

THIRTY minutes later it seemed so. All Bab said was: "Well, Bob, I brought you a new waitress who'll leave you as soon as Lubitsch comes in to eat."

"Oh yeah?" the manager replied. He was a pleasant person, husky and hearty, and he made you feel that he'd been waiting all his life for you to come in and smile back at him. "It's that Von Sternberg I'm sore at. Only yesterday he gave Harriet a break in his new picture. Harriet drew trade. But your friend won't exactly drive it away," he smiled at Marnie, who blushed. "And she blushes! That means at least ten more a week in tips, darling." It was arranged then that Marnie could go to work that very night. Midnight to eight her shift would be.

"Oke," Bab told him. "I'm taking her out to see people tonight, earlier. Listen,

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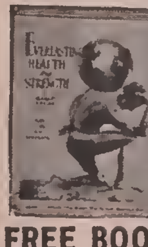

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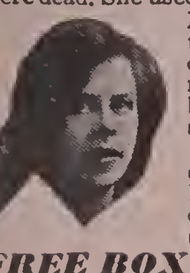

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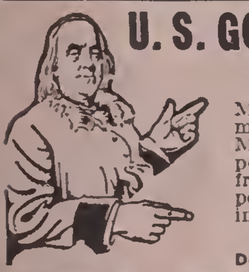

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"Cantrall?" the manager thought aloud. "The dame who thinks Harlow infringed on her copyright by being born a blonde?"

"The same. Must be running along now."

"I'll see you tonight. Don't get tight at the party and forget to come back."

"I don't get tight," Marnie smiled. "At least I never have."

Bab grinned impishly. "You aren't in Webb City now," she said. "We better go see about a room. I know a place on Vine, if they have anything vacant."

The place on Vine had a vacant room, pleasant enough if small, and most reasonable. Bab explained about Marnie's loss of her money and her new job at Henry's, and Mrs. Keller agreed to wait until Marnie had worked a night or two for her money.

"Bob'll give you something on account in a day or so, and you'll have your tips," Bab said. Marnie was very grateful, but Bab just laughed. "Oh, I probably wouldn't bother except to show up the Cantrall dame," she said. Marnie thought different, but thanked her stars and considered herself lucky no matter what had impelled Bab to speak to her. She had a job, she was going to a party, and at Henry's some director might see possibilities in her and give her a chance. And there still was Central Casting.

The two girls went back to the Studio Club and up to Bab's room, where she began rummaging in a closet to decide on a dress for Marnie to wear to the party. Dainty flowered chiffons, summer silks, organdy and voile—a rainbow of colors; she tossed them over the foot of the bed.

"Good thing I'm a little larger than you are, instead of smaller," she laughed. "At that, some of these things would be too long on you. Here's a cute number that's kinda short on me. It'll reach the ground on you. It's just the color for you, too."

IT was an amber chiffon, with great splashes of faintest green, like lily pads on a pool of sun-warmed water. Marnie took off her jacket, stepped out of her skirt and Bab slipped the dress over her head.

"Just about right," she said. "Wee bit loose on you, but the sash will fix that."

Marnie stood before the mirror-in-a-door entranced. She hadn't ever had a dress that color.

"It's lovely!" she gasped. She was wondering if her brown pumps would do when Bab emerged from the closet again with a pair of green satin sandals in her hand.

"Try these," she commanded. But the pumps proved too large. Marnie's feet were very small.

"I only wear a three," she said.

"Don't apologize," Bab laughed. "These are five and a half. But Kay Andrews, down the hall, wears threes. She's working, but she won't care. I'll see what she has." She was back in a moment with a pair of tan satin pumps. "They'll do."

"But—won't she—" Marnie protested.

"Don't be a sil," Bab said. "We all trade around when somebody's in a spot, except maybe a couple of dames like Cantrall. Now you scram, take these things over to your room, because I'm gonna be busy. I've got to go and tell a couple of people I'm due to go to work. And Lawdy, Lawdy, how I dread it! You'll have to come back and change after the party anyway, before you go to work."

"Bab, you're just wonderful," Marnie said. "Thanks a million times."

"I'll pick you up about half past eight. A handsome young camera man named Stew Harding will be taking us," Bab said. "Look pretty. And put on some lip rouge or they won't believe you're going to be an actress. 'By for now." She good-naturedly pushed Marnie out the door, the frock and slippers wrapped in newspaper. The few blocks to her room Marnie walked on air. In fact, she danced along Selma street and pirouetted into Vine. She was going to a Hollywood party!

THE magic increased with every roll of the wheels, as the car wound around the curving road high on the hill. Right up toward that Hollywoodland sign! Between two great stone pillars, and then for blocks along a wide street that curved right back into a canyon that you never would have guessed at from back there on the boulevard. Beechwood Drive, she read the sign. And from there to a veritable mountain road that circled the hill. Into a driveway then, where music and laughter and the sound of many voices came through the wide open windows. Bab had brought a cape for Marnie. "I forgot it today," she said. "It gets cool out here at night. You'll need it."

Bab was embraced and kissed by the host, and Marnie, when she was introduced, got the same treatment. "Jimmie Collins kisses them all," Bab grinned. "You don't need to be introduced to everyone. Nobody bothers. That's Howard Fay, the comedian. Over there those two in a huddle are Alice Ward and Benny Franklin, scenario writers at Fox. The guy with the moustache is an assistant director, Holbrook, of Metro. Trudy Wallace, the one in baby blue, is a stenog at United. The bleached blonde in orchid is a cashier at the Pig'n' Whistle—that's a café and candy store. She's married to that guy in the white ducks. He's a camera toter. Claire Lewis, in pink there, is in Christie Comedies. Hello, Trudy? How goes it? This is Marnie Mason, one day old in Hollywood. Hi, Fritz! Fritz is a gag man, Marnie. Hey Stew, get two thirsty girls something in a tall glass."

She rattled on while Marnie's eyes got wider and wider. Bab knew everyone. Everyone called her sweetheart or darling. Most of the men kissed her. Everyone was pleasant to Marnie. Fritz, the gag man, brought a tray of little sandwiches. Bab waved them away. "What, no caviar?" he mourned. Marnie had never tasted caviar. She took one. She didn't like it, but she ate every bit of it. She didn't care much for Scotch and soda.

"That's a shame to spoil your pretty face like that," said a chap Bab had called Lou. "You don't have to drink Scotch if you don't like it. Let me get you something else. Jim has some pretty good wine, and there's rye and gin. How about a rye and ginger ale?"

Marnie thought she'd like that. Claire Lewis asked her if she was in pictures. Lou said quickly: "Of course she is! With that face?"

"I'm not," Marnie said. "I hope to be. I just got here yesterday. And Bab got me a job—at Henry's—" she said, wondering if she should have kept it to herself.

"Good place as any to start from," Lou said. "Blanche Corbin, Virginia West, Goldie Hathaway—they all began there."

Somebody turned off the radio and someone else sat down at the piano. A beautiful girl, a tall brunette in red, with hair parted and drawn severely down into a knot low on her neck, leaned against the piano and sang in a rich low contralto, her eyes closed. She had a glorious voice.

"That's Zelda Francis," Claire said.

Of course! Marnie had seen her in pictures, heard her sing. She might have known. And here she was, little Marnie Mason from Webb City, in the same room with Zelda Francis, listening to her sing! She fairly tingled with delight. This was all wonderful.

Bab came back beside her. "Well, I've made the break," she said with that bored air she affected. "Going to work, I mean. I'll be leaving you for a few days, Marnie. Think you can live without me? I'm going on location down to Palm Springs! That's funnier than it sounds. Winter, now, I might like it. But in the summer! Palm Springs, my pretty dear, is just three inches over the border from hell. I melt easy!"

THE party went on and on and on. It was fun. Marnie was watching the clock. Stew had told her he would get her home by eleven-thirty. That would get her to Henry's by midnight. Just before eleven Bab hunted Marnie up out on the porch where a lad who said he was a sound engineer was holding her hand in a perfectly nice way. "Hey, Marnie," she said, "With your kind permission I'm walking out on you. I'm buzzing down to the beach with some of the gang for a couple of hours' dancing. And I'm leaving in the morning. I'll be back by Monday. See you then."

"But your—" Marnie was going to say "dress" but Bab stopped her.

"Keep 'em," she said. "That will be perfectly oke. Stew's getting you home." She kissed Marnie warmly, and a surge of affection rushed through the little stranger from Webb City. "You're swell, Bab," she said. "You'll never be sorry."

It was ten minutes after eleven when a stranger came up to Marnie.

"You have the loveliest mouth I've ever seen," he said. "I'm tight, but I can still see. What company are you with? I'll buy your contract. I'm going to make a star out of you, beautiful. I don't even care whether you can act or not."

"I'm—I'm not even in pictures yet," Marnie confessed. She repeated it all; that she had just arrived; that she had a job at Henry's.

"Henry's? I should say not," he roared. "You needn't go to work in any restaurant, my beautiful. You are going to be a star! You come to my office tomorrow morning. What a find! Someone untouched, unspoiled by any other stupid, muddled direction! I'll show them! I've discovered you. In three-foot letters I'll put up your name. Ten—no—eleven o'clock. Promise? Will you come?"

"Of course," Marnie said, her heart thudding. One day in Hollywood, and a director said he was going to make her a star! "But—where—where? And you haven't told me your name."

"I am Carpenter! Where? Paramount! Where else? Eleven—right? My discovery. Stay away from Henry's, stay away from everyone. Don't you sign with anyone else. You've promised me."

"OF course," said Marnie. "I'll be there." She could hardly get her voice to work. Oh, if Bab hadn't gone! Bab would have been so pleased. She could hardly believe it. But right now, she must telephone the manager of Henry's. Jim showed her where the telephone was. They had turned on the radio again and were dancing. Marnie looked up the number and got "Bob" on the wire. After she had told him she had a job in pictures and she couldn't come to work, she got the impression that he didn't believe her. It did seem a little unreal. Everything today had been like a dream.

"It must be a pretty good party," he said, "to throw a job over for."

Marnie tried again to explain. He was polite but bored. She thought she could go in and talk with him tomorrow after she had signed her contract, show him that she really had a job in pictures and thank him for everything. After that the party was more fun than ever, even though Carpenter had gone.

Marnie explained to Stew that she could stay longer. Stew was glad. They danced. Marnie danced with several nice boys. She had another drink. It was three o'clock when she climbed the stairs to her room and slid out of Bab's lovely amber dress. Thank Heaven nothing had happened to it or the pumps. Marnie slept the second her head touched the pillow.

Promptly on the dot of eleven o'clock she presented herself at Paramount.

With assurance she walked up to the reception desk.

"Mr. Carpenter," she said, feeling just the least bit smug. "I'm Marnie Mason—and I have an appointment."

"Carpenter?" the girl said. "What does he do?"

"He's a director," Marnie said.

"Not at this studio, he isn't," said the girl. "And he never was. I never heard of him."

"But he's going to give me a contract."

"I'm sorry. There's some mistake. We don't know any Carpenter."

Marnie found herself outside in the hot sun of Marathon street, a buzzing in her ears, a sudden empty feeling in her stomach. And it was not because she hadn't had any breakfast. She had. She had broken her one dollar to pay for it. She had refused that job at Henry's. She had a room she couldn't pay for. Bab had gone on location. And Paramount didn't know any Mr. Carpenter. Now what could she do? What? What?

The surprising thing Marnie Mason did do*—how she became involved in a fascinating but dangerous plot—is told in next month's* Movie Mirror. *You'll want to read every word of this revealing and compelling Hollywood novel.*

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Garbo and Mae West—They're Alike!

(*Continued from page 27*)

with Chaplin, Fairbanks and Lloyd. They are Themselves and that is to be greater and more potent than any character they might play.

"Garbo is a great actress. Mae is a great show-woman. Both are great *personalities*. I've often thought that of all the people in pictures today Barnum would most have appreciated Garbo and Mae West. They have the greatest exploitation values of any personalities on the screen.

"Both come from humble origins. Garbo from Sweden, Mae from Brooklyn. Both are daughters of people in modest circumstances. Neither had what is known as 'advantages.' Neither had the advantages of exclusive schools, 'finishing' nor of highly cultured social circles. Born of poor people in modest neighborhoods they have fought their way to the top by sheer power of personality and ability. I don't believe in what is known as 'the breaks.' You may get a break that will take you in front of the camera. But after that, *it is up to you*. Both Garbo and Mae started to work when they were very young, Garbo in a hat shop or barbershop or whatever it was, Mae trouping.

"It's funny, but when Garbo says 'I—lof—you' in that slow, husky moving voice of hers and when Mae says 'Come up and see me sometime' *it means the same thing*. I get the same reaction, the same thrill. And you know that they MEAN it.

"Their voices contain their personalities. Especially Mae's. Garbo was great in silent pictures but greater, I think, since she has talked. Denude either one of them of their voices and you would denature their personalities. They would lose a great part of the mighty *throb* they give you. Not that their tone of voice is similar—and Heaven knows their enunciations are different—but in what their voices *mean* you get the same reaction, the same result.

"THEY are both sensational show-women. Garbo adopts the stony veil of the recluse. She talks to no one, sees no one, goes nowhere, shrouds herself in isolation and mystery. And by the masterly means of this isolation and mystery spurs on the curiosity of the public and the hounds of the press to mad pursuit. You know nothing about her save what you may be able to pick up from her discharged servants, her butcher, her baker.

"Mae, on the other hand, talks to everyone. Freely. Without any apparent reservations. Yet when she is done *you know nothing about her, either.* She tells you how a girl may get her man—and her diamonds. She gives you her theories of man, woman and sex. She tells you nothing of Mae West. You do not know today—I know I don't—how Mae lives, what she eats for breakfast, with whom she is in love, or why. One says nothing. The other says everything. The sum total of both is—Mystery.

"Both of these women have brought to the screen, to the stripped and exposed people of the screen, the old Green Room days when the people of the theatre were shrouded in mystery, when the public stood on tip-toe hoping for a glimpse of them; when no one, save in the Holy of Holies, was ever admitted to their presences. They have brought back the days when the public did not know nor dare to ask what brand of toothpaste the stars of the theatre used, nor who were their lovers nor what they ate for breakfast, luncheon or dinner.

"Neither Garbo nor Mae are 'man-crazy.' If they are they manage to conceal it with more than human discretion. Garbo's greatest male interest, the one most enduring and most dear to her was Mauritz Stiller who was, first of all, her business adviser, her counselor and her director. Mae's one male companion—so far as we know—has been James Timony, who is, also, her business adviser, legal adviser and counselor. To Mauritz Stiller there was only one woman in the world and that woman was Garbo. To James Timony there is only one woman in the world and that woman is West.

"Both of them live, personally, in an almost completely non-social isolation. Garbo is never seen anywhere, with anyone. She never goes to parties, never gives them. She likes horses and, I am told, rides occasionally. Mae lives in an equal state of non-social privacy. Odd though it seems for a woman of Mae's type she never goes anywhere, either, never goes to parties, never gives them. She likes the fights and is seen at them, an immovable and an unapproachable figure. One is silent and inscrutable and aloof. The other is loquacious and brutally frank and a mixer. *Both are unapproachable.*

"WHEN you make love to them on the screen—as I have done—with Garbo in 'A Woman of Affairs' and 'Single Standard,' with Mae in 'It Ain't No Sin'—when I am actually making the love scenes, embracing them, kissing them—and I did actually *kiss* them—*I get the same reaction from both women.* The first reaction is a nervous one. A fear of doing something that may offend. Then comes the strong feeling of SEX, subtler in Garbo, franker in Mae but dominant and compelling in both of them. I get the feeling that what I am doing matters intensely. I have the feeling of being carried away by the emotion of the moment, that the emotion is a terrific one and an authentic one.

"Of all the women to whom I have made love on the screen Garbo and Mae are the only ones *who have made me completely forget that I am making a picture which is being recorded by a camera.* Both of them carry me away on the same flood-tide of genuine emotion until I believe that I *am* in love with them, am impelled to make love to them.

"Both work, I think, for money and for power. These are the things they want. Garbo, very obviously, dislikes intensely all of the concomitants of studio life and professional demands. She has said so. Yet she remains. She comes back from Sweden for more. Mae has said that she would work, in any other medium, for the same ends—money and power.

"Mae from Brooklyn, Garbo from Sweden—the one forever and disastrously attainable; the other forever and disastrously unattainable—sisters under the skin—the same thing to all men."

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The Art of Make-Up

(*Continued from page* 53)

together the brows should be plucked in the center to give a wider space between them and thus make the eyes appear farther apart; if the eyes are too *far apart* the brows should be allowed to grow closer together and thus connect the eyes more closely. No matter how your eyes are placed the heaviest portion of the brow should be over the first third of the eye socket and thence the brow should taper off gently to the end—*but never end in an extreme point.* Always allow the line of the brow to follow the line of the upper eyelash—never let the brow line drop at the end as *all downward lines give age.*"

"IN applying mascara to the lashes a thick, gummy mixture should not be used. Eye shadow is a very important part of eye make-up. Every face has a definite shadow color. Every woman should study her face and find her shadow color, that is, the natural color in the hollows of her face or below her eyes. That color should then be used for her eye shadow. Eye shadow should be applied along the line of the upper eye lash and blended up over the eye lid. This shading softens the glare of the skin between the dark brows and lashes and destroys a too startling contrast."

"The make-up of a perfect mouth *shown by the shaded mouth in the oval drawing* is a great art and requires much practice. The cupid's bow should start just *outside* of the nose line. Keep the bows a good distance apart and thus make sure that the mouth will not appear small and puckered. The lip rouge should extend generously to the corner of the mouth and *should always turn up slightly at the corners.* The common lipstick error of most women is that their first aim is to have their mouths appear very small and they try to achieve this effect in one of two ways. They either shorten the upper lip and leave the lower one extending to its normal position *shown by the dotted line on the left of the ideal oval face* or else they shorten both the upper and lower lip and leave their real mouth extending at each end as *shown by the dotted lines on the right of the same drawing.* The latter form is really the most grotesque. In both instances they bring the cupid's bow too close to the center of the mouth. To make the most of the mouth one has and make it up well is the best rule."

As you re-read this article sit before your mirror and apply these rules to yourself and solve your make-up problem.

If you have trouble send a good-sized photograph and I'll gladly help you. Address, Gloria Mack, MOVIE MIRROR, 6715 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Kay Francis snapped by Photographer Fink at the airport, saying goodbye to her pet dachshund just before she left for New York and Europe.

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Four Dishes for Sunday Night

(*Continued from page 70*)

SPAGHETTI DERBY

This is a real Hollywood favorite. It has the advantage of being very nourishing without being too fattening. It is particularly nice served with a light green salad. Hollywood drinks red wine with it, usually a California Chianti-type.

One package of Spaghetti.

Drop spaghetti into pan of boiling hot salted water and cook until tender (about twenty minutes).

Prepare the following sauce to cover:

Braise two chopped onions and add half-pound of finely ground round steak with a little chunk of suet. Season with salt and pepper to taste, a half clove of garlic and a small can of mushrooms. Add two fresh tomatoes and a small tin of solid pack tomatoes. Braise this mixture for two hours.

Drain spaghetti, place on platter or in bowl. Cover with the sauce, and sprinkle with imported Parmesan cheese. Serve as quickly as possible.

LOBSTER THERMIDOR

This is Marlene Dietrich's favorite dish and most men go for it in a very big way. It is rich and shouldn't be eaten hastily.

Cut live lobster in two, lengthwise. Sprinkle with olive oil, salt and pepper.

Put in oven and bake.

When done, remove the meat from the shells cut into pieces.

Then make a sauce as follows:

Chop two shallots, a little parsley and tarragon.

If possible, add one spoonful of meat extract or good meat gravy, and reduce by boiling until nearly dry.

Then add one spoonful of dry mustard, one cup cream sauce and two ounces of butter. Mix thoroughly.

When mixed, put about one-third of the sauce in the bottom of the shells. Put the lobster in the sauce and pour remainder over the top.

Sprinkle with grated cheese and bake in oven until brown.

A good grade of canned lobster may be used in place of live lobster.

CREAMED TURKEY DERBY

This can just as well be creamed chicken, if you like, but turkey on a late summer or early fall evening is always a surprise. (Why do too many people insist upon eating turkey only at Thanksgiving time and then eat it too often and too long?) Cranberry sauce should be served in little moulds on the side. There are excellent brands of canned cranberry sauce in case you can't get the fresh berries in your neighborhood. Also, if you are fixing a spread for just a few guests, canned chicken is a great labor saver. White wines, slightly chilled, make a fine combination with this, and if you can afford champagne, that is the final word.

Shred eight ounces of white meat.

Make a cream sauce as follows:

Two tablespoons of flour.
One heaping tablespoon of butter.
Dash of salt and pepper.

Melt these ingredients in a double boiler and add one and one-half cups of milk.

To this sauce add two raw egg yolks (removing pan from the stove before beating in the eggs.) Then add a tablespoon of Sherry wine. Stir in the turkey meat.

Pour this mixture into patty shells and top with tablespoon of jellied consomme.

(This sauce with turkey or chicken meat may also be served over corn bread instead of patty shells.)

And for those who simply must have dessert:

RIO RITA CAKE

This is a particularly good party cake as it looks so pretty. Furthermore it isn't hackneyed, like chocolate or cocoanut cake, and it isn't too sweet for a group of guests who simply must keep their figures.

CAKE CRUST

1 pinch sugar
1 pinch salt
4 ounces butter
1 pint milk

Bring this to a boil, stirring in 8 ounces of flour as mixture boils. Beat while boiling until smooth.

When cool, add 8 eggs.

Bake at temperature of 325 degrees, 15 minutes, four individual layers.

FILLING

1 pint milk
4 ounces sugar

Bring to a boil, stirring in 6 egg yolks while boiling. Soak 4 leaves of gelatine in water five minutes. Squeeze water from gelatine. Add to hot mixture. Allow this to cool.

When fairly firm, add one pint whipped cream.

Spread mixture between layers of crust.

Keep cake in cool place until ready to serve.

And here's Joan Crawford in her newest Adrian creation!

YOUR HOME

Next month, Harold Grieve, famous Hollywood decorator, starts an instructive and interesting department devoted to home-making. Watch for MOVIE MIRROR'S Homemaking Page in the October Issue.

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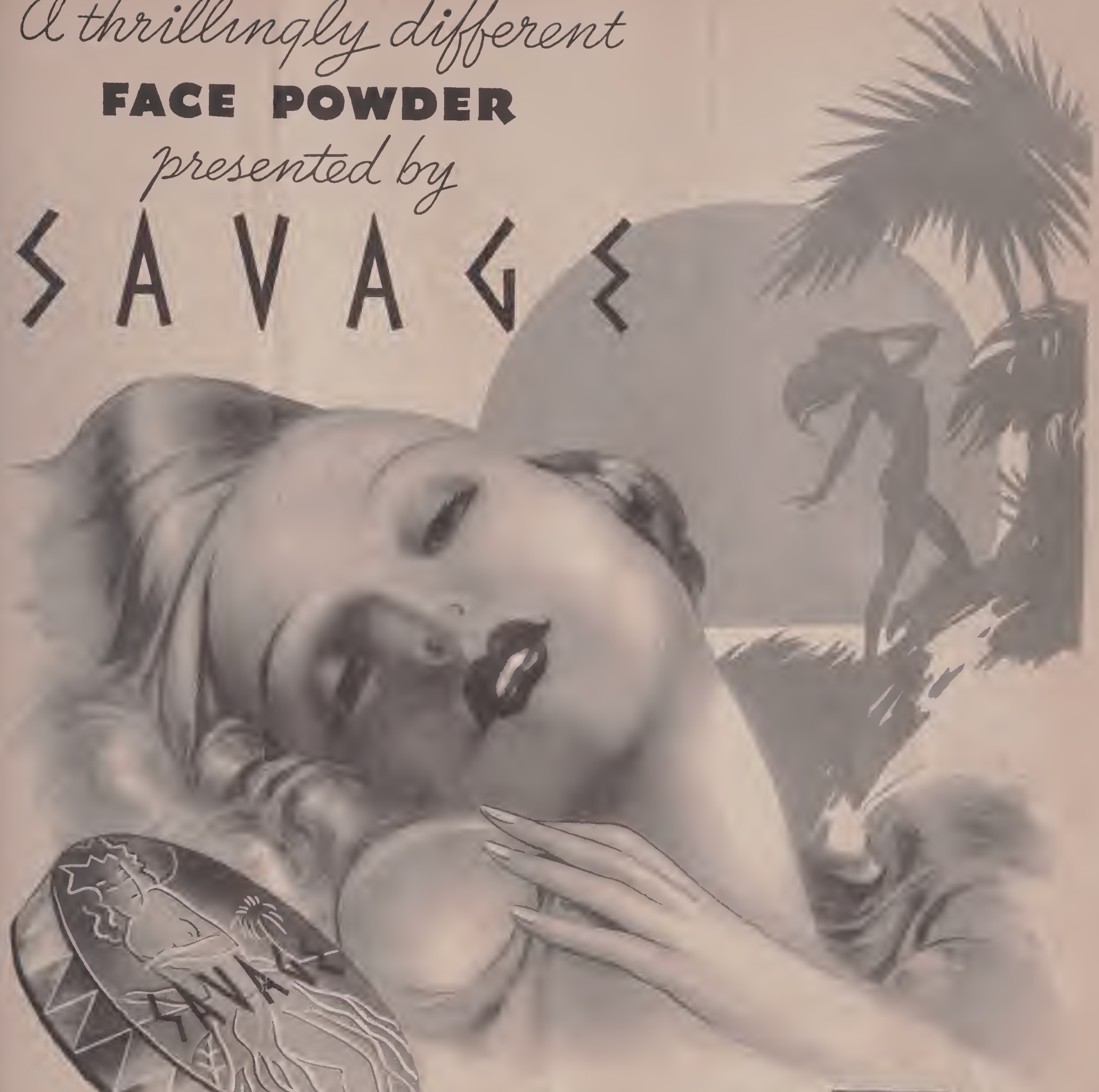

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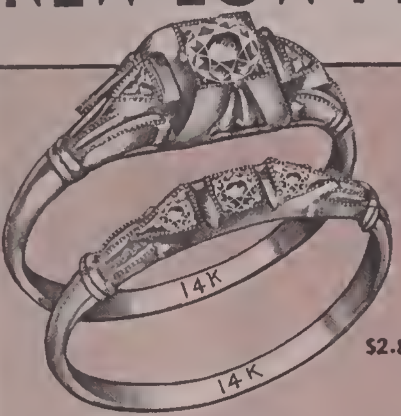

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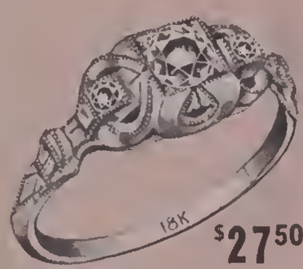

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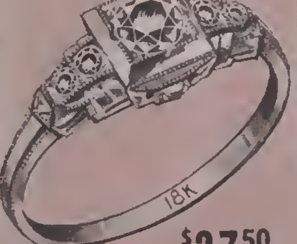

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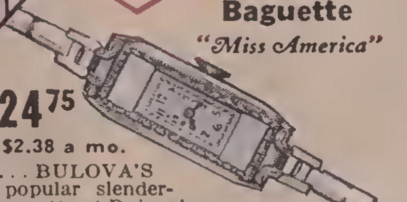

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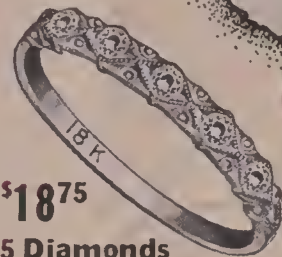

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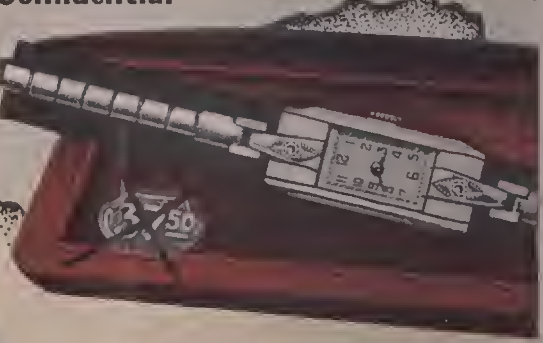

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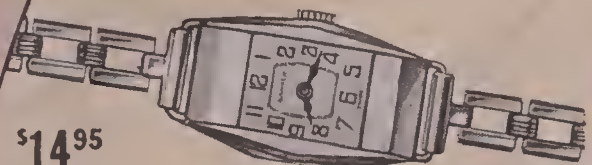

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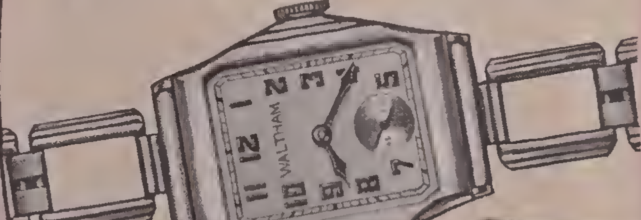

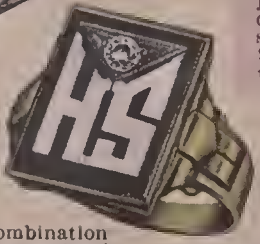

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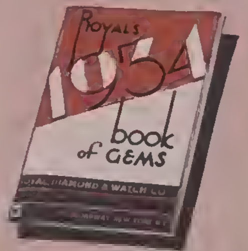

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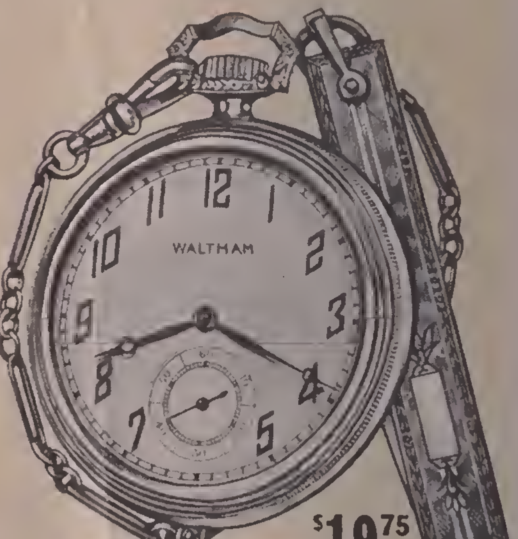

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movie MIRROR

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LICATION

RUTH WATERBURY, EDITOR

OCTOBER

NRA
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NORMA
SHEARER

**Why Loretta Young
Broke Up Her
ROMANCE**

**Is Hollywood Spoiling
SHIRLEY TEMPLE?**

Norma Shearer won this award for "Smilin' Through", Fredric March for "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" . . . Chas. Laughton for "Henry the Eighth".

THREE "BEST" STARS IN A STAR PICTURE

Romance . . . tuned to the beat of your heart . . . as three winners of Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences "Best Performance" awards . . . are teamed in a romance greater than "Smilin' Through." As a stage play, "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" scored a three year triumph. As a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presentation it brilliantly dominates the 1934 cinema scene!

NORMA SHEARER
FREDRIC MARCH
CHARLES LAUGHTON

IN *The* BARRETTS *of* WIMPOLE STREET

with

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN
KATHARINE ALEXANDER
From the play by . . . . Rudolph Besier
Directed by. . . . . . Sidney Franklin

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

Carl LAEMMLE
presents

GIFT of GAB

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—all in one bunch in this glorious picture!

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- ★ PHIL BAKER
- ★ Paul Lukas
- ★ Ethel Waters
- ★ Chester Morris
- ★ Alexander Woollcott
- ★ Douglass Montgomery
- ★ Binnie Barnes
- ★ Roger Pryor
- ★ Karloff
- ★ Gene Austin
- ★ Graham McNamee
- ★ Bela Lugosi
- ★ Alice White

- ★ **Ruth Etting**
- ★ June Knight
- ★ Victor Moore
- ★ Andy Devine
- ★ Hugh O'Connell
- ★ Gus Arnheim's Orchestra
- ★ Sterling Holloway
- ★ Henry Armetta
- ★ Downey Sisters
- ★ Beal Street Boys
- ★ Douglas Fowley
- ★ Wini Shaw
- ★ Helen Vinson
- ★ Candy and Coco
- ★ Surprise Personality

Directed by KARL FREUND
Screen play by RIAN JAMES
Produced by CARL LAEMMLE, Jr.

HEAR THESE SONG HITS—

"Talking to Myself."
"Blue Sky Avenue."
"I Ain't Gonna Sin No More."
"Somebody Looks Good To Me."
"Don't Let This Waltz Mean Goodbye."

A
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THE *OTHER* HERBERT MARSHALL

Yes, there's a Bart Marshall that even his good friends don't know—and if you want to meet him, don't fail to read the revealing feature about him in next month's issue.

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movie MIRROR

Edited from Hollywood

RUTH WATERBURY
EDITOR

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WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL, Art Director

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COVER PORTRAIT
Norma Shearer
by A. Mozert

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• Coming events cast their shadows before

You will soon be seeing **MAE WEST** in her new picture, **"BELLE OF THE NINETIES,"** with ROGER PRYOR, John Mack Brown, John Miljan, Katherine DeMille and Duke Ellington's Orchestra. Directed by Leo McCarey. A Paramount Picture

The HIDDEN HOLLYWOOD

by RUTH WATERBURY

A DEADLY parallel! Mae West started on Broadway in "Diamond Lil."

She followed it with a second, less successful stage play.

Then the third theatrical venture was produced and—bang!—along came censorship!

So eventually Mae set out for Hollywood and made a picture based on "Diamond Lil." What a smash!

Then she made her second film—it was less good, less successful.

Now she's made her third movie. And again censorship threatened to prevent its release!

24 KARAT SUCCESS

I am getting very tired of phrases like "Hollywood is a town where everyone is your friend while you are a success but they ignore you when you are a failure."

That is no more true of Hollywood than it is of Paris, London, New York or Hayville, Texas. Successes are always popular anywhere. But I cannot conceive of anywhere else on earth where you could find a successful man like Harold Lloyd.

Harold has just released "The Cat's-Paw," his newest picture, a courageous experiment in a new technique. He is not a gagster in this. He is a straight actor playing a regular part, to me a new and very interesting part. Whether or not the public will take him in such a personality role remains to be indicated at the box office.

Meanwhile Harold lives on his estate in the Hollywood hills, the nearest approach to Heaven on earth I can conceive of. Try to imagine a palace set in miles of gardens. Try to visualize great, spacious sunny rooms bowered in flowers. Think of a private golf course more perfect than that of the finest clubs and a deep, blue swimming pool larger than the land on which the average house is built, squash courts, tennis courts, croquet grounds and a children's playhouse that looks as though it had been drawn by Hans Christian Andersen or Walt Disney.

Then try to realize that in this setting lives a devoted husband and wife and three beautiful children, all of them, by some miracle, completely simple, unaffected and unspoiled. Harold Lloyd was a very poor boy. Pretty little Mildred Davis was a poor girl. The fortune which Harold has earned hasn't touched them at all except to give them an appreciation of beauty and generous hearts. In the most sophisticated setting wealth and imagination can devise, they remain the realest people in the stellar firmament.

HOLLYWOOD STYLE NOTE

One of the screen's lovelier sirens was leaving her house with her newest suitor when her most devoted suitor drove up. The siren was wearing a huge floppy hat and a printed chiffon gown that swept against the lawn. The new boy friend was dressed for polo, high boots, wide belt, mesh shirt, et al.

"Wait a moment and I'll change clothes and join you," suggested the devoted one.

"Oh, you can't," said the siren. "We've only two seats. We're going to the prize fights."

Because your editor is in Hollywood you get the news first in MOVIE MIRROR—and the truth about your favorites from someone who knows them personally, is a part of their very lives. In this department she lets you put your finger on Hollywood's pulse and sense the rhythm of its heartbeats!

There's an interesting sidelight on lovely Claudette Colbert, revealed in this month's installment of our editor's beneath-the-surface department.

AWARD

My personal nomination for the player showing the greatest improvement in the past month goes to Maureen O'Sullivan. After a thrilling, vivid performance in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," she follows it up with a charming, romantic portrayal in "Hide-out." The role is one of those straight, sweet girl leads, the hardest of all parts to make come alive.

SCRAP!

The obedience of players to what producers tell them to do never ceases to amaze me. Loretta Young is currently involved in a quarrel with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer because she refuses to do the lead in "Repeal." It is a complete unsympathetic character, unmoral and phoney. Loretta played such a role, against her will, in "Born to Be Bad," and she knows that it hurt her standing. Yet Twentieth Century, the company which has her under contract and loaned her to Metro, threatens to take her off salary until she consents to do this picture which will probably hurt her even more.

Not even one first-rate

personality a year is discovered, yet producers do little to preserve the ones they have. I sat on the set of "The Perfect Weekend" at Warner Brothers the other day watching Jimmy Cagney emote. Jimmy was giving more between scenes than he was before the camera. He had been rowing all day over his part. A gentleman, a genuine intellectual, Jimmy was enraged over dirty lines, in this era of clean pictures, that had been written for him to speak. Furthermore he didn't want to sock people in this new opus. A compromise was finally effected which permitted Jimmy merely to butt the other characters with his head.

The velvet-voiced, charming, real James Cagney should be given a chance to appear on the screen. He would be a revelation.

HERE'S TO CLAUDETTE

One of the few stars who handles her career so that, without quarrels or disturbances, she plays only the parts she desires, is Claudette Colbert. Furthermore she does it all herself without the benefit of agents. Her salary, per picture, is spectacular, so large in fact that she can comfortably live on the income of one a year. She contrasted "It Happened One Night" with "Cleopatra" and is now taking a great gamble by playing a woman of thirty-seven in Universal's "Imitation of Life." Claudette looks at you with an amused grin when you tell her she is a modern woman, a highbrow, and an artist. Her sense of the ridiculous keeps her from ever taking herself too seriously, yet there is no young woman in Hollywood who runs her life on so intelligent, refined and admirable a basis.

R. W.

LAST MINUTE NEWS

Alice Faye will be Rudy Vallee's leading woman in his new picture. Make of that what you will!

There actually seems to be real interest on Garbo's part in George Brent.

Francis Lederer and his temperament are giving Paramount grey hairs.

Lyle Talbot's newest combine is with Genevieve Tobin.

The Lee Tracy-Isabel Jewell romance is hotter than ever—since Isabel returned from New York saying she no longer cared for Broadway.

Bob Montgomery is mourning the death of his Great Dane, Timber.

Charlie MacArthur flew from New York to reach Hollywood on Saturday. He had to return Sunday but he said it was worth it to see Helen Hayes even for so few hours.

Pat O'Malley's daughter Sheila is now Jean Parker's stand-in.

Clark Gable's newest enthusiasm is sailing and he is threatening to buy a yacht.

The Andy Devine baby will probably be born any time now.

I GUESS I'M JUST NATURALLY SKINNY- CAN'T GAIN AN OUNCE
I SAID THE SAME THING UNTIL I DISCOVERED KELP-A-MALT

FOLKS WHO ARE "NATURALLY SKINNY" NOW GAIN 5 LBS. IN 1 WEEK AND FEEL FINE!

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Kelp-a-Malt's FOOD IODINE nourishes the internal glands which control assimilation, the process of converting digested food into firm, solid flesh, 6 Kelp-a-Malt tablets contain more FOOD IODINE than 486 lbs. of spinach, 1600 lbs. of beef, 1389 lbs. of lettuce.

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SPEAK for YOURSELF

Most of the letters this month are tirades against censorship. MOVIE MIRROR must give way to such unanimous feeling, by lending the department to the various sentiments expressed

After "As the Earth Turns" Jean Muir gets a turn at looking heavenly. This looks as though she's demonstrating her next picture "Desirable" for Warner Bros.

$20 LETTER

"Variety Is the Spice of Life"

I have no desire to decry the churches—I'm no bigot, but it seems to me that any institution that is founded on intolerance is an anachronism in this enlightened age.

We can never hope to quash evil by denying it. Evil always has been and always shall be. It is part of the Divine plan, since without it we should not be able to appreciate the good.

Just try to imagine a world with all good and beautiful people—a world without the interesting varieties of color, species and character! Such sameness would pall and lack in interest.

When man's inventive genius contributed the movie as an added blessing to mankind, the boon of variety had won a new medium. It would be all too tragic if this all-embracing medium of revealing life with all its vicissitudes, would become as limited in its scope of entertainment and education as any one-track course.

Suppression can only encourage inhibitions, and movies have been an outlet for our emotions. Would the censors deprive us of this vicarious release of thwarted emotions by imposing weak, colorless pictures of one kind on our already anemic lives?

Grace Greene,
New York, N. Y.

$10 LETTER

We Must Learn Self-Conquest

An ardent movie fan, and the mother of two young daughters who attend both Sunday School and the movies regularly, I view with misgiving this campaign of suppression recently inaugurated.

Producers who allow themselves to be browbeaten or stampeded into offering a steady diet of Pollyanna to an intelligent adult public, will rue it. The pendulum of reform always swings too far.

All movies are not suitable for children. Neither are some parts of the Bible!

But movies also form a part of the modern child's world.

I believe in bringing up children from their infancy to face everything there is to be faced in their environment, and to so prepare them for life that such things as sex, crime and death fit naturally into their awareness of the general scheme of things.

We cannot make them strong by shielding them from the truth, which seems to be what unreasonable censorship proposes to do.

We must all learn self-conquest for the game of life; the movies are excellent teachers.

Mrs. Luise Baldwin,
Mt. Vernon, Indiana.

$1 LETTER

The Films Will Survive

The common cry of "wolf" is being hurled at the movies again. All of which is rather odd to me, for people are getting what they want from the films.

I realize that the purity league points with pride to such films as "Little Women" and such stars as Janet Gaynor, just as it views with alarm the Harlows, Shearers, Crawfords and Lombards of the screen, but if I am not mistaken, "Little Women" and Miss Gaynor are exceptions; picture-goers as a general rule prefer the Crawfords and Harlows to the Gaynors, just as readers favor the stories of Dreiser, Faulkner and Hemingway to the Louisa M. Alcott style of fiction.

Oh, well, the films will survive. They have had the righteous shrieking at them before, and with a little "soft pedaling" on the part of the stars and producers, we may again be able to have the facts of life presented to us by way of the screen.

Joan Clayborne,
Tacoma, Wash.

$1 LETTER

Realism Without Offense

"The Life of Vergie Winters" is the very kind of story material reformers are crusading against, yet hard-boiled state censors have passed the picture with little change, and in this community it enjoyed long runs.

Such approval might be due to Ann Harding's poignantly restrained portrayal of the unfortunate heroine and to John Boles' warmly human and gentlemanly characterization of faithless husband and weak lover. I found no element of the picture offensive; the sentiment never became mawkish, while the small-town atmosphere seemed realistic enough to get under your skin.

The picture has power and heart appeal. It has sincerity and even beauty. It has purpose . . . for no man or woman who saw "Vergie Winters" would feel like entering into a similar tragic and futile liaison, with its fatal consequences.

Good taste and restrained acting plus dignified directorial treatment put this picture over without sacrificing story or entertainment value. Doesn't this point toward a solution to the purity problem?

Lores Lee,
Covington, Ky.

$1 LETTER

Life Has Many Shades

We can only hope (somewhat skeptically) that a new type of censorship has been born in the last sixty days. Heretofore, when any person or group of persons undertook that office there was one result. Somehow the title "censor" seems to fire those who bear it with the desire to show: that babies are really found under cabbage leaves, there are only two kinds of women (good and bad), hard work always leads to wealth, and virtue never has to be its own reward.

Most of us (even parents like myself) are anxious for some degree of realism in pictures. We can find plenty of suitable ones for the children, too. We know how the average American lives and works. We want to know the reactions of those in other strata of life. We like to compare our lives with those of the Esquimaux, African savages, and peoples of all other countries. We like to imagine great characters of history, even if we don't

(*Continued on page* 74)

MOVIE MIRROR awards seven prizes each month for the best letters—$20 first prize; $10 second prize; five prizes of $1 each. Just write in what you think about talkies, stars or stories. Keep your letters down to 200 words or less. Address: "Speak for Yourself," 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Think of

TOMORROW

when you take that laxative

TODAY!

It's easy enough to take a laxative that "works"! But what of tomorrow? What of the harm that might be done to the intestines? What of the danger of forming a habit?

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THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE
for relief of constipation
6 tablets 10¢
18 tablets 25¢

Keep "regular" with

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

WHY Loretta

Good-by to Spencer Tracy and Their hopeless love!

"SINCE Spencer Tracy and I can never be married, we have agreed not to see one another again," Loretta Young told me. "I have said that I would never marry outside my Church. Nor will I. Consequently, Spencer and I might just as well part now as later.

"There is no sense in prolonging matters. It is so much better to make a clean break before it is too late. I feel very sad about bringing to an end such a beautiful relationship as we have enjoyed. Yet it seems that this was our destiny from the very start."

Loretta speaks of destiny, the poor kid. Not yet twenty-two years old, she has suffered from three unfortunate loves. Her first romance came at seventeen and she married Grant Withers, only to divorce him a year later. It was more than another year before she would go out with anyone.

Her second love was a secret that has never been made public. Nor will she ever speak of it. Only a few of her most intimate friends know of it at all. But it was very tragic. It was followed by another period of retirement in heartbreak.

Seven months ago, MOVIE MIRROR was the first to bring you the news of the budding romance between Loretta and Spencer Tracy. Spencer Tracy did what few men in his position would have done, told bravely his encompassing love for one of the most beautiful girls in the world. Now, in Loretta's own words, we are the first in announcing their parting.

Destiny? Of course, it is destiny, a malignant, brutal destiny that is robbing Loretta of her rightful heritage of love, marriage and children. Why is it her fate always to fall in love with the wrong man? Her life should be lived in the sunshine of happiness and devotion, not among the shadows.

Loretta, as you know, is a Catholic. Her church doctrines prohibit divorce. She married outside the Church when she eloped with Grant Withers. Her marriage, therefore, was not recognized and her divorce was considered, by the Church, in the light of an annulment.

Spencer is also a Catholic. But he was married by the Church and his union cannot be dissolved. There was a time when both he and Loretta believed that a special dispensation could be obtained. This they now know to be quite impossible.

Young broke up her Romance

BY JACK GRANT

Loretta was in the hospital recovering from a serious operation when she learned of the Church decision. She had plenty of time to think about it before making up her mind. Not particularly happy, this kind of thinking, for it probably included the period of unhappiness she had experienced away from the Church when she temporarily renounced its principles under like circumstances. Not particularly conducive to recovery from an illness, this state of mental turmoil.

YET Loretta, I am sure, was frank with herself. She always speaks so frankly. Surely she must think with equal frankness.

"It was not an easy decision I made," she says. "I have been frequently embarrassed since I have known Spencer. First, by the generally-accepted report that it was **I** who brought about his separation from his wife. This we were able to disprove by the mere date of our first meeting. We did not meet until more than a month after Spencer and Mrs. Tracy had parted.

"Secondly, it was embarrassing to be going about publicly with a married man—embarrassing to us both. People were constantly inquiring as to whether Spencer really intended to marry me if he were free. There were other minor embarrassments.

"All of which I was quite willing to face—would still be willing to face. That is, if it were getting us anywhere. But it isn't, for now I know I can never marry Spencer."

Under such circumstances, Loretta is wise. Few women are as stout-hearted, precious few of her age. But then, as it has previously been said, she faces her twenties as most women face their forties. Life should have much in store for her. She has that almost unheard-of opportunity of living her life over again.

She can profit by her mistakes—or make them a second time. Hers is a privilege granted few of us, for she is wise with the wisdom of experience yet still has youth.

Tragic figure in love though she may be now, she is to be envied. Loretta has a second chance at life, love and the pursuit of happiness.

By having the courage to take the harder way rather than the easier, by not postponing the inevitable and simply allowing matters to drift along aimlessly, Loretta has escaped the possibility of recriminations in an (*Continued on page* 102)

Is Hollywood SPOILING

Don't Cheer About Her Great Success Till You've Read This!

SHIRLEY TEMPLE is due to wreck more American homes than the combined devastation of the depression and the torrid electrons of every siren on the screen today.

And if you think I'm just concocting gags for Ripley's "Believe It Or Not" column, sit down and listen to this.

During the past ten years I've survived four rocketing juvenile sensations, Jackie Coogan, Mitzi Green, Jackie Cooper and Baby LeRoy, not to mention any number of pinwheel flurries such as the Davy Lees, the Dickie Moores and the Junior Durkins.

Because I was occupying what passed for a mahogany desk in one of the more important studios during that decade, my squeaky swivel chair was a ringside seat for the inevitable debacle that followed in the heaving wake of every child discovery.

Less than a month after Mrs. America awakened one morning to read about the pot of gold Mr. and Mrs. Coogan had found in Hollywood, an army of mothers and children laid siege to the city.

For almost a year following Mitzi Green's Paramount contract, that ran up into four numerals, I was accosted regularly by telephone and on the streets near the studio by desperate, but always hopeful mothers, who knew their "Mary Ann" was smarter, prettier and more talented than Mitzi and "couldn't I do something for them, please."

For a longer period than a year after Jackie Cooper made "Skippy," I was "touched" regularly by a series of mothers with pinched, anxious features, the perennially "gifted" child still proffered to the movie gods in the face of starvation.

And just as the casting office waiting rooms were clearing of prodigies in the Baby LeRoy classification, Hollywood stumbled, quite by accident, over that five-year-old scrap of charm, Shirley Temple. She certainly is one of the most delightful children the town has ever unearthed. Her pictures are box-office smashes everywhere. Everyone everywhere is captivated by her. The repercussions of such success will be felt at all latitudes and longitudes in America.

This morning the newspapers carried a picture of Shirley with her mother, the latter signing a new contract that replaces the child's former salary of $150 a week with a $1000 stipend. And so, I suppose, there is nothing to do but sit back once more and watch history relentlessly repeat itself.

Homes in the north, east and south will be sold and mortgaged to give "sister" and "junior" their chance too in Hollywood. Wives will leave husbands, and contented homes will be rubbed out when Mrs. America reads about Shirley Temple's $1000. The pathetic parade is forming, it is due here any moment, and the mournful duets of mother and child will once more gather to a catastrophic crescendo.

Cold statistics of supply and demand for child talent won't stop them. Woeful warnings, even threats of insufficient food won't cause a single mother to falter on the slippery path to Hollywood. But there is just a chance, a small one at best, that a few of them might listen to Mrs. Temple, that unsuspecting target of a million envious maternal eyes.

Shirley's mother is a tall, intelligently attractive brunette, bearing but slight resemblance to her proficient progeny. Ironically enough, she never planned, sacrificed or labored to get Shirley on the screen.

At the moment, however, she seems more confused than happy, more baffled than ecstatic with Shirley's laurel wreaths and the subsequent rumpled remains of her family life. Which is much too turbulent to be peaceful and placid.

Her father, George F. Temple, gives his approval of the new $1000 per week contract between Fox Films and the tiny five-year-old star. But all isn't gold that glitters, says this story.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE ?

by HELEN HUNT

"I AM so tired I can barely talk sensibly," she told me after introductions had been accomplished at the Fox studio one morning. "If I can't take Shirley out of town soon, for a rest, I think the whole family will go mad. We have to look for a new house as soon as we come back, that is if we ever get away. We own our home and love it, but we will have to move. Agents, well meaning fans and curiosity seekers, hundreds and hundreds of them have turned our house into a Main Street Peep Show. You see our address and telephone number is in the book, we just never thought at first to change it—"

Her words tumbled out in a weary swarm and stopped when two grinning studio office boys accosted her with a towering stack of fan mail.

"Gee, Mrs. Temple, there's four thousand of 'em this week," was one youngster's well meant comment.

But Mrs. Temple didn't react according to Hoyle. She tried to manage a smile, but the right muscles wouldn't contract. She merely stared at the pile that should have sent the legendary movie mother into a gratified gavotte.

I asked permission to open one of the letters and my guess was right. It contained the picture of a stringy little girl in an all-wrong dancing costume, and a penciled plea to Shirley to help her get in movies and make her mama and daddy happy and proud of her.

"And now that Shirley is in the big-money class, is it worth it?" this was a down-to-business query from me.

"Yes—no—well, that is, everyone tells me it's wonderful. Of course, it will mean independence for Shirley when she is an adult. George and I are putting every cent she makes in the bank for her. And financial security is important, isn't it?" She wasn't too positive about it, herself. She seemed to want assurance that a big chunk of cash in a savings account for Shirley would somehow make up to all the Temples for the mutilation of their normal household.

"Before Shirley was discovered by Fox in one of the little roles she played in the 'Baby Burlesk' comedies, my days were a pleasant routine. Time enough for play and home duties, which I always loved. Did you know that I have two older boys, George, who is 19 and Jack, just 17? I played bridge twice a week, attended women's clubs, lectures, luncheons and civic affairs. At night George and I went to the theater, our bridge club, dinners with friends, night clubs occasionally and the movies.

"But that was before Shirley's contract. I haven't been out with my husband for an evening of social relaxation for months. I must be with Shirley all day at the studio, and at night I go over her lines with her for the next day's work. Although she is in bed early I hate to leave her alone with the boys and the housekeeper. George goes out alone sometimes now to the pictures, but I am usually too tired for that, anyway."

And George, who is Shirley's father, is never permitted to forget the fact even during his daily eight hours as manager of a branch of the California Bank.

"So many people bother him for advice on how to go about getting their children into pictures, and many, many more come into the bank to stare and whisper. Then there is another group that troop up to his desk regularly for autographed pictures of Shirley. It's pretty difficult for him on extra-busy days at the bank."

Small sniveling sacrifices, I can hear the maternal horde out there sniffing. Who wouldn't

(*Continued on page 94*)

INSIDE STUFF

by PETER ABBOTT

with Photographs by HYMAN FINK

HOT NEWS: **Mary Brian** will be **Joe Penner's** leading woman in his new Broadway Review.

Mary Carlisle is the new leading lady for **Wheeler** and **Woolsey** in "Kentucky Kernals."

George Brent is seen places with **Jean Muir.**

Dick Powell has a new date now—**Maxine Doyle,** and it's **Gene Raymond** who is now dating **Mary Brian.**

Dick Arlen has bought a real four-foot sailboat for little Ricky Arlen, who takes great delight in sitting in the boat and sailing around in it in the Arlen pool.

Ida Lupino is wearing a beautiful diamond solitaire on her engagement finger. She refuses to talk about it, however.

Joe Penner has a most modern duck-house on the Paramount lot, where his duck is kept in happy surroundings.

Con you imagine any twa Hallywood stars appearing like this? The Charlie Laughtans, snapped at the North Share Tavern, Lake Arrawhead, don't care!

Here they are—Mr. and Mrs. Rudolf Sieber (Marlene Dietrich) with their daughter Maria and their friend, Jae Van Sternberg. At the Uplifters Pala Field Marlene ware pants again.

When "The Merry Widow" was completed, **Maurice Chevalier** gave to each member of the working crew (including cameramen, electricians, mechanics, etc.) little cigarette lighters with "Maurice" written on them.

Russell Hardy and **Madge Evans** have lunch together every day when working.

May Robson is very busy at present working on men's ties. Every Christmas she gives away over a hundred of these ties, which she makes herself.

Conchita Montenegro has applied for American citizenship papers. She is a native of Spain, and has been here three and a half years.

Gloria Swanson is making her comeback picture at Fox. **Herbert Marshall** lunched with her every day, driving from M-G-M.

Charles Farrell and **Virginia Valli** returned from their long stay in England so that Charlie could start working with **Janet Gaynor** in the film "One More Spring" at Fox.

* * *

JOBYNA and Dick Arlen were having dinner in Rome during their recent tour of Europe, when shots were heard in the square in front of the restaurant. Jobie ran out into the street to see the excitement and almost met a bullet face to face. Dick stood behind a pillar to lure Jobie back out of the riot but Jobie got behind the same pillar ahead of the bullet. Dick doesn't like spaghetti much anyway.

* * *

BETTE DAVIS is sporting a new pin that is actually the size of an ordinary saucer. It is made of solid wood and the center is set with carved initials, which when taken out, transforms the pin into a buckle. It can be worn on a belt or handbag.

Here are two of the happiest people in Hollywood, now that Mary's parental troubles are all settled. Yes, you're right—Dr. and Mrs. Thorpe, better known to you as Mary Astor.

Hyman Fink dropped into the Brown Derby the other day and got us a picture we've been wanting for quite a while—Ann Dvorak and her husband, Leslie Fenton (below).

THE newest and smartest club since the opening of the Bath and Tennis is the J. E. Club. It is composed of Jane Bannister (Ann Harding's daughter), Diana Fox (Joan Bennett's), and Gloria and Peggy Lloyd. The title translated means "The Jolly Eggs" and grown-ups are voted in as honorary members. The dues are ten cents every time one of the children catch you—it goes on indefinitely. Shirley Temple has been elected Queen of the Club. Her pictures are on all the walls and to make it even more binding, there is one on the outside of the door. The children don't know Shirley yet but they are prepared for the great event, even to the "Hail, the Queen."

* * *

FRANK ALBERTSON and his wife have solved the bridge prize situation. All bridge prizes they can't put in the house, they paint white and put on the porch. The porch is getting so crowded that they will either have to quit bridge or move. It's a good thing that they don't know Charles Farrell and his bridge very well. Charlie gives away polo ponies.

* * *

EITHER Pauline Frederick is still remembered or her dog has pull. Coming West on the Chief, her dog developed pneumonia. A wire was sent to Los Angeles and a veterinarian met the train at San Bernardino. The dog was saved.

* * *

NORMA SHEARER and Irving Thalberg gave a party at their beach house on the same night that the grunion were running. The grunion are a funny fish; they come up on the beach in countless numbers to spawn when the moon is right. It is a truly amazing sight since the fish are caught with lanterns and gunny sacks. One runs after them.

Norma mentioned the fact to Charles Laughton who walked out on the beach to see for himself. He came running back and found Ernst Lubitsch. He said to Lubitsch: "Come out on the beach and see the thousands of little silvery fish dancing on their tails in the sand."

Lubitsch put it down to Hollywood madness but he humored Laughton by going to the porch. Lubitsch looked, saw the fish, turned around and went back to the well-lighted living room muttering: "I still don't believe it."

While at the Brown Derby, Hyman also took this cute picture of Mr. and Mrs. Woody, which, as you know, is the private-life name of Helen Twelvetrees.

Right, an exclusive shot of Ruth Etting, between Phil Baker and Victor Moore, while they're waiting to be called before the cameras on Universal's "Gift of Gab," in which Eddie Lowe also appears.

INSIDE STUFF

(Continued)

NO wonder Ralph Bellamy bought a secluded farm. His hobby is collecting old music-boxes. We would like to offer Charles Laughton's lusty machine along with his almost worn-out record of "Heat Wave."

* * *

IF you are looking for an Englishman, go to the Garden of Allah hotel in Hollywood. Broad A's fall as softly as the patter of a summer shower. Charles Laughton, Hugh Williams, Jane Baxter, Frances Drake, Henry Wilcoxon and Robert Donat are a few that keep the tea kettle boiling.

One of the Englishmen got splashed while standing by the pool. He looked up and said, "You have drenched me utterly." That is just a sample.

* * *

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN and John Farrow don't believe in the old adage that good things come in small packages. When Maureen's birthday came along, Johnny surprised her with a wardrobe trunk to help take her home to Ireland on a visit. The trunk took up one corner of Maureen's living room. When Johnny's birthday rolled around, he found a package so large that it covered half of his living room. It was a compass for his new boat, complete even to the platform on which to stand. By this time they're in England, happily married—if plans were carried out.

When Maureen arrives in Ireland, she will have one of her Hollywood friends waiting to greet her at the dock. He is Father O'Donnell, priest of the little parish across from the M-G-M lot who sailed abroad a few weeks ago.

Carl Brisson's knowing Garbo created more of a splash than his movie work, but maybe in his new pool——?

* * *

A SCROLL was sent to the Shrine Convention in Minneapolis to bring the convention to Los Angeles next year. On the petition, among others, were the signatures of Chevalier, Joan Crawford and Eddie Cantor. Mae West who can always be counted on to be different signed her name in red ink.

When Frances Drake looked at the imposing list, she said, "They evidently want big names." She took her pen in hand and signed her name in letters at least an inch high.

* * *

NATALIE CALHERN, the wife of Louis Calhern who is playing in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" was wearing a pair of very striking ear-rings at a recent party.

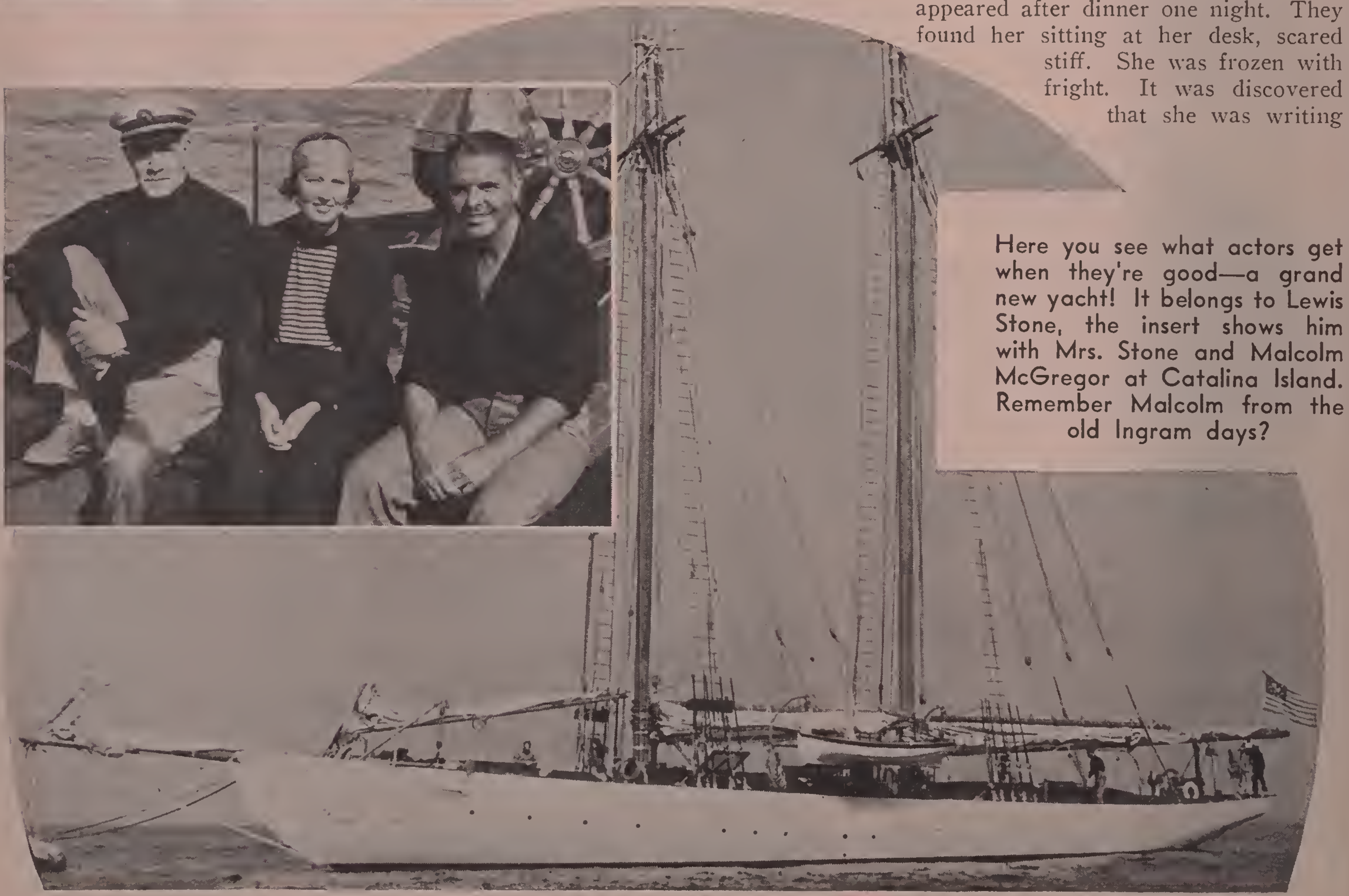
One of the female guests at the affair said cooingly, "Where did you get those lovely ear-rings? They look like New York."

Said Mrs. Calhern, "They are. Macy's. I could have said Saks Fifth Avenue but one of my affectations this season is telling the truth."

The female was stopped cold.

* * *

PEGGY LLOYD, the eight-year-old daughter of the Harold Lloyds, disappeared after dinner one night. They found her sitting at her desk, scared stiff. She was frozen with fright. It was discovered that she was writing



Here you see what actors get when they're good—a grand new yacht! It belongs to Lewis Stone, the insert shows him with Mrs. Stone and Malcolm McGregor at Catalina Island. Remember Malcolm from the old Ingram days?

a mystery story and that she had frightened herself into a trance. This is Peggy's second literary venture. Her first was the story of her life. It fills three-fourths of one page.

* * *

THE younger set in pictures was invited to La Jolla as guests of the hotel. It is a very smart California spa and they were entertained beautifully. Lovely Anita Louise and Patricia Ellis were the belles of the town. But the affair was too dignified to suit Tom Brown and Junior Durkin.

They got up one morning at the crack of dawn and while the other boys were asleep, sneaked downstairs and burned corks. Then they came back and spent the next half hour turning the snoring Anglo-Saxons into Eddie Cantors. When the boys woke up, they looked at a neighbor and went into gales of laughter—till they saw their own faces. But being at the enthusiastic age, it was still a joke—a joke to all but the hotel.

The hotel had to have the pillow cases laundered.

* * *

SCRATCH an actor and you find a crooner. At a studio get-together at Warner Brothers, the boys were whooping it up. By way of a joke, Joe E. Brown suggested that Lyle Talbot sing a song. It was one of those "fifteen minutes later, they were spellbound" occasions.

Talbot took his stance and let go. What the boy lacked in technique, he made up in volume. Jack Warner sat rooted to his chair—another crooner right under his contract. Talbot sang, "Sweethearts Forever." Being an unattached and roving male, Lyle put the "Sweethearts" in the plural. At least ten girls blushed.

* * *

GARBO is no longer Queen. M-G-M has Mady Christians, newly imported star who has her topped, or rather floored. This new star was sent to the wardrobe to be fitted for shoes. They tried on the Garbo collection and found that her shoes were too small for the new maedchen. And Garbo wears an eight. Wait till Jimmie Durante hears of this.

* * *

ONE of the Goldwyn beauties who will be in the chorus of "Kid Millions" was waiting for her costume test. She sat on the stage about a half hour and then swished up to the assistant director. She put on her most disagreeable face and said, "I have been waiting at least an hour. They wouldn't do this to Anna Sten!" Well, well, well.

* * *

HOLLYWOOD isn't quite over Charles Bickford's lingerie shop yet. And now comes the big bad villain Allan Hale with a greaseless potato chip business. When Wallace Beery sells cream puffs and George Bancroft opens a beauty salon, then we'll give up.

BINNY BARNES, Universal's English importation for the lead in "There Is Always Tomorrow," arrived finally after a break-neck trip from there to here. She reported immediately to the studio looking, very naturally, a little the worse for the hurry but was taken on the set, in spite of it, and introduced to the entire company of critical co-workers. Binny stood the scrutiny quite well for some time but when the cameraman frowned, she remarked wistfully, "Don't be too discouraged. It photographs well."

* * *

AFTER finishing "A Hat, A Coat, A Glove," John Beal slipped back to New York via plane and married Helen Craig, New York actress.

(*Continued on page 70*)

Have you been reading about the trouble they had while on location on the "S. S. Ruth Alexander" for the filming of "The Captain Hates the Sea"? It seems the actors got sea-sick in the storms, among other things. But John Gilbert and Wynne Gibson, above, apparently enjoyed it.

More indications of how nice it is to be successful in the movie business. The picture at the left shows Jan Garber, Marion Nixon, and Bill Seiter. They're at Catalina Island . . . and we were proud of Hyman Fink for getting us this exclusive shot of the trio.

THE TOUCHING STORY OF HER INDOMITABLE COURAGE

The LAST DARK DAYS of MARIE DRESSLER

by CLARE DuBREY

(Her Closest Friend)

THE Editor of this magazine asked me to write an article on any one phase of Marie Dressler. One phase. That was the difficulty. I knew Marie so well, and there were so many sides to her nature.

Her oldest and best friends say that I was closer to her than anyone ever had been. That she loved me best. I don't know about that, but I do feel that I knew her better than any of them did. Better than she knew herself. Her complexities were amazing, and she was not introspective.

I knew her before she made her great success in pictures. I was with her when she reached the top. I tried to hold her back when she began to descend—into the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

She read me her personal letters. I helped her check her bank stubs. I was with her in the high society she loved. We spent countless hours alone. I shared her bedroom when we traveled. She had no secrets from me. If anyone knew her mind, her thoughts, the unexpected depths, I did. She was no simple soul, for all her frankness. I could write a book on each of her different characteristics, all equally positive, all equally powerful, some diametrically opposed.

Which to choose?

"Why not her courage?" suggested Miss Waterbury.

How right, and how easy for me. COURAGE! The word should be written in capitals when we speak of it as one of Marie Dressler's attributes. COURAGE! She had it to the *N-th* degree. Nothing could daunt her. Men, women, illness, loss, she could triumph over them all, and did. She smiled courageously in the face of death, she, who wanted to live, who resented the thought of physical extinction.

She loved life. She got a lot out of living. She moulded it pretty closely to her heart's desire. She fought for, and won, nearly everything she wanted. Her greatest goal, one that beckoned in the last two years, she didn't attain. But that's another story. This one is about her courage—in her last illness.

MARIE DRESSLER and I spent the Fourth of July, 1931, in Santa Barbara. That week her fatal illness manifested itself for the first time. Three years later, in July in Santa Barbara, she died. On looking back the sign posts loom so large. Just where did we take the wrong turning?

We were so merry that week of the Fourth. We slept at the Biltmore but we lunched, tea-ed and dined all over the place. None so vital as Marie. None so fresh, so indefatigable. I know I was dragging on the ground the third day. Marie rarely accepted invitations of any sort in Hollywood, but we had to keep a book in Santa Barbara and practically use a stop-watch to get in all our social engagements there.

The day we were leaving she had a headache. That didn't prevent her from lunching and playing bridge in Doris Nixon's cabana on the beach. I had given up long since, and spent the afternoon stretched out on a beach. "Softie!" she twitted me. "Man-killer!" I retorted. She didn't know what it meant to rest. I wish she had.

On the way home Marie mentioned her headache. She laid it to the glare on the water. The pain must have been severe for she went to bed when we reached Beverly Hills without asking me to stay for "just three sets of backgammon," which usually turned out to be thirty.

Next morning I phoned and learned that the headache still persisted. It was only her eyes, she said. She had sent for her little doctor and he would soon fix her up. Marie's "little doctor" practiced a form of physical manipulation. She swore by him at the time and his school of thought was the nearest approach to medical science she would make. She didn't "believe" in medicines but her bath room overflowed with them. Let some masseuse or manicurist tell her about a magic herb, picked at midnight, in the dark of the moon, in the middle of the Black Forest, and she'd set Mamie to brewing and drink quarts of the stuff. That shying from science was the one blind spot on a mind of otherwise keenest vision.

The headache grew worse. A swelling developed on her right side. She had a fever. She was operated on almost immediately. I stayed in the operating room through it all, at her request.

In September we went to New York. As I remember she dismissed her nurse at the train. I knew her wound was still draining. I dressed it twice a day. New York was a repetition of Santa Barbara. In October she made "Emma," a hard picture. We dashed to San Francisco, Del Monte, Santa Barbara and La Quinta at frequent intervals. In all, we made seventeen trips that year. How was anyone to know how ill she was? She wouldn't admit it to herself.

In January, 1932, we went to Agua Caliente for the week end. Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Mayer, Mr. and Mrs. Raoul Walsh, Hattie Carnegie and her husband, Major John Zanft, were there. We joined their party and Marie was the gayest of the gay. Mrs. Walsh wore a magnificent Hattie Carnegie mink coat. Marie admired it and I urged her to buy one for herself. She put in her order a year later but when the coat arrived she was mortally ill. She got out of bed to try it on, they say, and fainted from the effort. She never wore it, after all.

While we were in Agua Caliente a slight rash appeared on her arms and hands. Nothing in itself, but indicative of some systematic upset. Mr. Mayer seized what was, I'm sure, a long awaited opportunity. "Marie," he said, "do you want to do something to please me?"

"Of course," she replied heartily. "I'd give you my right arm. You know that."

He patted her. "Keep your arms, my dear, but let my doctor look at them, that's all I ask. I'll make an appointment for you when we get back."

(*Continued on page 93*)

ANNA STEN

From Dietrich to Garbo to Sten. That's the famous triple play of Rouben Mamoulian who's been directing this peasant with a pagan soul in the latest version of "Resurrection," now called "We Live Again." Fredric March plays opposite her in this.

HENRY WILCOXON

There's a lot of cheering going on these days for Henry Wilcoxon who struck gold for the first time as Marc Antony in "Cleopatra," opposite Claudette Colbert. He seems to be the stern, strong, sturdy sort that ladies cry for, and so Paramount has him slated for another big part in "Shoe the Wild Mare," the title of which will doubtless be changed. Wilcoxon is an Englishman whose type is the direct opposite of Leslie Howard.

Two Great Warner Bros. Stars Bring You the Screen Version of the Best-Seller that Rocked the Chancelleries of Europe

The story of one man against a million—and of the woman who loved him, yet was his enemy to the death. Told by the man who lived this astounding romance.

LESLIE
HOWARD
KAY
FRANCIS
APPEAR TOGETHER FOR THE FIRST TIME IN

"BRITISH AGENT"

With William Gargan in Cast of Hundreds • By H. Bruce Lockhart
Directed by Michael Curtiz
• • • A First National Picture • • •

ELIZABETH ALLAN

The rungs of the ladder of her success are "The Mystery of Mr. X," then "Men in White"—and now the second lead in the new version of "Women of Affairs," based on "The Green Hat." From British shores, Elizabeth is the kind of girl who likes hard work and says she wouldn't enjoy the promise of success M-G-M is holding for her if she hadn't slaved for it. Her closest friends are members of the English colony in Hollywood. She's married to her manager. Once she was a school teacher.

LIFE *isn't half as much fun for* FAT PEOPLE!

. . . NOW . . .

we guarantee to reduce your waist and hips

3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS

with the **PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE**

or it will cost you nothing!

WE WANT YOU to try the Perfolastic Girdle. Test it for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, it will cost you nothing!

THE MASSAGE-LIKE ACTION REDUCES QUICKLY, EASILY and SAFELY

■ The massage-like action of this famous Perfolastic Reducing Girdle takes the place of months of tiring exercises. It removes surplus fat and stimulates the body once more into energetic health.

KEEPS YOUR BODY COOL AND FRESH

■ The ventilating perforations allow the skin pores to breathe normally. The inner surface of the Perfolastic Girdle is a delightfully soft, satinized fabric, especially designed to wear next to the body. It does away with all irritation, chafing and discomfort, keeping your body cool and fresh at all times. A special adjustable back allows for perfect fit as inches disappear.

SEND FOR 10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER

■ You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle will reduce *you*. You do not need to risk one penny...try it for 10 days...then send it back if you are not completely astonished at the wonderful results.

Don't wait any longer . . . act today!

The PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE may be worn with or without the new PERFOLASTIC UPLIFT BRASSIERE

"TEST the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE FOR TEN DAYS . . . at our expense!

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■ "I have reduced my hips nine inches with the Perfolastic Girdle," writes Miss Jean Healy . . . "The fat seems to have melted away," says Mrs. K. McSorley . . . "I reduced my waist from 43½ to 34½ inches," writes Miss Brian . . . "It massages like magic," writes Mrs. K. Carrol.

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At the very moment you read this Dick Powell may be the dazed but delightful bridegroom of Mary Brian but cinematically speaking he's still the song-singing lover of Ruby Keeler. This glamorous picture shows them in one of the more rapturous moments of "Flirtation Walk" which is Warner's follow-up on "Dames." Many of the scenes in "Flirtation Walk" were actually shot at West Point whither Dick traveled to live among the cadets a few weeks. Ruby's pretty tickled that husband Al Jolson is again doing his stuff as only he can, for Warner's.

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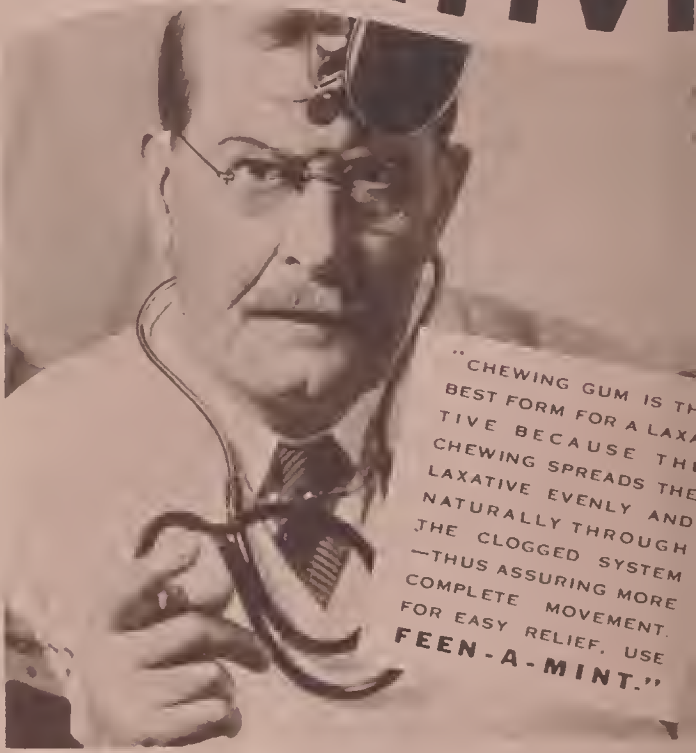
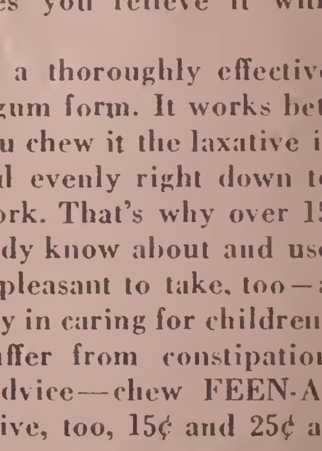




RANDOLPH SCOTT

He's not one of the boys who has ever wowed us in some big part—but we keep on cheering his capable performances in one program picture after another. He's soon to be seen in "Wagon Wheels," in which little Gail Patrick appears opposite. Randy is a staunch friend of Cary Grant, as you doubtless know; he's six-feet-two, blond, and from Virginia. The Scott lad may never be a great actor, but he's always sure to appeal as a wholesome, sincere, and durned attractive young thespian.

No amount of rumors can wipe the smile from the face of Janet who delights her fans once more in "Servants' Entrance," in which Lew Ayres plays hero. Ever since her divorce from Lydell Peck, all sorts of stories about Janet have assailed the public's ear: She would marry this man or that; she and Lydell kept secret the existence of a child born to them three years ago—well, all sorts of things. But she goes her way, living quietly with her mother, smiling quizzically at each new fantastic question and absurd rumor.

JANET GAYNOR

The

by JULIE LANG

Imagine calling him "Charlie!" This story will make you feel as though you actually do!

CHARLES LAUGHTON is one of the rare species that has thumbed its nose at Hollywood and lived to tell the tale. Last year, after he had played a neurotic rôle for the fifth consecutive picture, "White Woman," he went into a hissing session with the studio big wigs. The lively conference ended with Charlie saying "nuts" to a several thousand dollar a week contract that threatened him with a deluge of hobgoblin rôles.

Charlie went home. He didn't "tank" about it—Garbo

PRIVATE LIFE of Charles Laughton

With his wife, Elsa Lanchester, on the steps of his M-G-M dressing room. They are an unusual couple.

fashion—but took the next boat for England. He was perfectly prepared to forget about Hollywood—but Hollywood couldn't forget him. Hollywood even went so far as to honor him with a golden statue, inscribed with weighty hosannas, from the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences.

This neat little nugget is annually bestowed upon the actor who wins the Academy's vote for the year's best performance. Charlie got it for "Henry the VIII," a British picture made for less than half the cost of the familiar Hollywood by-product.

Charlie (lucky boy), was not in our film colony when the awarding was made official. He didn't have to eat his way through a regulation banquet, or have his auditory nerves assaulted for hours thereafter, before the saffron monument of honor was pressed against his wilted shirt front. Charlie was in London, to have a season of Shakespeare at the "Old Vic" Theatre, and there he received his badge of consecration in a nice deep plush box.

Charlie doesn't say so, but he must have enjoyed a hearty chortle when that box arrived. His last recollection of Hollywood was that front-office-get-together into which he had hurled defiance.

It's difficult to conjure a Charlie in irascible argument. His round face, so school-boyish, so scrubbed looking, keeps you staring in disbelief. His voice, so mellow, washes over you like a well-scored sonata. It seems impossible that he should ever meet those high-geared studio brains and beat them at their own game. But beat them he most certainly did.

IN those dulcet Laughton tones, he explained to me the other day the events that led up to it all.

"I had gone obligingly pathological for 'Devil and the Deep,' slightly more pathological and decidedly more hysterical for 'Island of Lost Souls', I did Nero for 'Sign of the Cross' with hardly a murmur of protest, and the homicidal parent in the film version of 'Payment Deferred!'

"The only fun I ever had in Hollywood was a single raspberry in 'If I Had a Million,' and that was a few hours work. I didn't mind sadism in small doses, but a national monopoly didn't appeal to me, so I just went home, and had the time of my life doing Shakespeare for eight months."

That Shakespeare business still has Hollywood stymied. For Charlie will tell anyone with a preening pride that he received a guarantee of $100 a week for his season devoted to the plays of the Bard, about one eighteenth of his film earnings!

Hollywood talks much about such things as Shakespearean interludes——it never does them.

But Charlie did——he would.

"You know," he told me the day he left our frenzied midst last year, "I've always wanted to do Shakespeare. It's one of my real regrets that I never acquired a background in the classical drama. I know other players who continually mourn this void. Helen Hayes, Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne are among them.

"Watch any of the older players, who were trained in Shakespearean repertoire and you'll know what I mean. One grand example is Dudley Digges. I have something to learn, I need the experience. I'm going home to get it now."

And while he was soaking up "experience" in the classical drama, Hollywood elected him the winner of the laurel wreath that only the masters of acting may wear.

STRANGELY enough, Charlie's life has been a series of such departures in the hectic middle of things for some rhapsodical ideal that usually brings him concrete enough dividends in the end.

Charlie is a hotel child.

He was born in the sunniest corner suite of his father's resort inn, The Victoria Hotel, at Scarborough, England, July 1, 1899. He was the eldest of three boys, and indexed for the navy before he could crawl.

The navy was "oke" with Charlie until he was taken to see one summer night, a group of black-faced minstrels sing and crack jokes. Thereafter,

(Continued on page 80)

The LOVE DRAMA of

Why did she return recently to play opposite her ex-husband in a little Westchester stock company?

by FRED RUTLEDGE

IN the New York papers, July 1, there appeared the brief and casual announcement that Margaret Sullavan, Universal's flaming, dramatic star of "Only Yesterday" and "Little Man, What Now?" was to play in "Coquette" with the Westchester Theatre group in the little mountain village of Mount Kisco—and she was to play the part opposite Henry Fonda.

Everyone who reads the gossip columns knows that Henry Fonda is Margaret's divorced husband. But only the intimates of the couple, familiar with the stormy progress of their youthful passion, realized that in the sketchy news item lay the climax of a story of devotion and sacrifice as poignant, as moving as the throbbing drama which they portrayed together behind the footlights.

By one of those odd machinations of fate, the play "Coquette" has been inextricably bound up in the love drama of Margaret Sullavan and Henry Fonda.

They played it first together three years ago when they were both obscure youngsters with the University players in Baltimore, already deeply in love. Perhaps the intensely emotional nature of their roles helped to speed their whirlwind courtship which led on to their sudden marriage a few weeks later.

They played it again a year later—just a few days before they came to the parting of the ways. And how painful it must have been to them then!

And now just recently they came together in their familiar roles for a third time, after so much had happened to them in the interim. They met, shook hands, as casually as two strangers who had worked out their separate destinies!

But others in the company, their friends who had known them when their lives first became entwined, detected a strong electric current still flowing between them. They sensed that this was

Margaret Sullavan

Henry Fonda who's gaining popularity on the stage, is below (extreme left) while Margaret's enacting a tense scene from "Coquette" at the Mount Kisco Theatre.

a great moment for both of them because—but I am getting ahead of the story.

Margaret Sullavan, because of her aloofness and self-assurance and independence, has been pictured as cool and unemotional.

But in the unfolding of this story there comes to light another Margaret Sullavan who was capable of sacrificing the love of her life to save something even bigger and finer, the integrity and happiness of the two persons involved.

When I talked to Fonda, the opening day of the play, his eyes were sparkling with happiness. Nervously he admitted that the anticipation of the time for him to appear once more with Margaret was agonizing. It was easy to see how much this dramatic moment meant to him.

He must have been thinking of Margaret vacationing in England, resting after the completion of her latest picture. Of the day when word came to her that Henry was playing at the Westchester Playhouse and that they were considering "Coquette" as a play for him.

Of Margaret a week later, back in New York from her vacation, frantically calling her agents. Of her telling them that she was going to play a week in Mount Kisco, in "Coquette." Of her explaining that she needed the refreshing experience the legitimate stage would give her.

Those are only the bare facts, the faintly visible outlines of her marriage, separation, and reconciliation. But behind those meager incidents lies the real history of this true love story, the real reason why an already successful movie actress should return to play for a week in a little stock company.

CHRISTMAS day of 1931 Margaret and Henry were in Baltimore, playing in stock with the University players, a new organization of young actors which later became the same Westchester group with whom they appeared this summer.

They had known each other only the short period of time each had been with the group. Fonda was fresh from the Middle West, a recent graduate of a state college there. But already (*Continued on page 87*)

What!

"I KNOW that marriage would hurt my career," smiled Jean Muir. "I will just have to hope that I won't fall in love."

"My career comes before everything," said Helen Mack.

"Yes, definitely! Marriage would interfere with my career," declared Jean Parker.

"If I married now I would feel I had cheated myself," said Florine McKinney.

While Mary Carlisle says, "I would not consider marriage now as I will do nothing that might stand in the way of my career."

Is marriage becoming unpopular in Hollywood? Are there none of the successful actresses of the new crop of film favorites who consider love and marriage life's supreme achievement? Is this new generation of Hollywood actresses—the stars of tomorrow—deliberately tossing overboard woman's heritage—husband, home, children—in preference to independence and a career? Does Hollywood fame mean so much that they are willing to sacrifice marriage rather than risk losing it?

To get the reactions of these lovely new hopes of Hollywood I had made the rounds of the studios. Each girl, I had found, had decided opinions on the subject. Not one of them hesitated to freely express those opinions.

Jean Muir, who has a grand sense of humor, pulled her knees up under her chin and sat "jack-knife" fashion. "It would be ghastly to have to live with a young girl on her way up in Hollywood," she grinned. "I am so wrapped up in myself—my work! I talk, talk of nothing else. It is hard enough on my mother. It would be awful for a husband! Marriage now would be certain to lead to divorce."

She stood up and stretched her hands high above her head. "And I want my independence. I believe in complete independence."

"Those awful dresses Jean wears are a sign of her independence. We can't get her to wear anything else off the set," said the young man out at First National who had introduced me to Miss Muir. "Why do you wear those sloppy circular skirts, Jean? I think they are terrible."

"So I can do this," she grimaced, suddenly kicking her foot high above her head. Her full skirt of soft, light blue flannel spread out like a fan.

"Anyway I think my dresses are very nice. I go to no end of trouble in having them made. I hate trousers," she said turning to me. "And I must have plenty of room to kick and stride about. These full skirts give me that freedom."

Over at Paramount Helen Mack was sitting at her make-up table tugging at her blonde wig. "I can't get used to it," she said. Neither could I. It completely changed her personality.

"Career will be first with me always," she said definitely. "I have worked too long and hard for it to be otherwise. Since I was six years old I have lived and dreamed career. I don't think I would be wise enough to successfully manage career and marriage. My mind and strength are centered upon my career. There is little time left for anything else. It would not be fair to the man."

"Don't you think it possible that as the years go by you

NO WEDDING BELLS?

Among the girls who express themselves frankly on the marriage vs. career problem are Jean Muir, Helen Mack, Rochelle Hudson, Ida Lupino, Florine McKinney, and Gertrude Michael.

Has Marriage Lost Its Lure for these Eager Career-seekers, Hollywood's Young Actresses?

By RILLA PAGE PALMBORG

will become weary of a career? That in time, no matter how great your success, you will feel that you have missed something in life by pushing marriage aside?" I asked.

"I would never become tired of success," she answered. "I am too ambitious for it. I am greedy for it! If I am ever a great actress I will feel justified in the faith I have in myself.

"But if the time ever comes when I do marry, I would not marry an actor. I could not bear to have my husband making love to a gal on the set. And I would be the kind of a wife who would pick out her husband's secretary. I would insist that she be old and ugly. As a matter of fact I don't think I would make a very nice wife."

ON the next set the blonde Gertrude Michael was hiding her identity under a black wig. "Too bad Helen and I couldn't have just switched parts and been ourselves," said Gertrude.

"I have never loved any man deeply enough to be willing to sacrifice my career for him," she said. "If I ever marry it will be with the understanding that I will not retire from my work. However I think a career and marriage could be combined. Marriage is not just a wild escapade of love. It too is a career. Two careers can be combined. I have been doing that for years. When I was fifteen I combined two careers: piano and violin. Later it was the theater and the piano. Now it is the piano and motion pictures. Why couldn't it be marriage and the screen?"

Frances Drake, the American girl who was raised in England and started her career in that country thinks that marriage need not interfere with a career. "A happy marriage should make a career even greater," she says. "But I would make it clear to the man I married that I would not give up my career.

"And I wouldn't for the world marry a man and live on him. I must be financially independent. I wouldn't want him to be annoyed because I insisted upon paying my own way. But he would have to understand. He would be very old-fashioned if he didn't."

Cary Grant who had been standing close by looked around with a broad grin as he heard Miss Drake's last statement. "That can't be done," he said solemnly. "Take it from an old-timer. That can't be done."

"It would have to be done or no marriage for me," replied Frances.

Out of seven girls only two had admitted that they would consider marriage and then only in case they could combine career and marriage. But I wasn't thru yet. Surely there must be someone among this galaxy of potential stars who would be willing to sacrifice a career for marriage. Surely there must be some girl among this new crop of Hollywood beauties old-fashioned enough to prize a husband and home above everything.

Then I met sparkling blue-eyed, little red-headed Ida Lupino who has lately come over here from her native England.

"I would give up my career any time if I felt that marriage would make me intensely happy," she said. "After all, you don't get an awful lot of happiness out of a career.

"I hope you understand what I mean by that," she added quickly. "Making good on the (*Continued on page* 68)

The Most Unusual of UNTOLD

WHEN Richard Cromwell was asked what was the greatest ambition of his life, he promptly came back with the response:

"I want to travel around the world with Clare."

Because of this one remark, we are able to tell you the story of a very unusual love—a straightforward narrative, simply told, of a beautiful woman who took a lad's personal tribute and transmuted it into a vibrating, pulsating, energizing passion, that has carried him into his chosen career; that has changed his habits, his associates, his ambitions. Has even made possible his achievements.

This is what Clare DuBrey, film actress, possibly twice his age, has done for Richard Cromwell. Many men have loved older women, but not often are they as fortunate as Dick in loving a woman whose fine intelligence made her put aside any selfish temptation that came to her to keep his love for herself; that made her think only of him and plan for him a future which would place another woman in the spot she might have occupied. Dick's unswerving loyalty (in a town where loyalty is never expected) is a rare compliment to the woman he loved. The story needs no embellishment. We give you Dick's own words.

"I don't know how old I was when I first saw Clare—perhaps eighteen. She was playing at the old Majestic Theatre in Los Angeles. I was struck by the pictures I saw of her in the lobby and saved my pennies until I could go in. When I saw her on the stage, I thought surely she was the most gorgeous creature I had ever seen in my life. Imagine my shock when her first words were 'Damn you, I'll have you know I'm a lady.' She was playing that kind of a part. Notwithstanding the shudder that went down my spine when she spoke the words, from that minute until this, she has been the most remarkable woman I have ever known.

"From the moment I saw her, I knew my life would never be the same again. *It could not seem empty after I had seen her!* Even then, I knew she had lifted me somewhat out of myself. I couldn't explain it. The next day I went dreamily about my work of trying to sell my masks and oil paintings, but actually marking time until evening when I could see her next show.

"When I finally met her, more than a year later, she was playing the lead with Taylor Holmes in *The Great Necker*. She wore a flaming red evening gown. She didn't wear hose but her legs were painted red and appeared the same shade as her gown. Her figure was divinely beautiful. I have seen many beautiful women, before and since, but never one with a lovelier form than Clare's.

"I thought life was pretty full—that nothing greater could ever happen to me—when once I had talked to her and she had looked at my paintings. She was good enough to tell me then that she thought I had something to give to the world and she has never ceased telling me. I had always been crazy about the theatre but everybody that I timidly mentioned the matter to said, 'You are an artist. You stick to your painting.'

"She's just as glamorous to me now as the day I first saw her," says Richard of Clare DuBrey

DICK CROMWELL'S

Hollywood's ROMANCES

"But Clare insisted that I could be an actor if I really wanted to be. Because of her faith in me, I really allowed the idea to take root more firmly. It was Clare who brought Anna Q. Nilsson to my shop to order book plates. It was she who interested Marie Dressler and Joan Crawford in my paintings.

"All of these women have been grand to me, but they would think me a cad if I didn't say it was Clare who made them all believe in me. There's nothing I haven't talked over with her in the intervening six or seven years I have known her. She has always had time to hear my plans, my mistakes, my ambitions, my doubts or my disappointments.

"As an instance, after I had secured a little foothold in pictures I thought I should have a home. I am extremely impulsive and absurdly romantic. I rushed into the canyons and found a house that I thought was just right. At least it was picturesque. But I didn't buy until I brought Clare out to see it. She didn't tell me, right off the bat, what a fool I was. Instead, she admired all the things I had loved in the place, and then in just about three minutes, she showed me why it would be ridiculous for me to buy it. It was just a shack, which the first heavy rain would have washed away.

"While Clare destroyed all my beautiful dreams in a minute, she had more beautiful ones ready. She advised me to build, at once, a house that would express my personality; one where I could have comfort, elevation, and privacy. Before we left the canyon, I was filled with plans for the new house. My home was built. It is not pretentious, but it is right for me. Can't you begin to see what a clever girl Clare is? Most women would have laughed at the shack I was about to buy and let it go at that.

by MAUDE LATHEM

"STRANGE as it may seem, after all these years of close association with Clare, she is just as glamorous to me as the day I first saw her. I won't argue with you about her. In fact, I would rather not talk about her at all . . . words are so different in black and white when separated from the intonation of the voice. But, as I started out to say, either you like Clare or you don't. To me, she is as exotic as Barbara LaMarr, as glamorous as Garbo. She may have cold cream on her face, and be ready to put a tin of cookies in the stove but the glamor is there. Whether she has been able to maintain this illusion of glamor because of her unusual intelligence, I don't know. I only know most girls lose the illusion in a short time, while she does not.

"Possibly the greatest thing in the world that Clare ever did for me was to make me respect myself . . . I mean respect myself impersonally and know I owe something to myself. You see, she knows so much more than I can ever hope to know. Yet she has shown me how to improve myself a little day by day. She even treats my opinions as if they were important, and just as much to be considered as hers or anybody else's. She has (*Continued on page* 102)

LOVE FOR CLARE DuBREY, TOLD FOR THE FIRST TIME

Jackie Coogan, shown here with Bill Janney, Jacqueline Wells, Toby Wing, George Wolcott, and Mary Joe Matthews, will be a millionaire at 21, but is still on an allowance—and managing to have a grand time!

And here we have Rian James, Mrs. James herself, and Eddie Lowe on the set for "Gift of Gab," for which Rian is an associate producer, writer and actor; his wife is also acting, too—a busy Hollywood family with talent enough for two families!

One of Hollywood's persistent romances—Carole Lombard and Russ Columbo, who are being seen together.

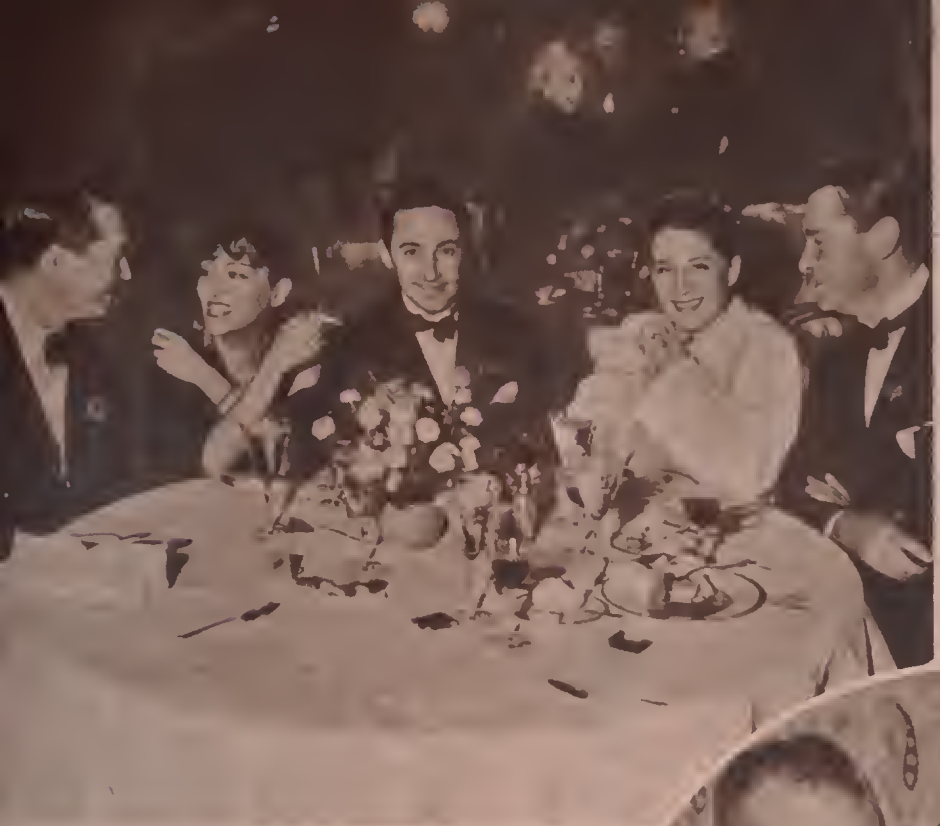
Our Know-All, See-All and Snap-All Photographer Dashes About Cinema Land to Show Us Hollywood Personalities as They Are Busy Amusing Themselves Hither and Yon

And one of Hollywood's older romances—Sue Carol and ex-husband, Nick Stuart, are going places and being seen together again.

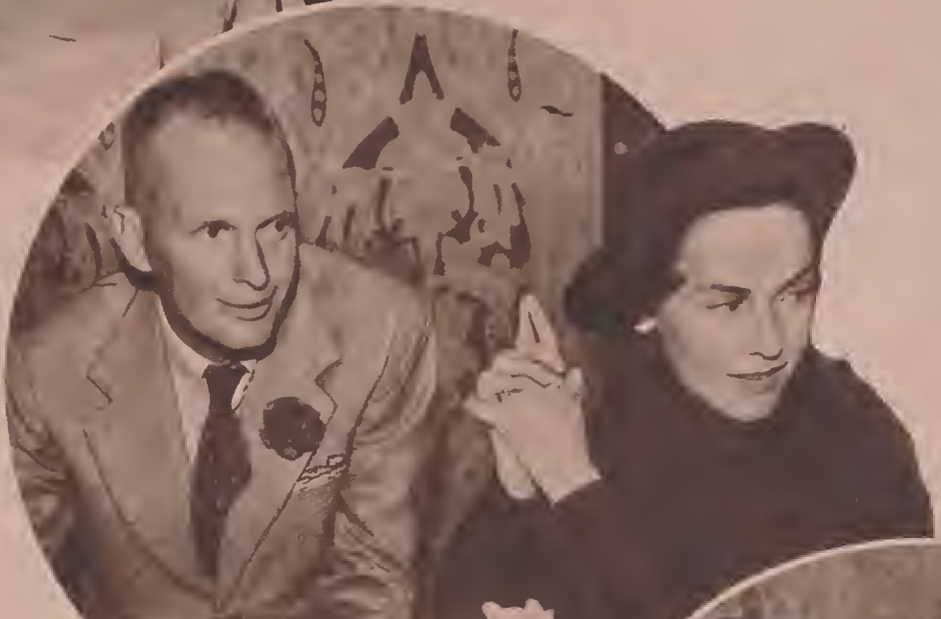
A whole group of merrymakers: Inez Courtney, Bill Morgan, and Esther Ralston (the new romance), at Thelma Todd's party; Dick Powell, Eddie Adams (the songbird), Lee Tracy and his mother, whom he is taking everywhere these days; and, last, a view of the newest pastime as indulged in by Joan Marsh, Walter Johnson, Sally Blane, Jack Durante, Virginia Cherrill Grant, Cary Grant, and Binnie Barnes (the beauty of "Henry VIII").

around town

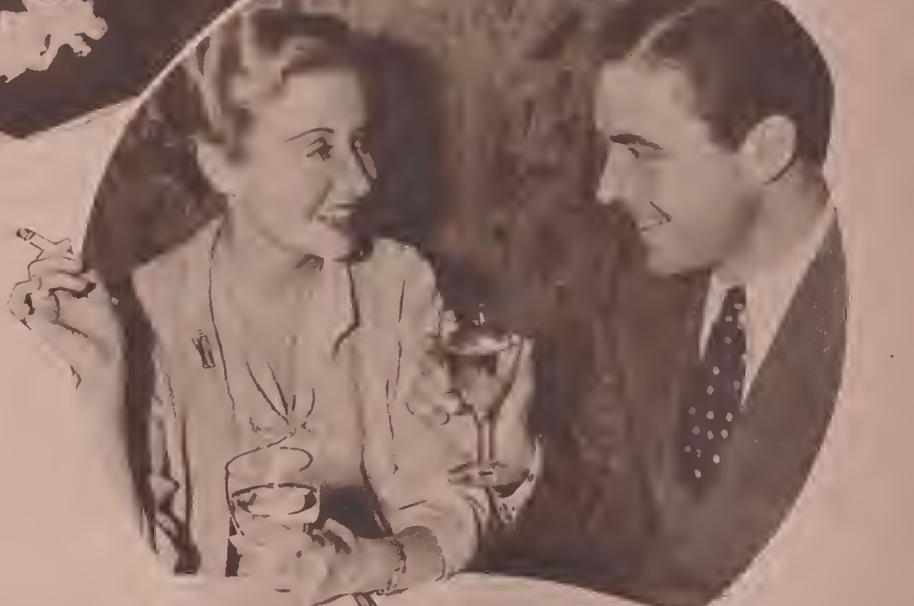
with HYMAN FINK



Maurice Chevalier, Gloria Swanson, Irving Thalberg, Norma Shearer, and Herbert Marshall all assembled at one table at the Ernst Lubitsch party. Like to pull up a chair and join them?



Probably by the time you see this picture, the young couple will be already married. Johnny Farrow and Maureen O'Sullivan were snapped at the Ambassador Grove on the eve of their departure for Ireland.



Eat-'Em-Alive Talbot with his newest girl-friend, none other than the suave and lovely Genevieve Tobin. Lyle has a way of shifting very frequently in his affections. Is this one a surprise? Let's in on it.

"I'm

How the Davis gal has changed! Contrast the pale person of a few years ago, on this page, with the flaming uninhibited woman she is now, on the opposite page!

by GLADYS HALL

"I AM not in human bondage," Bette Davis flung at me across the luncheon table at the Beverly Hills Brown Derby. "I am not in human bondage to anyone or anything except—*myself. I am a completely selfish person.* I have none of the traditional 'womanly virtues.' Why pretend? I do not believe that a woman who is unselfish ever has or ever will or ever *can* get anywhere. The woman who wants to succeed must let the kettle boil over when it will, must forego the joys and sorrows of motherhood, must allow no one, neither man, woman, nor child to supercede *herself* in her own attentions.

"I am not in bondage to any of the conventionally *female* things. I don't want children. I don't want a home of my own. I don't want to be encumbered by *things.* I don't want stupid contracts that bind me to stupid performances. This does not mean that I am unappreciative of people and of the generous and kindly things that people so often do for me. It does mean that I am primarily interested in my own career."

Wowie, but this Bette Davis has changed! Amazingly. Sensationally. If Janet Gaynor should be metamorphosed into Jean Harlow it couldn't be more astounding. I talked with her the first time about two years ago. And she was, then, very intelligent little person ho had been christened Ruth Elizabeth—and looked it, who had been born in Boston and looked it. A reticent, trying-to-be-determined little person smacking of the blue stocking, suggestive of New England and her New England upbringing. A pale little person with pale blonde hair, pale blue eyes and all sorts of thready inhibitions and modesties about how she was going to get what she wanted—and when. She had, at that time, just finished making "Cabin in the Cotton" with Dick Barthelmess and she was heartsick over what she considered a poor performance in a poor picture.

The producers and critics, whatever they have thought of the picture, thought very highly of Boston Bette. They made plans, some of them noised abroad, for starring the lady. She had shown that *Something.* She was to be "the horizontal star" and do love scenes that would sweep her and keep her off her feet. She went zooming up into the unstable ether inhabited by a new star-in-the-making. And then—then she made her first starring picture, "Ex-Lady." Following this were "The Dark House," "Bureau of Missing Persons," "Parachute Jumper" and others. Then little or no more was heard of Boston Bette. Plans seemed to, as it were, *abey.* There were hints and insinuations to the effect that another star-in-the-making was a star-in-the-falling. The diadem of Bette was horizontal. And then—and *then* came "Of Human Bondage" and the performance by Bette which Leslie Howard himself described to me as "poisonously perfect"—a performance that would make this girl a star without benefit of the Warner Brothers or any or all of the producers of ten hectic Hollywoods. Now Bette could be confident of the future. Furthermore, she was!

An Absolutely FREE SOUL” says BETTE DAVIS

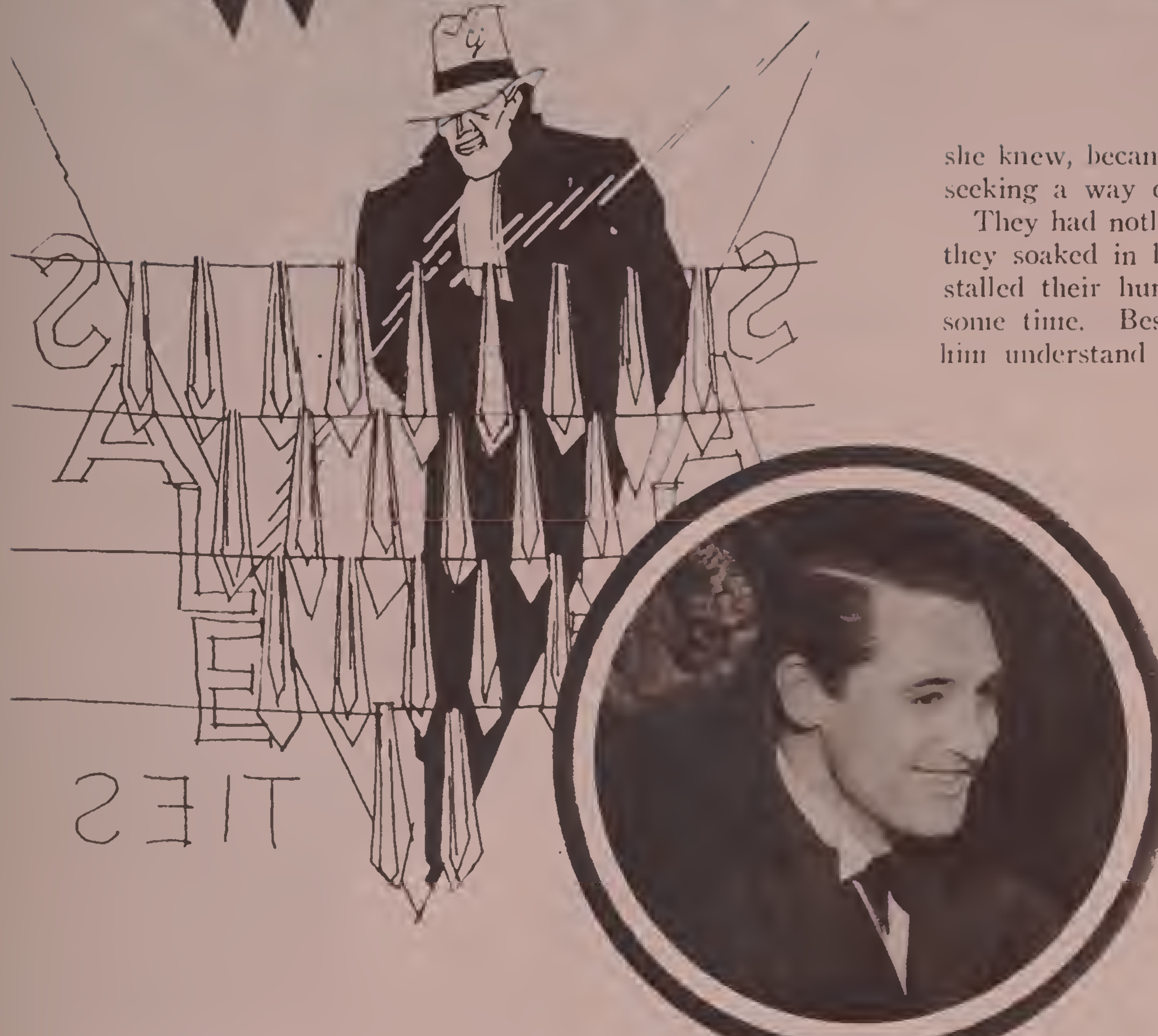
Although married, she refuses to be in bondage to a home or children—she wants complete freedom!

Bette knew what she had delivered. When, immediately thereafter, her studio cast her in a picture with George Brent and Ann Dvorak, giving her a part with, she told me, "about six lines to speak"—when this happened she rebelled. And only because they begged her, only because they convinced her that they were "on the spot" without her, did she consent to play the part. Followed some stormy sessions during which Bette "walked out," the studio "suspended" her and hostilities were inferred, if not openly declared. Now "Of Human Bondage" has startled the picture-going world. Now all difficulties are patched up, peace reigns again, the star is again in the Warner Brothers heavens and great and stellar parts are afoot.

Bette said to me, "I certainly am *not* going to be in bondage to the studio. I used to wonder what it was all about, wonder whether I could ever get the things I wanted to get, do the things I wanted to do. *Now, I see no good reason why not.* But also, *now is the time.* Of course I rebelled against playing what amounted to a second lead in that picture. Six lines—a part like that—after *Human Bondage!* I walked out and I said that I would stay out forever rather than compromise further to such stupid extents. We have talked it over, Harmon and my mother and I, and we are agreed that we can starve very comfortably together if it comes to that. It won't come to that now, I think. We are all happy again. And out of it all, the rise, the fall, the rise again (I hope) I have learned what I want in the way of new roles and *who I am.*"

(*Continued on page* 103)

WHEN THEY



It had been days since Cary Grant had eaten, and when he stared at those white ties in the shop an idea struck him—

HAVE you ever been broke? Flat broke? Have you ever counted the thin coins of your last dollar and not known where under the sun your next dollar was coming from?

Have you ever awakened, as the night turned to day, with a sickening fear of such ill fortune as this finally overtaking you?

Plenty of motion picture stars have been broke. In the fullest sense of that word. Their experiences prove that even destitution is not at all the hopeless end of everything but that, often enough, it is the very opposite of this. In fact several of the stars found the state of being broke and hungry and homeless a springboard from which they were able to jump into happy and successful years.

There's Jimmie Cagney. There's Sally Rand. Clark Gable. There's Miriam Hopkins. Gary Cooper. Others, too.

Jimmie Cagney and his bride lived in a one-room apartment just off Broadway. On Sunday nights Jimmie used to peel nine single bills from their thin bank-roll for their landlady. The rent was due weekly in advance.

There was not a penny to be wasted. What little they had must stretch over the seven weeks during which their new vaudeville act would be in rehearsal.

When they were working again, earning again, they promised each other all manner of treats. And Spot, their faithful dog, was to share in this prosperity. Spot they promised fresh chopped meat every day. Chicken now and then. He seemed to understand. He cocked his little head wisely, at any rate, and lavished them with beautiful kisses.

At last their act was ready. They opened. It didn't "click."

Things were pretty bad. Jimmie would surprise stark terror in his young wife's eyes. And when she spoke and he didn't answer she understood. It was she knew, because his brain was spinning around in circles seeking a way out.

They had nothing to eat. The stale loaf in the bread-box they soaked in left-over gravy for Spot. It wouldn't have stalled their hunger for even a day and it lasted him for some time. Besides he begged. And they couldn't make him understand that food was scarce.

The landlady called for the next week's rent. It was only Jimmie's cajolery that prevailed upon her to allow them a few days' grace.

The day came when Spot went hungry, too.

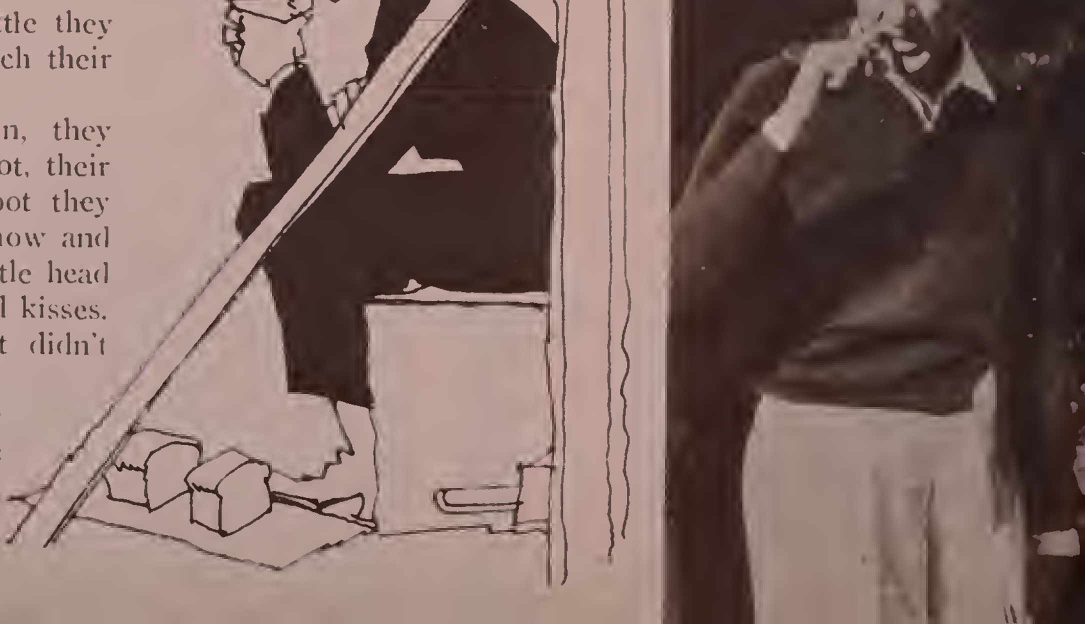
Then someone told Jimmie about a theatrical company in rehearsal where an assistant property man was needed. It was hardly the time for anything as stupid as false pride. Jimmie went after that job like a streak.

He worked for two days. The second afternoon a disagreeable stage-manager ordered him back at seven o'clock. When he arrived, five minutes late, this man flew at him in a rage.

"I said seven and I meant seven," he roared before the entire company. "Now, YOU, take the broom and sweep the stage. *And make it snappy!*"

Jimmie admits he's never been able to "take it." All his life he's played independent. He has great respect for his own self-respect.

"*You* take the broom!" he told that manager, handing the broom to him in a way similar to that in which he handed Mae Clarke the grapefruit in the film "Public Enemy."

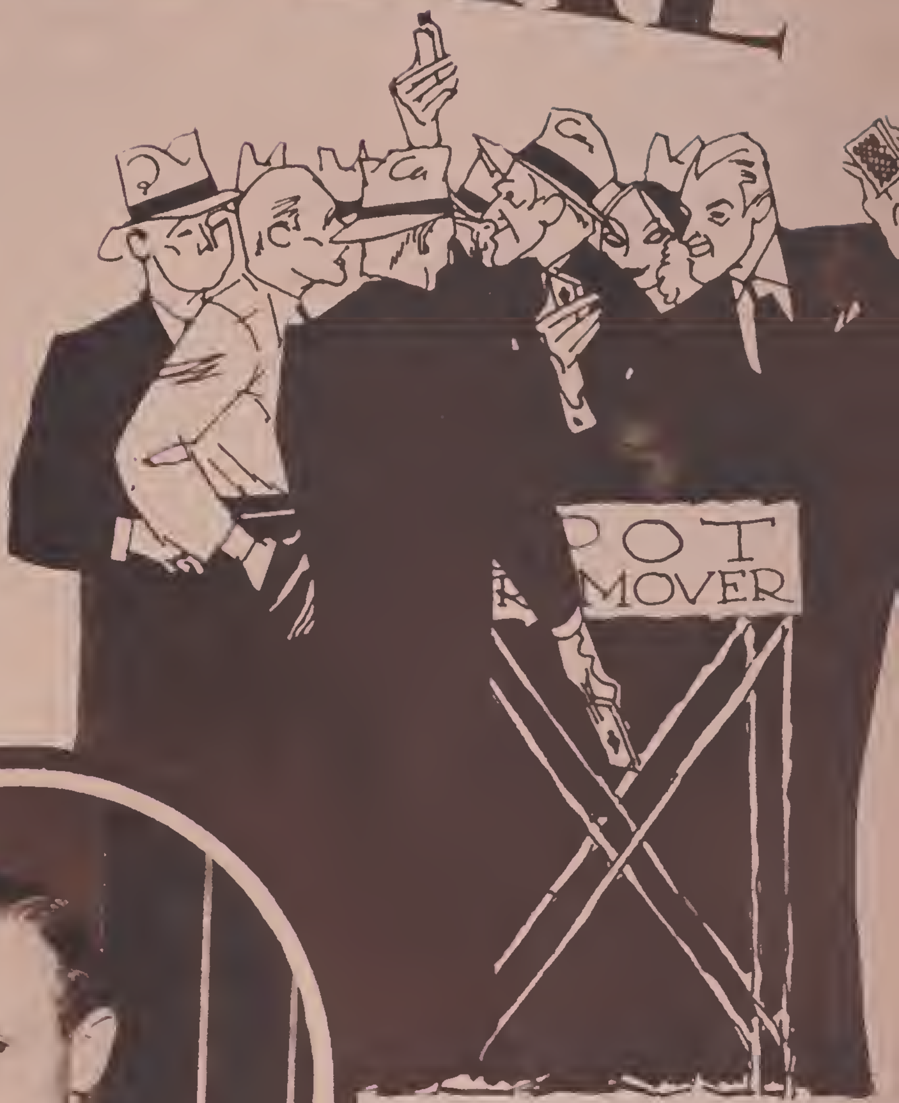


For three days Gary Cooper lived on a loaf of bread. And when it was gone he wished he had divided it in six parts instead!

WERE BROKE

Fascinating revelations of the days when the movie stars had "touched rock bottom!"

by ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER



Who would think that Leslie Howard once performed tricks on a street corner to attract customers for a spot-remover salesman! It was his only way out—

"I'll have to get out, I guess," Sally Rand told the landlady. She was down and out—with no place to go—

Whereupon he walked out. There was nothing else for him to do.

The Cagneys were worse off than ever. This was one hundred per cent Jimmie's fault. And he knew it. Which didn't exactly make things any easier.

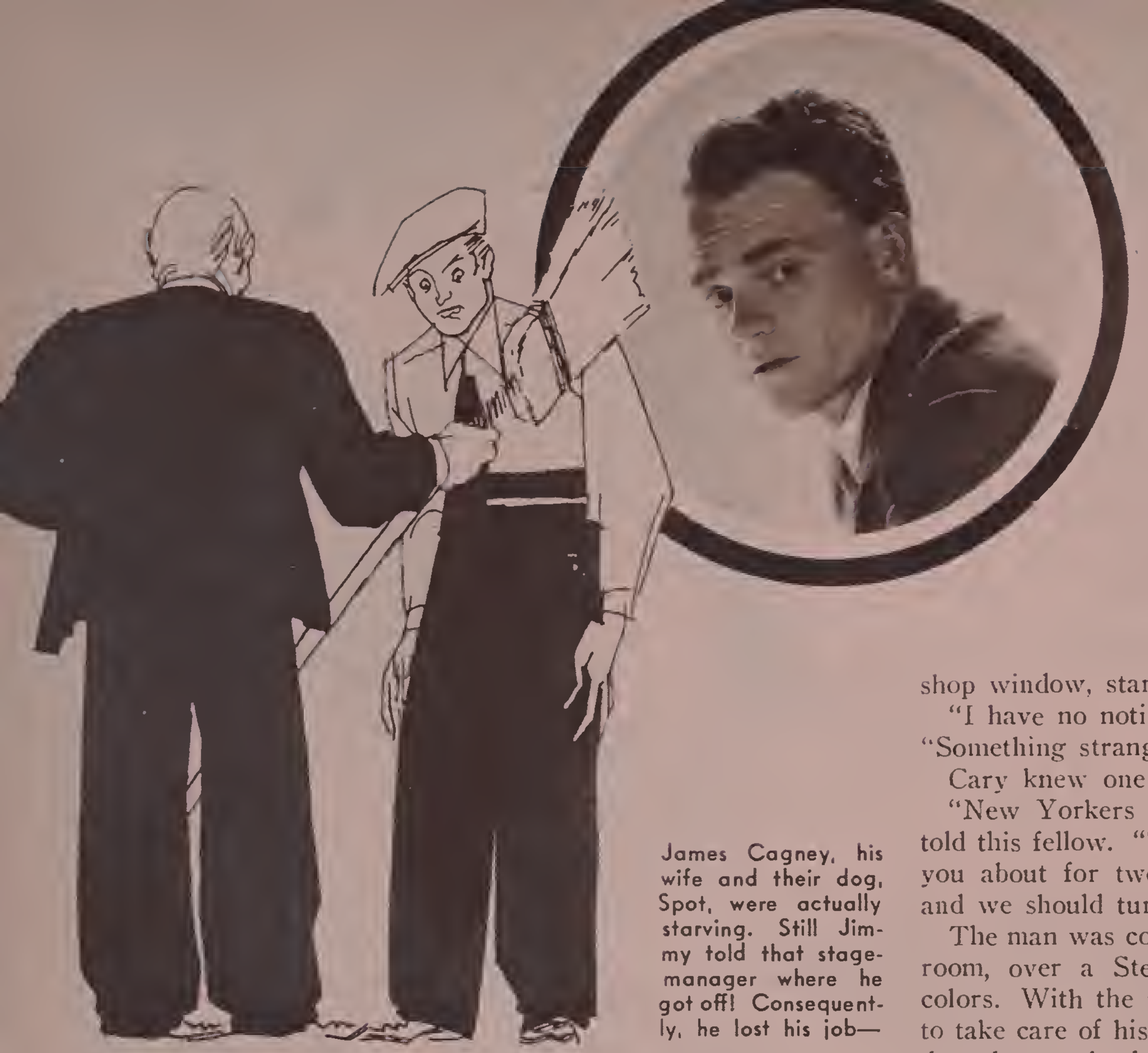
Now it was only holding each other close that either of the Cagneys was able to escape the cold fear that went creeping about inside of them. Even for a moment.

"However," Jimmie says, "as things worked out I was right not to take that stage-manager's insults. We had a bad time all right. But it ended with a good break. I landed eighteen weeks on the Keith circuit. . . ."

Had Jimmie "taken" that stage manager's indignities I doubt that he would be the success he is today. Sacrificing his self-respect once he would have been likely to sacrifice it a second time, a third time. Eventually, inevitably, this would have gotten Jimmie down, sapped the very spirit which today enhances him as an actor.

Jimmie was down all right. But he wasn't out. He held on to his spirit. He held on to his courage. It's not bad breaks that can lick us. Ever. But facing bad breaks we can and too often *do* lick ourselves.

For a man and wife to go broke is difficult enough. However, they have each other. They're never alone with their worries and fears. It's worse for a person who is all alone



James Cagney, his wife and their dog, Spot, were actually starving. Still Jimmy told that stage-manager where he got off! Consequently, he lost his job—

to break into his last bill and spend it, coin by coin. Particularly if that person is a girl.

Which brings us to Sally Rand . . .

LEAVING home for a stage career, Sally spent considerable time picturing herself glamorous and successful and very little time imagining herself a struggling apprentice.

Nevertheless one day a few months after she reached New York she found herself sitting on the edge of a wretched bed in a dismal furnished room, staring into space. She was scared. And hungry.

Her landlady rapped on the door.

"You'll have to let me have something on account or get out," she told Sally.

"I'll have to get out, I guess," Sally said.

She had no place to go. In crowded New York there was no one to whom she could turn.

"Only bums sleep on benches in the park," Sally told herself. But even as she said this she was making her way toward Central Park, with the idea of finding a bench on which she might spend the approaching night.

She compromised on a bench off the main walk. It was not as well screened by shrubbery as she had hoped but she was too weak and tired and discouraged to search further.

Two men met close to where Sally sat and paused to talk. They spoke of a new night club where a dancer was needed, a dancer with a beautiful body who could interpret the life of Aphrodite.

Sally deserted her bench. To make her way to that club. She showed the manager how she would interpret Aphrodite. And although her knees were trembling with fear and weakness and although black spots swam before her eyes she got the job.

An incredibly short time later Sally was earning seven hundred and fifty dollars a week! For her the road from poverty to riches proved amazingly short. It is sometimes freakishly so.

Luck, however, isn't always so capricious, so extreme. More often to stage a come-back takes hard work and ingenuity.

Cary Grant, for instance, did everything possible to stave off the day when he would spend his last dime. It arrived, nevertheless.

Cary's landlady was lenient. But he knew she was poor, too. It worried him sick to be so far in arrears.

One afternoon, frantic, hardly knowing what he was doing, Cary walked up Sixth Avenue. It had been days since he had eaten and wretched cooking odors from restaurants he once would have scorned now tortured him.

Suddenly Cary found himself before a shop window, staring at a lot of white ties.

"I have no notion how I came to that window," he says. "Something strange motivated me. And gave me an idea."

Cary knew one fellow who was still in funds.

"New Yorkers don't wear white ties in the winter," he told this fellow. "That's why we can buy this lot I'm telling you about for two dollars. Two bits more for color dyes and we should turn a really handsome profit."

The man was convinced. The ties were bought. In Cary's room, over a Sterno lamp, they boiled them in different colors. With the iron Cary had bought one prosperous day to take care of his own clothes they pressed them. The next day they took them out and sold them for twenty cents apiece to the other actors out of work and eager to look fresh and spruce.

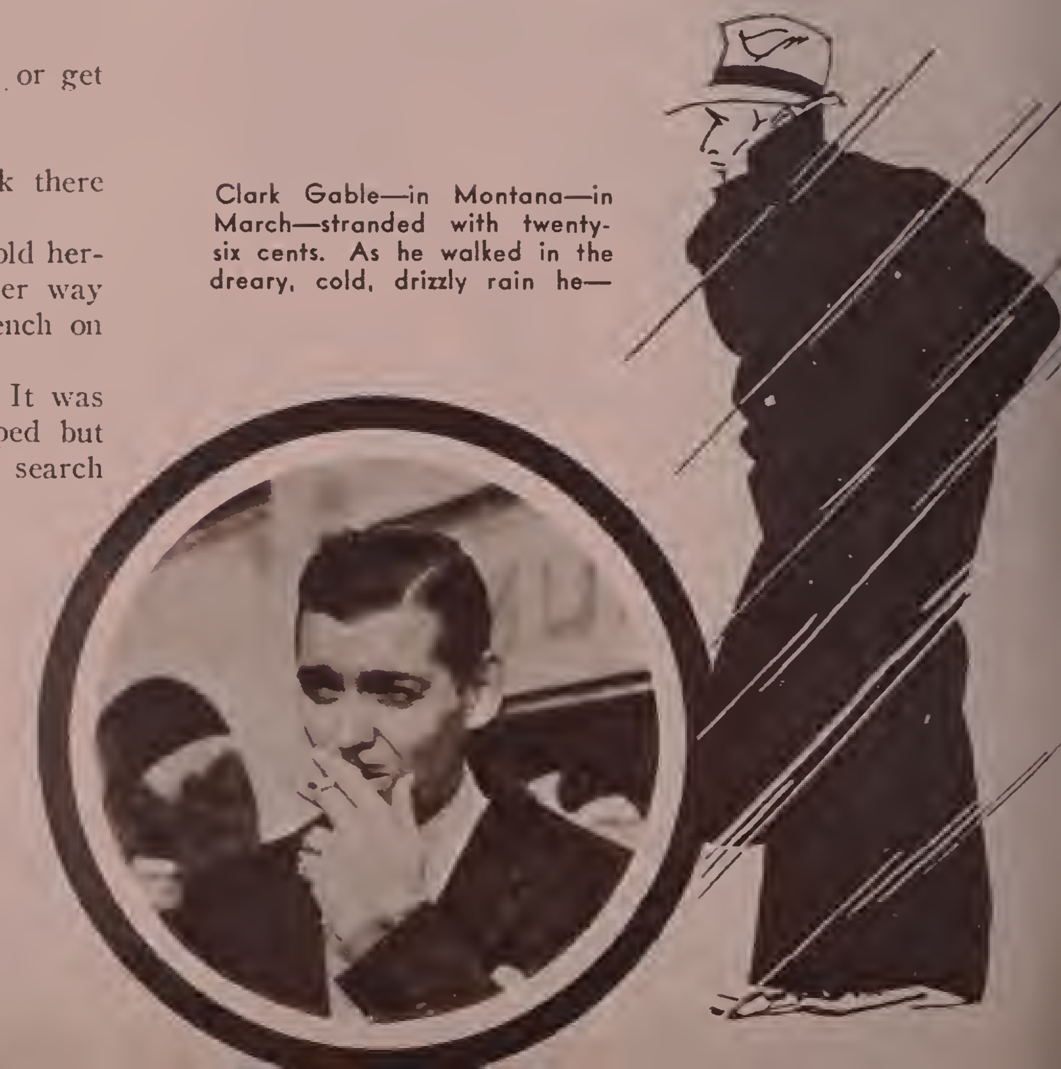
Cary's share of the money made this way kept him in funds until he got a "bit" in a play. From then on things picked up. Slowly. But surely.

That day Cary stood looking into the window at those ties he touched rock bottom. From then on he could move in one direction only. Up!

Necessity *is* the mother of invention . . .

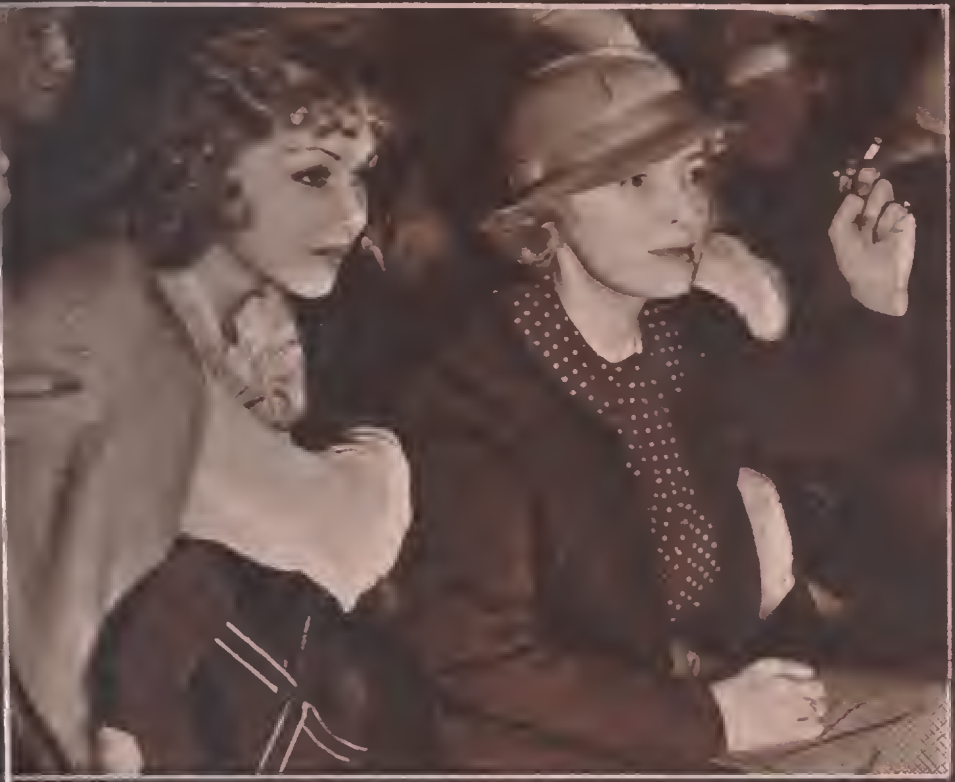
There's Leslie Howard and his cards.

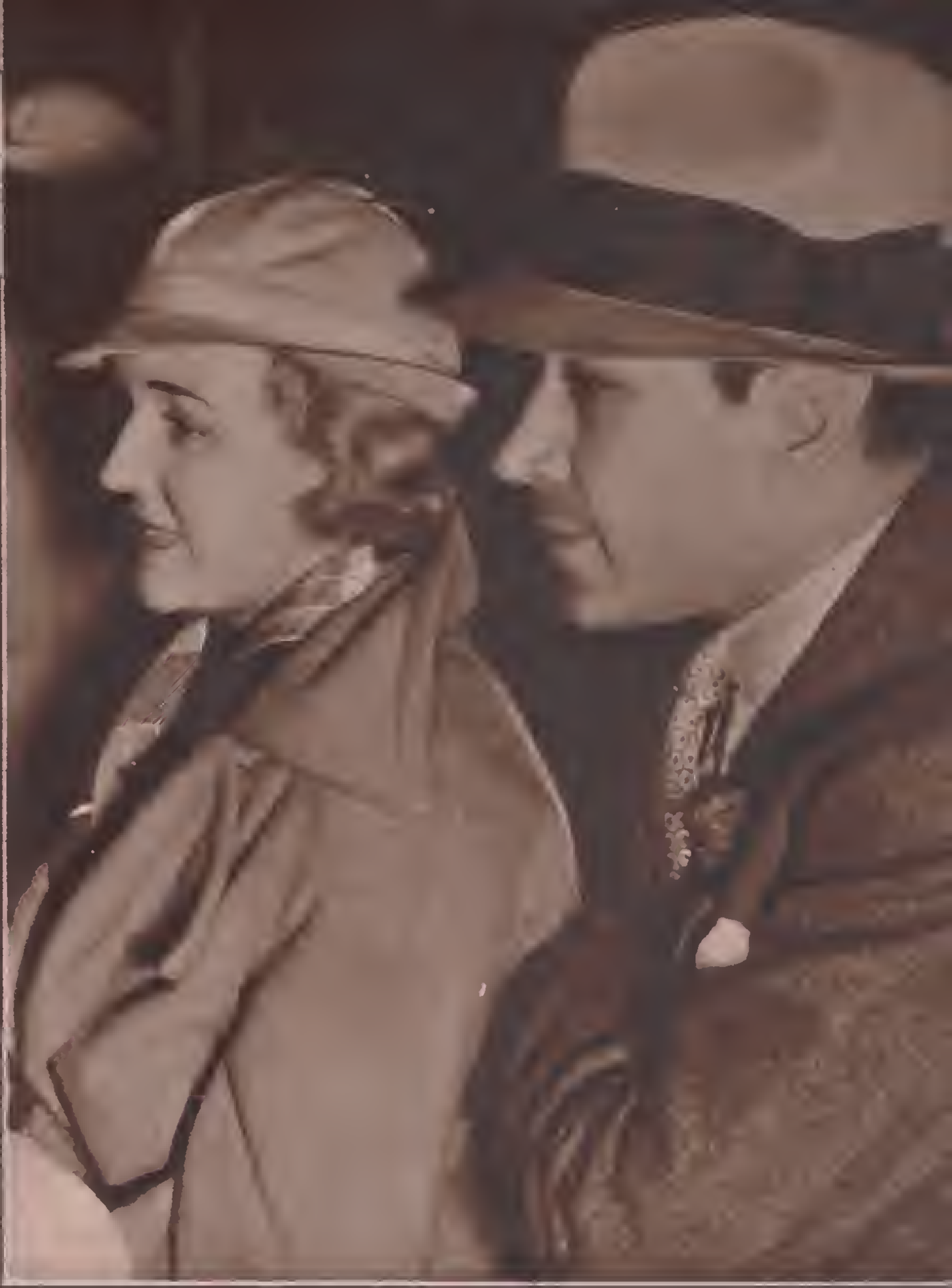
Leslie was young when he turned his back upon an eminently respectable and dependable banking career to join the theatrical company which finally left him stranded in Newcastle. A sheriff confiscated the *(Continued on page 96)*

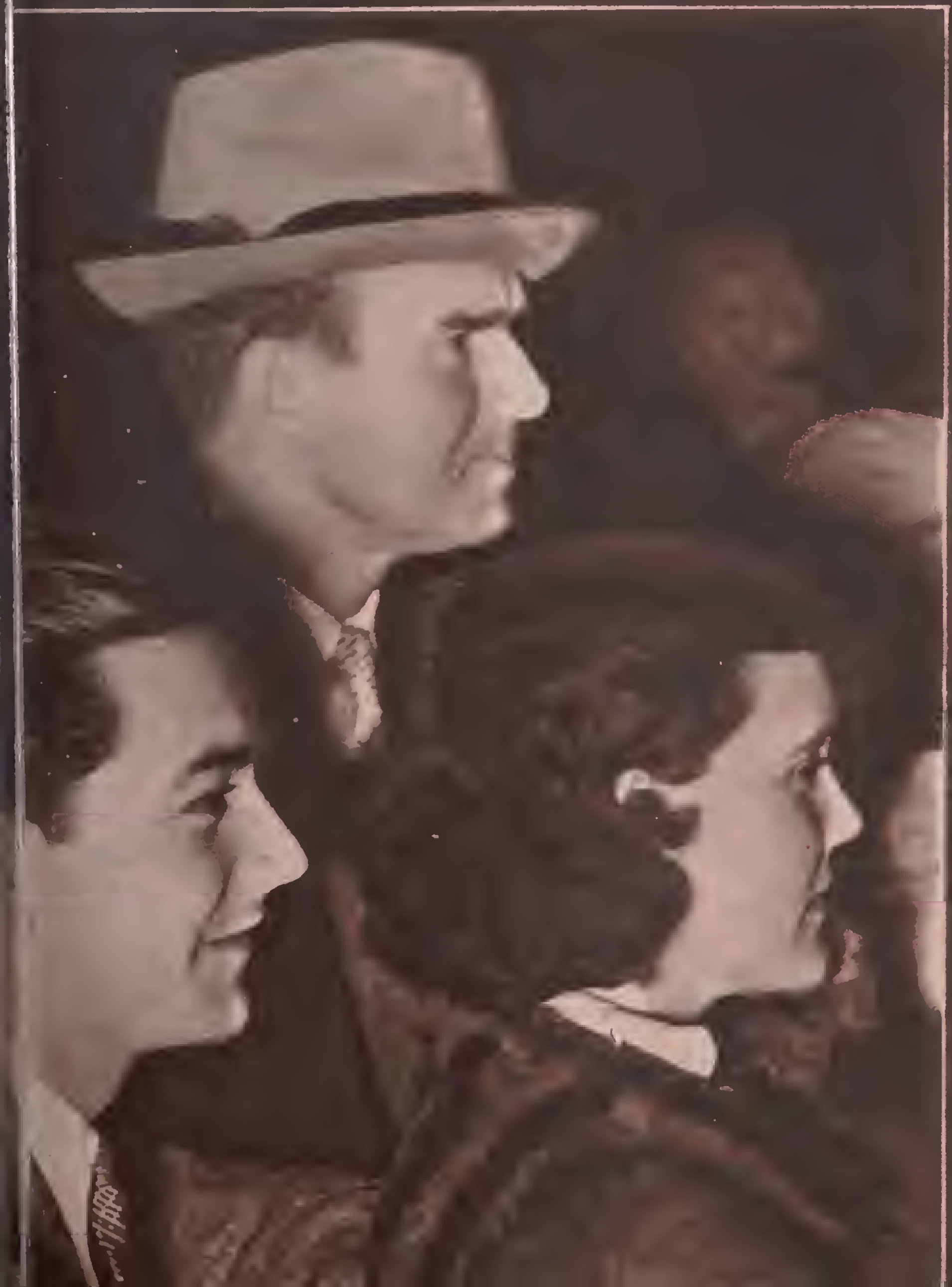


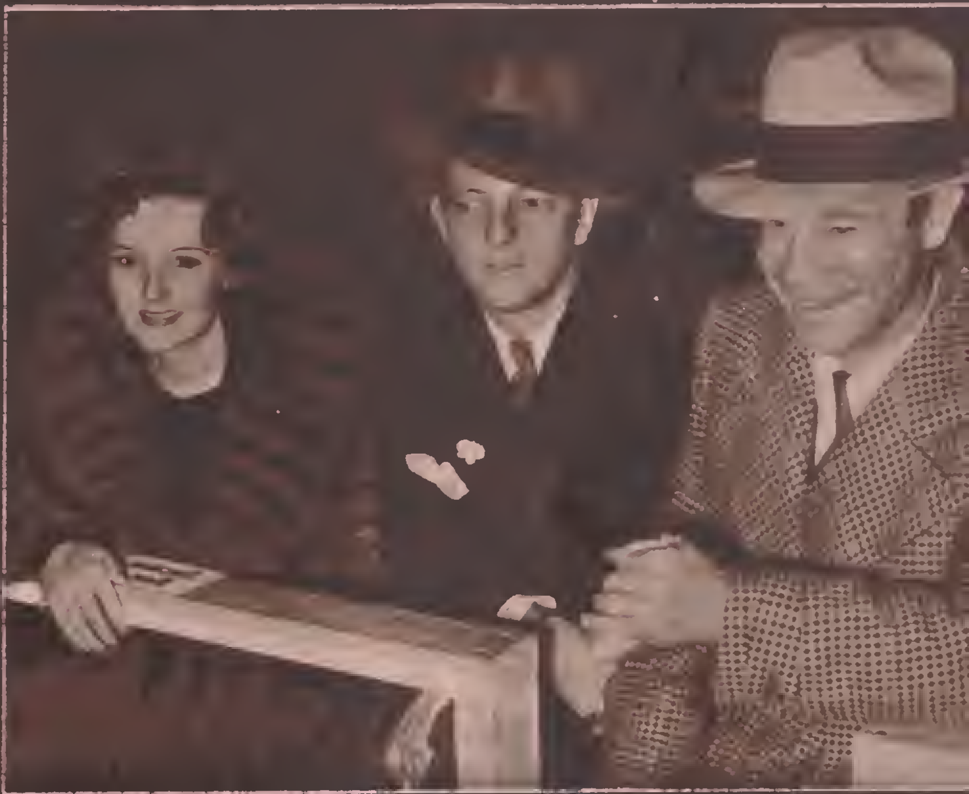
Clark Gable—in Montana—in March—stranded with twenty-six cents. As he walked in the dreary, cold, drizzly rain he—

At the BIKE RACES









At the top, left, Grace Bradley and Kitty Kelly watch the Gilmore Stadium Bike races most intently.

Left, the scowling gent is comedian Ted Healy. That's Bob Young and his wife in the foreground.

Hyman Fink snapped George Raft and the girl friend, Virginia Pine (top, right) enjoying the main event.

Above, Lola Lane's new husband, Al Hall, sits between his wife and Joe E. Brown. Lola was Mrs. Ayres.

WOULD you dare to defy the whispering gallery, the wagging tongues of the salaciously minded and invite your one time steady escort to live with you and your husband?

Would you become the intimate friend of your husband's former fiancée and entertain her frequently?

Would your husband permit you to go out with other escorts while he's away? And accept without remonstrance your corresponding with and entertaining old time boy friends?

And, above all, would you risk such a design for living in Hollywood, cosmopolitan in its manners but provincial in its pryings?

THAT'S the screen's most modern marriage and Una Merkel's civilized and sophisticated design for living! In a city where careers and marriages seldom blend, where jealousy is rampant and envy flicks malicious tongues, Una has found happiness, a husband, a home. Her marriage to Ronnie Burla, young engineer, is now almost three years old. Which isn't news, but this is—for the past year Dick Jordan, also an engineer, Una's first Hollywood escort, her husband's best friend, has lived with them!

They're a perpetual trio, the popular Una, the handsome Ronnie, the jovial Dick. And all the more amusing is the fact that producers, regarding Una as a fine comedienne, still insist she isn't "colorful," hasn't "glamor."

The Burlas' marriage is based on the oldest recipe in the world for happiness—a give and take compatibility. And yet it is the most modern in Hollywood. Founded on the most sincere devotion and deepest understanding, their love transcends the jealousies and innuendoes that have destroyed so many screen unions. So, not once have you heard rumors of a divorce, the sly mention of "the other man." Nor will you because Hollywood *knows* Una and Ronnie and Dick.

Glamorous and exotic stars have envied Una her freedom in home life and release from futile and obsolete restrictions. Knowing that one breath of scandal can ruin a film career,

UNA MERKEL'S AMAZING MARRIAGE

Based on old-fashioned principles, it's still the most daring and sophisticated of all Hollywood unions

by RICHARD ENGLISH

Una Merkel's design for living—Ronnie Burla, her husband (on the right), and Dick Jordan, their good friend, who lives with them!

these sophisticated ladies wonder how Una has avoided any recriminations. The answer, ladies and gentlemen, is in the love that Una and Ronnie bear one another.

Girls that once looked with favor on her husband are now Una's confidantes and Ronnie, Dick Jordan and Johnny Arledge, also once a Merkel suitor, are inseparable. Watching Ronnie dance with his former fiancée and Una entertaining Dick and other guests in the Burla home I realized that one couple at least had the proper slant on living in Hollywood! Knowing the threesome intimately, I managed to persuade Una to tell of her design for happiness and how it had affected their lives.

We made a luncheon date and so two days later Una and I faced each other over a platter of sandwiches and coffee in her studio dressing room.

She gestured with a sandwich. "When I first came to Hollywood I knew only two people here, Emerson Tracy and his wife. We met while playing in "Pigs" and Emerson was my first professional beau. They met me at the train—it was the first time I'd met his wife—and helped me get settled in a home and introduced me to their friends. Dick Jordan was one of them. I liked Dick a lot from the time we met so what few parties I attended he usually escorted me to. Then when my folks came out Dick used to take us all out sailing on his yacht.

"We were never awfully serious about each other; we were simply fond of one another and enjoyed being together. Well, things drifted along like that for a year or so and I was far too busy to be very romantic about anyone." She drank her steaming coffee. "You remember when Ronnie and I were married, don't you?"

I nodded.

"The funny thing is that Dick introduced us! Our courtship—if you could call it that—was bang, bang, bang! Believe it or not, we became engaged on our *second* date! Of course the first person we told was Dick and he was just as pleased as if he were old man Cupid, himself. A few weeks later Ronnie and I were at Agua Caliente with Mother and Father and they knew how much in love we were and suggested our being married then and there. So we were married that night. The setting mightn't sound awfully romantic but," she smiled tenderly, "it was.

"Dick came up to the house frequently as did our other old friends. It's a mistake to think you have to give up your former beaux and girl friends because you're married! Ronnie knows I love only him or we'd never have been wed—so why should he be jealous? Or, using the same argument, why should I be peeved if he liked to see his old girls? We married for love—not to make captives of each other! I think Ronnie had a nice choice in girls for everyone of his I've met I've liked. Most of my former boy friends are in the east now so we can only correspond. Why, on my last birthday I received some lovely flowers from my very first beau and when we were in New York two years ago he came to meet Ronnie and me at the train and they became fast friends."

"What about John Arledge?" I asked. When Una's engagement was announced young Arledge suddenly decided to make a prolonged trip around the world—to forget Una, Hollywood whispered.

"Why, I still go out with Johnny. When Ronnie's away on business and I'm invited out I (*Continued on page* 95)

The fast-flowing currents of life in movietown pulled Marnie into a daring plot

Hollywood CHEAT

by NELL MARTIN

WITHIN an hour of her arrival in Hollywood, Marnie's suitcase was stolen from her, with all her carefully-selected clothes, her one photograph—and all but two dollars and a few cents of her money. Little Marnie Mason had hitch-hiked all the way from Webb City, Missouri, and she was tired and frightened. There was one friend to whom she could turn, however, Daisy Cantrall, who had gone to school with her and who had been in the movies for a year now.

At the Central Casting offices she found it was against the rules to give out addresses, but Brandy Phelps of Paramount directed her to the Studio Club, where Daisy lived. Daisy was distant and patronizing, busy with her own affairs and not at all eager to help another newcomer to the extra ranks. If it had not been for Bab French, who came to her rescue then, Marnie would have been in trouble indeed. Bab got her a job as a waitress at Henry's, the famous restaurant where the directors ate, and Bab found a room for her on credit. It was Bab, too, who took her to her first Hollywood party, dressed in borrowed finery.

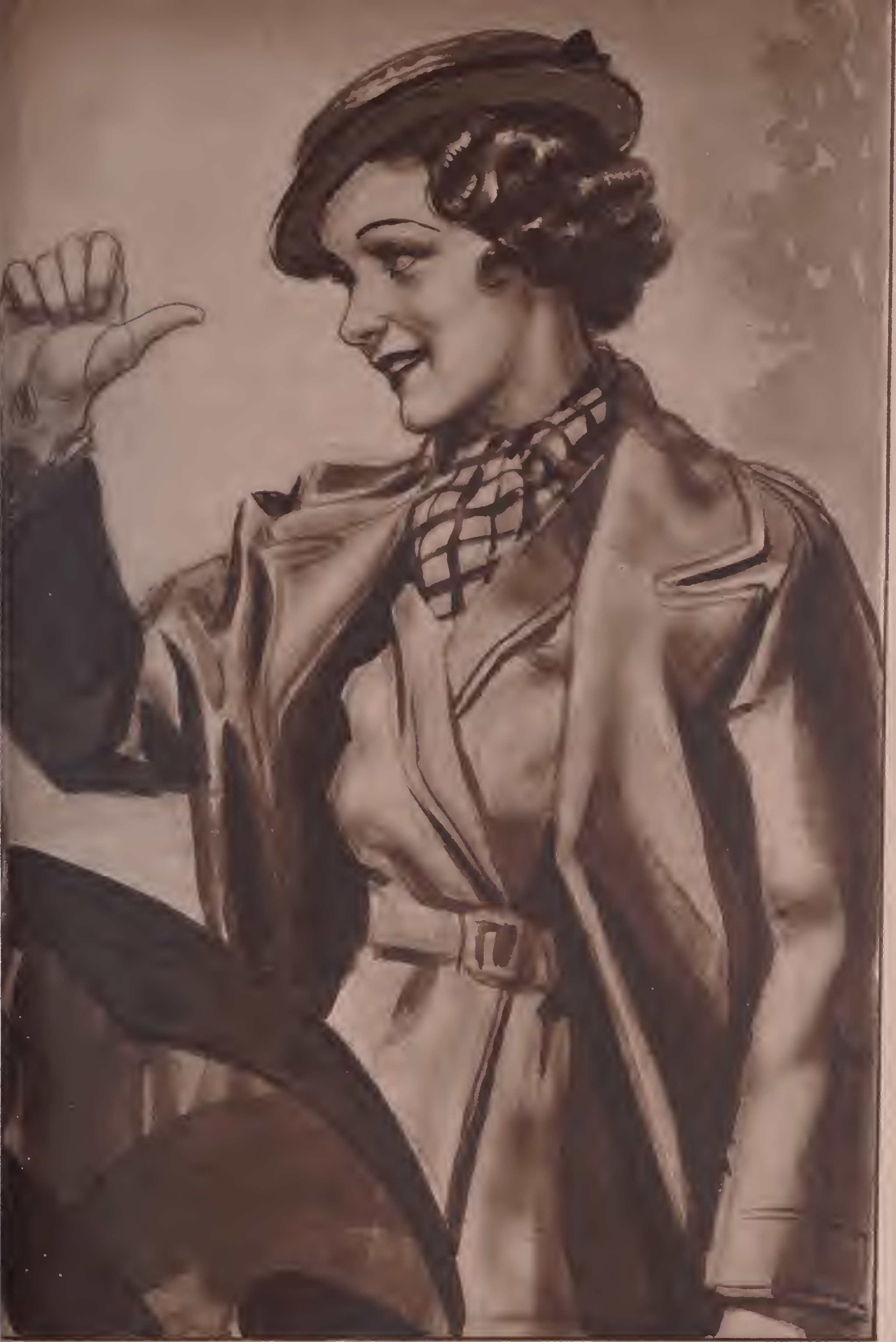
The greatest thrill of all came when a distinguished-looking man identified himself as Carpenter of Paramount and peremptorily demanded that she work only for him, as a star in his pictures! Promptly at eleven the next morning she presented herself at the studio for her appointment. But there was no director by the name of Carpenter; they had never heard of him at all. She had given up the job at Henry's, she couldn't pay for her room, and Bab was away at Palm Springs, on location! Marnie was alone and friendless and without prospects in the most topsy-turvy village in America!

MARNIE'S feet automatically took her back toward Vine Street. It may have been because her room was there. But what good was the room? Her new-found friend, Bab French, had persuaded the landlady to let her have it upon the representation that Marnie was going to work at *Henry's* restaurant. That had been true when they told her that. It most decidedly was not true now. And for no reason on earth except that Marnie had been gullible enough to believe the ravings of a man she had never seen before; at the party last night—Marnie's face burned as she thought how easy and simple-minded she must have seemed to him.

Little fool, she told herself! She might have known better than to believe that a perfect stranger would walk up to her within twenty-four hours of her arrival in this town of magic magnificence, of bewildering beauty and lovely luxury, and choose her from all the rest to elevate to stardom! How he must have laughed when she obediently asked for the telephone that she might inform the manager at *Henry's* of her great fortune. The manager hadn't seemed to believe her, she now remembered. Of course he hadn't. What an idiot he must think her!

And everyone in Hollywood knew everyone else's business. In that case, everyone at that party would be telling everyone else about that little hick from Webb City, Missouri, who "actually, dear, believed Eddie Carpenter was a director and she gave up a job she already had to let Eddie make her a star!" She stopped short on the corner.

She *might* have been mistaken. He might not have said Paramount. Even now he might be sitting in his office at some other studio wondering why on earth this girl didn't come as she promised. She might even lose her chance. Directors were temperamental. He might change his mind before she could find him. Oh, she must hurry. But whom could she ask? Bab had gone on location early this morning. Daisy Cantrall—no, she would die before she would ask



ILLUSTRATED
by
HUBERT
MATHIEU

The sixth car was sleek and long. It stopped. "Would you be going to Hollywood?" Marnie asked.

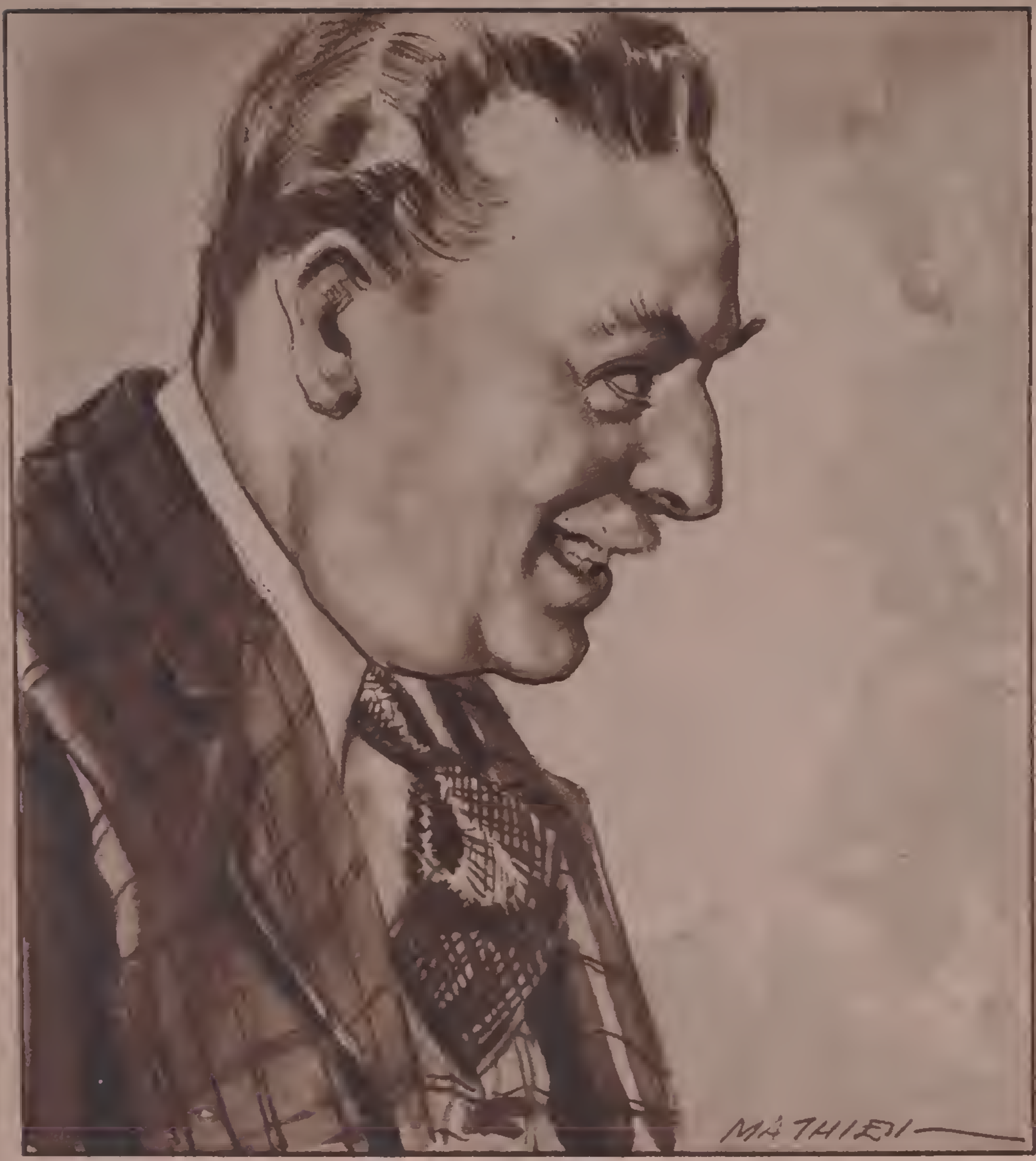
Daisy anything. Central Casting? No. They told her yesterday that a girl got taken off the list when she tried to go over their heads and get work.

But wasn't this different? She hadn't registered there yet. She had not gone to this man to ask for work. He had spoken to her of his own accord. They might tell her. They might. She fairly ran up to Sunset, turned west. She was breathless as she entered the office. The same bored young man was at the grilled window. Somehow she had been hoping he wouldn't be. But this was too important for there was altogether too much at stake to stop now.

"Excuse me," she gasped. "But last night I met a director at a party and he asked me to meet him this morning and I guess I got the studio wrong."

"Well, well," said the young man. "I'd be willing to bet you got the director wrong. Lots of 'em do. So now you want to register, eh?"

"Well, not this minute," Marnie explained. "You see—my—baggage hasn't come yet, and I haven't had time to—I mean, could you tell me, or is it something else you don't do, like Daisy Cantrall's address—I mean do you know a director named Carpenter? And if you did would you tell



"Isn't this a new face?" All Star's general manager bent his head and gave Marnie a sugary glance.

me what studio he's with or where I can reach him?"

"I told you yesterday we didn't give addresses—"

"But can't you see, it means—such a lot—" she pleaded. "I had an appointment, but I got the wrong studio."

"Which one did he say?'

"Paramount."

"There's no Carpenter at Paramount," the man said, scratching his left ear. "I know three of 'em. Describe him. And how'd you meet him?"

"At a party at a Mr. Jimmy Collins' house."

"Oh, yeah? Doing right well, aren't you?"

"A Miss French took me—"

"Bab! Then you must have—say, your friend—" then he shut up like a clam. Marnie understood instantly. He had been about to give forbidden information. He was almost human after all.

"I know. Daisy Cantrall lives there too. I saw her. But this director—"

"Wha'd you say he looks like?"

"Very tall, dark, has a moustache."

"Well, Harry Carpenter's at Screemie Comedies and he's fat and bald and wears glasses. And Howard Carpenter at United is smooth-shaved, but dark; but he wouldn't be caught at a party. And he isn't tall. The other one— I'm afraid it's Crofton Carpenter you mean. If it is, girlie, you're just barking up an empty tree. Wait a minute."

He came back in a moment with a photograph. "This is against the rules, but run-arounds always make me sore," he commented. "Is this him?"

With a sickening thud in her stomach, Marnie assured him this was the man. "Well, he ain't worked for a year. He's nuts. Got some kind of a complex that Hollywood's scared of him because he's so good. It's scared of him, all right. Too scared to hire him. Prob'ly tight. Too bad."

"Oh, it was too good to be true, anyway," Marnie said bravely. "Well, thank you."

"Listen," said the totem pole, weakening. He let his voice drop to a rumble. "I c'd lose a job for this. You ain't registered. But fill this out now and then beat it fast for Culver. Roach's want twenty girls today. They'll be all day trying out. They may be three days getting the ones they want. There's a week's work in it when they pick 'em. Hurry up and fill this out, and keep mum."

"Oh, thank you," Marnie said. She took the fountain pen he slid under the grating. Hurriedly she filled in the blanks. Age, weight, color of hair, eyes, measurements, nationality, experience "none," she sighed. Twenty minutes later she was back at the very corner where she had alighted from the truck —the last of many assorted vehicles in which she had made her way from Webb City to Hollywood. Highland and Hollywood. On the bus ride to Culver City, with the precious Casting slip in her purse, she beamed. Lady Luck's own child, that was Marnie Mason, she thought. "I'm going to get a job in pictures."

But when she came out of the studio after four hours of waiting, watching girls passed in one at a time for inspection, she thought long and hard about spending the fare to get back to Hollywood. She hadn't been chosen. Yes, they were still "picking them" but she "wasn't the type."

She felt as if she were riding on a scenic railway. Down in the depths one minute, up in the clouds the next. This particular minute it was down. Desperation seized her. That little gesture that had brought her this far, why not use it now? She trudged up the sidewalk to be unobserved by any studio gateman. She stood at the curb watching northbound automobiles. Three passed, four, five. You didn't try cars with women driving alone. They never stopped. You didn't try cars with children in them. They climbed all over you and rumpled your clothes. That counted now. This was Marnie's one outfit. The sixth car was sleek and low and long. A uniformed chauffeur was driving. That one might not stop either. You could only try.

MARNIE pointed an outstretched finger. The car went on past. Then it slowed, stopped fifty feet beyond. It was a right-hand drive, English car. The driver put his head and arm out and beckoned. Marnie skipped until she came alongside. He started to open the door from where he sat, but at a sharp word from the young man inside, got out and held it for her. Marnie stopped at the running-board.

"Would you be going to Hollywood?" Marnie asked politely.

"Nowhere else," said the young man. "May I give you a lift?"

"Thank you very much." Marnie sank down on the soft cushions. "It was seeming like an awfully long walk back."

"Walk?" he said, surprised. "Would you have walked?"

"I hope not," she laughed. "But if nobody stopped I'd have had to."

"You forgot your purse," he prompted.

"Have it with me," she smiled. "No. I came out here for a job and didn't get it. But I'll get one. I've only been here two days. They say lots of girls have to wait a long time."

The young man was gracious and sympathetic. He shook his head at the lost job at *Henry's;* he sighed for the stolen suitcase; he was polite but not overwhelmed at Marnie's determination to get into pictures. He seemed to have heard that story before. Also, his manner conveyed that he personally thought "the movies" something not worth glorifying. OK, for some girls, he shrugged, but not for everyone. And yet, and this bitterly, every one of them was bitten by the bug. Oh, this was nothing personal. He wished her all the luck in the world. He seemed to think he had been a bit harsh, perhaps wanted to make amends.

"I'm lunching with a friend connected with the industry," he said. "It might do you no harm to know him. I'd like to be helpful if I can." When Marnie hesitated he added with a smile that made him look like Robert Montgomery, "Please do, or I'll think I've been rude. Just because I'm a little outspoken—and this friend really might be valuable for you. He's quite charming. A director of publicity."

After all, why not? Marnie thanked him and said it was good of him. She continued to think so when the maitre d'hotel at the Roosevelt Rose Room came forward.

"Yes, Mr. Ives," he said, bowing. "Mr. Lansing is waiting for you."

Preceded by that polite personage, Marnie and "Mr. Ives" made their way down the beautiful dining room. Everywhere smartly dressed women; chic hats and filmy gowns. Marnie felt out of place in her plain little suit. But the respectful greetings given her escort reassured her. This Mr. Ives seemed to know everyone. And she didn't look so badly—neat but not gaudy, she consoled herself.

"Hello, Duke," Ives said as they reached the table. A lanky, crooked-nosed chap with tortoise-shell-rimmed glasses unwound himself to prodigious length from behind the table to acknowledge an introduction.

"Miss Mason, this is Mr. Lansing. Behold the most ingenious of the purveyors of palpitating data about the flickering fiction—as my friend Blanding calls it. Duke, here, is in other words, a high-powered press agent. He makes three stories grow where one grew before. He makes up lies about the players, then denies them and then proves they're true."

Francesca whispered: "Little spider, here's your fly. Flutter your eyelids. He likes 'em to be overwhelmed."

Marnie had smiled at the liar called Duke, and when Marnie smiled, almost inevitably someone changed his mind. Duke Lansing did. Whereas a moment ago he had wondered how Leland Ives happened to bring a girl to lunch, now he knew. He was about to begin on that explanation by way of a compliment, but Marnie wasn't listening. She had turned to Ives, breathlessly.

"Oh, you know the Vagabond poet's books!" she said ecstatically. "Why, his 'Hollywood' is one of my favorite poems. I've read every single thing I could find of his since 'Vagabond's House.' Have you seen his newest one?"

"Better than that. I saw some of it written," Leland Ives told her. "He's a friend of mine."

"Oh—I'd—" she stopped.

Ives laughed. "I know. Only I'd have expected you'd have said Clark Gable. Or Fredric March, or—"

"Hey, I do the talking about movies to the pretty lady," Duke complained. "You stick on your own side. You were talking about poets."

"I was about to say," Ives went on imperturbably. "As a rule I do not recommend hero-worshippers ever getting a look at their heroes in person. But the Bland is worth meeting. If you're around Hollywood, I'll see that you meet him when he comes back. Meanwhile, let's order luncheon. And then this marvel of the oily word may give you a magic password into his studio. Miss Mason has just arrived. She has had so much bad luck that it seems—"

"She hasn't had all of it," groaned Duke. "Observe, Lee—a man without a country. A conniver of allurement with no siren to pin it on. In plain words, a man without a job."

"But your contract—" Ives objected.

"With cream on it, it could be served for shredded wheat," Duke grinned. "With my little hands I did it. I all but shoved the pieces down Al Holtzwasser's throat. But, I might add, at his request," he said naively. "All he said was that he'd pay me but I couldn't get past the gateman again. All I did was make him a bet he couldn't pay me but that I'd get past the gateman within a week. And I bet him a grand. And he took it."

"I'll lend you the grand," Ives said easily. "I'd have to anyway, you crazy mug. Well, where you going to work now?"

"You're betting on Al?" Duke demanded. "Lee! When—"

"All right," Ives said bitterly. "He always wins, doesn't he? Who knows that any better than I! But Duke, if you could lick him, I'd double your win. And would I love to write the check!"

This was all Greek to Marnie, but she understood only too well that Leland Ives had a grievance against Al Holtzwasser, who was, it developed, the general manager of All Star Productions. Duke's grievance seemed to be the more amiable of the two, but he had more faith in his ability to "get even."

"Excuse us," Ives said. "I've been rude again, when I should have been a good host. Now I'll try to pop your very lovely eyes out of your very pretty head. I'll remember we have a stranger in our midst. Right over there, by the window, in white, that's Joan Bennett. That's Maureen O'Sullivan at the next table. That table with three ladies—that's Mrs. Clark Gable facing us, in black. The hero paying his check at the third table is George Raft."

"Pinch me," Marnie said, "please. All this thrills me, and at the same time it makes me feel that maybe it's pretty hopeless for me. What chance have I to ever do anything that would make my name as well known as any of those people? Oh, when you read the movie magazines at home, little extra girls are lucky—just these two days have rather frightened me. I'm wondering how all those people got along until they got their big chance." (*Continued on page* 82)

KAREN MORLEY

For months Karen Morley's fans wondered what had become of their favorite. Now she has emerged from domestic retirement (she's married to Charles Vidor, the director), and although our critic didn't rave over "Straight is the Way," we're all glad that Karen is once more to be seen on the screen. Her first chance came with Garbo in "Inspiration." She's honest as the day is long, say her friends, was born in Iowa, and is just four inches over five feet.

JOHNNY MACK BROWN

When Johnny got the part opposite Mae West in her much-titled picture, Brown enthusiasts cheered; this young Southerner hasn't gotten the good rôles he's deserved in recent years. But now Columbia is planning to give him assignments more worthy of his talents and the first is to be a story tentatively titled, "Police Ambulance." He plays the rôle of an ambulance surgeon. Johnny's married, lives quietly in Hollywood, and waxes most enthusiastic about thisa and thata.

Joan Bennett's Beauty secrets

by Gloria Mack

"I ADMIRE stunning women, beautifully groomed, and I love talking about the things that make them so," said Joan Bennett.

A glance at Joan, the studied harmony of the shades of her make-up—her costume in the golden yellow of her hair made me feel that every word she was going to utter about beauty care was to be immeasurably important.

"To be immaculately groomed requires a great deal of thought and study," continued Joan. "As a step in this direction I take a day off every now and then to analyze myself. I divide this analysis into five parts—my body, my hands, my feet, my face and my hair. It takes time, but it brings ample reward.

"The body is always my first consideration. Unless it functions normally one's skin becomes sallow and marred and one's mind becomes sluggish and dull. I like to keep my body fit—not by strenuous exercises that over-develop one's muscles, but by regular, rhythmic exercises that stimulate the circulation, normalize the weight, and keep down the little rolls of fat in unwanted places. I check to see that I am giving my body these exercises plus plenty of rest and sleep.

"I review my diet and scold myself for eating too many rich foods. I remind myself that I can eat anything in moderation and I renew my orders to the cook to see that I have plenty of fresh fruit and vegetables together with an abundance of water each day.

"Next I think of my two daily baths, how restful and enjoyable they are as well as being very healthful. I decide, however, to deviate from scented baths to more healthful and accelerating ones—*an epsom salts bath is an excellent way to rid the pores of their poisons.* I promise to replace my lazy wash rag rubs with good stiff-brush scrubs. Lastly I promise to continue to spoil myself by indulging in fragrant cologne rubs after every bath as women are entitled to such luxuries.

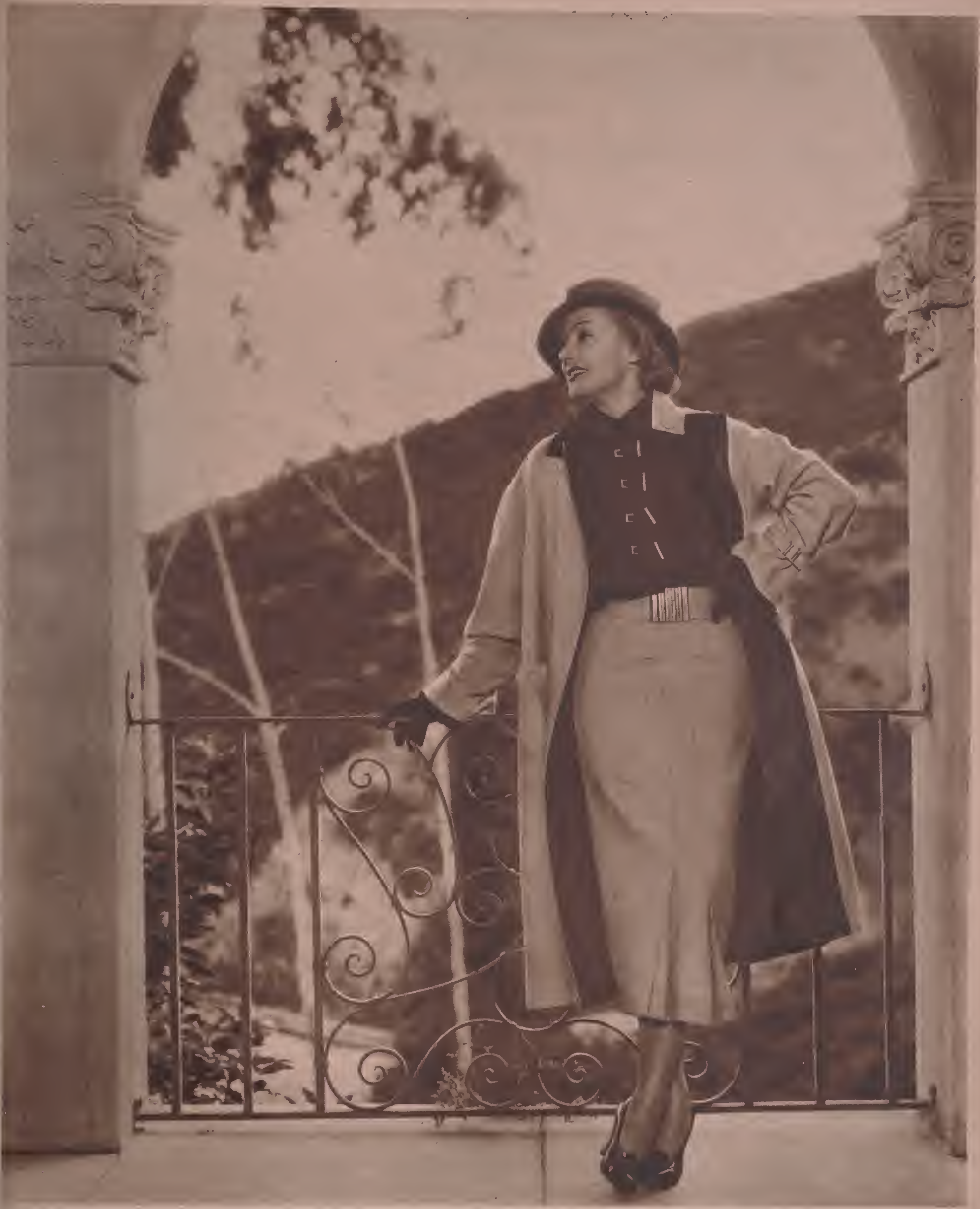
"Along with this analysis of what I *should* and *shouldn't* do I check my beauty supplies. First on the list is a good depilatory and deodorant. *I check to see that I am using them regularly.*

"Having checked the care of my body I look at my hands. I decide that I shall let my nails grow longer as the summer sports have gone for another year. I know that I have become lax in using my hand lotion every time I wash my hands and that I have neglected to oil my cuticle every night—in fact, I am not at all proud of my hands. I guess there have been times in all of our lives when we have wished that we might sit on our hands, but I try to see to it that that moment will never come again. I call my manicurist immediately upon my horrible discovery and make a weekly appointment so I will no longer neglect these hands. I jot down a note to try the newest shades in polish the next time I am in town so that I will be sure and wear the most becoming shade.

"Equally as important as hands are feet. I give my feet excellent care during the summer months so I caution myself not to let them go now that fall has come. I remember that it is a splendid habit to exercise one's feet regularly to strengthen them. I reassure myself that I am wearing the correct shoe size so that I won't have that wearied, haggard expression that comes from wearing shoes that are too small. I make sure that I have a good pair of sensible walking shoes for long days in town.

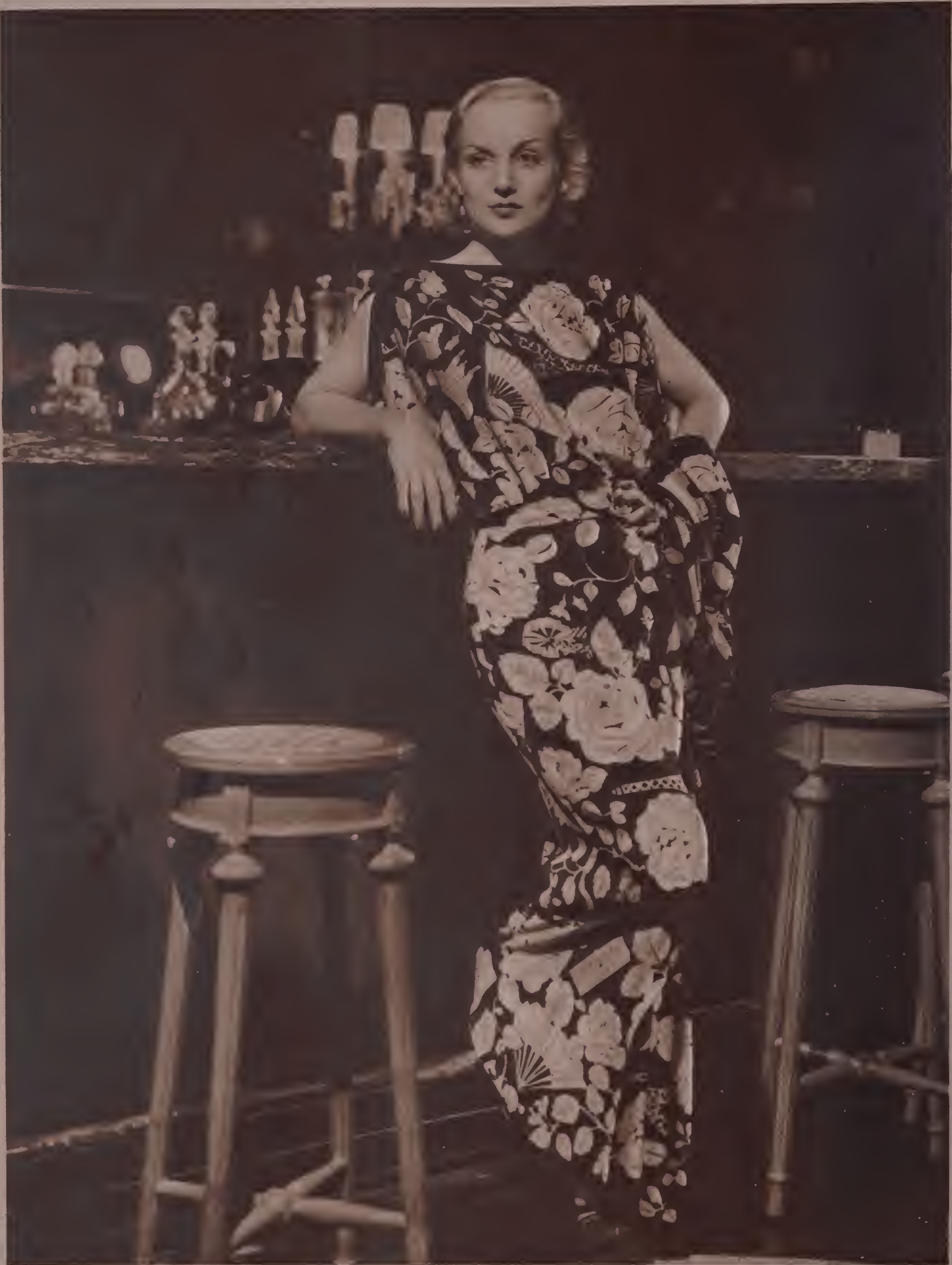
(*Continued on page* 92)

star fashions • • by • • gwenn walters



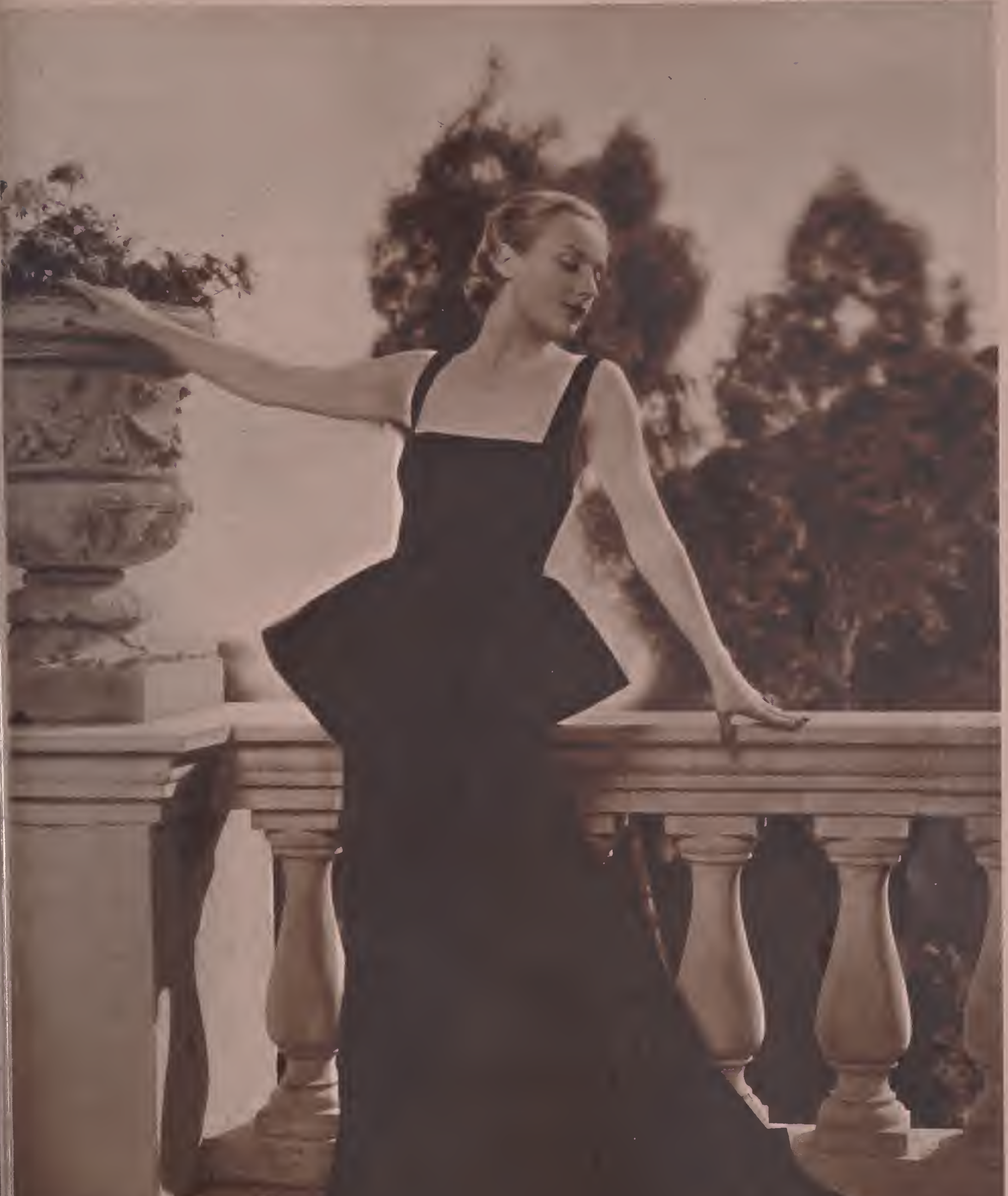
Carole Lombard wearing REDWING, created for her by Travis Banton—a homespun suit in deep beige, the coat lined with red corduroy, with matching corduroy blouse, hat and gloves. An ideal ensemble for early fall.

These fashions were photographed by William Walling, Jr., in Banton's magnificent home EXCLUSIVELY for MOVIE MIRROR.



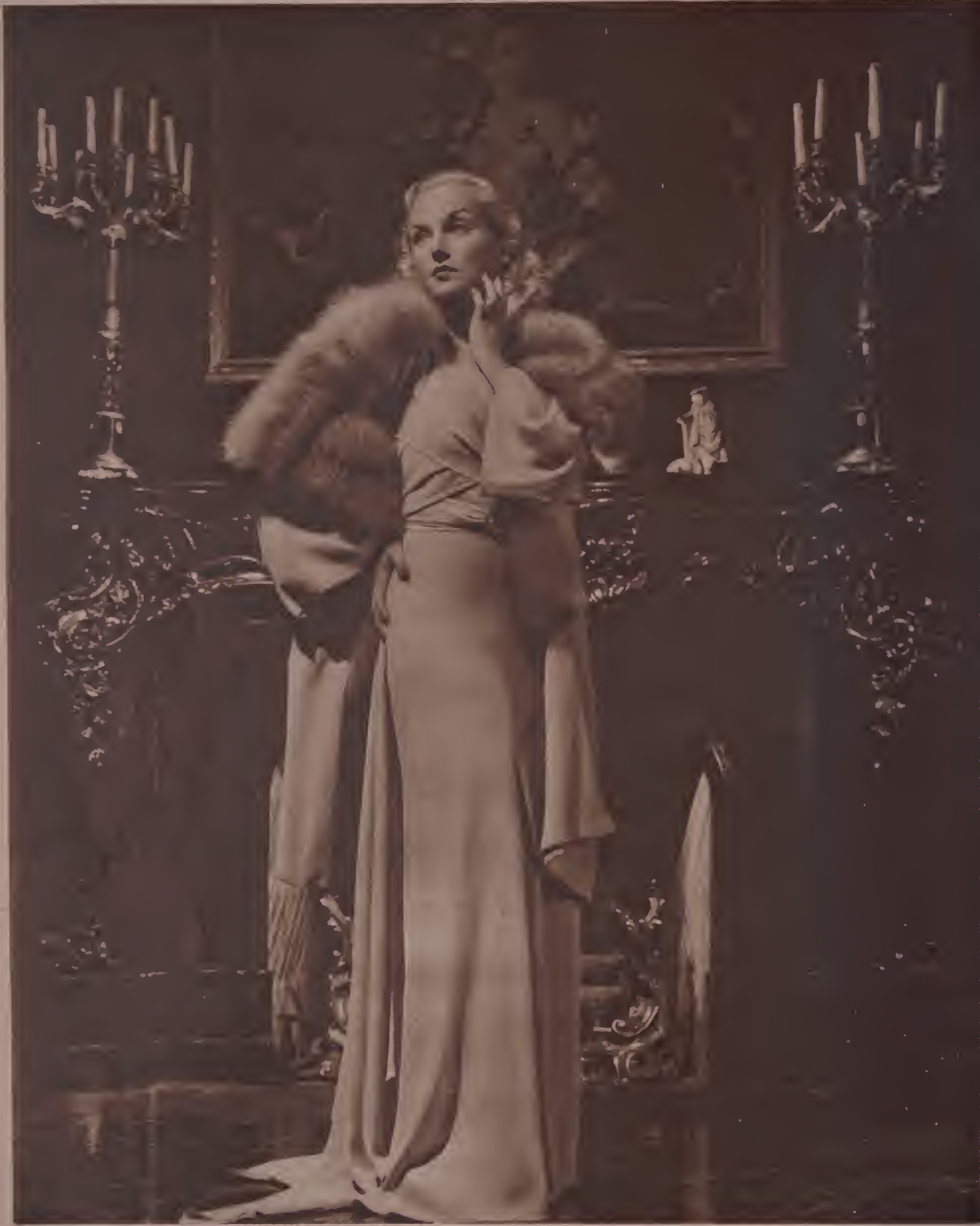
Banton calls this HALLOWE'EN, a gay print against a black ground, with a matching jacket, which makes the costume correct for dining or dancing—or for Hallowe'en parties as this name so very pertinently suggests.

star fashions • • by • • gwenn walters



BLACKBIRD—a formal ball gown as ravishing as the star herself, of black, untrimmed Lyons velvet, depending solely on line for its chic. And what's more in line with svelte loveliness than Carole's graceful form?

star fashions • • by • • gwenn walters



TWILIGHT—a formal ensemble in mauve beige crepe. The gown is classic with straight line skirt and bands of the material criss-crossed to form the bodice. Blue fox trims the three-quarter-length matching wrap. MISS LOMBARD will next be seen with Gary Cooper and the sensational Shirley Temple in Paramount's "Now and Forever."

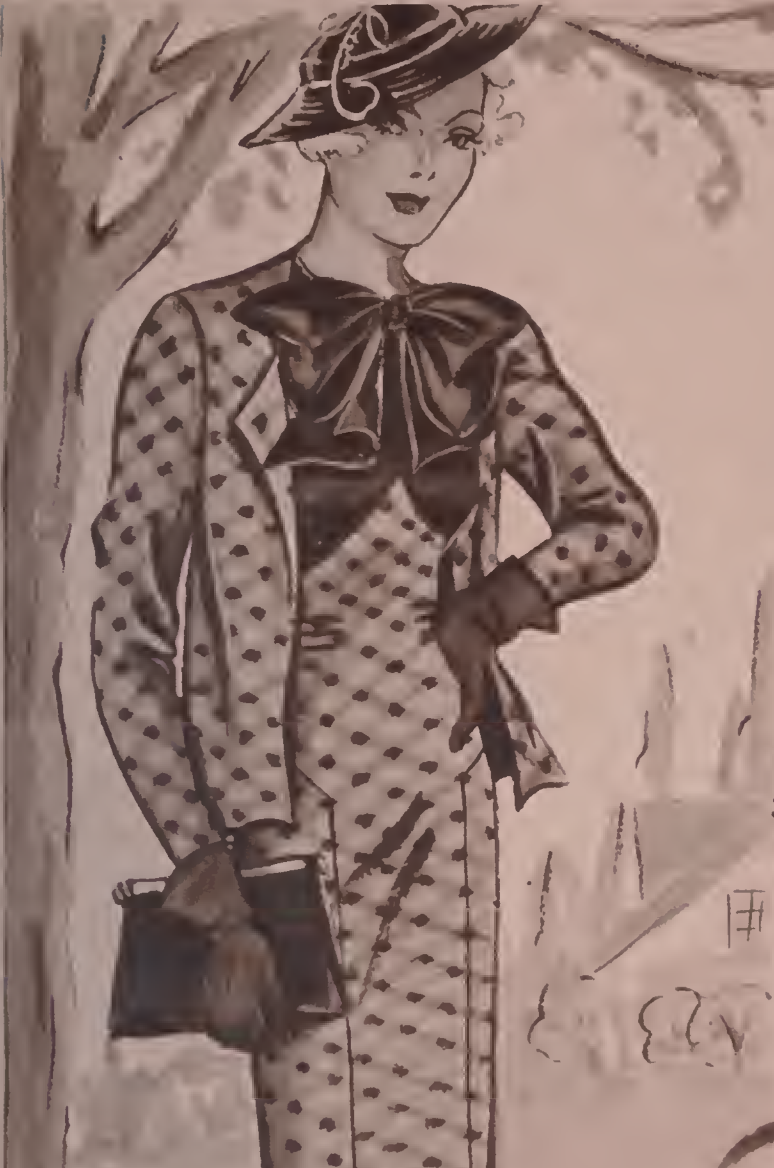
For further information regarding Movie Mirror's STAR FASHIONS, address Gwenn Walters, c/o Movie Mirror, 6715 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

MOVIE MIRROR PATTERN DEPARTMENT

All Patterns 15¢ each in stamps or coins (coins preferred)

Style No. 536—Here's a snappy little jacket dress in wine-red light weight waolen. It combines with plain taning satin crêpe, used for the bodice of the dress with flattering bow neckline. It's very easy and not in the least costly to make. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38 and 40-inches bust. Price, 15 cents.

Style No. 483—A charming model is this pattern which shows smart use of cantrast Paris is favaring for fall. A smart and wearable scheme is black or huckleberry crêpe satin with the dull and shiny surfaces utilized. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38 and 40-inches bust. Price, 15 cents.



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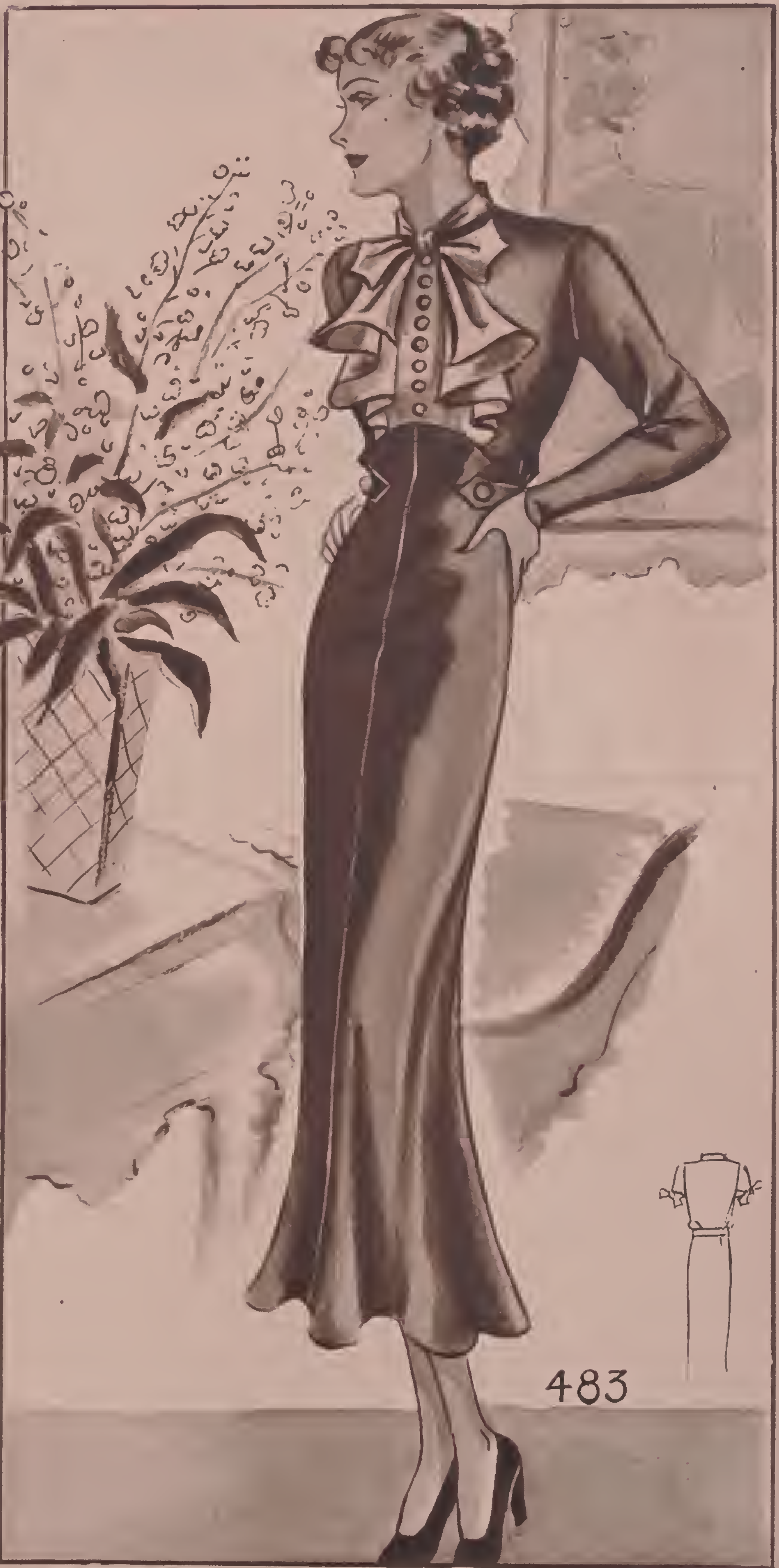

483

Movie Mirror Pattern Department
1926 Broadway, New York City

Please find enclosed.........................Send me

Nas.:	Sizes:
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Name..

Address..

His Mother REVEALS The Real DOUGLASS MONTGOMERY

It's No Cinch to Find Out What Dougsie Is All About—But His Mamma Knows—and Tells!

TALK to Hollywood writers and they'll say: "You won't get anywhere interviewing Douglass Montgomery. He'll take you to lunch and you'll have a swell time. And he'll draw you out in that charming, eager way he has—and you'll talk a lot, and he'll talk a lot about everything—yes, even about himself. Oh, he'll be ever so frank, and you'll be ever so pleased with yourself for getting him to talk so freely, and for having had such a grand time doing it. Then you'll walk away, think it all over, and discover that you have no story at all!"

And it's all distressingly true. In spite of his earnest desire to be accommodating to us poor, hard-driven journalists, and to tell us *nearly* everything we want to know—despite all his good intentions (and there never was a lad who had better ones)—young Douglass Montgomery is a human chameleon.

For Douglass is made of the stuff that true actors are made of. First, he's super-sensitive, highly impressionable, high-strung and susceptible. Second, he reacts to every new stimulus and idea as a good actor takes to a new role. He takes on its color. Temporarily, *he becomes that idea.* And, because he's intelligent and young (only 24), his ideas and moods are constantly changing.

He's forever playing one of a dozen alternate roles in actual life which make it impossible to put your finger on any outstanding characteristic and say: "Now there—*that's* the *genuine* Douglass Montgomery."

One day he's a languid, cynical man-of-the-world who is "tired of the futility of it all!" He'll take pains to tell you that he's really not half so nice as he looks—that he's *not* the *sweet* young gentleman he's supposed to be—the dear lad who appeals so strongly to middle-aged maiden ladies. "I've been quite a *round-about-er,*" he'll say, naively, putting on what he considers his most dissipated look.

The very next day you'll see him again and his complete change of personality will make you rub your eyes to make sure you're not dreaming. For this new Douglass will be brimful of animal spirits—and convinced that a nice *folksey* way of life—which includes a ranch in Jackson Hole, Wyoming, chickens, and a rosy-cheeked girl in a gingham apron—is the only life for him!

And the day after that, he'll be a veritable moon-calf of a boy, full of vague and poetic yearnings for strange and exotic adventures somewhere in far away, alien places.

Which may give you an idea how hard it is to get a true word picture of this rapidly ascending young star.

After two delightful lunches and no luck, I was doubly determined to find out "what made the wheels go round that certain way"—to get the real "low-down" on the *other* Montgomery. (He's not related to Robert, although he was christened *Robert Douglass.*)

SO one fine day I sallied forth to keep a tea engagement at the Vendome with his mother.

First she wanted to make sure I'd understand she wasn't a "stage mother." One glance at her and you'd know she most certainly was *not.* She's little and trim, exceptionally vivacious, and extremely well-bred. She's one of the oldest members of Pasadena society—she helped found the Los Angeles Symphony Society—and now she divides her time between doing charitable work without any personal glory and defending Douglass against the grim sallies of well-meaning but somewhat

by

stodgy friends and relatives who still believe that the *stage* or *screen* isn't quite the proper place for a young man of good family.

When "Dougsie" was three years old, his old nurse gave him a funny-looking tarlatan costume for a Christmas present. And that present thrilled him more than any of the elaborate toys and thingumagigs that were heaped around the family tree. He put it on immediately and every day after that he'd rig himself up in this outlandish garb and trail around in it by the hour, making gestures and striking attitudes.

You've read stories about infant musical prodigies and the first time they were allowed to hear or touch an instrument. Well, young "Dougsie" was like that over this odd rag of a costume. He had "grease paint in his veins" as Joseph Schildkraut remarked eleven years later when he rushed backstage at the Pasadena Playhouse to congratulate "that remarkable kid" who had given such a soul-scorching performance in "Lady With a Lamp."

"When I'd come home for tea," his mother told me, "I'd find him in the living room, with all the curtains drawn, trying to adjust the lamps for indirect lighting effects on the imaginary stage he'd built from odds and ends dragged down from the attic.

"In the summers at Edgecliffe—our house in the country—from the time he was six years old, 'Dougsie' made himself a menace to the whole household, including the servants, by insisting each evening that we

(*Continued on page* 100)

Mrs. Montgomery is one of the oldest members of Pasadena society. This picture was taken in the days when Doug was insisting that the whole family be audience to his home-made plays.

HILARY LYNN

The BARRETTS of

"Don't tell me you're afraid of me," he cried. "It's life you're afraid of! All these months I've been haunted by you; today you're the centre of my life." "But," Elizabeth whispered, "I'm a dying woman."

THE CAST

Elizabeth Barrett	**NORMA SHEARER**
Robert Browning	**FREDRIC MARCH**
Edward Moulton-Barrett	**CHARLES LAUGHTON**
Henrietta Barrett	**Maureen O'Sullivan**
Arabel Barrett	**Katharine Alexander**
Wilson	**Una O'Connor**
Harry Bevan	**Ian Wolfe**
Bella Hedley	**Marion Clayton**
Captain Surtees Cook	**Ralph Forbes**
Dr. Chambers	**Ferdinand Munier**
Dr. Ford-Waterlow	**Leo Carroll**
Flush	**Himself**

Directed by SIDNEY FRANKLIN

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"YOU know, my dear Miss Elizabeth, we doctors can't do everything. You've got to help me, you've got to want to get well. And, as a matter of fact, you oughtn't to live in England at all. Italy's the place for you . . . where there's sunshine!"

Elizabeth smiled at him, such a sad, listless smile for such a young face. "This is my Italy, doctor," she indicated the room. "This is all I want."

The room was pleasant enough, richly furnished in the heavy Victorian style of the times. Yet it reflected the exquisite sensibilities of its owner, for Elizabeth had spent most of her time in it for several years. This winter she had been particularly unwell.

"Rubbish!" Doctor Chambers exploded, and all the heavy gold charms on his watch-chain tinkled as he paced about. "That's just it. You don't want to go anywhere, see anybody. Confound it, girl, isn't there something you want to do?"

"I'm doing it!" she answered with a flash of animation. "I'm writing poetry, and there are those who think it not so bad."

"I'm sure of that . . . *but.*"

She went on: "Mr. Robert Browning has sent me several kind letters of approval."

The doctor stared at her. Her cheeks had flushed a little, some of the listlessness had gone.

"Humph, Browning, eh? Never heard of him."

"Oh, but you will hear of him some day." Her voice rang out in the quiet room and her little spaniel, Flush, looked up questioningly from his habitual place on her couch.

The doctor left shortly and Elizabeth returned to her book till her brothers and sisters trouped in to pay their call after dinner. They were very quiet, speaking in subdued voices.

"How was dinner?" Elizabeth asked. "Was Papa . . . ?"

Henrietta, the prettiest sister answered decisively: "He *was.* Dinner was awful. And I do hope that Dr. Chamber's report of you wasn't too good, for all our sakes."

"It won't be," Elizabeth answered ruefully.

Henrietta flung herself down beside Elizabeth's couch: "Dearest, forgive me! You know I didn't mean it, don't you? But Papa seems so depressed at any good news of your health."

Elizabeth put her arm across the girl's shoulder. "It isn't Papa's fault, I suppose," she said wearily. "In his way, he loves us all."

The clock on the mantel tinkled the hour and Henrietta ran to the window. "Eight o'clock! Oh Ba, he's there, standing beside the post-box. He's such a dear, and he has the darlingest whiskers. He'll wait for hours, hoping I can slip out for a moment."

Arabel was saying: "But Henrietta, you must realize that if there's one thing Papa will never permit, it's a marriage in the family. You remember those awful scenes when Mr. Palfrey wanted to marry you two years ago? It doesn't

WIMPOLE STREET

The immortal true love story from the M-G-M picture based on the play by Rudolf Besier

Fictionized by
DOROTHY EMERSON

She was in time to see him swing down the street and out of sight. "What has come over me?" she asked in wonder.

worry me at all, as no gentleman has ever attracted me in that way . . . nor you, dear," she added to Elizabeth. "Anything of that kind is quite out of the question for you."

"Me? No, of course not." Elizabeth answered absently, her fingers moving lovingly through the curls of the younger girl.

But it's different for you, Henrietta. Oh, what if Papa did own slaves once in Jamaica. He shouldn't try to carry on here. But no, we're all his slaves, just slaves. Nothing at all must happen without his sanction. We can't move hand or foot without his permission. We haven't a soul of our own, not one of us. Oh dearest, I'm sorry if I've upset you." For Elizabeth was frowning a little but she smiled at her sister.

"Ba dear, is there anything possible that can be said for Papa's attitude toward marriage? Can it possibly be wrong to want a man's love desperately and to long for babies of my own?"

Elizabeth's smile saddened. She said gently: "Love and babies are things I don't know very much about."

Henrietta broke in: "Yes, I know, dear. You're a woman apart. You're a great poetess. But love and babies are natural to an ordinary girl like me. And what's natural can't be wrong. . . ."

A knock at the door froze them into immobility, but they relaxed when it was only the butler with a note for Mr. George.

"It's from Papa, from his study!" George exclaimed as he tore it open. The girls were tense with expectation.

"Oh dear," Henrietta moaned in mock terror that had a disturbing undertone of genuineness. "When Papa starts sending notes from his study, look out for squalls."

"It's all right. It's jolly well all right!" George yelped excitedly. "He's going to Plymouth on business next week and he's not coming back for a fortnight."

The group chattered together with pleasure at the prospect of Papa's absence. Henrietta, in sheer exuberance of spirits, picked up her hoop-skirt and danced about the room. For the moment, they were a natural, happy family, but not for long.

From her couch, Elizabeth could see the door open, and the large, forbidding presence that stood there, coldly regarding the laughing young folk. She raised her voice: "Good evening, Papa," and the silence fell like a pall.

Mr. Barrett advanced to the fireplace, turned his back to it, and eyed each of his children singly. Then he spoke: "I am much displeased. I have pointed out, not once, but several times, that in your sister's precarious state of health, it is inadvisable for more than two or three of you to be in her room at the same time. My wishes in this matter have been disregarded as usual." He paused. No one stirred except Flush, who crept still further into the fold of a blanket, his ears back, his tail between his legs.

"You all know," the heavy, cold voice went on, "know very well that she must avoid any kind of excitement. I repeat, I am greatly displeased."

Elizabeth spoke up quickly: "But Papa, I like nothing better than a little noise occasionally."

Her father's attitude softened as it always did when he addressed her: "Perhaps you will forgive me saying, Elizabeth, that you are not the best judge of what is good or bad for you."

Then he turned on the cowering family: "Say goodnight to your sister and go."

One by one they filed past her couch, kissed her dutifully and went out. Barrett waited patiently till the door closed on the last of them. Then he drew a chair near to her and took her hand: "Why do you look at me like that, child? Are you frightened? Why, you are trembling!"

Flush had wriggled his soft little body under her arm, in an ecstasy of terror, and Elizabeth caressed his silky ears nervously: "I don't know . . ." she answered her father.

"You must not be frightened of me. You are everything in the world to me, you know that. Without you I should be quite alone. You know that, too. And if you love me, you can't be afraid of me, for perfect love casts out fear. You love me, darling? You love your father?"

He bent forward to catch her whispered "yes."

"Not feeling worse tonight, darling?"

"No, Papa."

"Just tired?"

"Yes, just tired."

He rose reluctantly: "I'd better leave you now. Shall I say a little prayer with you before I go?"

"Please, Papa."

Barrett knelt beside the couch and addressed his Jehovah: "Almighty and Merciful God. In Thine inscrutable wisdom, Thou hast seen good to lay on my daughter Elizabeth, grievous and heavy afflictions. For years hath she languished in sickness and for years, unless in Thy mercy Thou dost take her unto Thyself, she may languish on. Give her to bear her sufferings with patience. Give her to fix her heart and soul on Thee and on that heavenly eternity which may at any moment open out before her."

They joined in the Amen, and kissing her goodnight, Barrett went away.

Shortly after, Wilson, Elizabeth's devoted maid, came in and bustled about preparing her mistress for bed.

"Ah, what a pity! These flowers are dead just since this morning. I thought they'd live longer."

Elizabeth lifted the sere petals of the dead roses. "Nothing lives in this house," she said.

IN the morning, the rain had cleared. The sun came out and gilded the city. It even penetrated the ivy-covered windows of Elizabeth's room and made bright pattern on the valuable rug. Flush planted his small self in the middle of the biggest patch of yellow and snoozed contentedly.

Elizabeth was deep in a volume of Mr. Browning's poems which he had recently sent her. She was interrupted by Henrietta's knock.

"Oh Ba, it's such a heavenly day . . . so invigorating."

"Yes, dear. Did you mail my letter?"

"Indeed yes, and *he* was out there—Captain Cook. But I didn't dare stay long with him. Ba, it's so sweet, this correspondence of yours with Mr. Browning. They say he's wonderfully handsome, and quite the dandy. Don't you sometimes wish you could see him?"

Elizabeth put down her book. "Yes," she said. "If I could see and not be seen."

"Why?"

"Because at heart I'm as vain as a peacock. He thinks my verses stately and beautiful, and he probably thinks me the same. It would be so humiliating to disillusion him."

Henrietta replied lovingly: "Don't be silly, Ba! You're very interesting and picturesque."

Elizabeth's eyes twinkled: "Isn't that how the guidebooks usually describe a ruin? Oh, come in, Wilson."

Wilson advanced toward the couch, holding out a letter, a most peculiar expression on her angular face. "A gentle-

"Perhaps you will forgive me saying, Elizabeth, that you are not the best judge of what is good or bad for you." The father turned on the cowering family. "Say good night to your sister and go," he ordered.

"You don't know how I pity you, Papa," she whispered. "I don't want your pity!" he exclaimed. "In our new home we shall draw close to each other again. My darling, you must look up to me, depend on me, and lean on me."

man brought this and said he would wait for an answer."

"Who's it from?" Henrietta inquired, all interest. "Who's it from? Ba! You're blushing."

Elizabeth laughed tremulously: "No wonder! Listen to this:

> Dear Miss Barrett:
>
> I am unable to restrain my impatience to meet you and have taken upon myself to select today for that important occasion. I am at this moment seated in your front hall awaiting your permission to present myself. I might add that I shall continue to sit here until you ratify the earnest desire that prompts my impertinent persistence.
>
> Sincerely your . . ."

Elizabeth took a deep breath and pronounced the name: "Robert Browning."

Henrietta was in raptures: "I like this Mr. Browning! Ba, you must see him." With much cajoling, she persuaded her sister. "There, you look quite nice. Your curls are darling, and I'll just arrange the coverlet!"

Wilson and Henrietta withdrew, and then Elizabeth was facing Robert Browning. He stood in the doorway, a vital, erect figure, bringing into the stuffy room a lift of spirit that made itself felt before he uttered a word. His glance dwelt inquiringly on the lovely though fragile woman who raised herself from her cushions to greet him.

Strange contrast, this man and this woman, meeting through the seemingly impersonal bond of their work, yet drawn to each other by a cadence discerned in each other's poetry, that had nothing to do with rhyme schemes, but which spoke imperatively to their hearts.

And now, Robert Browning, unable longer to deny this pull, had sought her out. And she, timidly, fearful of him, of herself, of reality, was face to face with the man whose beautiful poems had so moved her.

"Yes, yes!" he cried. "This is all just as I knew it would be."

"I beg your pardon?" she said faintly, a little overwhelmed by his buoyancy.

"And that voice! I have heard it a thousand times."

"How strange . . . as you know from my letters, I've not been at all well this winter." She sought refuge in the conventionalities. "Won't you take off your cape and sit down?"

"Thank you." Off came the cape in a swirl. He marched to her couch, drew near a chair, and stretched out in it. "Directly after I read your brave and lovely verses, I was greedy for anything and everything I could get about you. I pestered those of my friends who might know."

"What they must have told you about poor me, I quite blush to imagine."

"Nothing they told me about you personally had the slightest interest for me, because I knew it already, and better than they!"

"But . . . oh, Mr. Browning, do my poor writings give me so hopelessly away?"

"Hopelessly, utterly, entirely, to *me*. I can't speak for the rest of the world."

"Tell me, did your fancy paint my background with a very gloomy brush?"

"The background possibly, but the portrait of you I had painted, the true soul of you, ardent and lovely, looking out . . ."

"Ardent and lovely! And you think you know me. Oh Mr. Browning, too often impatient and rebellious."

"Well, what of it?" Mr. Browning absently patted Flush who had drawn near to investigate this strange visitor. "I've no love for a perfect patience (*Continued on page 90*)

MOVIES of the MONTH

(✓ Check for good pictures.)
(✓✓ Double check for extraordinary ones you shouldn't miss.)

by

JERRY ASHER

"House Wife" is a human story of everyday people, worth seeing. The picture shows Ann Dvorak, the wife and mother, George Brent, the plodding husband, and Ronnie Cosby, the little boy.

Hollywood is just beginning to emerge from that summer slump, although the percentage of bad pictures is still higher than it should be. Notable for excellence is the long-awaited Shearer picture, "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," which brings you Freddie March and Charles Laughton as capable foils for Norma, who does her best acting to date. "Hide-out" and Harold Lloyd's first film in a long while, "The Cat's Paw," come in for praise. Three pictures get emphatic razzberries. Well, maybe the fall will see the elimination of these mediocrities.

✓"House Wife" (Warner Bros.)

You'll See: *George Brent, Bette Davis, Ann Dvorak, Hobart Cavanaugh, Ruth Donnelly, Robert Barratt, John Halliday.*

It's About: *A young couple, marriage and money.*

Here's another one of those domestic problem pictures made interesting by the capable way in which the actors play their roles. Maybe some day an author will hit on the idea of a poor but happy couple, who *do not* immediately snarl at each other the minute the husband makes good.

As far as stories go, this one is no different from the rest. But Ann Dvorak's sincerity as the wife and mother, who saves money and inspires her husband on to bigger things, makes this all very believable. George Brent, as the plodding husband, who used to be a hero on the football field is splendid. Of course there has to be another woman. Bette Davis is the lady and is splendid in a small role.

There's plenty of comedy and good old hokum in this picture. Hobart Cavanaugh and Ruth Donnelly, as a couple of inlaws, are there for laughs and do their job well. The situations and plot are real enough to appeal to Mr. Average Audience. However, if you have your own plumber's bill to pay and the kiddie to get off to school, this picture might not strike you as an ideal way to forget yourself for an evening.

Your Reviewer Says: A human story of everyday people.
For Children: They'll get some laughs.

✓✓"The Barretts of Wimpole Street" (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Norma Shearer, Charles Laughton, Fredric March, Maureen O'Sullivan, Una O'Connor, Ralph Forbes, others.*

It's About: *The love of Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning complicated by the false devotion of Elizabeth's tyrannical father.*

If you liked Norma Shearer's "Smiling Through" you will adore this, for it has the same depth of charm, the same loveliness of feeling, and even more romance and drama.

The semi-invalid daughter of one of those great Victorian families starts writing poetry and through her published works meets the greatest poet of the day, Robert Browning. They fall in love instantly. But the girl's father has never allowed any one of his nine children to marry. The drama comes from the conflict of wills between Browning, Elizabeth and the father.

That, briefly, is the story but no outline can convey to you the poignant, merry and romantic moments of the picture. It must be seen. It must be seen, too, for the practically perfect performances of its distinguished cast. You

In "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," Maureen O'Sullivan is sister of ailing Elizabeth Barrett, played magnificently by Norma Shearer. Charles Laughton is the father.

A Truly Dependable Movie Guide in Which Our Reviewer Gives You an Honest Estimate of the Latest Pictures

In "The Cat's Paw," not quite as funny as its predecessors, Harold Lloyd is at his best. Una Merkel, not in the dire scene, right, is a swell heroine.

will be astounded by little Maureen O'Sullivan as the rebellious sister. Freddy March is devastatingly romantic. Laughton glowers and glows as the father. Una O'Connor is delicious as the maid. But it is to Norma Shearer in the final instance that the laurels must go. She attains her maturity here as a great artist. Her work is refined to the point of genius as she touches your heart with love and tenderness.

Your Reviewer Says: A beautiful picture for those who love romance.

For Children: For the older ones.

✓"The Cat's Paw" (Fox)

You'll See: *Harold Lloyd, Una Merkel, George Barbier, Nat Pendleton, Warren Hymer, Vince Barnett, Alan Dinehart, Fuzzy Knight.*

It's About: *A young missionary from China, who returns to the civilized world to find himself a wife and becomes involved in a mess of underhanded politics.*

Harold Lloyd puts too much sincere effort into his pictures to ever produce a bad one. Yet this is not up to the usual excellence of Lloyd productions. To be sure there's plenty of plot and material. The situations are well worked out and intelligently handled. The main fault lies in the lack of enough humor to bring the laughs.

Harold plays the role of a young missionary, brought up among the Chinese. When he reaches manhood, he returns to America to find a mother for his children. He falls into the hands of a crooked political gang in his father's small home town who put him up as their candidate for Mayor. Through his own simple-mindedness, he is elected. The political machine tries to run the city through their hold on him. But he takes matters into his own hand and resorts to ancient and amusing Chinese methods, aided by the philosophy of one Ling Po, and rids the city of graft and corruption. It is distinctly the best acting Harold has ever done.

The "mother of his children" is found in the person of Una Merkel, who plays Petunia Pratt, a ciga counter girl brightly. Nat Pend ton, as a gangster with a wide yello streak, is excellent. George Barbie as the politician, gives a swell performance.

Your Reviewer says: Not the best Lloyd picture, but well worth seeing.

For Children: It is.

✓"Now and Forever" (Paramount)

You'll See: *Gary Cooper, Carole Lombard, Shirley Temple, Sir Guy Standing, Charlotte Granville, Gilbert Emery, Henry Kolker.*

It's About: *The rejuvenation of a gentleman crook, who is shown the right way, by the love and faith of his infant daughter.*

Here's something new in the way of story material. And, believe it or not, there's a great moral lesson that almost makes the unhappy ending a welcome one. Gary Cooper, getting better by the moment, plays a polished and charming crook. He hates life and is joined in this outlook by Carole Lombard, who is willing to follow him around the world for the thrill of their (*Continued on page* 66)

"Now and Forever"—a splendid picture — again gives Shirley Temple a chance to bring sweetness and light into the life of unworthies. The adults are Gary Cooper and Carole Lombard. You'll love 'em.

THE EDITOR SAYS:

The Best Picture of the Month: "The Barretts of Wimpole Street."
The Best Performance: Norma Shearer as Elizabeth Barrett.
Runner-Up: Maureen O'Sullivan as Henrietta Barrett.
The Worst Picture of the Month: "Straight is the Way" (M-G-M).
Picture Thief of the Month: Mickey Rooney in "Hide-out" (M-G-M).

Ruth Waterbury

THE GREAT "STAR" CONTEST ENDS!

$1,000.00

IN CASH PRIZES TO BE AWARDED THE WINNERS

GET YOUR ENTRY IN ON TIME!

WITH the correct reconstruction and identification of the four composite pictures of great folk of moviedom which appear below, your contest entry will be complete. Now is the time to get out the first two sets of pictures, eight in all, which you have been holding for the publication of this page. This will give you a set of twelve pictures ready to submit. As you prepare your entry keep simplicity in mind. Elaboration is unnecessary if your reconstructions and identifications are accurate. Neatness is required. Ornamentation is not. In mailing your entry make sure that sufficient postage is affixed. Place your own name and address on the wrapper to avoid mistakes. All entries must be received on or before October 15, 1934. Winners will be announced in the earliest possible issue. Watch for them.

THE PRIZES

First Prize	$400.00
Second Prize	150.00
Third Prize	50.00
Ten Prizes, *Each* $10.00	100.00
Twenty Prizes, *Each* $5.00	100.00
100 Prizes, *Each* $2.00	200.00

Total 133 Prizes, $1,000.00

THE RULES

1. Each month for three months MOVIE MIRROR will publish a set of composite pictures of well-known screen personalities.

2. Each set of composites, when cut apart and correctly assembled will make four complete portraits. To compete, simply assemble the portraits and identify them.

3. For the nearest correctly assembled, named, and neatest complete sets of twelve portraits MOVIE MIRROR will award $1,000.00 in cash prizes according to the prize schedule herewith. In case of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

4. Do not send in Incomplete sets. Wait until you have all twelve portraits.

5. Below each portrait write the name of the person it represents.

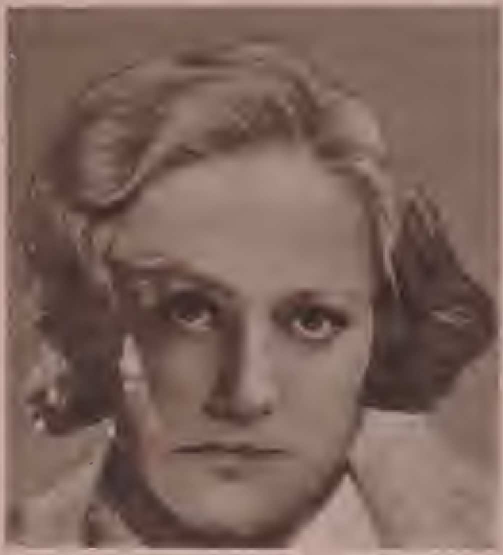
6. When your entry Is complete, send it by First Class Mail to GREAT "STARS" CONTEST, MOVIE MIRROR, P.O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department. Make sure your name and address are plainly marked.

7. No contestant shall be entitled to more than one award. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

8. Accuracy will count. Neatness will count. Elaborateness is unnecessary. Simplicity is best. No entries will be returned.

9. All entries must be received on or before Monday, October 15, 1934, the closing date of this contest. The judges will be the contest board of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and by entering you agree to accept their decision as final.

SET No. 3



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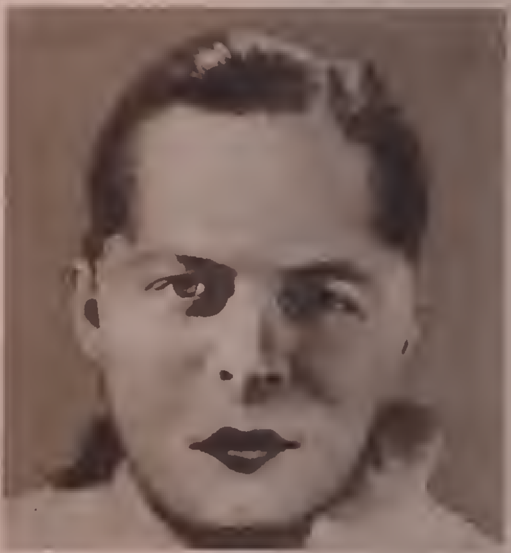

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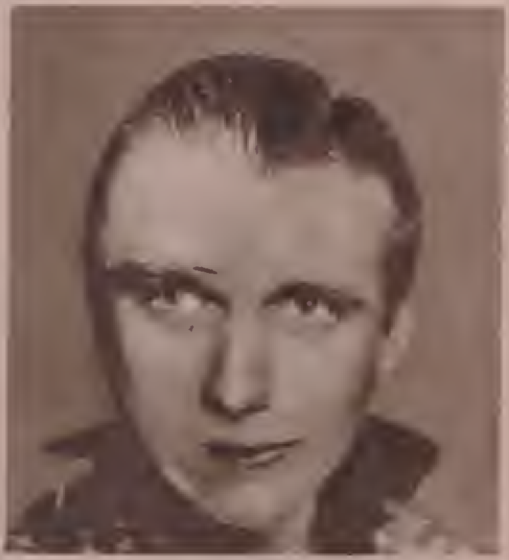

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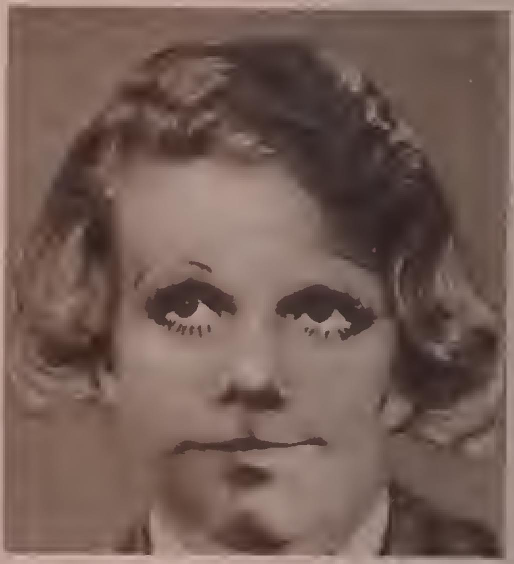

Name..........................

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WATCH FOR THE LIST OF WINNERS' NAMES!

Happy the Bride

...WITH A LOVELY CAMAY COMPLEXION!

HAPPY THE BRIDE the sun shines on—and the bride whose complexion is as fresh as her flowers! The clear, lovely skin that comes with Camay is a charm every bride should possess!

Choose the Soap of Beautiful Women for *your* beauty soap. Before very long, your skin will feel smoother. The new clear quality of your complexion will improve your looks. For Camay's rich, creamy lather is a beauty lotion for the delicate feminine skin.

Everyone Admires The Girl with a Lovely Skin

Most women would not care to take part in a Beauty Contest of the bathing-girl type. Yet every woman, whether pretty or plain, is in a daily Beauty Contest. Day after day your friends and your family judge your looks. And you're sure to win their admiration if you have a lovely, clear Camay Complexion!

"I'm very careful to avoid harsh soaps," said one lovely young bride. "Camay's lather is very gentle. I use it because it keeps my complexion so smooth and fresh-looking."

"I adore the delicate fragrance Camay has," said a sweet-looking girl of sixteen. "Camay is so refreshing in my bath."

Try Camay and convince yourself! It's such a mild, delicate beauty soap, of such generous lather, that it is almost sure to benefit your complexion. Get several cakes of Camay today. It comes in a smart green and yellow wrapper, fresh-sealed in Cellophane.

Copr. 1934, Procter & Gamble Co.

CAMAY
THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN
CAMAY
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CAMAY . . . THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

READ **FREE** OFFER BELOW

Now! *an Eyelash Make-up that gives the alluring effect of*

LONG, LOVELY LASHES

so fascinating to men!

FROM Paris comes the secret of this super-mascara called Winx. Instantly, it gives your lashes a natural accent. It makes skimpy, pale lashes look luxurious, sparkling, *alive!*

You'll never realize the power of beautiful eyes until you try Winx—my perfected formula of mascara that keeps lashes soft, alluring. Your eyes—framed with Winx lashes—will have new mystery, new charm, I promise you.

So safe—smudge-proof, non-smarting, tear-proof—Winx is refined to the last degree. Yet so quick to apply—a morning application lasts until bed-time.

Millions of women prefer Winx to ordinary mascara. New friends are adopting Winx every day. Without delay, you, too, should learn the easy art of having lustrous Winx lashes. Just go to any toilet counter and buy Winx. Darken your lashes—note the instant improvement.

To introduce Winx to new friends, note my trial offer below. Note, too, my Free Booklet offer, "Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them". I not only tell of the care of lashes, but also what to do for eyebrows, how to use the proper eye-shadow, how to treat "crow's feet", wrinkles, etc. . . . LOUISE ROSS.

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Darkens lashes perfectly

FREE Merely send Coupon for "Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them"

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If you also want a generous trial package of Winx Mascara, enclose 10c, checking whether you wish ☐ Black or ☐ Brown.

Movies of the Month

(*Continued from page 63*)

aimless existence of leisure unearned.

Learning of his former wife's death, Gary returns to her family and demands seventy-five thousand dollars or the custody of his child. The money is all he is interested in until he meets his own offspring. She is Shirley Temple and immediately wins her way right into his heart. He takes her back to Europe and Carole. He even tries to go straight and take a thirty-five dollar a week job. In the meantime, Carole has fallen in love with him and realizes the baby stands in her way. The baby gets sick and acquires bad manners due to her surroundings.

Gary steals an emerald necklace to get the money to send the baby away to school. The owner of the necklace, an eccentric old woman wants to adopt the baby. The baby finds out her father is a thief and she is heartbroken. It is then that the drama and tragedy mount to a thrilling climax. As the father, Gary Cooper is charming. Carole Lombard is beautifully emotional. Shirley Temple—well see for yourself, we were a bit disappointed.

Your Reviewer Says: It's splendid.

For Children: Not advisable.

"A Hat, A Coat, A Glove" (RKO)

You'll See: *Ricardo Cortez, Barbara Robbins, John Beal, Sara Haden, others.*

It's About: *A famous lawyer, an estranged wife, and a lover, charged with murder.*

This is a long drawn out story that loses interest because of the slow manner in which it unfolds.

Ricardo Cortez is a neglected lawyer whose wife leaves him for a young artist. In an attempt to win her back, the lawyer calls at the artist's studio. There he finds a drunken girl, the boy's former conquest. In a sullen rage she commits suicide in the presence of the lawyer. At the time the artist is with the lawyer's wife.

The artist is held for murder and the lawyer is persuaded by his wife to save her lover from the gallows. John Beal and Barbara Robbins do all they can with their impossible rôles—which isn't much.

Your Reviewer Says: An interesting story handled very badly.

For Children: No.

"Elmer and Elsie" (Paramount)

You'll See: *George Bancroft, Roscoe Karns, Frances Fuller, George Barbier, Nella Walker, Albert Conti.*

It's About: *A dumb truck driver, who sets out to become selfmade without the aid of the little woman, who really turns the trick for him.*

You're going to get the shock of your young life when you see big George Bancroft in his latest flicker. After years of tearing screen bad men limb from limb, the hard-berled Mr. Bancroft suddenly becomes soft.

The picture opens with Bancroft and "Rocky" Karns, driving a truck for the Kincaid Piano Company. They are also room-mates who both ridicule the idea of marriage. But a little music teacher comes to town, in the person of Frances Fuller. George falls hard and she leads him to the altar.

His boss is also controlled by his wife, but he too believes that a man, to be self-made, must stand on his own two feet. It all gets pretty involved with the wives wearing the pants, while the husbands moon around. Best thing in the picture is Roscoe Karns' swell characterization as the other truck driver and George Barbier, as the rotund boss of the piano factory.

Your Reviewer Says: It's pretty awful.

For Children: It's *very* clean.

"Straight Is the Way" (MGM)

You'll See: *Franchot Tone, May Robson, Karen Morley, Nat Pendleton, Gladys George, Jack La Rue, William Bakewell, C. Henry Gordon.*

It's About: *Eastside racketeering, a mother's love for her son and his struggle between good and evil.*

Evidently M-G-M had a lot of good talent they wanted to waste, so they decided to remake an old picture called "Four Walls."

In the first place they couldn't make up their minds whether or not to admit it was a Jewish play with Jewish characters. So they just hinted at it so that the characters and dialogue did anything but ring true. Then they unseat the entire production with May Robson as a Jewish mother, the highbrow Franchot Tone as an East Side Jewish gangster and Karen Morley as a downtrodden Jewish sweetheart. Nobody survives—and no wonder.

Your Reviewer Says: It's all too bad.

For Children: They'd be bored.

✓ "Whom the Gods Destroy" (Columbia)

You'll See: *Robert Young, Walter Connolly, Doris Kenyon, Henry Kolker, Rollo Lloyd, Henrietta Crossman.*

It's About: *A great theatrical producer, who turns coward during a shipwreck and is forced to remain dead to his family until his grown son brings them together.*

Walter Connolly is boosted to stardom in this one and turns in a performance of touching realism.

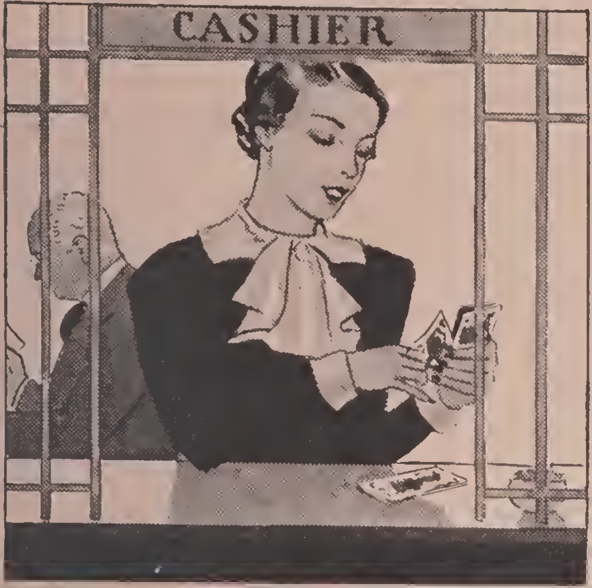
As the famous theatrical producer, Connolly is returning from triumphs in Europe, with his wife and small son. His success in the theatre is only surpassed by his great love for his family. There is a shipwreck and after helping to save the women and children, he realizes that he cannot bear to remain separated from his loved ones. Dressed in woman's clothes he makes his escape in the life-boat.

By assuming the name of a radical who was killed during the shipwreck, he is able to establish himself in a new world. Filled with remorse, he remains dead as far as his family is concerned. He goes down and down, until finally he is forced to squander his great talent in a puppet show. His son, now grown to manhood, attempts to carry on his father's work. Finally they are brought together and from then on the drama is breath-taking in interest.

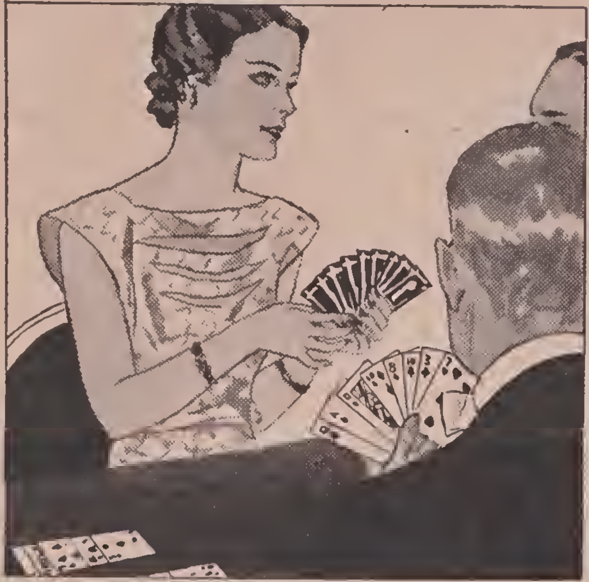
(*Continued on page 68*)

Isn't It A Shame!

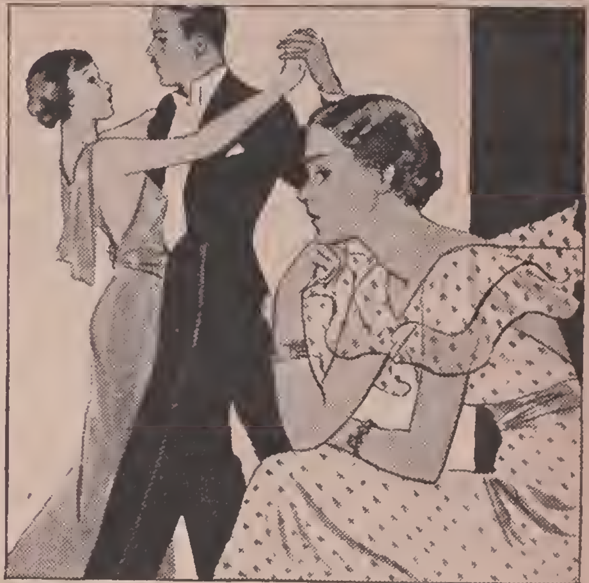
SHE'S TERRIBLY IMPORTANT AT THE BANK!—BUT OH, HER TERRIBLE TEETH!



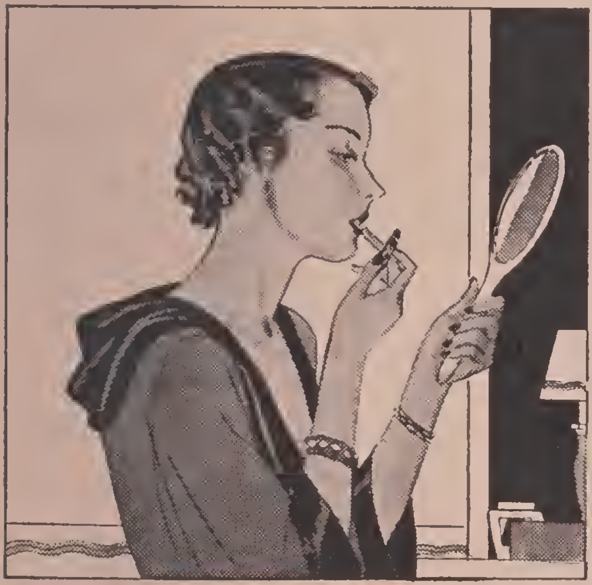
Helen's eyes are brilliant—and her hair lies in soft, natural waves. She's charming to look at, and invaluable at the bank. But—there's a "but" about Helen.



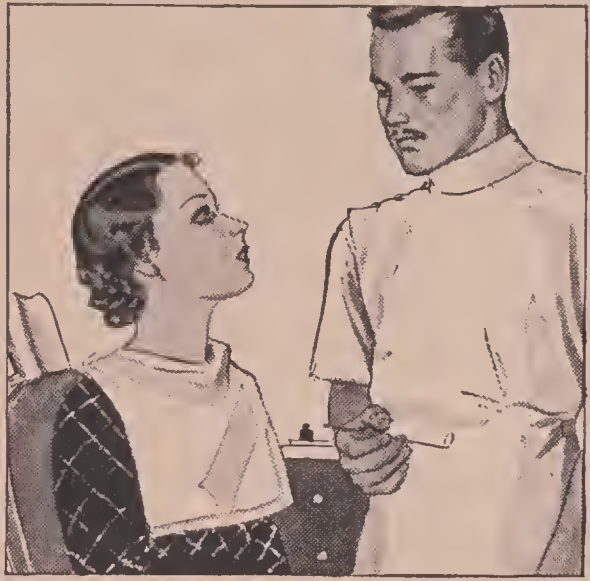
And Helen's contract is so marvelous that she could go into tournaments if she didn't work in a bank! But—the "but" about Helen gives her many a bad moment.



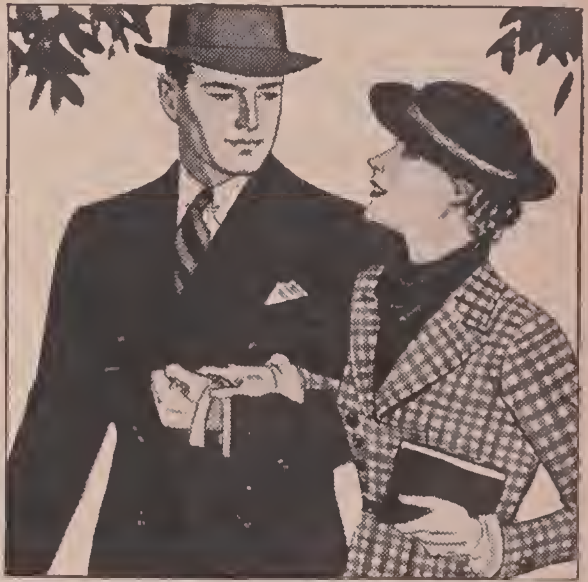
Men like Helen—they like to play bridge with her. But they don't like to dance with her—and they never propose. For the "but" about Helen is her teeth!



When Helen touches up her pretty lips with lipstick—can't she see that her teeth look dreadful? They're dingy. "Pink tooth brush" could easily be the cause of that!



Helen's dentist would soon explain that tender, bleeding gums need massage with Ipana. With Ipana and daily massage—her gums would soon improve.



Once Helen's teeth were bright and attractive again—there'd be plenty of young men asking her out to dinner and to dance! Romance would come running her way!

Avoid "Pink Tooth Brush" with Ipana and Massage!

IF YOU—like Helen—have allowed your teeth to become dingy and ugly because you have allowed "pink tooth brush" to go on and on—get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste.

Clean your teeth twice a day with Ipana. It is a splendid modern tooth paste which cleans not only the surfaces of the teeth—but deep into every tiny crevice. It really *cleans* your teeth. Then—because Ipana contains *ziratol*, which aids in stimulating and toning tender gums—massage a *little extra Ipana directly into your gums.*

Today's foods are neither crunchy nor coarse enough to exercise your gums properly. That is why gums today tend to become flabby and tender—and to leave a trace of "pink" upon your tooth brush. "Pink tooth brush" may be the first step toward gum troubles as serious as gingivitis and Vincent's disease. It not only may *dull* your teeth—but may *endanger* your teeth.

But with Ipana and massage, the dangers from "pink tooth brush" are minimized—and your teeth shine out when you talk and smile!

TUNE IN THE "HOUR OF SMILES" AND HEAR THE IPANA TROUBADOURS WEDNESDAY EVENINGS — WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N. B. C. STATIONS

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE

GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS
IPANA
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
TOOTH PASTE
BRISTOL-MYERS
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VISIT
"A CENTURY OF PROGRESS"

SEE IPANA MADE FROM START TO FINISH
See the Ipana Electrical Man. General Exhibits Group Building No. 4—Chicago, June—October, 1934.

A PINCUSHION !

THEN

I found Hold·Bobs with *invisible* heads

Don't let the ugly, protruding heads of ordinary bob pins ruin *your* coiffure. HOLD-BOBS are different . . . their small, round heads hide themselves in your hair and add beauty to every hairdress.

And—HOLD-BOBS hold each lock securely—thanks to the flexible, tapered legs, one side crimped. HOLD-BOBS have smooth, round, non-scratching points. And—HOLD-BOBS' newest feature—harmonizing colors to match every shade of hair—is your assurance of a perfect hairdress.

GET YOUR GIFT CARD TODAY!

See for yourself how utterly different HOLD-BOBS are. Try a card at our expense. Just check your color, and mail the coupon today.

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Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd.
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Straight Style HOLD-BOB

SMALL, INVISIBLE HEADS

Curved Shape Style

Gold and Silver Metal Foil cards identify HOLD-BOBS everywhere . . . made in all sizes and colors to meet every requirement. Also sold under brand name of BOB-ETTES.

NRA

MAIL COUPON *for Gift* CARD

The Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co., Dept. O-104, Chicago, Ill.
I want to know more about these new HOLD-BOBS that match my hair. Please send me a free sample card and new hair culture booklet.

Name..

Address..

City.............................. State..............................
☐ Gray and Platinum ☐ Blonde ☐ Brown
☐ Auburn ☐ Brunette

Copyright 1934 by The Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co.

(*Continued from page* 66)

Robert Young as the grown son, has never looked better or been more excellent. The entire cast and the director have done their work to perfection.

Your Reviewer Says: A really entertaining picture.

For Children: Dramatic but clean.

✓✓ "Hide-Out" (MGM)

You'll See: *Robert Montgomery, Maureen O'Sullivan, Edward Arnold, Elizabeth Patterson, Mickey Rooney, Whitford Kane, C. Henry Gordon, Louise Henry.*

It's About: *A Broadway racketeer who hides out on a farm and what the farm and the farmer's daughter do to him.*

Robert Montgomery appears in a new role, that of a hard-boiled racketeer, which will be a surprise to the Montgomery public. Yet never has Bob been more entertaining and this picture affords him his best part in several seasons.

Bob is "Lucky Wilson," a bad Broadway playboy who plays a shake down game with night club owners. He also goes in for blondes in a big way. One night when the law is closing in on him he makes his escape to a little Connecticut farm. He hides out there while he recovers from the bullet wound police have given him, and true love in the figure of the farmer's daughter enters his life.

The picture is packed with laughter and suspense and the love scenes between Bob and Maureen O'Sullivan are exquisite.

The whole cast is splendid. Elizabeth Patterson is great as the mother. So, too, is Whitford Kane as the father. And do watch Mickey Rooney as "Little Willie." It's the funniest kid performance in months.

Your Reviewer Says: A fine picture.

For Children: Yes, indeed!

What! No Wedding Bells?

(*Continued from page* 31)

stage or screen brings a certain happiness. But you are always straining yourself to give your best, worrying for fear you won't succeed.

"I guess I feel that there is nothing on earth so wonderful as a happy marriage on account of mumsy and my father," she went on. "After twenty-three years of married life they are still sweethearts. Mumsy is miserable when she is away from father. She came over here with me as she thought I was too young to come so far alone. But if I stay on another year I will insist that she go back to London. I have all of my life before me. Mumsy must not lose any more of the precious years left with my father."

When asked if she would want to go on with her career if she married, Ida said no most emphatically.

"You know what I would love?" she asked. "A cute little farm with a darling cottage in England. A husband who would want to do the things I love and one I would love to do the things he wanted. For instance, pop into town in a cart with the dogs. Or put on old clothes and go for a long tramp through England like Leslie Fenton and Ann Dvorak did. There is a couple for you! What pals they are! What fun they get out of life!

"There would be no babies the first year. It would take that length of time to adapt ourselves to each other. Then I would want a boy. Then a girl. Comradeship with your husband! That is the important thing for happiness."

Suddenly Ida became very quiet. She sat staring into space as though she could see that cottage in England.

"Is there a boy back there?" I asked.

She looked up with a shy smile. "Yes. In London. I didn't appreciate him when I went away. I would give anything if he were here. No matter what I did he never reproached me. He would protect me with his life. 'Leave Lupino alone,' he would say when anyone teased me."

THE next two girls I talked with—Patricia Ellis and Anita Louise—although barely eighteen, had made definite plans about marriage and career.

"Marriage at this time would undoubtedly be bad for me," said Patricia. "The fans don't like the idea of marriage of their favorites. And at this stage of my career I cannot afford to let anything interfere with my progress. As a child I started on the stage and it is to the stage that I hope to return. I intend to let nothing stand in my way."

"It wouldn't be fair to myself or the man I married if I gave up my career and married," said Anita Louise. "All of my life I have been building for a career. I couldn't be satisfied to settle down to married life. I am the most disagreeable person in the world when I am idle.

"Tom Brown with whom I have been going for a year and a half and I came very near getting married a few months ago. Sometimes it is awfully hard to wait. But we know it is best that we should. As time goes on our ideas change. Each of us should have time to become established before we marry. Then we may be able to work it out more satisfactorily."

Then I met little Rochelle Hudson. She came off the "set" over at the Fox studio holding out her sticky fingers to her colored maid. In the scene just shot Will Rogers had been showing Rochelle and her beau how to pull taffy candy.

"I would give up my career any time I fell deeply in love," she said. "And I would not want to go on with it after I married. I have a one-track mind, I guess. I don't think I could do two big things like acting and marriage well at one time.

"You see," she went on, "with a career you accomplish something very fine and satisfying—but it doesn't last. While marriage—Well! A happy marriage should last a life time.

"I am a reincarnation of what my mother wanted to be," she smiled. "As a job I like acting. But the glamor, the excitement does not mean a lot to me. A happy marriage would be far more important."

When Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres dropped in to my house to say "hello" Ginger and I became involved in a lengthy discussion on career and marriage. Among

(*Continued on page* 70)

I DON'T BLAME YOU FOR BEING PLEASED MY DEAR! YOUR COMPLEXION'S A KNOCKOUT—NOW YOU'RE REMOVING COSMETICS THE HOLLYWOOD WAY!

Sally's pretty and Sally's *smart!*

Yes, indeed I use cosmetics! But by removing them regularly with **Lux Toilet Soap** I guard against Cosmetic Skin
LUX
TOILET SOAP

MIRIAM HOPKINS STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S "SHE LOVES ME NOT"

She uses cosmetics as she always has but removes them thoroughly the Hollywood way—guards against unattractive Cosmetic Skin!

SCREEN STARS are wise in the ways of loveliness! And thousands of clever girls all over the country are adopting Hollywood's beauty care to guard against unattractive Cosmetic Skin—keep their complexions exquisite.

Have *you* seen warning signals of this distressing modern complexion trouble—enlarged pores, tiny blemishes, dullness—blackheads, perhaps?

Cosmetics need not harm even delicate skin unless they are allowed to *choke the pores*. Many a girl who *thinks* she removes cosmetics thoroughly actually leaves bits of stale rouge and powder in the pores day after day. Then the pores become clogged, distended—Cosmetic Skin develops.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Lux Toilet Soap removes cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its ACTIVE lather sinks deeply into the pores, carries away *every vestige* of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. Before you apply fresh make-up—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night, use this gentle white soap!

NRA CODE

(*Continued from page* 68)

other things Ginger, who has had a tough break in getting to the top, said: "I wouldn't be afraid that marriage would hurt my career. And marriage can be just as successful in Hollywood as in any other place. It is the personalities involved that make a happy marriage. People are like chemicals. The right combination makes a perfect mixture. The wrong explodes.

"When people ask me if I am going to get married I generally answer no," she explained. "That answer is always safe and usually forestalls questions.

"However, if I do marry my career must go on. My career, however, would never come between me and the man I married. I would see to that."

CLAIRE TREVOR, who admits that she relishes her financial independence and dotes on her career, says simply. "I would give up both for a happy marriage. After all, the life of an actress is not a normal existence. The thrill of success, the glamor of achievement is marvelous to have experienced. But the continuation of success upon the stage or screen is so uncertain. Success or failure is largely due to luck. A lucky break shoots you to the top. A tough break skids you to the bottom. I much prefer a happy marriage."

Gail Patrick, the efficient, capable, slim beauty from Alabama was the last girl to whom I talked. Gail, who studied to be a lawyer but whose beauty and charm Hollywood could not see wasted inside a barren court room. Gail is a fatalist. All her statements were prefaced or closed with, "You can't beat Fate."

"Marriage in Hollywood is treacherous," she said. "I would be afraid to try it. I often ask myself why there are so few successful marriages here. Do the wife and husband outgrow one another? Do they discover they are incompatible so soon after taking the marriage vows? Is marriage a partnership that can't work out satisfactorily here? It scares me."

Gail frankly admits that she prizes her independence. "I like to be myself. Do what I want to do whenever I want to. Jump in my car and go where I please. Be quiet or gay. Humor myself. No one but my own family"—Gail is an only daughter with two adoring brothers—"could put up with me.

"No, I don't like to admit even to myself that I would give up my independence for marriage."

Out of this group of fourteen girls, all of whom have made hits in pictures filmed at major studios, only three are willing to give up their careers for marriage, with three others admitting a possibility of marriage providing they can go on with their careers. This looks as though matrimony in Hollywood were taking a back seat for career.

Is it because Hollywood with its many brief marriages ending in the divorce courts has set a discouraging example for these new aspirants to film fame? Partly. Each one of these lovely young girls referred to that. On the other hand here is youth—ambitious for fame, wealth and success. The artist is always selfish. To get to the top it is often necessary to sacrifice everybody and everything. They feel, perhaps, that it is wisest and safest to follow the advice of the philosopher who said, "He travels fastest who travels alone."

In the next issue of MOVIE MIRROR *the young actors of Hollywood tell Rilla Page Palmborg their daring views on marriage. Now that you've read the beliefs of the girls, you won't want to miss the other side of the picture—their ideas will surprise you.*

Inside Stuff

(*Continued from page* 15)

WHEN Lee Tracy found out his mother was coming to visit him in Hollywood, he mapped out a campaign worthy of a princess. The day after her arrival Mrs. Tracy ran across two of her old friends from their home town. So Lee changed all the plans so they would include his mother's friends. Now he's having the time of his life getting their reaction to night life in Hollywood.

* * *

DID you know that Margaret Sullavan and Peggy Hopkins Joyce both come from the same town, Norfolk, Va., but have never met?

Or that Marlene Dietrich cooks practically all of her little girl's food, herself?

And that Ronnie Coleman besides contributing to the Motion Picture Relief Fund also sends a generous check to the Actors Fund in New York which always arrives before any drives have begun.

* * *

RECENTLY Joan Crawford gave a dinner and black ties were in order. Walter Winchell, who never dresses for occasions, was one of the invited. History was practically made when Walter arrived the picture of sartorial splendor. And he assured Joan there wasn't another person in the world who could get him to don the monkey jacket for such an occasion.

* * *

WILLIAM HAINES hasn't forgotten any of the answers, even if he has remained away from the screen. An independent company offered Bill a very good job in one of their productions.

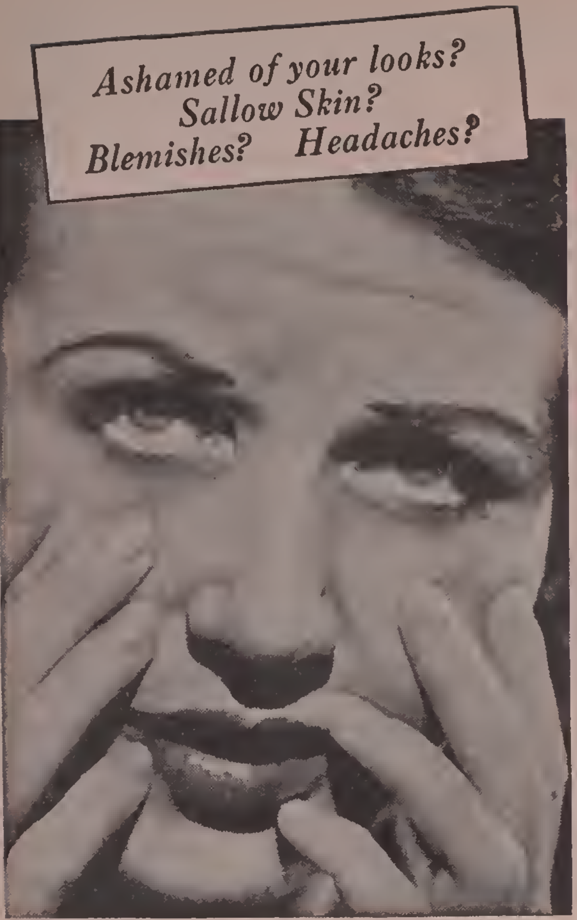
"But remember," said the studio head, as he shook a warning finger, "You're not as big a draw as you used to be, so we can't pay you as big a salary."

You don't have to tell me," cracked Bill, "If I was, I wouldn't be working for you!"

* * *

IT'S kind of nice to hear of things like this in Hollywood. When Joan Blondell married George Barnes, she knew he had an invalid mother to take care of. The minute they built their home, Joan saw to it that there was a separate wing

(*Continued on page* 72)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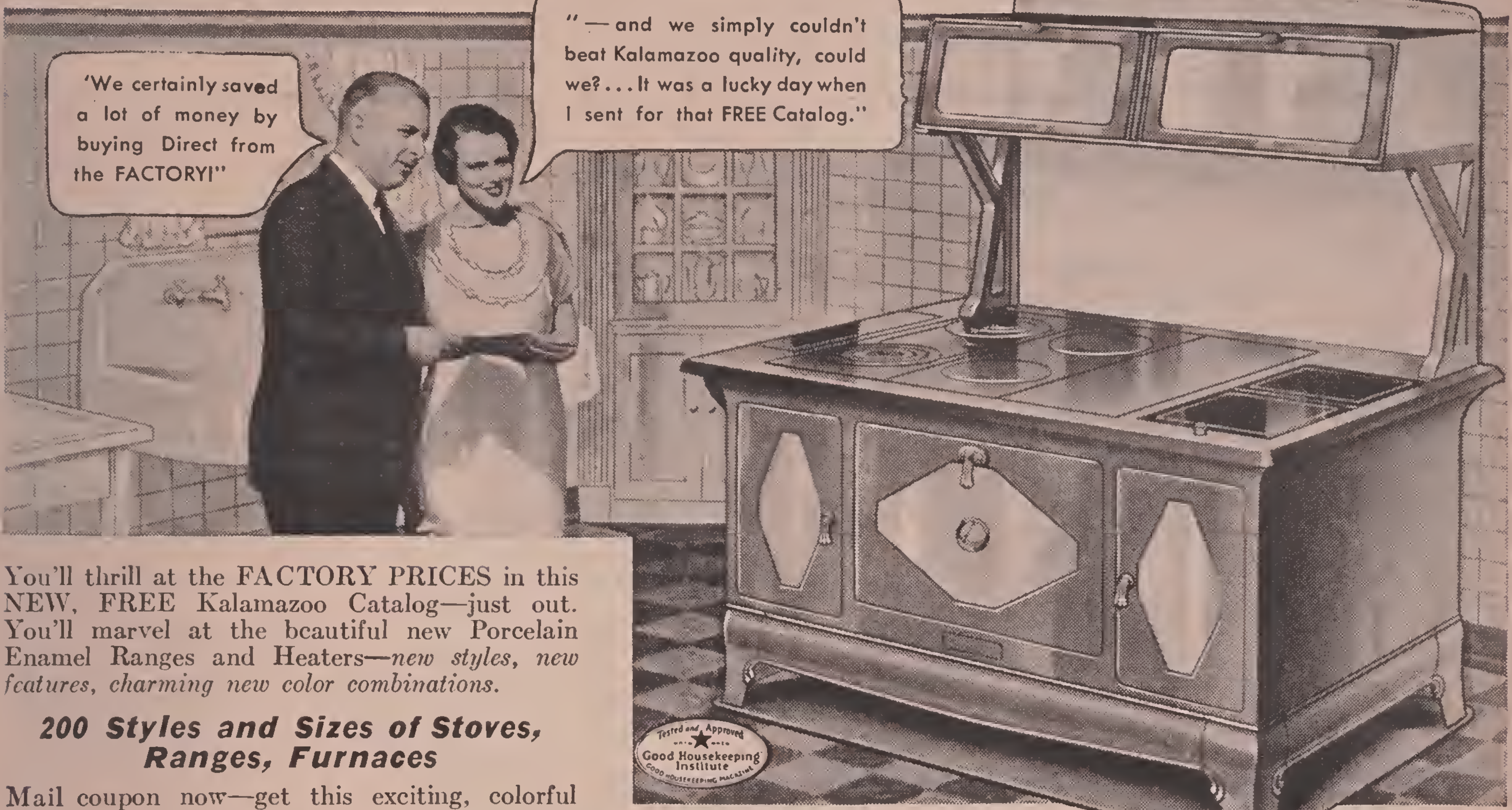
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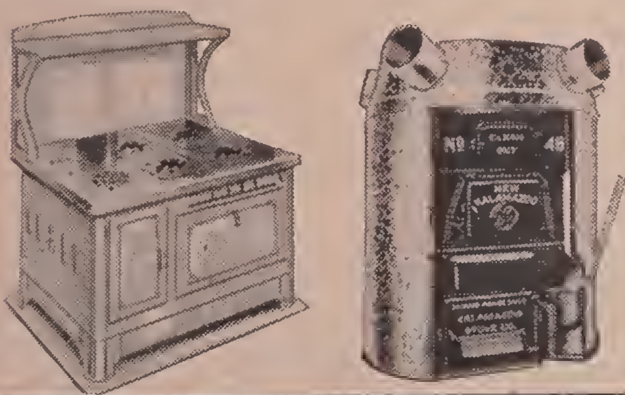

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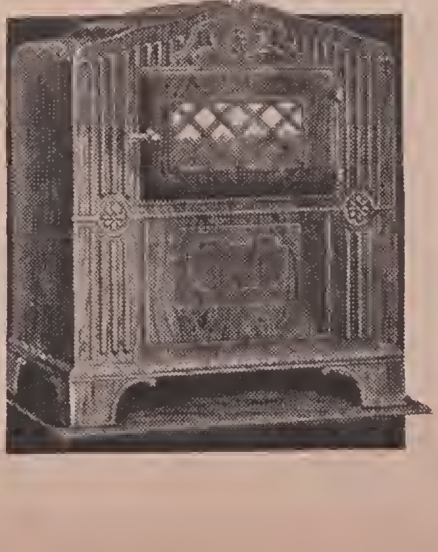

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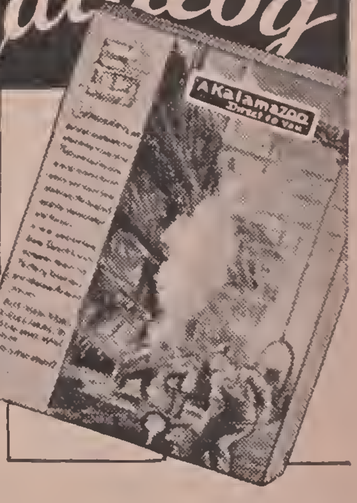

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Keep your lashes soft and silky with the pure Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream, and be sure to brush and train your eyebrows with the dainty, specially designed Maybelline Eyebrow Brush. All Maybelline eye beauty aids may be had in purse sizes at all leading 10c stores. Accept only genuine Maybelline products to be assured of highest quality and absolute harmlessness.

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BLACK AND BROWN
Maybelline Eye Shadow
BLUE, BROWN, BLUE-GREY, VIOLET AND GREEN
Maybelline
COLORLESS
Maybelline Eyebrow Brush

(*Continued from page 70*)

for George's mother, where she can live her own life and have every comfort.

* * *

MRS. PAUL MUNI always knows just where to look for her husband when they go shopping together. Paul for years has had a passion for fine stationery. He seldom writes letters, but his collection of note paper would fill a room. He had made an extensive study of the history of paper and loves to feel the fine texture of different grades. Whenever Mrs. Muni has a date to meet him, she arranges her rendezvous in some department store stationery department.

* * *

ANYONE who has ever worked for Director Archie Mayo will tell you that he's the funniest man in Hollywood. But Veree Teasdale didn't get such a boot out of one of his little jokes. It was a particularly hot day and Veree had brought to the studio a twenty-five dollar bottle of imported perfume, given to her by Adolphe Menjou. While Veree was doing a scene, as a gag Archie baptized himself with the perfume. The sound stage smelled to high heaven for the rest of the day, while Veree silently sat and plotted revenge.

* * *

THERE should be more directors like Paul Sloane. While directing "Four Walls," he would have his prop man keep check with the "Chained" company. When they were dismissed for lunch, he would immediately let his troupe go. Thus Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone were able to eat together.

* * *

ANN SOUTHERN who plays one of the leads in Eddie Cantor's "Kid Millions" has a mind of her own. The costumer wanted her to wear a pair of cotton tights until her own chiffon ones could be finished, just to try the costume.

Ann looked at the thick cotton things and said, "I just couldn't bear myself in them." And that was that.

* * *

JUST before Dorothy Mackaill went to Europe for the summer, she went to a costume party. Dorothy was tired of the conventional pretty costume so she decided on Sis Hopkins by way of a change. She found the outfit but just before leaving for the party, she remembered that she had neglected to arrange for freckles. All she could find at home was lip rouge. Dorothy freckled her face and found it so much fun that she carried the freckles down on her neck, arms and legs.

Dorothy had a grand time at the party but when she came home, she found that nothing would remove the freckles. She tried everything from washing powder to salad oil. But the spots remained. Dorothy went to the doctor the next morning and he found it necessary to remove the freckles with ether. For Dorothy had used indelible rouge!

* * *

THE great M-G-M Sweepstakes. Every morning the studio sports gather to bet on the number of times that Lubitsch will shoot each scene in "The Merry Widow." His record so far has been fifty-six times. Think of doing and saying the same thing fifty-six times! No wonder "The Merry Widow" is the most expensive picture since Ben Hur.

* * *

FIVE minutes of Charles Laughton is worth a week's small talk. A few gleanings—

He feels that he can't go back to the theater now that he is a success in pictures. He claims that the public won't accept an actor who has become prominent on the screen. He will only return to the stage in a charity performance.

He plays best the rôles he hates most.

He would like to do Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales" in their natural settings.

* * *

GLENDA FARRELL, the star, and Helen Ferguson, the ex-star who is now a press agent, found that they were both going to New York the same day so they decided to take a compartment together. It was a swell idea till Helen discovered that Glenda planned to sleep the entire trip East and Glenda found that Helen was taking their typewriter for a workout. They took separate compartments. But the loser was the Santa Fe. Since the girls insisted on the compartments being next to each other, another car had to be added to the already long train.

* * *

A FRIEND of Norma Shearer's walked on the set where she was making "Barretts of Wimpole Street." Much to her surprise Norma wearing a pair of shorts, was posing for the publicity boys.

"The Barretts of Wimpole Street at home," she cried gaily, as she tried to do a nip-up.

* * *

JEAN MUIR was all packed bag and baggage for a well-earned vacation in Yosemite National Park. Then someone told her they didn't allow dogs brought in. Wherever Jean goes her pet Scotty, "Shanty" goes, too. So Jean unpacked again and decided to spend her vacation getting caught up on all the talkies she had missed before coming to Hollywood.

* * *

IDA LUPINO was called in to the front office and advised to tone herself down and hold back on the sex appeal. Gail Patrick, however, was told by this same authority that she didn't have enough sex appeal and shouldn't hold herself back. So what is a poor working girl to do?

* * *

ALL the way from London, Doug. Fairbanks, Jr., sent us this amusing story about himself. It happened during his stage engagement with Gertrude Lawrence, when a crowd of people had gathered around the stage door. Doug's dresser who greatly admires his master stopped to talk to some of the people.

(*Continued on page 74*)

"TINTEX IS JUST MAGIC!"
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Makes Faded Home Decorations NEW —for Just a Few Cents

Keeps your Wardrobe Color-Fresh, too . . .

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HERE'S money-saving news for Fall! There's no need to buy new slip-covers, curtains, drapes, or other home-decorations just because your present ones are faded or out-of-fashion in color. For a few pennies Tintex will make them like new...or give them a different color, if you wish. No bother, either . . . simply "tint as you rinse."

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Saves time—eliminates ironing. Stretches curtains up to 48 inches wide—any length—in a jiffy. No pins that tear costly curtains—no heavy wooden frames. Just two triple cadmium plated rods and a hanger. Can't rust—lasts a lifetime. Sells at give away prices. Demonstrators earn up to $10 a day. Write for FREE details.

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(Continued from page 72)

"Are you all fans of Mr. Fairbanks?" he asked as he beamed at one of the ladies in the foreground.

"We're fans of Miss Lawrence," came back the reply, "We just wanted to get a look at Fairbanks."

* * *

THE latest Hollywood annoyance is a racket worked by a certain type of tourist. They call on the star at home and without invitation or permission, whip out a camera and have their pictures taken right on the spot. These they send back to the folks at home to show them they are hobnobbing with Hollywood's famous.

Mary Pickford, lunching quietly in her garden, was suddenly startled to see two fat women posing in her doorway, while a third snapped their pictures. Clark Gable, hearing voices on his front porch had a similar experience. There nearly was a casualty at Joan Crawford's for Joan keeps an armed watchman twenty-four hours a day and the order is to shoot all trespassers. Fortunately the intruders fled without snapping a shot.

THE passing of Alec B. Francis, veteran character actor, recalls the kindness of Greta Garbo, when she was working in "Mati Hari." Alec was staging a comeback in this particular rôle, but the day before the picture started, he disappeared from sight. Days later they found him wandering in Santa Barbara, a victim of amnesia.

Hearing of his plight, Garbo insisted on shooting around him and held the part open until he was well enough to report back for duty. From then on, whenever Alec would make a personal appearance, he always spoke of the great star's kindness to him.

* * *

LEE TRACY finds it impossible to speak about the early talkie days, without smiling. Lee was under contract to the Fox studios at the time. Also another actor by the name of Paul Muni. Both were called in to the front office and told that stage people could never be successful in the talkies, so there was no place for them on the lot.

Speak for Yourself

(Continued from page 7)

always approve of them, and we like to see ALL the trends of modern life both good and bad.

Living through the lives of others has taught most of us that we cannot rate actions without motives, and that we cannot always label life with its infinite shadings. We would resent any moralist's attempt to convince us that black and white (pure and impure) are the only two colors in the scheme of things.

Mary O'Neill,
Chicago, Ill.

$1 LETTER

Wants No Sugar-Coated Pills

Wouldn't it be just too bad if the press were forbidden to give accounts of gangsters, murders and other crimes because the "dear public's" morals would be corrupted?

It is better, I think, to let us have pictures that breathe life even though they deal with "Shady Ladies," gangsters, etc., but let such pictures stress the fact that crime doesn't pay and that *sub rosa* lives cannot lead to happiness.

We really need such pictures to give us freedom from bigotry. So let us hope that before these clean-minded reformers get entirely too serious about this clean-up applesauce, they will look a little deeper for the causes of crime, and not hand the "poor morons" many sugar-coated pills.

I am perfectly satisfied with Mr. Hays' ability. I can avoid the pictures that I think are morally unfit, and I may add that I am neither a "moll" nor a mother.

Fanida Hopkins,
Jacksonville, Florida.

$1 LETTER

A Teacher Speaks

Who are these people who are forever taking it upon themselves to tell the world what it must eat, what it must not drink and what its aesthetic pleasures should or should not be?

I am weary of reformers. In this stage of our civilization it seems that we must have reached a level of artistic appreciation and discrimination which will allow us to take our pleasures without the aid of Mr. and Mrs. Pry.

I am a University graduate and a teacher. I am not proposing to argue for anything, be it a book, picture or play that is vulgar or dirty beyond the borders of good taste. I merely contend that censorship of the proposed rigidity cannot help but be deforming, biased and stupid. It is ridiculous to make moving pictures for adult consumption that will boast all of the fire and brilliance to be found in "The River Boys at Culver Lake." The roots of artistic perfection are usually to be found growing from earthly and human soil.

There are agencies and critics whose business it is to classify and to grade moving pictures. May I suggest that Mr. and Mrs. Bluenose consult these sources and stay away from those portrayals that are liable to give them spiritual colic?

Dorothy A. Morris,
New York, N. Y.

PUZZLE FANS, PLEASE NOTE

Owing to lack of space we are again obliged to omit the crossword puzzle this month. You remember it was out last month, too. They'll be back soon.

Why does the Smart Woman *use* FAOEN BEAUTY AIDS?

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Poudre
ROUGE
PARK & TILFORD'S
FAOEN
CLEANSING CREAM
PARK & TILFORD'S
FAOEN
COLD CREAM
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No 12
No 3
FAOEN
PARK & TILFORD
FAOEN
No 19

... BECAUSE SCIENTIFIC TESTS HAVE PROVEN THEM EQUAL TO $1 TO $3 BRANDS IN QUALITY AND PURITY — YET THEY COST ONLY 10¢!

THERE isn't a law in the land that prevents you from paying $1 to $3 for your beauty aids, if you wish. But common sense dictates that if you can buy similar quality and purity for 10¢ — *that* is the smart thing to do.

And that's exactly why more and more women every day are turning to Faoen Beauty Aids. Their exquisite fineness is proven by the following report from a famous Research Laboratory:

> "every Faoen product tested is as pure and fine as products of like nature sold for $1, $2 and $3."

No longer must you pay high prices for the best. Faoen has made loveliness inexpensive. Be smart—start using Faoen Beauty Aids—today!

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FAOEN
(FAY-ON)
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FAOEN BEAUTY AIDS
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AT THE BETTER
5 & 10¢ STORES

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MOVIE MIRROR'S COOKING PAGE

How to Cook Joan Crawford's Favorite Dinner

Joan is quite willing to grab a snack at the studio commissary—a watermelon or what not—but at home—well, just read this!

by ANN HAMILTON

THERE is no experience in all Hollywood quite like going to Joan Crawford's for dinner. Joan's little white house sits withdrawn behind its gardens wrapped in an air of exquisite perfection. Before it are beds of scented flowers, behind it emerald lawns stretching down to the swimming pool, rippling in the moonlight.

Joan has owned her Brentwood place for several years now, but she is constantly changing it, constantly improving it. Only recently she has completely remodeled it, making it early American where it had originally been grandly Spanish.

Only her closest friends are invited to Joan's home. She can and does entertain lavishly when she is in the mood for it. She dresses for dinner always, whether she is by herself or hostess for a dozen guests. Formal five and seven course dinners with their accompaniment of sherry, sauterne, burgundy, champagne and brandy are served across the Crawford board. Yet when Joan is dining alone, or with Franchot Tone and one or two very intimate friends, she has her favorite dinner, which is as far from the exotic as any that could be planned.

Joan herself, even when she entertains, drinks neither cocktails nor wines. She likes a meal which is well-balanced but not fattening. But she insists upon a dinner that is not hackneyed.

When she has her favorite dinner it is just this: Mixed green salad with French dressing, spare ribs and sauerkraut (aren't you surprised?) black-eyed peas, gingerbread with hard sauce, coffee. Such a meal is inexpensive enough for any family, yet it makes a delightful company dinner in its escape from the hackneyed. For housewives who do their own cooking, the meal is a delight since it practically prepares itself. And Joan, who constantly has dinner parties of four and five men, with herself as the only woman present, can testify such a dinner makes a hit with the male sex.

The salad may be any mixed green salad, lettuce, romaine, watercress, peppers or any combination you prefer, served with French dressing. Joan prefers her salads, California style, as a first course. Here is how her ebony-hued cook prepares the rest of the dinner:

Spare Ribs and Sauerkraut

Take four pounds of spare ribs (Joan likes the small ones with the most gristle). Brown out the fat under the oven blaze. When all the fat is out, remove to a shallow roasting pan in which two large onions and one green bell pepper have been sliced and fried. Add the spare ribs and one cup of boiling water. Steam for fifteen minutes before adding sauerkraut.

Sauerkraut

Take one quart of sauerkraut to each four pounds of spare ribs. Wash thoroughly in hot water. Put in a pot with two pints of boiling water and boil for fifteen minutes. Leave the pot uncovered while boiling. Add to spare ribs and steam both together for fifteen or twenty minutes more. Joan likes spare ribs well done as she loves to chew the bones to get the sweet juices inside them.

Why black-eyed peas are not more generally served, Joan doesn't understand since they are her favorite vegetable. My argument is that they are not generally well enough known, so Joan is delighted to introduce them to you. They may be purchased at almost any good grocery and, being a dried vegetable, are an excellent thing to have in one's larder when green

WHAT IS YOUR COOKING PROBLEM?

Are you tired of the same old menus? Would you like advice on how to prepare better dinners? Do you want reducing menus? Do you know what to do with leftovers? For free advice, address Ann Hamilton, Movie Mirror, 6715 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal. Enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply, please.

vegetables are rare in the market, or as a guarantee against running short of food when that unexpected guest arrives.

BLACK-EYED PEAS

Wash one pound of peas thoroughly in several waters. Allow them to soak for a few minutes in the last water so that any underweight peas or excess particles can rise to the top and be discarded.

Put the peas in a deep pot and cover with salted water. Add one garlic bean, one small peeled onion and one half pound of salt pork.

Boil over a slow fire for one hour, stirring occasionally.

GINGER BREAD WITH HARD SAUCE

Two cups of pure molasses.
Three quarters of a cup of butter.
Two teaspoonfuls of baking soda.
One teaspoon of powdered ginger.
One half teaspoon of cinnamon.
One teaspoon of nutmeg.
Three cups of flour.
One cup of absolutely fresh buttermilk.
One egg.
Four teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

Add the butter to the molasses and bring to the boiling point. Stir in the soda. Remove the mixture from the fire and stir in the cinnamon and nutmeg. Add the flour and buttermilk, stirring in slowly. Set aside to cool. When thoroughly cooled, add the egg, beaten lightly, and the baking powder and pour into warm, buttered baking tins. Bake for fifteen minutes in an oven of 350 degrees temperature.

When cooled, cut in squares.

HARD SAUCE

Into one half pound of butter cream two cups of powdered sugar and one teaspoonful of vanilla. Place in ice box until thoroughly chilled. The sauce may either be served over the ginger bread or passed around with it.

Juanita Quigley, Universal's runner-up for Shirley Temple's honors, romps between scenes of "Imitation of Life."

LET ME TELL YOU HOW A GOLDEN NAPTHA SOAP GAVE ME A MILLION-DOLLAR WASH

Ann Prescott:
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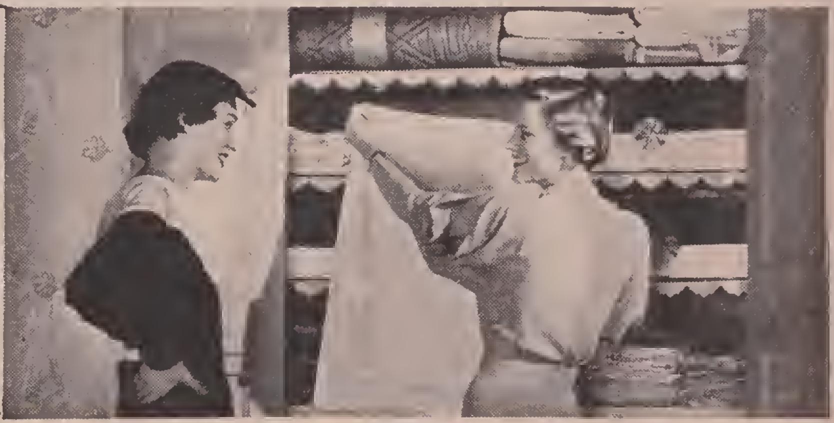

Ann Prescott:
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Fels-Naptha Soap is so gentle, you can use it for daintiest things—lingerie, silk stockings, woolens. It's kind to hands, for there's soothing glycerine in every bar. It's a willing worker in tub or machine—in hot, lukewarm or cool water—whether you soak or boil clothes.

And more happy news—Fels-Naptha now sells at the lowest price in almost twenty years! Get a few bars today! . . . Fels & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

NRA

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THE CARDINAL SIN IN DECORATING

by

HAROLD GRIEVE

MOVIE MIRROR'S HOMEMAKING PAGE

The oval picture shows the author, famous Hollywood interior decorator. Above, Mr. Grieve's handiwork in a corner of Bing Crosby's Toluca Lake home.

Editor's Note: *In securing the sponsorship of Harold Grieve for its interior decorating department,* MOVIE MIRROR *feels both proud and flattered. Not only is Mr. Grieve California's most original decorator and a leading member of the American Institute of Interior Decorators, but he is a grand human being, who, while executing the homes of millionaire clients, still retains his interest in the houses of just average people like you and me.*

It is Mr. Grieve's ambition to make interior decoration not the mere acquisition of the rich but a pleasure within the reach of the average family. Only recently after doing the home of a famous star, he proceeded to advise the star's secretary on how to furnish her own one-room apartment. It was a gratifying commission to do the star's home but he insists that the small apartment was equally interesting from the decorator's point of view—the fun of producing a smart and charming effect for almost no money at all.

Mr. Grieve's endeavor in these MOVIE MIRROR *articles will be to tell you how to make your* house *look like your* home, *not the decorator's idea of it, and how to bring to it both style and taste.*

Among the many famous clients whose houses he has furnished are Norma Shearer, Ernst Lubitsch, Bing Crosby, Richard Arlen, John Gilbert, Colleen Moore, Neil Hamilton, and the famous beach and town houses of the late Lilyan Tashman.

Three and a half years ago, Mr. Grieve married Jetta Goudal. Today they work as partners and Miss Goudal it is, her husband insists, who is the inspiration of many of his most original ideas.

SIN *must* be removed from Hollywood! Apparently the whole world is agreed on this, and with morality clauses in the star's contracts, the censors with their scissors, and the boycott on the less virtuous pictures, I see no reason why sin shouldn't be removed from decorating as well. And the cardinal sin in decorating, the one that breaks all the commandments from one to ten, is the sin of furnishing a house inharmoniously.

A house to be beautiful needs careful adaptation of one room to another, of one color to another, and this is difficult to achieve without the advice of an experienced decorator. Every piece of furniture must be chosen with the idea of its relationship to the house as a whole. Even so small an item as a lamp must be selected on this premise.

Therefore, if you wander casually into your favorite department store

HAVE YOU A HOME DECORATING PROBLEM?

Would you like advice on it? Is there any aspect of home furnishing or decorating which has worried you, and on which you want expert suggestions, gratis? Address Mr. Harold Grieve, in care of Movie Mirror, 6715 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal. Please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for a reply.

or lamp store, with a firm determination for better lighting in your home, you will doubtless be confused by the number of lamps before you. There will be all sorts and sizes of lamps, some with shades and some without, in a profusion of colors and materials, and unless you are better qualified than the average person for furnishing your own house you will probably make a mistake in your selection.

However, if you had gone to a good decorator with your lamp problem he would have found out first in exactly what type of room the lamp was to be placed, and the position it was to occupy. He would have visited your home and learned whether the lamp was to be placed high or low, how much light it was to give, and all other important details. Also he would have learned, in his contact with you, the most necessary thing of all, and that is about your own personality.

Before I advise you on such specific problems as how to select the right hangings for your windows, the proper rugs for your floors and the correct colors for your rooms—and I shall do all this within the next few months—I want to discuss this problem. I want to help you, if I possibly can, to attain harmony of appearance within your house.

First of all, you must know something of yourself. The very fact that you are not going into a store to buy a dining room "suite" and a bedroom "suite," stock patterns put out by the thousands, means that you want to be original. But you must be original in the way that is right for you. This naturally will be influenced by many factors. You must calculate whether in the future you are going to have approximately the same income as you have now, or more or less. In other words, will you be able to expand, add things to your house, or must the things you purchase last, with a few changes, for several years. You must consider whether your entertaining will be moderate or extensive. This last influences the kinds of carpets and tables you can have—remember the spilling tendency of large groups of people! You must decide whether your background is to be quaint, or modern, or bookish or classic. All are good. It is merely the problem of finding the right one for you.

If you have a Dutch Colonial house and you yourself are Spanish, you really should move. But if that is not possible, you must face the problem realistically and somehow reconcile the aspect of your house and your own appearance by creating the right background.

If you have a small house, remember it will appear much larger if kept in harmony of furnishings and colors. Don't have a Louis XV living room near a modern bedroom. Don't, for example, have a blue room next to one in yellow unless you pick up certain blue touches and carry them over into the yellow room.

It is not necessary to retain one color scheme, although this can be very successful in a small house, if you use colors in proper relationship to one another. If possible, too, avoid the use of hackneyed color schemes, ones that have been used so often they are as trite as last year's slang. And most important of all, choose colors that go with your own personality!

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☐ Natural ☐ Shell ☐ Flame ☐ Geranium

The Private Life of Charles Laughton

(*Continued from page 27*)

his boyhood was daubed with yearnings for an onyx complexion and a mandolin.

"I was a fat little boy," Charlie told me. "I was usually left alone. I hated games, an unheard of aversion in an English boy. If you didn't go in strong for rugby and cricket at school you were looked upon with decided disapproval. I never had many friends. I burrowed into some book or other and didn't mind the loneliness. And to this day I hate exercise. Don't mind a swim, but loathe tennis and golf!"

When the family decided to have their eldest trained expertly in the art of hotel management by sending him to Claridge's in London, Charlie whooped for ecstasy. Here was the chance for which he had been waiting since that night with the minstrels on the beach—the chance to know the theater.

"During my four years with the Claridge Hotel, I actually went dirty to save enough money for a weekly ticket in the gallery of some theater. I pinched down my laundry bill by wearing linens two and three days instead of changing them daily as I had been so rigidly trained at home. But I saw all the stars of the day, every show, musical, dramatic and comic, and when I returned home to take over full charge of my father's hotel, I knew I would return to the stage someday."

The crisp young Mr. Laughton, who seemed such an efficient hotel manager, was doing some pretty skillful day-dreaming and planning that had little to do with the Victoria Hotel in Scarborough.

During every waking hour of those half dozen hotel years, he stored away experiences, he studied people, he made mental notes of dramatic happenings about him for the vague future that he felt would be connected somehow, some way with the theater.

A fragment of Charlie's mental meanderings during a typical work day ran something like this: "Yes sir, I can give you a delightful room facing the sea." (Now here's an interesting old devil, look at that frock coat.) "Yes, sir, I am sure you will be comfortable, sir." (I must remember the way he uses his hands and that slithering look in his eyes. Must try out that walk too, great walk that, reveals his whole suspicious mind.) "Yes, Mrs. McGillicuddy, we will send kippered herring right up. Sorry it was overlooked on your breakfast tray. No we shan't forget again." (Mustn't forget that old girl's snort, it's worth a fortune.) "Yes, this is Mr. Laughton speaking"—— and so on for seventy-two months, for two thousand one hundred and ninety-one days.

AND then right in the hectic middle of a struggling inventory, Charlie turned over the managership to his younger brother who had returned that very morning from a business fiasco in London.

Assured that his parents had someone to fill his place, Charlie packed that night, announced to the confounded family group his theatrical intentions, and left.

He enrolled the next morning in the Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts in London, and set to work to explore every fissure and chink in that lodestar of professions—acting. He lived in miserable lodgings, but didn't see them—he was obsessed, bedeviled, mesmerized with the final fulfillment of his yearnings.

A few months later, his father decided that it would be unwise to permit Charlie to starve while indulging in a passing folly, and a small allowance was allotted him until he should come to his senses and return to the hotel.

After twelve months with the Academy, he won the annual medal for his work in the school's yearly play. And once more, this time in the very middle of his training, he left for a small role in one of London's art theaters. He was duly warned by his instructors, but he couldn't wait. He spoke rather a few lines in that first appearance, on the strength of the gold medal. The title of the play, he recalls, was "The Government Inspector."

Thereafter things slumped alarmingly. He went into other plays, a mournful series of them that closed with monotonous repetition two weeks after opening. But it was during this dismal interlude that London's brittle drama critics began to notice the rotund boy who handled the roles of Rummell in "Pillars of Society," Solyony in "The Three Sisters," and Ficsur in "Liliom," with a masterful technique.

London read about him quite suddenly over breakfast coffee (or is it tea?) and Laughton made the "happy-landing" simultaneously.

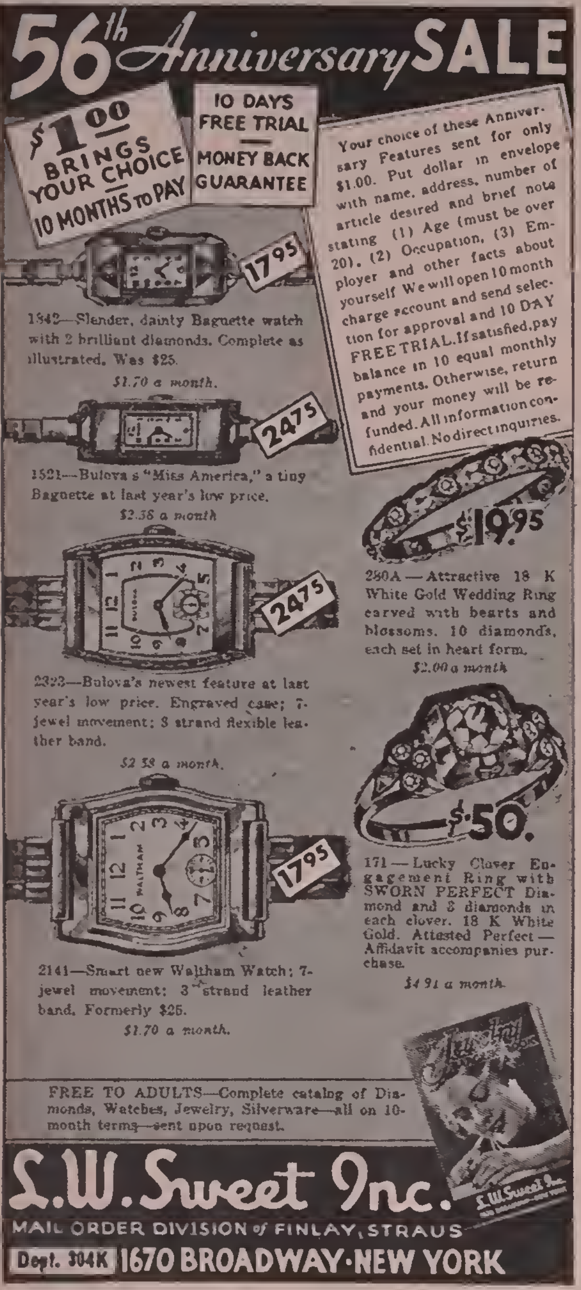
A sparkling series of successes that ran into monotonous weeks followed.

IT was in that hiatus of flops and "wows" that Charlie's personal life experienced a rather important going-over. He met, during a play called "Mr. Prohack," a red-headed woman. Her name was Elsa Lanchester and her galvanizing beauty was well known in the London theater. They didn't stop to worry about careers affecting marriage or marriage affecting careers, they just married, quite simply, a few months later.

Charlie offers an amazing imitation of a human clam when queried on the subject of his marriage. Elsa follows his lead. They refuse the juiciest reportorial bait and slip all matrimonial conversation into a running debate on gin and bitters—or was it ale and stout?

The Laughton-Lanchester bond is something that can't be photographed for the tabloids. It defies hand-holding poses or amatory quotations on "how our marriage will be different." They have a wordless something between them that can never be served up to the public for light reading.

However, it can be revealed that they have been married four years; they like to wear matching dressing-gowns; they plan noble economies that usually pulverize into extravagant flares; Elsa can't resist Schiaparelli models and Charlie loves to see her in them; he is interested in her clothes, can actually describe the latest addition to her wardrobe—lucky Elsa; there is the perennial kitten in every house they occupy, and an absurdly large, daily collection of cut flowers; Elsa is anti-Hollywood, Charlie is pro, so Elsa sticks; they have few friends out here, but have become pals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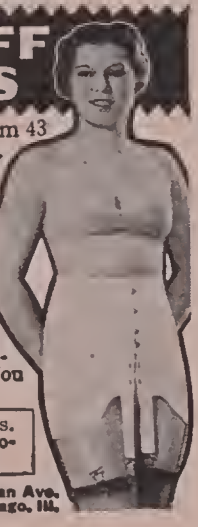

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of the Richard Arlens and the Marx brothers, all four of them.

Since he returned from England this spring, with his Academy statue carefully crated and packed, Charlie has found his former hissing partners acting as cheer leaders for the Laughton mad gallery. Rôles he suggested and asked to play and was summarily refused, are now being served up warm and fresh for his choice.

He has just completed the part of the cruel father in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," and is about to enjoy himself as the comic valet in "Ruggles of Red Gap." In spare hours he is pouring over documents and biographies of Louis XVI to prepare himself for this characterization in the long-awaited production of "Marie Antoinette."

Charlie told me that he spent four full months in museums and libraries in London studying every painting, sketch and line written on Henry the VIII before he worked in a foot of film.

"That is the way I would like to prepare myself for every picture," he admits.

While Hollywood votes him statues of honor for his talents, he drudges for perfection. While other stars talk of their art, he sweats for the masterstroke.

Conchita Mantenegra is a talented dancer, as well as one of Fax's loveliest actresses. She sings, tao, plays the piano—and, of course, the Spanish guitar. Her latest picture was "Handy Andy," with Will Ragers.

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Your first application will do wonders. In 8 hours—*overnight*—Noxzema will show a big improvement. Morning will show blemishes are far less noticeable. You can touch your skin and feel how much softer and finer it is!

HOW TO USE: Apply Noxzema every night after all make-up has been removed. Wash off in the morning with warm water, followed by cold water or ice. Apply a little Noxzema again before you powder as a protective powder base. Noxzema is *greaseless—vanishing—stainless!* With this scientifically perfect complexion aid, you'll soon glory in a skin so clean and clear and lovely it will stand closest scrutiny.

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BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

Hollywood Cheat

(Continued from page 47)

Mr. Ives smiled, a somewhat crooked smile, it must be admitted.

"Of a simplicity," he said with an airy wave of his hand. "All you have to do to become a star is starve a while, or fascinate a director or an executive. Or go to Europe and get someone to discover you, or be a society girl who comes here for a thrill—and they'll all flock around you."

"Very simple indeed," Marnie said. He was joking, of course. But it occurred to her that you never read any stories about girls who waited until hope was gone and then went ingloriously back home, failures. They didn't write publicity stories about those girls. Was she to be one of them—for she could see how there must be a small army of them. Oh, she didn't want to join that army. And then Duke leaned across the table. His eyes were sparkling. His lazy drawling manner was gone. He was alive now, electric.

"You wouldn't give your right eye to see all Hollywood laughing at Al Holtzwasser, would you, Lee? You wouldn't lift a finger to see me win my bet as a side issue? I have an idea."

"ABOUT who's going to give you your next job?" Ives grinned.

"Exactly. Al Holtzwasser is—for the length of time my contract had to run, and no longer. After that I'll be too old to work, anyway. This is such an old idea it wouldn't work except with you to put it over. Hey, Lee, listen to this. Who is positively cracked when it comes to discovering talent? I mean, who's the Grand Exultant Rooter for class with a capital K? Who rolls over and plays dead at the sound of the word Society? Who has more grand duchesses and exiled princes on the payroll than any other producer? Who else in the business would even fire a relative to give a social registerite a job? Al Holtzwasser!"

"You don't need to write me any publicity about Holtzwasser. I should know."

"Then don't you see it? We've got it right here, made to order. Two days in Hollywood. She's not as beautiful as Norma Shearer, maybe; she might not be an Anna Sten, or a—a Garbo," he finished. "But she looks something like Karen Morley—

"But don't you see, Lee? What chance has this kid got as it is?—I beg your pardon, Miss Mason—you might be the exception. But without a stroke of luck, you've got a long row to hoe. And with a break you might land on your feet and knock them dead."

"I think I see what kind of break you mean," Ives said thoughtfully.

"You mean," Marnie breathed the words softly, for fear of shattering the dream, "you'll introduce me to Mr. Holtzwasser and get him to give me—a real—chance?"

"We'll introduce you to Mr. Holtzwasser, all right. Or you'll be introduced. But nobody will ask him to give you a chance. Mr. Holtzwasser will offer that. And you'll not be anxious to accept it. It's a game they play out here now and then," Duke explained. He was looking at her but he wasn't seeing her. He was seeing headlines and three sheets and neatly typed triplicate contracts, he was seeing directors tearing their hair and make-up men experimenting under lights, and dressmakers, male and female, throwing hysterics as they draped priceless fabrics. And he was seeing Duke Lansing laughing and Al Holtzwasser—and he wasn't laughing. But Hollywood was.

"It's the chance of a lifetime," Duke said, after a little silence.

"I see the scenario," said Ives. "What, exactly, does it need?"

"It needs," Duke lifted his fingers impressively and started to cross them off as he talked: "The pretty heiress from—Palm Beach, New York, Newport, and way places. It needs a bungalow at the Ambassador—that still impresses Al. It needs wardrobe. Dress the act. It needs a few whispers that the youngest of the Van Cortland Rensellaers is doing a hideout on the family incognito. I think even that much would clinch it. Remember the Spanish princess five years ago that did it for three weeks on eight hundred dollars? Before it broke? Well?"

Ives was thoughtful. Finally he spoke. "I take it I do the introducing?"

"I can work that," Duke said. "It might be even better if you didn't. Francesca Randolph would probably like the chance."

"Undoubtedly." Ives was silent for quite a while. Marnie was afraid to speak. It sounded like a crazy scheme, but Duke said it was a game they played every once in a while. She had heard of girls who went to strange lengths to get the attention of some person of importance. There was the girl who hid under the rug in one executive's car; another who wrote a letter to the same director every day for a year. There might be fun in this one—it certainly was less wild than either of those fan magazine legends. And it might help her.

Of course, it would be found out that she was only Marnie Mason, sooner or later. But in stories everything turned out for the best. It might in real life.

"How long would it take?" Ives asked.

"I'D say a week. There are three functions this week that should turn the trick. The Graysons' dinner dance at the Coconut Grove; Claudine Kimberly's cocktail party the same night. Al wouldn't miss one of those. Francesca could take a house-guest to all of them. That would give us three days to do the work. By next Monday she ought to be signed up. Or Tuesday if she hangs back."

"Come on," Ives said suddenly, signalling for their waiter. "Miss Rensellaer has made an auspicious first appearance. She was out for luncheon with us. I hope nobody will remember that."

"What if they do?" Duke grinned. "Isn't Francesca a good friend of ours?"

"Shouldn't she join us before we leave?" Ives asked suddenly.

"Grand idea," Duke said. He reached for the check and signed it. "Save your money, Lee. You'll need it." Then to the waiter: "We're expecting Miss Francesca Randolph. Show her over when she comes, please. And we might have a liqueur while we're waiting." He gave an order. Marnie didn't take any. She didn't know what he meant. Duke rose then: "I'd better go and see that she knows we're expecting her," he said. "It will take her fifteen minutes, if I can get her."

When Duke came back Ives said, "Listen, Duke. Miss Mason says she doesn't speak any language. Suppose they should talk to her about Palm Beach, or New York, or the Riviera or Bermuda."

"Yeah? Suppose they should?" Duke grinned. "I thought of that. Why, she'll just look blank—I suppose you can look blank, Miss Mason?" Marnie looked at him startled. "That's just exactly it. If anybody springs anything on you that you can't answer, just look like that. Insist they must be making a mistake. Don't you see, she can be keeping up the incog. stuff. They'll think it's a good act. She can insist she is just—let's see—"

"Marnie Mason, from Webb City, Missouri," Marnie put in.

"Exactly," Ives said. "You can tell them all about Webb City, and be very wide-eyed about it. Then they can't ever say you didn't tell them."

"I might even insist on signing my contract that way," Marnie became inventive. "I could say it was my stage name."

"Yes, darling, you may sign your contract any way you want to," Duke said. He grinned delightedly at Ives. "The more she swears she isn't making that name up, the more they'll believe she is." He added, "Francesca will be over presently. Let's have some coffee."

A FEW moments later Francesca Randolph swept into the room, trailing wisps of yellow chiffon. A huge yellow hat of the "garden" variety shaded her lovely face and softened the lines that disappointment and heartache had traced there. Marnie remembered her in pictures. She remembered, too, that it was said the coming of the talkies had ended the beautiful star's career. But those in possession of the facts knew that it was Al Holtzwasser who had ended it, and in such a way as to be sure it was entirely over.

Hollywood still loved and admired her, but box-office value, unfortunately, does not depend on Hollywood's love and admiration for its own. A series of weak stories, badly directed, had marked Francesca's last two years in pictures. Her contract with Holtzwasser ended, no other producer could see her as star material. An expensive year of voice study, because of the talkies, had proved another disappointment. A broken marriage followed—never a happy one at best. And for a year now she had lived very quietly, having a part now and then in some independent production. Francesca Randolph was one of Hollywood's incandescents; glowing brightly in its socket—and then one day—burnt out, replaced. But her smile still glowed, her friends still gathered about her in her comfortable Beverly Hills home. That, at least, she still had.

"Sorry I was late, darling," she said to Marnie, as if she knew her well. "Nice of you two to be so patient. Nothing but iced tea, Duke. If I can take off six pounds I can get into one of the most expensive frocks for a part I've got coming up week after next." She looked about her, waved two fingers gaily at acquaintances among the stragglers, for the Rose Room was nearly empty by now. "Was that all

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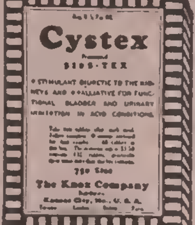

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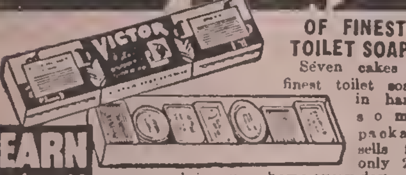

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right?" she demanded of Duke in a low voice. "Now spill it, what's the plot?"

"Still the best actress west of the Hudson River," Duke smiled. "It was exactly right. No re-takes on it. This is the plot." And then, as Francesca listened, a look—partly amusement, partly speculative—came over her mobile face. As he finished, as Marnie waited scarcely daring to breathe—Francesca turned her head and looked at her long and searchingly. It was a long minute before she spoke, but she threw Marnie a friendly twinkle.

"I don't think I'd want to have anything to do with it, Duke," she said slowly, "if your little lady here didn't look as if she had what it takes. I'd even be glad to try to help her get a chance some other way if I didn't know how little my help would be worth. But I'll play, on one condition. When the smash comes—you and Leland put it over on me, too. I won't be mad. I'll laugh. But honestly, I—somehow I think I'd like the laugh to be on me as well as Al."

Marnie Mason didn't know Francesca's story. Neither man had told her any of it. But she had seen that look in the eyes of many women. Something steadfast, something wistful in it. For ten years she had seen it in Miss Ethel's eyes when she looked at Papa—and suddenly Marnie was glad all over again that Papa had gotten the courage at last to marry Miss Ethel. That gladness was communicated to Francesca Randolph as their eyes met and she smiled back. Marnie loved her then.

"I take it we go shopping now," Miss Randolph said. "You, Duke, you go on away. And you, I take it, Leland, are going to give your sister's little friend a charge account in her dilemma. It beats all how the daughters of rich families will run away for adventure just as quickly as the poor ones do, when the impulse strikes. All right, little Alias Marnie Mason. We'll go down and see my friend Bess and her smartest frocks."

"No, I don't think I'll figure in the charge account," Ives objected. "Let her start one of her own. You're introducing her, aren't you? I'll furnish all the cash needed. What about some jewelry?"

"Does your family shower you with jewelry?" Francesca asked Marnie, with mock disapproval. "A debutante! It isn't done except in the movies, is it?"

"MY sister had a good string of pearls for her debut," Ives said. "And some kind of junky bracelets. Nothing showy."

"But where would I get pearls?" Marnie asked. "After all, I'm just little Marnie Mason, from Webb City, Missouri." Her air of innocent prevarication made them all laugh. "And if I didn't bring my clothes, how could I have brought my jewels?"

"You'll do," Francesca nodded approvingly. "I've got pearls. And pearls can belong to anybody."

"All pearls look alike to me," Duke hummed. They rose to depart. "Will I be seeing you?"

"Come out to dinner," Francesca invited. "Ronald Wynn is coming over. And Rosie and George. I'll get one more for contract. Or do you play?" she asked Marnie. Marnie didn't.

"And you know I don't play games," Duke said.

"No games?" Francesca opened her lovely violet eyes very wide. "Of course. No games. No practical jokes. No dirty tricks. No nothing."

"No nothing," he assured her seriously. "I only invent 'em. Other people play 'em. But I dance. I'll see how our bud dances. And I'll send flowers. And I like my Scotch straight. I'll bring some."

"I see this is going to be an orgy," Ives said.

"No orgy," Duke contradicted. "I've had one. That's how come all this."

"Aha!" Francesca said. "Truth will out. So that's why Al fired you?"

"No, not for being drunkie. Just for sending out some funny stories. He didn't think they were funny."

"I'll bet they weren't," said Ives.

"They were too," Duke defended himself. Owlishly he refused to tell what his "funny stories" were. Marnie felt she was seeing life in the movies from the inside. Duke was a great publicity man, although temporarily disconnected—Francesca Randolph was a star of yesteryear, but still lovely and a person, a friend worth having. Ives, Marnie was not able to place, except from what he had said about his debutante sister. She gathered that Leland Ives must know "society." And now she was going to be a "society girl, out for a thrill." It was like a novel—or a movie.

EVEN more so when they were sitting in the smart shop owned by Francesca's "friend Bess." Marnie, used to buying inexpensive dresses, had hard work to keep from exclaiming over the lovely things the smart sales girls brought out, though Francesca had told her as they drove the few blocks down Hollywood Boulevard—Francesca drove her own small coupe—to be careful; she was to say very little, display no excitement.

"When you see something you like say 'I think I like that,'" she told her charge. "Or 'that has good lines.' That's always safe. Bess hasn't anything that isn't good."

"Good," to Marnie, became "miraculous." It was an effort not to cry out with delight at some of the gowns; at a silver evening wrap; at the exquisite lingerie; the smart, colorful lounging pajamas. She would have had trouble choosing between any of them, but Francesca made suggestions which Marnie never questioned.

Thus it came about that Marnie found herself dressed, after an hour or so, in a smart silk print frock of palest gray, with tiny violets scattered over it, and a fetching jacket of violet to go with it. She had on soft grey kid pumps and a saucy little grey sailor hat. There was a little grey straw bag, too, and in it was an enchanting vanity case and a violet hankie!

"That will be all right to wear," Francesca had said. "We'll probably stop for a minute at Diana Markham's."

Diana Markham's! Who didn't know Diana Markham! Marnie could hardly believe all this was happening to her. She wondered if she would fall out of bed in a minute and have nothing to show for this afternoon except a bump! Waken to find herself in her unpaid-for room, without a job, without friends? But no, her own fingers had felt the richness of the satin in that lovely green evening gown; they had ruffled the ostrich tips that fringed its ultra-modern little cape. Her own eyes had looked into the mirror seeing herself wearing that shell-pink crêpe romaine with its fan-pleated ruffles, had caught a glimpse of her own back, bare to the waist! Marnie had never owned a backless gown.

Then there was a soft creamy lace, with taffeta scarf; a coral dinner gown Bess called organza; a golden brown net, with gay little flowers at the high neck, old-fashioned marigolds and blue bachelor's buttons. There was the little cotton print suit for mornings, a love of a yellow sweater; the silver wrap she had loved. Special bags, what seemed like a trunkful of sheer and exquisite underthings; hose of a gossamer thinness. And shoes! At the smart shop straight across from Bess's, they had bought low heels, high heels; white, black, silver, green, even orange! Marnie was sure they had gone crazy. But Francesca calmly said: "For that little brown frock, Marnie dear."

Francesca had, in masterly fashion, drawn her friend Bess aside, before they left. She seemed to be lowering her voice, but every word was perfectly audible.

"I know you can keep a secret, Bess," she had said. "Put the account in the name of Marnie Mason. Or, if you'd rather, put it on mine. But she doesn't want to advertise herself. Ask Leland Ives about her. I met her through him, originally. And just for your own ears, Bess, if some of the society-mad opportunities out here knew who my house-guest really is—but she doesn't want that. This gal's regular. Her family name—now listen, Bess. I don't want you to be able to say I told you that it was Van Cortland-Rensellaer, because I'm not telling you. Just Marnie Mason. And—oh, yes, she's from—Webb City, Missouri."

"I GET you," the other replied. "Miss Mason it is." It was as easy as that.

"And Bess won't tell a soul," Francesca laughed, as they drove down La Brea Avenue. "Let's see, if she has five more customers today, and each of them had five friends, and each of them goes to a party tonight—well, by morning you'll be in the papers."

"I was at a party last night," Marnie said suddenly.

"You were what! Where? Who took you?"

Marnie told her. Then she told her all about the director who wasn't one. And about Bab. And everything she could remember. Except about Brandy Phelps. But, she reflected, she must telephone Brandy Phelps. She must see him again!

"I guess that's all right," Francesca said at last. "But you gave me a turn. If you just said you were Marnie Mason and you were going to work at *Henry's,* anyone who sees you again will figure you were ribbing them. And you must let them think so. Look wise, if you see them. Insisting now that you're Marnie Mason, with Duke and Ives busy saying you're not, it will work out. Your little friend Bab sounds regular. We might let her in on it."

They turned into a gravelled driveway near a huge building that Francesca told Marnie was the Beverly Hills Hotel. "This house used to belong to Gloria Fay," she explained. "Diana lives here now. We won't have more than a minute with her, I imagine. If she's home from the studio at all. She always spends an hour or so

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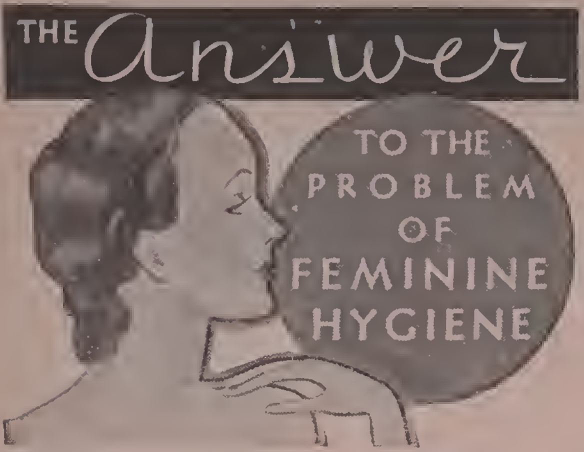
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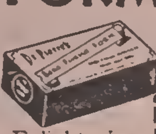

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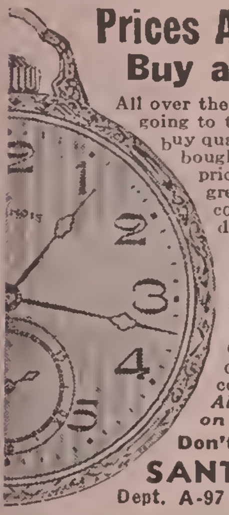

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with her babies before they're put to bed. She has two, you know."

Yes, Marnie did know. Fan magazines again. And she had marvelled that the sleek, suave actress who portrayed such languorously wicked ladies on the screen could ever be anything so simple and natural as a mother. She marvelled still more when Diana Markham opened the door of the mansion. She had expected a butler in knee breeches at least.

"Saw you coming," she said. She was in rumpled pique pajamas and her ultra-smart waves were tousled. She shook hands with Marnie and grinned. "Heard you had company, France. Lee Ives was by the studio just as I left. Glad to know you. Hope you won't think we're all crazy. So you didn't want to go to Europe! Don't blame you. Don't care for it myself. They can have the Riviera. I'll take Malibou. Flew out, didn't you? Come up and see my shrimps."

SHE was leading them up a wide spiral staircase, giving neither of them a chance to get in a word. Marnie was enchanted by her. This was indeed a topsy-turvy place. The great screen-vamp wasn't lying on a tiger skin, murmuring into a telephone. Her freckled arms hadn't a jewelled bracelet on it. She opened a door and led the way into a nursery that would have made a perfect studio set. A trim nurse in a smart lilac uniform stood watching two infants in nothing at all; male and female, two and four respectively, they were romping on a soft padded blue quilt on the floor, shrieking delightedly.

"I didn't catch your name?" Diana said to Marnie. Francesca looked amused.

"Marnie Mason, from Webb City, Missouri," Marnie said promptly.

"So you are! I didn't recognize you at first," Diana grinned. "Well, you stick to your story. And Marnie Mason, did you ever see two grander cherubs than these in Baltimore or Newport?"

Marnie grinned back. "Never," she said.

"So Lee was at the studio," Francesca said presently, as they all chatted. "Poor Lee. He won't give up."

"He might as well," Diana said. "I'm sorry for him, but hanging around isn't going to do a bit of good. Laurel's bitten by the bug—he's too good for her, anyway. If she'd been an out-and-out flop in the first picture—but you have to admit that even in that bit she stole the scene from Margot. Even at that, if she hadn't been 'Baltimore society belle' Al wouldn't have gone haywire and given her a lead! Pretty soon you'll have to produce your family tree to get a screen test at All Star. All Star, my whiskers! All Blue Book, it would be, if Al Holtzwasser had his way. The only thing that saves my job is that Al couldn't make the Register himself. Al's a fool."

Marnie began to fit the pieces together. Leland Ives had lost Laurel—whoever she was—to the lure of the Kleig lights. That explained the bitterness toward the producer. Holtzwasser would "fire a relative to give the job to a social registerite." The pattern began to clear. Some of it was still muddled, of course.

"We have to skip," Francesca said presently. "Be seeing you at the Grayson party Saturday night, if not before."

"If we're not shooting," Diana said, rising. "Who's taking you, Francesca?"

"Joel. Marnie will probably draw Lee Ives. He always stags—but he won't mind taking Marnie. You couldn't call that unfaithfulness."

They went down the stairs again and out on the wide veranda. After the heat of the day the portico, with its tall Colonial columns; the wide lawns with waving palms and dwarf-pines in careful confusion, the formal beds of flowers; a glimpse of a marble-rimmed swimming pool set far back from the mansion, half hidden by Scotch broom, all seemed inexpressibly restful and cool to Marnie.

"Here comes Al now," Diana said, as a limousine turned in at the drive. "He's trying to get Lou to direct Kit Grayson's next. I expect Lou will do it. Lou doesn't much care. But we might ride home together now and then, at least."

"Grand," Francesca said, moving toward her coupe. The limousine stopped and a man got out. He was extremely ugly in a fascinating way, and had a mop of iron-gray hair. He wore no hat.

"Hello!" he said in a booming voice. "Lou home, Diana? Looking well, Francesca." He moved toward the steps.

Under her breath Francesca said to Marnie: "All right, little spider. Here's your fly. Flutter your eyelids. He likes them to be overwhelmed." Then she turned to the newcomer and said amiably:

"Thanks, Al."

"Been away? Haven't seen you lately," he went on.

"You just haven't looked in the right places. Miss Mason, let me present Mr. Holtzwasser."

"Well, well," boomed the general manager of All Star Productions. "Isn't this a new face? I haven't seen you before have I?" He put out his hand. Pretending a calm she did not feel, Marnie laid her own small one in his. He bent his head and gave her a sugary glance. Pretty little thing, he seemed to say. And he always beamed at pretty little things.

"NO, you haven't seen me before," she managed to say. "I've just arrived."

"Oh, you little girls," he shook his head. "Always heading for Hollywood. Tch, tch—" he made the sound with his tongue and teeth.

"This is different," Francesca said casually. "Miss Mason only came to pay me a visit. She's going places."

"From where?" he inquired. "I didn't catch it."

"I didn't say," Marnie said, trying to look blank. "But I'm from Webb City, Missouri."

"Well, Marnie, let's skip," Francesca reminded. "We have things to do." She could see Holtzwasser's thought written in his eyes. "Francesca Randolph doesn't know anyone from Webb City, Missouri," he was thinking. "What's the lowdown?"

Blithely they went away from there. The hook was baited. Now all that remained was to wait for the fish to strike.

How the "fish" bit during the round of fast and fascinating parties that had been arranged for Marnie Mason's ruse is told in next month's glamorous chapter of "Hollywood Cheat." You won't know the real Hollywood—what actually goes on behind the scenes—if you miss any part of this vivid and authentic novel.

The Love Drama of Margaret Sullavan

(*Continued from page 29*)

he was showing promise of a sound stage career. His tall manliness, his engaging smile, and his frankness set him apart from the other juveniles in the cast.

The courtship was as rapid as the friendship had been short. On a sudden impulse, that gay holiday, they called a minister to the theater. Outside, snow was falling, blowing in deep drifts against the windows. Inside, on the bleak stage, between an afternoon and an evening performance, they were married, with only a few of the cast to witness the ceremony.

Two hours later they were back from dinner, acting out their parts as though nothing had happened, for the benefit of an enthusiastic Baltimore audience.

Those first short months of wedded bliss were full of the stormy quarrels newlyweds must face. At first, Margaret credited them to the difficulty of adjusting themselves to marriage. But there were other factors in their quarrels she had to face.

Since their marriage, Hank, as she called him from the first day they met, had refused to push himself. Instead, he was spending all his efforts making sure that his young wife had the center of the stage, the good parts, the big billings on the programs. His own future, which had once meant so much to him, no longer mattered. It was Margaret alone now.

From her previous success on the stage, and her own intuitive sense, Margaret knew that it would not be long before she would arrive on Broadway. Before she had married Hank, she had felt sure the same fate lay in wait for him.

Now she was no longer certain. She realized that something had to be done. She could not let the idolatrous worship which Fonda lavished on her blind her to the real situation.

She saw that one day Hank would grow bitter about his own career, would realize then that he should have paid more attention to it. She knew that in spite of himself, he would begin, perhaps unconsciously, to blame her for his own failure.

That spring, after their marriage, the company went to the West Falmouth playhouse, a tiny summer theater of the coast. Here again, she and Hank played in "Coquette."

Perhaps the moving love drama hastened Margaret's decision. Playing opposite her husband in a make-believe performance showed her how deep and abiding their love was. Unless she broke away soon, she could never do it. It would be so easy to just drift along, with a worshipping husband at her side.

DURING the summer months, Margaret went to Mount Kisco with the Group which had been hired by the Westchester Playhouse. She appeared in three plays, and it was the third one, "There's Always Juliet," which first saw her as a star.

The road to Broadway was open to her after that. She went to New York in the fall, where she succeeded in getting a favorable rôle, with a salary jump to $300 a week. For the first time in many long months would she be able to live in the

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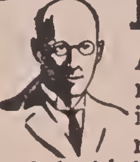

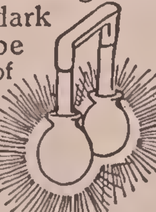

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style to which her southern upbringing had accustomed her.

The salary raise was really the last straw. The difference between her weekly income and that of Hank's was so pitifully great Margaret could no longer bear it. She knew, in her own heart, that it was their marriage which was preventing her husband from equalling her stage success.

When she went to Hank to tell him that they were separating, she did not give the real reason. Instead, she blamed their parting on the stormy quarrels they had frequently had. Better, she thought, to keep her sacrifice a secret from him. If he had even guessed at the truth, he would never have let her go.

After they had parted, she went on to a part in "The Modern Virgin." Later came her big chance in "Dinner At Eight." And then—Hollywood.

Torn by conflicting emotions, Margaret left for California.

All this time she had been separated from Fonda she had been watching his progress with an anxious heart. Was her guess right? Now that he had only himself to worry about, would he strike out with determination?

TO her secret delight, she saw him rise from the first bitter depths of despair and go to work as he never before in all his easy going youth had done. The same fall that she went to Broadway, Fonda worked in stock in East Orange. Worked constantly. Learning, studying, practicing.

When her offer came from Hollywood, Margaret hesitated. Shouldn't she go back to Hank? Hadn't he learned enough by this time? It was a strong temptation, but she knew that even now her husband would forget his lesson, forget that he had his own career to carve out. So again she did the only thing open to a woman of her courage. On her way to California, she stopped in Chicago and began divorce proceedings.

She could only pray that Hank understood, or would some day. Divorce was final. Then she would no longer be seized with her impulse to go back. It might be writing finis to her love, but that risk she was willing to run.

When she came back to New York, after her work in Hollywood, her friends had all left town and its terrible summer heat. She had never felt so alone. She was convinced in her own heart that the picture she had just completed was to be a failure. It was later hailed as one of the year's most beautiful performances.

It is a fact that shortly after her arrival in the east, she began the weary rounds of the theatrical offices, hunting a job, so sure was she that she would never see Hollywood again. It was then that she had her hardest struggle to stay on her own, not seek the shelter of her husband's arms.

As though a little ashamed of its late intervention, Fate played directly into her hands. A summons came to her by wire from Hollywood. She was to return directly and start work on a new production. The previews of "Only Yesterday" had been unbelievably favorable for the newest recruit to the ranks of the movie stars.

Even when Margaret returned to Hollywood, and was deluged with compliments, she refused to believe that it was anything but a mistake. She couldn't be that successful. Someone was fooling Hollywood and herself. But she stayed. She didn't dare go back to New York now. Not after her last experience of heart-breaking loneliness there.

Some time during the last winter, Margaret became reconciled. Even if she knew in her own heart that she was not the success Hollywood claimed her, she was working, and winning out in the battle for which she had sacrificed her love.

She became more carefree than ever. All of her old sparkle and Irish gaiety came flooding back. It was overjoying to feel sure that the veritable hell through which she had gone had not been in vain.

When her work in Hollywood was done for the spring, Margaret had her plans already made. She had always wanted to go to England. Now was her real opportunity. She stayed in New York only a few days, but it was long enough to know that she would never again be assailed by the despair and discouragement she had known before.

It was still spring in England when she arrived. Her tour through the beautiful old countryside was healing and relaxing. And she had double reason for her overflowing happiness.

Before she had left to cross the Atlantic she had made sure that Hank was already on the road to success. Soon after she would arrive in England, Fonda would be making his appearance as a featured player in the Broadway hit, "New Faces." He would have arrived.

She knew then that the brave decision a young wife had made only six months after her marriage had done all that she had dared hope it would. She herself an acknowledged success, her husband nearly ready to stand completely on his own two feet as an actor of recognized ability.

While she was touring in England, the reviews of "New Faces" were sent her. In all of them, Fonda was praised for his good work. At last he was winning out.

Then came the news speeding across the ocean that Hank was appearing in the Westchester Playhouse. Memories of former triumphs flooded over Margaret. Was it too late to play once more with her former husband? Her promise to never play with him until he was on the road to success could never be broken now.

SO Margaret made up her mind. The fastest liner deposited her in New York, the swiftest cab took her to her agents, a hurried telephone call to Mount Kisco brought the news. Margaret Sullavan wanted to appear in the Playhouse again. Written permission from her studio was hastily wired to her.

It is known only to her agents and to a few intimate friends that in order to have her one week in stock with Hank, Margaret was forced to turn down a lucrative radio offer which amounted to $2,500. If she had accepted it, she could never have played in "Coquette."

The reunion of the dark haired, blue-eyed Hank, and the demure Margaret Sullavan was very quiet. Emotions too deep for surface demonstration were stirring in both of them. They smiled, said hello huskily, and shook hands slowly.

The first performance of "Coquette" was on a Saturday night. The little theater, not built for national stars, only began to accommodate the crowds which surged around it, demanding tickets. There had been no rehearsals for Hank and Margaret. They had played the parts over too often in their dreams the past two years to need rehearsing.

I saw that first act, with the divorced young couple, divorced when love was still at white heat, back together for the first time since their separation, back in the play which called for such deep emotional acting. Long before the tragic ending, the hushed audience inside that little playhouse broke down and wept openly. There was a magnetism in the air. Something electric from the two actors had transmitted itself to the spectators.

Day Tuttle, the manager of the Playhouse, and perhaps the oldest mutual friend Hank and Margaret have, stood outside after the play was over, wiping his moist forehead.

When I greeted him, he waved his hand feebly. Catching his breath, he began talking excitedly:

"Have you ever seen anything like it?" he demanded. "All the time I've been in this business I've never seen such feeling between two players."

And yet that very afternoon Fonda had stood next to me and said wistfully that he guessed he and Margaret were just good friends. I told Tuttle this.

"Yes, I know," he replied. "But when two people who have been married come back together, there is either intense dislike or like. Never just a feeling of friendship. It isn't humanly possible."

THEN came that never-to-be-forgotten night in the hot, stuffy little theater when Margaret Sullavan had the first real opportunity to view with her own eyes the rewards of her travail.

The final curtain had fallen on "Coquette." It was the last night of their performance together. She and Hank came out front to take their curtain calls.

There were important critics, managers, and actors from Broadway in that audience. And Henry Fonda, star of the Westchester Players, got a bigger hand than did Margaret Sullavan, star of "Little Man, What Now?"

Margaret's experience was further enriched by the knowledge that Henry already had four offers for the coming season from outstanding New York producers. He was well up ahead on the road to success.

Margaret was free to go back to Hollywood and make "The Good Fairy." She need not add her own congratulations. Henry knew when she had cancelled all engagements to play with him once more that Margaret approved of him, that he was a coming actor in his own right.

Brave people those two. How much courage it must have taken to say good-by to love! Only those two will ever know.

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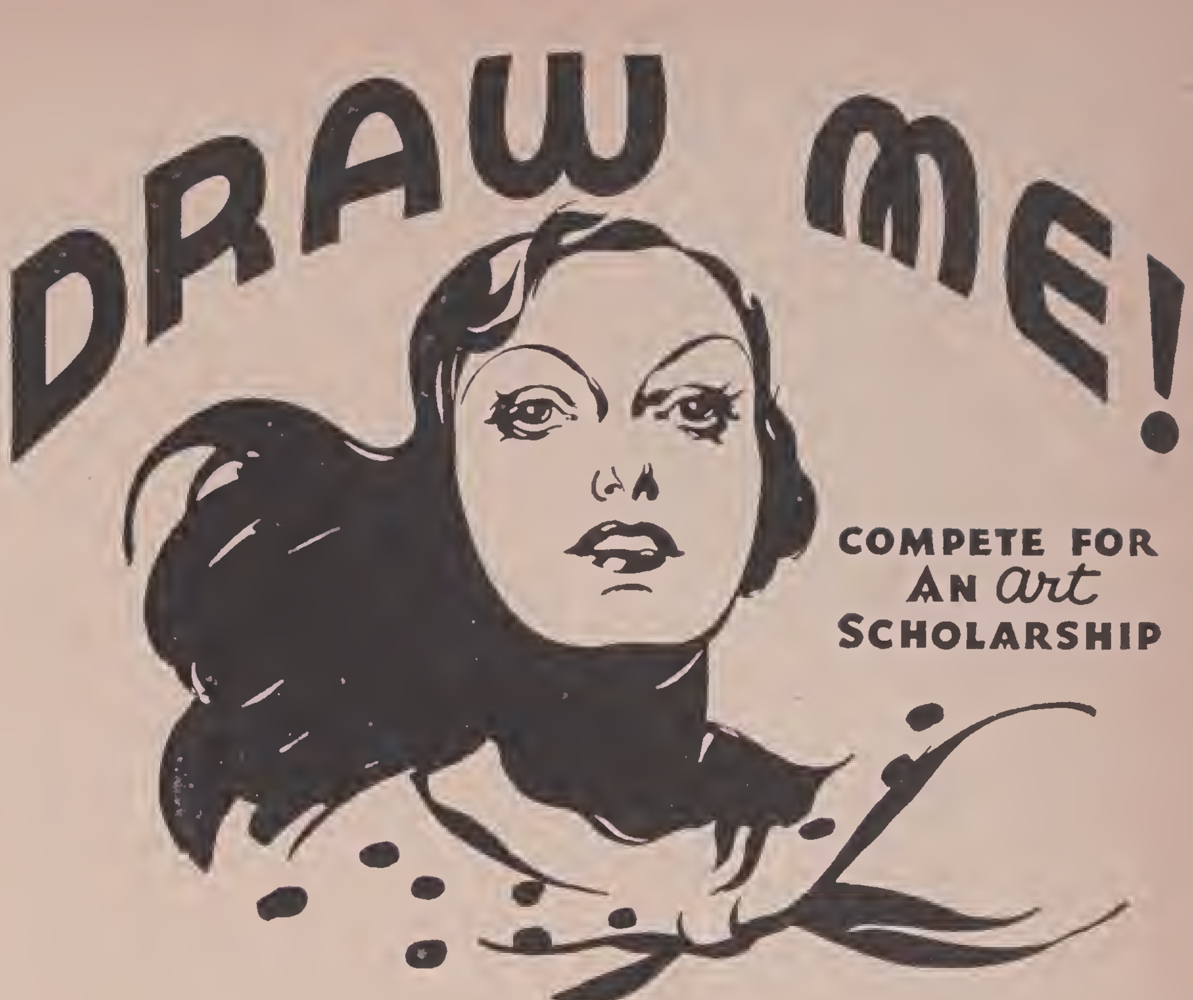

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The Barretts of Wimpole Street

(*Continued from page 61*)

under affliction. My portrait is of a woman, not a saint."

She hesitated: "I suppose people have told you that I am a dying woman?"

"We are all of us dying," he answered quickly. "Listen to me! Those colors are not dry, they must be scraped off. The whole sombre background must be repainted. And if you'll allow it, I must have a hand in that splendid work. I'll dip my brush into the sunlight and the rainbow! You say my verses have helped you. They are nothing. It is I, I who am going to help you now. We have come together and I don't intend to let you go."

"But . . ." Elizabeth began, delighted, scarcely knowing what she felt.

"Give me your hands." He took them and they lay passive in his own. "I've more life than is good for one man. It seethes and races in me. Mayn't I give it to you? Don't you feel new life tingling and prickling up your fingers into your brain . . . and heart?"

"Oh please, Mr. Browning. You are really a rather overpowering person—and in sober truth, I'm . . ."

"No. Don't tell me that you are afraid of me. You're not. It's life you're afraid of and that shouldn't be. You remember the first letter I wrote you? I said, 'I love your books with all my heart and I love you too.' All these months I've been haunted by you, and today, you are the centre of my life."

"Love." Elizabeth breathed the word, and then the glow ebbed from her cheeks. "You know very well that love has no place, can have no place in my life . . for many reasons. As I told you, I am a dying woman."

This stung him. He sprang to his feet and began to pace back and forth, Flush watching him, for the little dog's habitual calm was being rudely shaken, first by this man, and then by the way his mistress was behaving.

"I REFUSE to believe it," Browning cried. "For if it were so, God would be callous, and I know that He is compassionate. Life would be dark and evil, and I know that it is *good*. You must never say such a thing again. I forbid it!"

"Mr. Browning! Forbid?"

"Yes, forbid." He laughed easily and returned to her side. "What a splendid beginning we have made. We've talked of love and life and death, and ordered each other about, and we've almost quarreled. What could be more promising? And now I shall go, as I know that visitors must still tire you."

And go he did, after kissing her hand, and giving the surprised Flush a hearty tousle. All in a moment, he was gone and somehow, the room seemed to grow perceptibly darker when the door had closed.

Elizabeth swept the curls from her hot cheeks and listened for his footfalls receding on the stairs. A mischievous expression crossed her face and she sat up. She placed a tentative foot on the floor, then the other one. Catching on to chairs when she could and tottering at times, she made her way to the window. She was in time to see him swing down the street, till his long stride brought him to the turn at the corner and out of sight.

Still she stood there, unaware that Flush was circling her gravely. Finally, in his concern, he gave a small, very gentlemanly bark that became a crescendo of delighted yelps when his mistress looked down at him and began to laugh, a merry, happy laugh. She laughed all the way back to her couch and found the return journey less exhausting than the initial sally, though this was the first time she had stirred from its depths in weeks.

Flush forgot his bringing up entirely and romped like a pup, and she laughed the harder and pointed an admonishing finger at him: "Flush, Flush! What has come over you? Who would have dreamed you had it in you to behave like this?" And to herself: "And what has come over me?"

THAT was what the doctors wanted to know, as they watched her regaining health. When spring came, they felt it practical to make plans for the future. Both Dr. Chambers and the specialist advocated a winter out of England, probably in Italy, for Miss Barrett's present miraculously improved condition could well warrant such a trip.

"Oh doctor, do you really mean it?" Elizabeth said eagerly.

"Why not?" Dr. Chambers replied and added: "I've taken the liberty of informing my colleague, Dr. Ford-Waterlow, of the only real difficulty and he is going to speak to your father now."

Elizabeth walked slowly up and down after the doctors left. She wondered what her father would say and hated herself for the wondering, since it was so obvious that her health, and perhaps her life would be risked in another English winter.

Wilson came in to announce Mr. Browning (for the third time that week) and Elizabeth said: "Ask him to come up . . . no . . . wait." She went on daringly: "Tell him I will come down."

"Oh, Miss Elizabeth!" Wilson gasped, but her objections were useless. Elizabeth went down the stairs, one at a time, it is true, but nevertheless making her way unassisted.

"And this is only the first step!" Browning cried. "In a little while you will be able to drive, walk in the park. Of course I never doubted this would come. And Italy? Both doctors agreed on that? And when can you go?"

"The middle of October!" Elizabeth said, her eyes shining.

"October! Extraordinary! That suits my plans to perfection."

"Your plans?" Life to Elizabeth, since she had met this amazing man had been, as she described it, a series of electric shocks.

"Don't you remember?" Browning went on confidently. "I told you I was wintering in Italy myself?"

"But . . . Papa?" They were such old friends by now that she did not need to amplify the question.

"He will consent, gladly, when he is told how essential it is to your health." Browning was still confident, and Elizabeth almost for the moment believed him. Robert was like that. He expected the best, and somehow, it always came to him.

She had need of all her belief that evening when the subject of Italy came up. There was a harrowing scene that tore her nerves to shreds and left her crushed, a scene that opened out a horrible vista down which she could not bring herself to look. This was the first time she had ever tried to defy her father. There could be no two ways of thinking about this trip. His refusal to let her go, his insistence in spite of her wonderful improvement, that she was a dying woman, forced her to realize the selfishness, the egomania of the man.

"New life, new interests, new pleasures, new friends," he had enumerated acidly. "And little by little, *I* am being pushed out of your life, into the background . . . I, who used to be your whole world, I, who love you."

INSTINCTIVELY, she turned to Browning, goading her strength to take a ride in the park, that she might meet him there, rather than at the house. She tried to explain the extraordinary situation: "I know it's hard for someone who doesn't know the circumstances to understand. Papa is devoted to me."

"Devoted!" Browning lost his temper. "I don't understand a devotion that demands favors and respect and obedience and love, as if they were a right. A devotion that spends itself in petty tyrannies like forcing you to drink porter which you loathe, instead of the milk the doctors said was just as beneficial. What about your pretty sister and the nice young man she's not allowed to see? What about that . . . if that's not tyranny!"

"Yes." Elizabeth spoke with averted face. That is tyranny, and I have counselled her to take it into her own hands. She will, too."

"And what about you? What about me? I love you and I shall to the end."

He drew into his strong arms the frail figure. Surely the spring had seen no sweeter blossoming than the love of these two. He had brought her life, she brought him love.

But Elizabeth could not know this and the future looked too difficult.

"Robert, can't you see how impossible . . . look at me as I am."

"I look, and I tell you in all earnestness that my need of you is as urgent as your need of me. If your weakness asks for my strength, my abundant strength calls out for your weakness to complete my life and myself."

"If my father had the least suspicion of this, the door would be slammed in your face, my letters supervised, my life made miserable. I can't go through with it," she wailed.

"Very well. If that is so, we'll be in Italy within the month."

"Robert, what are you saying?"

"That we'll be married and leave all that misery behind us."

"No! What you say is madness, I can never marry you."

"You can and you shall. Do you seriously believe I'm going to allow myself to be elbowed out of your life now? Just to satisfy the colossal selfishness of a man whom I no longer believe to be sane?"

"Oh Robert, it's not only Papa who stands between us. It's I—I. It's no use deceiving ourselves. However much stronger I may become, I shall always remain an invalid. As your wife, I should be haunted by the ghosts of your unborn children, by the freedom, the adventure, the passionate love you might . . ."

Browning began to speak as if he had not heard her: "On the whole, I think this is our best plan. We'll meet at Mary-le-Bone Church on Saturday, and be married quietly some time in the morning. I'll see about the license and interview the Vicar at once. The packet leaves the Royal Piers on Saturday at midnight."

"Oh—oh, and I always believed Papa was the most overbearing man in the world! But I mustn't give way, I mustn't."

"There's just one more thing. You can't possibly travel without a maid. Do you think Wilson would be willing to come?"

ELIZABETH returned to the house with her world whirling about her. Marriage! Robert! Italy! She gave herself up to the happiness of it and then the doubts flooded over her again. Was it fair to Robert? With a tender smile, she admitted to herself that he had taken that decision from her. And Papa! What of Papa? She shuddered. He had been out of town but was expected back shortly.

She had scarcely reached her room when Arabel burst in:

"Ba! We're leaving this house, leaving London. Papa has written . . . here, I'll read it, and there's a letter for you too. He writes:

"This is to let you know that we shall be leaving London within the fortnight. I have taken a furnished house at Bookham, Surrey, six miles from the nearest railway."

"What does yours say?"

Elizabeth read slowly:

"You will benefit by the country air and the complete seclusion of your new surroundings. I have felt for some time that your present feverish mode of living in London, will, if continued, affect you harmfully both physically and morally. You will inform your brothers and sisters that I decline absolutely to discuss the matter when I return home."

She crumpled the letter in her hand: "'My feverish mode of living!' A few drives, a few visitors. I wonder he did not describe me as a recklessly dissipated woman. He made my going to Italy impossible. Now I am to be cut off from pleasures I had begun to find here!"

WHEN Elizabeth saw her father that afternoon, she fully intended to hold her own, but to maintain a dignified front, and not to give way to the injustice and indignation seething within her. But in spite of the resolve, it all burst forth:

"For years I've crushed down my doubts. I've tried to persuade myself that, in spite of all, you loved us. But at last I've been forced to face the truth. You've been like a shadow over our lives. You've taken from us everything that makes life worth living, adventure, excitement, change, love! From our very birth, we've trembled under your selfish tyranny. And what have you made of us? Look at the boys! Fearful

How a "scrap of paper" led me to loveliness

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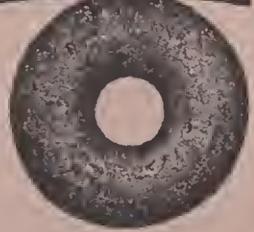

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of their dependence on you, spineless, subservient! And Arabel, poor, lovely Arabel, who would have been a loved wife, and mother. She'll die without having lived."

"I command you to be silent!" Barrett thundered.

"You might have had the love of all your children, but instead, you have fear . . . hatred, my hatred too." She burst into tears and flung herself on the couch.

He gazed down at her, conflicting emotions fighting for mastery in his face: "You are under my extreme displeasure. You should repent your wickedness and ask God's forgiveness, and mine. But I cannot leave it like this. I'm not as strong as you think me. I cannot bear to be estranged from you even for an hour."

"Papa, can't you see, won't you see, that strength may be weakness, and that your sense of justice and duty and right may be all mistaken and wrong?"

"If there were even a vestige of truth in what you say, my whole life would be a hideous mockery, but always through all miseries I've been upheld by the knowledge that I was right. It has been my heavy cross that those whom I was given to guide and rule have always fought against the right, that I knew to be the right, and was in duty bound to impose . . . even you, even . . . your mother."

"My mother?"

"Yes, but not at first. You, my eldest child, were born of love and only love. But the others, long before they came, love died out and fear took its place."

"Oh God, my poor mother, how she must have suffered."

He went on, unheeding her whisper: "You don't understand. You know nothing of the brutal, the foul tyranny of the senses. I have been permitted to keep all that from you, but for the love of Heaven, darling, don't let this raise a further barrier between us. You're all I have left."

"You don't know how I pity you, Papa."

"Pity?" He walked toward her. "I don't want your pity. My darling, next week, we shall have left this house. In our new home, we shall draw close to each other again. My darling child. You must look up to me, depend on me and lean on me. You must share your thoughts with me again, your fears, your prayers. I want all your heart and all your soul." He reached to embrace her but Elizabeth sprang wildly away from him.

"No, no, please leave me now. I can't bear it!"

Something in her desperation warned him to desist. Telling her he would pray for her sinfulness, he left her.

Wilson came fearfully in. She knew from the past the effects of these scenes on Elizabeth, but it was a different Elizabeth saying amazing words:

"Wilson, I am going to marry Mr. Browning . . . now. Will you take this note to him, and while you are gone, I shall pack. We are going to Italy. Wilson, you are my friend, you have always been my friend. Will you go with us? I couldn't get along without your care."

"Italy, married . . . me?" It was all too much for Wilson, but propelled willy-nilly, she took the note to Browning, who read it joyously and gave her minute instructions, which she carried back to Elizabeth.

It was dinner time when she fled up the stairs, afraid of her guilty face being seen. Elizabeth had written letters to each one of her family. They lay in orderly array on her desk. She had packed a few hastily assembled garments, and Wilson finished the work and locked the bags.

"Wilson, I'm afraid to stay in this house a moment longer. Things have passed between my father and myself which terrify me. Until today I've never really known him. He's not like other men!"

The sonorous dinner gong sounded below. "Yes, Miss, Oh Miss we can slip out the moment they go into the dining-room. Now don't be afraid, Wilson will never leave you, and Mr. Browning is waiting like I told you. We're to get a carriage and drive directly to him. And here's Flush. You won't leave him?"

Elizabeth looked around at the dark room that had been her home for so long a weary time. How dreary, how spiritless, had been the Elizabeth who lived there!

She caught up Flush under her arm, and shook her curls.

"You go first, Wilson, and hurry. We mustn't keep Mr. Browning waiting."

They stole down the stairs and out the door, that closed forever behind Elizabeth as she went on to freedom, life, and love.

Joan Bennett's Beauty Secrets

(*Continued from page* 50)

"I don't have to check the care of my face as that is the one job I never neglect.

"I start from the moment I get out of bed caring for my face. I wash it while I am running my tub and then pat in a good nourishing cream which I leave on during my bath. After I remove this cream I always use an astringent. Several mornings a week I use a good mask made of regular whipping cream, honey and a solution of epsom salts. I change from one nourishing cream to another so that the value of none of them will be lost through too much repetition. At night before retiring I cleanse my face thoroughly with a cleansing cream followed with dashes of cold water.

"I wear very little make-up on the street. I am very careful to see that my powder matches my skin. I never wear cheek rouge, but that is only because I prefer not to. I think cheek rouge is not only becoming, but necessary to some women's coloring. I use a very dark lip rouge and dark brown mascara.

"Lastly I check the care of my hair. I find that I have not been giving it its hundred strokes per day and I resolve to make a renewed effort at this job. I do think that brushing and scalp manipulation are essential to glistening hair. The hair should be washed weekly despite frequent rumors to the contrary.

"I'm always glad when this arduous checking job is over. A woman's personality is undoubtedly her *greatest asset,* but the body through which that personality shines is her *greatest treasure* and should always be perfectly groomed."

The Dark Days of Marie Dressler

(*Continued from page* 16)

MARIE didn't want to keep her promise, but she did. I was busy that day so I didn't go with her. She saw the doctor and shortly afterward Mr. Mayer sent for me. He warned me to brace myself and then told me what all the world now knows. Marie had cancer! Another operation was not advisable but there were certain treatments to be given. Would I live with her for six weeks and keep her quiet? I promised to do my best and we decided to tell Marie that she had anaemia and low blood pressure and that rest was absolutely essential until she was built up. No one but we three, Mrs. Ida Koverman, and Mamie, Marie's maid knew the truth.

I was glad to take care of her. I was glad to be so weary at night I couldn't think. Keeping Marie Dressler in bed when she didn't want to stay in bed was a job a lion tamer would decline. And she definitely did not want to stay there. She didn't want to take treatments. Every day she threatened to fire the doctor. She wasn't sick! Pooh! She'd made one night stands when she could hardly sit up and here I was keeping her flat on her back for a few hives. All nonsense!

Her spirit was so valorous, her will so indomitable that in a few months we thought her victorious. Apparently only a minor skirmish or two remained to be won. In the Fall Mr. Mayer told her what she had been battling. It seemed the best thing to do. Mamie and I were terrified. We knew her courage. We knew her strength. But who can predict how anyone will react to such news?

"Poor Clare," she said. "Poor Mamie. What you must have gone through! Why didn't you tell me? We'll lick this thing yet. I love a good fight!"

SHE said to Mamie, shortly before she lost consciousness, "Never let me see you without a smile," and Mamie never did. While we are on the subject of courage let's give Mamie credit, too. But she disclaims it. "Miss Clara," she smiled to me through her tears the day of the funeral, "if my darling could smile, I could, even though my heart was breaking."

That is why she had so many friends, high and low. That is why the world mourns her passing. Not because she was rich. Not because she was famous. For ten years she was neither. But always she was rich in friends, because of her smile. It is wonderful to think that there is something stronger than death. Not stone. Not iron. They go, too, in time. A heritage, if we will take it. A gift as fragile as a bubble, yet as eternal as Time, if we will use it and pass it on. Only a smile. But backed by the courage of that great woman, HER smile was as firm as Gibraltar, as unfailing as Hope. Like the Rock of Ages, indestructible.

I have read Miss DuBrey's beautiful story of Miss Dressler's courage and last illness. Every word is true, only she didn't say enough.

(Signed) MAMIE COX.

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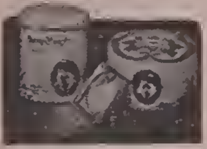

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Is Hollywood Spoiling Shirley Temple?

(Continued from page 11)

give up a few luncheons for her child's fame and security in pictures?

"Keeping Shirley unspoiled by the constant flow of flattering, petting and attention she receives now is my greatest problem," she said intently.

At this point Shirley joined us, from a short still-sitting with Will Rogers. Mrs. Temple immediately injected the editorial "we" into her conversation.

"We know, Shirley and I, that people do not always mean what they say, when they tell us how wonderful we are—don't we, Shirley?"

And Shirley nodded, not too convinced. Mrs. Temple continued.

"I hope to have a portable dressing-room for her on the set so that she will not meet visitors during the making of a picture, and I think it will help when we have a bungalow suite on the lot so that she can have her luncheon in privacy.

"Of course, everyone has been so wonderful to Shirley. The directors, stars and executives with whom she has worked have showered her with affection."

And right there lies the dragon's snare into which every child star in Hollywood has fallen. Shirley can still be saved, but there is only one path to safety, and it doesn't lead to portable dressing-rooms in a studio—it runs a thousand miles from a movie camera with no return ticket.

Another two years of Hollywood's garroting idolatry and any child psychologist will tell you what will happen to Shirley's miniature magnetism!

THREE months ago, I watched Al Hall directing Shirley in "Little Miss Marker." After every scene, in which she never failed to display remarkable ability to remember lines and gestures, Al would sweep her into his arms, smother her with attentions. It was dinned into her ears with monotonous repetition that she was a marvel, a miracle, the cutest, the prettiest, the smartest little girl in all the world. And almost everyone joined Al in the paeans.

Later, I was told by a friend, who worked on the picture, that Al and the crew were overcome with surprise when three weeks after the close of the production, they had a devilish time getting a few retakes out of Shirley. They didn't recognize it as their own handiwork.

And it was during the filming of this same picture that Rachel Smith, instructor, in charge of child welfare for Paramount, made a strange statement.

"No child of mine will ever work in pictures," she told me. "During my nine years with the studio, I've had every juvenile star in pictures in my classroom at one time or another, and I know from constant contact with them that there is no antidote for the corroding effects of the Hollywood hubbub that eddies around them. It is practically impossible for children over three years of age to remain impervious or unchanged by the abnormal amount of attention directed at them."

So you see, Mrs. America, even if the Hollywood miracle manages to occur and your "sister" and your "junior" find the golden apple, it will only make them sick.

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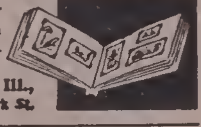
To prove how quick and easy our modern method of teaching is we will send a typical lesson absolutely free to any child or grown-up who would like to become a musician. Our home study course is complete, the most successful that we know of in America. Lessons are conducted with individual instructions and recitations at the mere price of service, supplies and mailing. We have thousands of accomplished graduates and students. You will not be disappointed. Send for the free lesson today. Address American College of Music, 1388 Main St., Kansas City, Mo.



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The real thing for mounting Snapshots, Cards, Stamps, etc. No paste needed. Neat, easy to use for mounting prints tight or loose. Sold at photo supply and album counters or send 10¢ today for pkg. of 100 and free samples.
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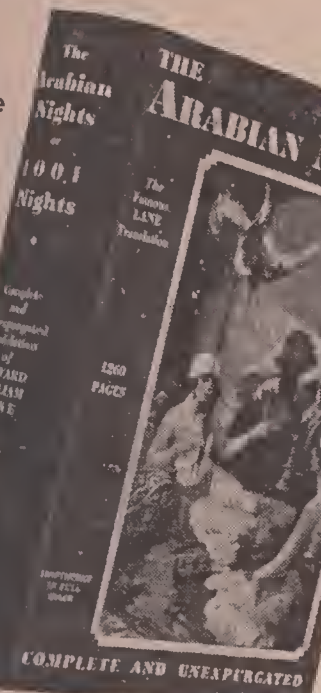
Worth $1.00 Complete
A "get acquainted" gift from REJUVIA, the favorite lipstick of more than a million women. A complete 17 x 25" scientific character reading chart absolutely FREE to you.
Study your sweetheart's character. • Analyze your friends • Learn what you are, and why you are • You will be amazed with the mysteries that this chart will reveal to you.
Mail your name and address on penny post card. No cost. No obligation. SEND NOW TO Rejuvia Beauty Labs., Inc., Dept. K-30, 395 Broadway, N. Y.
Try REJUVIA Lipstick today, velvet smooth, permanent waterproof, indelible, in correct shade for your individual complexion. A tested quality full size lipstick for only 10 cents at most 5c and 10c Stores.

ARABIAN NIGHTS

THE ORIGINAL LANE TRANSLATION . . . $2.98

A De Luxe Edition



WHAT lover of rare, beautiful and exotic books has not longed to own The Arabian Nights as translated from the Arabic by Edward William Lane?

Who, having read them, can ever forget these astonishing stories of lion-hearted heroes and their madly loved ladies? Of silken-clad beauties who turn from the murmuring of amorous verses to the devising of diabolical tortures for erring lovers! Where but in the Orient could love blossom so tenderly or distil so maddening a perfume? Only the passion and imagination of the Oriental could conjure up these stories of love and hate, poison and steel, intrigue, treachery and black magic.

For many years after Edward William Lane completed his famous translation from the original Arabic that placed the Arabian Nights among the great literary achievements of all time, it was published as an elaborate set of volumes, priced at $60.00 and upward. Thousands of institutions, collectors and individuals of affluence purchased it, but at that price it was out of the reach of uncounted thousands who had heard of its magnificence and who wished ardently to read it. It was not, however, until comparatively recently that an enterprising publisher succeeded in securing the necessary rights to enable him to publish the entire contents of the original set in one great, magnificent volume—and what a volume it is! How widely, wonderfully, gloriously different from the simple children's volume which so long passed current as The Arabian Nights.

A Volume of Rare Beauty

It is printed on fine quality paper in beautifully clear type, luxuriously cloth bound in black and red and gold—124 Oriental tales, 1260 pages, rich in the lure and thrill, fire and passion of the mysterious East. Complete, with a wealth of translator's notes on Oriental life, customs, magic and other alluring subjects, the Economy Educational League has been extremely fortunate in securing a limited number of copies upon a basis which permits us to offer it to our customers at the amazingly low price of $2.98, postpaid—a credit to any collection of beautiful and exotic books. Order today before the supply is exhausted. You risk nothing for if this great volume, which weighs over three pounds, fails to come fully up to your expectations, you can return it for immediate refund of your money.

Send coupon today with $2.98. Money back if not satisfactory. When ordering request catalog of other exceptional book bargains.

ECONOMY EDUCATIONAL LEAGUE
1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Dept. MM-10

I enclose $2.98 for which please send me the original Lane translation of THE ARABIAN NIGHTS beautifully cloth bound. I understand that my money will be refunded, provided the book does not prove satisfactory.

Name..

Address..

City..........................State..........

Una Merkel's Amazing Marriage

(*Continued from page 43*)

always go with either Dick or Johnny. I don't get many opportunities to go out on account of my work and Ronnie wouldn't want me to stay home simply because he wasn't here to take me. You know you can't place iron bars around love or it will try to find an escape. That's what makes it so nice to have Dick with us. If my husband's away I don't have to seek a squire—I've one right at home! Ronnie and Dick have been boon companions for years, hunting and fishing together in Mexican waters. As we all enjoy each other's company and Dick hasn't a home here we just naturally decided it would be grand for everyone concerned if he lived with us, not as a guest but as a member of the family. A large house like ours is made to share with friends. It's nice for Mother, too, Dick's being there, as Father is often out of town and I don't like to leave her alone."

I grinned. "Whether you know it or not, Una, you're a triple threat artist! You've combined matrimony, in-laws, pictures and beaux into a recipe for Hollywood happiness. But weren't you afraid that living with your parents might be a handicap to marriage?"

Una laughed. "Not at all! I'd never have married, much in love as I am, if my husband wouldn't live with my parents. You don't have in-law troubles unless you're unwilling to make little concessions that the household may run smoothly. They, Ronnie and I, and Dick all fit in together! They say that living with your relatives and third persons have caused break-ups in screen marriages but, honestly, they've only made ours more complete! Life is a give and take proposition and the more you give out the more you receive, whether it's grief or happiness!"

"There's one important thing in a marriage like mine," Una explains "and that's this point that if you want a modern happy marriage you cannot put up a lot of 'Thou Shalts' and 'Thou Shalt Nots.' Lovers don't need such an iron bound code. Their love is their own protection against their straying. You must trust each other implicitly—and if you're really in love you do. Because we're wed is no reason for Ronnie and me to tuck away our old romances in our memories. If we enjoyed their company before we met there's no cause to forego them now! I still write to four of my former friends, beaux if you will, and my husband understands that it's something sweet and nice to remember, the other days with our first puppy loves! *Ours is simply an old-fashioned marriage brought up-to-date!*"

They're an amazing trio, Una, Ronnie and Dick. Amazing in that Una and Ronnie have an ideal union in cinemaland by applying 1934 thought and sophistication to their love. And Dick, mustached, jovial and a swell guy, has been paid Hollywood's highest compliment in never being referred to as "the other man." In-laws have aided their happiness, Una's career has been no hindrance and old time heart accelerators have completed their happiness! A most enviable marriage!

I WISH I WAS A STAR SALESMAN LIKE YOU - BUT I HAVEN'T THE COURAGE TO TRY IT!
NONSENSE! I MADE GOOD FROM THE START SO CAN YOU.. LISTEN....

"I USED TO THINK SELLING WAS HARD Until N.S.T.A. Showed Me How!"

THREE years ago Jim, I was just like you. No future in the job I had. Like you, I knew that the big money is made by salesmen. But I didn't dream I could ever become one until I learned about the National Salesmen's Training Association. Now you see what this training has done for me. They took me absolutely 'green' as far as selling was concerned, and gave me my start. They made me one of the best salesmen the firm has. Training is all *you* need. With it, you won't find selling hard. It's really easy and you'll make the kind of money you want."

Remarkable Book Now FREE

Thousands of men are thanking their lucky stars that they had National Salesmen's training to help them through the last few difficult years. They came through with flying colors; many report the biggest incomes of their lives now.

If your future looks gloomy—if you're tired of waiting for things to come back in your old line—find out what N.S.T.A. can do for you. Don't turn your back on selling opportunities because you've heard others talk about "born salesmen." A postal or your name and address on the margin of this page will bring you full particulars of N.S.T.A. training and free employment service; also a Free copy of "The Key to Master Salesmanship." Write today!

National Salesmen's Training Association
Dept. R-1107, 21 W. Elm St., Chicago, Ill.

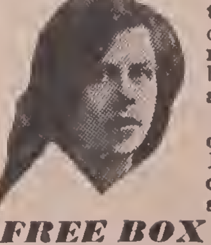
350 LITTLE BLUE BOOKS 5¢ EACH
Send post card for our free catalogue. Thousands of bargains. Address:
LITTLE BLUE BOOK CO., Catalogue Dept., Desk 212, Girard, Kansas

What made their hair grow?

Here is the Answer

"New hair came almost immediately after I began using Kotalko, and kept on growing" writes Mr. H. A. Wild. "In a short time I had a splendid head of hair, which has been perfect ever since."

Frances Lonsdale also has thick, wavy hair now, although at one time it was believed her hair roots were dead. She used Kotalko.



Many other men and women attest that hair has stopped falling, dandruff has been eliminated, or new luxuriant hair growth has been developed where roots were alive, after using Kotalko.

Are your hair roots alive but dormant? If so, why not use Kotalko to stimulate new growth of hair? Kotalko is sold at drug stores everywhere.

FREE BOX To prove the efficacy of Kotalko, for men's, women's and children's hair. Use coupon.

Kotal Co. 355-M, Station O, New York
Please send me Proof Box of KOTALKO.

Name..

Full Address..

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NEW KIND OF TRUSS

Works without belts, springs or leg straps. Weighs only a few ounces.

SUCTION-CELL RUPTURE RETAINER

CAN'T slip, can't gouge, no bulk to show through clothing. Incredible results. Sold on guarantee that rupture must positively and unmistakably show improvement during trial or money back. Thousands of important patrons all over the world, including surgeons and doctors. Get free educative details at once—may be a life saver.

NEW SCIENCE INSTITUTE
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NEW DEAL
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Start $1260 to $2100 a Year

MEN—WOMEN 18 to 50. Common Education usually sufficient. Many Fall examinations expected. Write immediately for free 32-page book with list of positions and full particulars telling how to get them.

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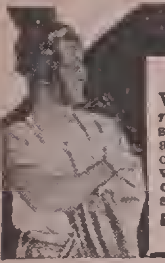

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We build, strengthen the vocal organs—*not with singing lessons*—but by fundamentally sound and scientifically correct *silent exercises* . . and absolutely *guarantee* to improve any singing or speaking voice *at least 100%* . . . Write for wonderful voice book—sent free. Learn WHY you can now have the voice you want. No literature sent to anyone under 17 unless signed by parent.

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Employment for 500 Men at Once!

A REVOLUTIONARY Chemical Sponge has just been invented that cleans cars like magic. Banishes auto-washing drudgery. Also cleans linoleum, woodwork, windows without work! Auto owners and housewives wild about it!

The manufacturer wants 500 men and women at once to help him introduce this strange chemical sponge. He has a special No-Risk Trial Offer for the first person in each locality who writes him. Send in your name today—also ask for full particulars on how you can get the Agency and without experience or risk have a BIG STEADY INCOME. *Address:* KRISTEE MFG. CO., 440 BAR ST., AKRON, OHIO

THE MYSTERIOUS WORLD WITHIN YOU

Those strange feelings of intuition and premonition are the urges of your inner self. Within you there is a world of unlimited power. Learn to use it and you can do the right thing at the right time and realize a life of happiness and abundance. Send for new, FREE, SEALED BOOK that tells how you may receive these teachings. Address: Scribe L.R.L.

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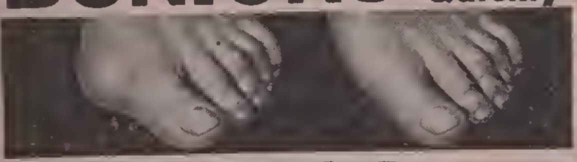
SAN JOSE CALIFORNIA

BUNIONS Reduced Quickly



BUMP GOES DOWN!

Pain stops almost instantly! Then blessed relief. Fairyfoot gradually reduces painful, ugly bunions. Enables you to wear smaller shoes. No cumbersome appliances. No messy salves. Used on over 2,000,000 feet since 1897. Write for Free trial treatment. Fairyfoot Products Co., Chicago, Ill., 1223 S.Wabash Ave., Dept. 4277

FREE Proof

When They Were Broke

(*Continued from page* 40)

Howard trunks. Leslie's funds in hand amounted to slightly less than two dollars and fifty cents.

Aimlessly he wandered the streets. Anything he felt preferable to wiring his disapproving father for assistance. On a corner he noticed a street hawker selling little bottles of spot remover. Trying to sell them rather. Trade wasn't so good.

"If I can improve your business will you give me a fair share of your profits?" Leslie asked him.

"That I will, lad," the man agreed.

At a nearby shop Leslie bought a deck of cards. With these cards he performed tricks. He went in for flamboyant flourishes rather. A crowd gathered. And to this crowd the vendor sold his bottles by the score.

A week later Leslie had four pounds . . . twenty dollars . . . enough to buy his railroad ticket home.

It was then Leslie Howard put behind him the fear which already had haunted him for too long. He knew at last that one door never closes but another opens, that there is always a way out for those who will keep their minds and eyes open.

Sometimes, knocks are necessary to jog a square peg out of the round hole. . . .

WITHIN the safe, ivy covered walls of Syracuse University not many years ago Miriam Hopkins was restless and bored to death. Miriam wanted to be an artist. She decided finally that she would be an artist. Willy nilly. Make her own way. Ask nothing from any member of her family. And so she boarded a train for New York.

In New York she lived frugally. Perforce. Practically everything she earned as an artists' model went to pay for her own art instructions.

However, Miriam didn't mind the mean little room in which she lived. She was rarely in it except to sleep. Because her meals were infrequent and limited she wasted no self-pity on herself. She was doing what she wanted to do. She was on her own. She voted it great fun.

Then the modeling job ran out. Her art classes Miriam had to give up. She had long idle days in which to sit and think. She had long restless nights to lie awake, frightened and worried.

It was Miriam's greatest fear that she would have to return home. Defeated. A failure. By comparison it wasn't so bad to sit through dreary hours in a dreary room . . . hungry . . . tasting the salt of bitter tears.

Only when she was faced with eviction did Miriam temporarily relinquish her ambition of becoming an artist to take a place in the ballet of a new production. It was then, of course, that she began to build what has proven a brilliant career. And it's most unlikely, certainly, that as an artist she would have been half as happy, successful or famous.

Gary Cooper's story is very similar to Miriam's. He, too, wanted to be an artist.

Leaving the broad acres of the Cooper ranch, leaving the solid, well-kept ranch house on its knoll, Gary figured he had money enough to last him quite a time. He was young and inexperienced. He soon learned how quickly money disappears. It wasn't more than several weeks after he had left Montana and arrived in Los Angeles that Gary was broke and living on a loaf of bread carefully divided in three parts to serve three days.

The fourth day, rather than go hungry, Gary turned salesman for photograph coupons. He rang door-bells and convinced housewives that they owed it to their husbands and their families to buy one of his coupons, get into their best bib and tucker, curl their hair, and go downtown and have their picture taken.

The first day his commissions amounted to eleven dollars. He had a way with him even then.

Then—through no fault of his own—Gary went broke again. Flat broke. His company failed owing him a considerable amount of money, all he had in the world.

For another three days Gary lived on another loaf of bread.

All about Gary other young men were earning their way, supporting others as well as themselves, taking their places in an adult world. Far more depressing than his hunger was his sense of failure.

It was an acquaintance, also down in luck, who interested Gary in motion picture work.

"If I could ride like you, boy," he told Gary, "I wouldn't go around hungry . . . worried. I'd get myself work in pictures.

Gary didn't want to act in pictures. He wanted to *draw* pictures. But he was terribly hungry. Debts were accumulating.

He became an extra in western films and made his first stride towards the high, gold-plated place he occupies today.

CLARK GABLE gave up the decent security which twelve dollars a day represents at any time, in any place, to leave the Oklahoma oil fields and join a little travelling company.

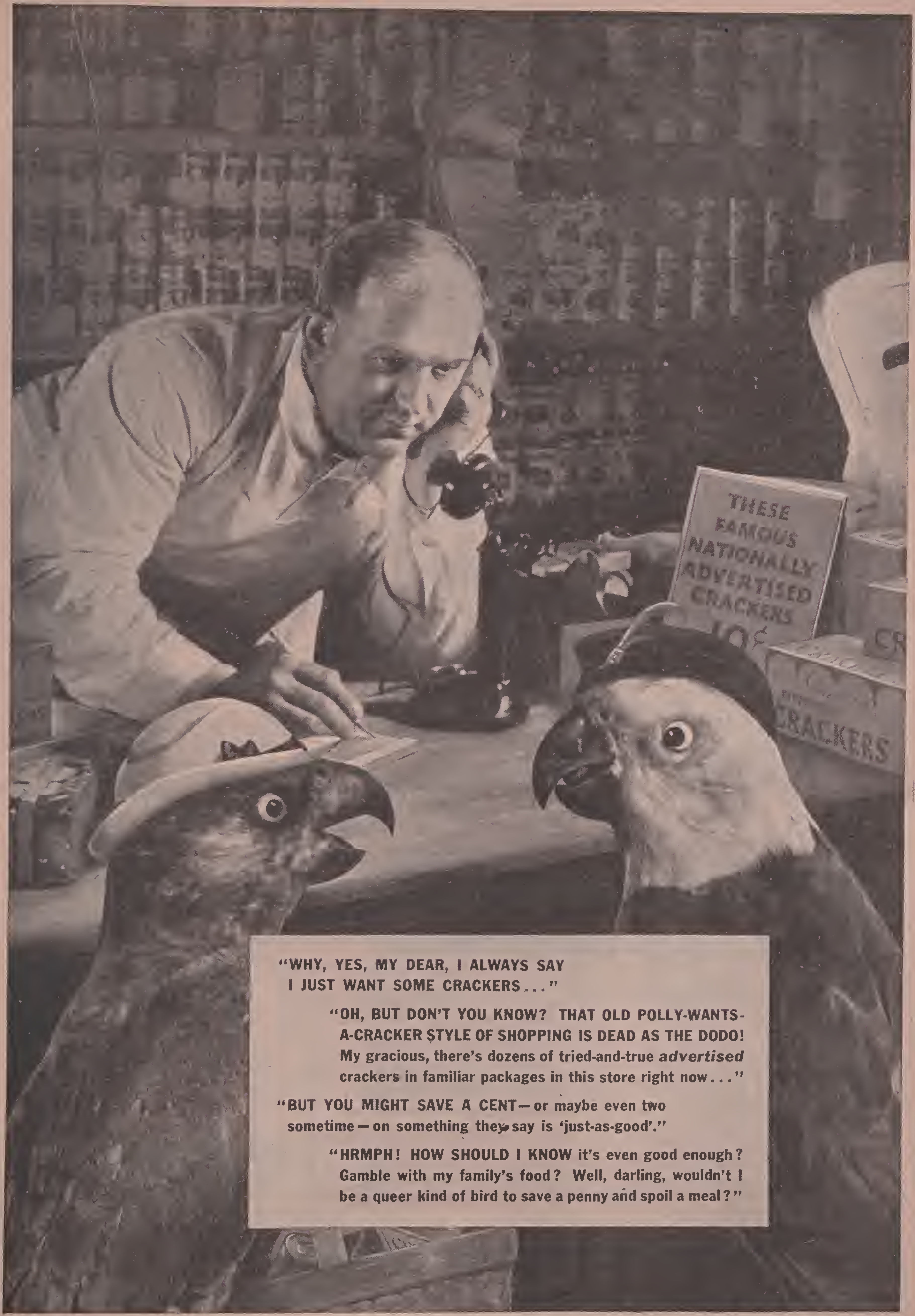
During the following two years things were precarious. To put it mildly. Then the company blew up altogether and Clark found himself stranded in Montana. It was March. Spring comes late in the north country. Standing on a deserted railroad station, bleak winds whipping a cold, drizzly rain against him, Clark fingered the two dimes, one nickel, and one penny which jingled forlornly in his frayed pocket and represented everything he had in the world.

Into the yards clanked a freight. Impulsively Clark jumped aboard, curled up and went to sleep. He didn't care where that freight was bound. He had no place to go anyway. And inside his box car it was dry and comparatively warm.

Lying on the hard, uneven floor of that box car I do not doubt he grinned and said to himself, "One day it'll be fun talking about all this."

Clark has spirit, a quality fairly common among people who get anywhere in this world. . . .

He needed that spirit, goodness knows. When he awoke from his sleep aboard that freight it was the next morning. He was stiff and sore. He jumped off carefully, having no wish to be caught and


THESE FAMOUS NATIONALLY ADVERTISED CRACKERS 10¢
CRACKERS

"WHY, YES, MY DEAR, I ALWAYS SAY I JUST WANT SOME CRACKERS . . ."

"OH, BUT DON'T YOU KNOW? THAT OLD POLLY-WANTS-A-CRACKER STYLE OF SHOPPING IS DEAD AS THE DODO! My gracious, there's dozens of tried-and-true *advertised* crackers in familiar packages in this store right now . . ."

"BUT YOU MIGHT SAVE A CENT—or maybe even two sometime—on something they say is 'just-as-good'."

"HRMPH! HOW SHOULD I KNOW it's even good enough? Gamble with my family's food? Well, darling, wouldn't I be a queer kind of bird to save a penny and spoil a meal?"

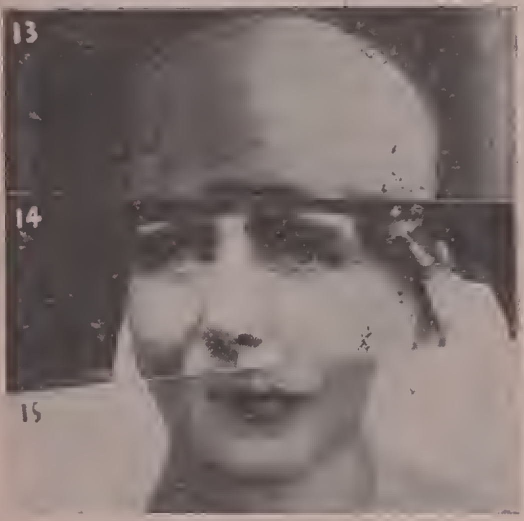
$2,000.00 CASH PRIZE

FAMOUS PERSONS CONTEST

YOU STILL HAVE TIME TO ENTER

IF you can recognize features belonging to a notable personality among the composite pictures below, by all means enter True Story Magazine's big cash prize contest right now! You still have time to win. You may even earn the $500.00 cash First Prize. To make it easy for you to get into this game, True Story reprints on this page the complete rules of the game as well as the second set of pictures. This makes it possible to begin your entry right now. Read the rules carefully and then get to work. When you have these composites correctly re-assembled and identified put them aside to hold until the contest ends. Now you will need the first set of pictures to bring your entry up to date. You can obtain these pictures without charge. The official contest page in October True Story tells where and how. Consult it today.

SET No. 2



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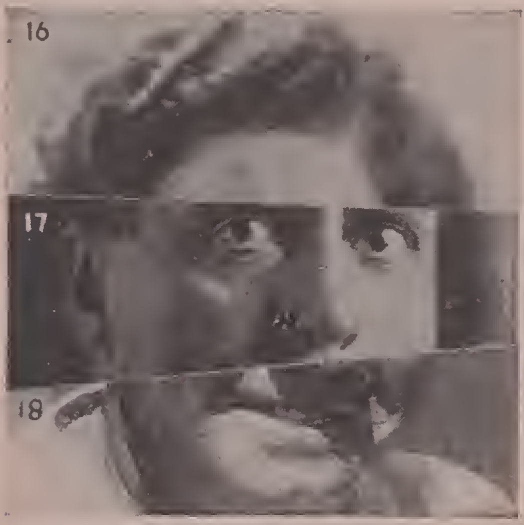

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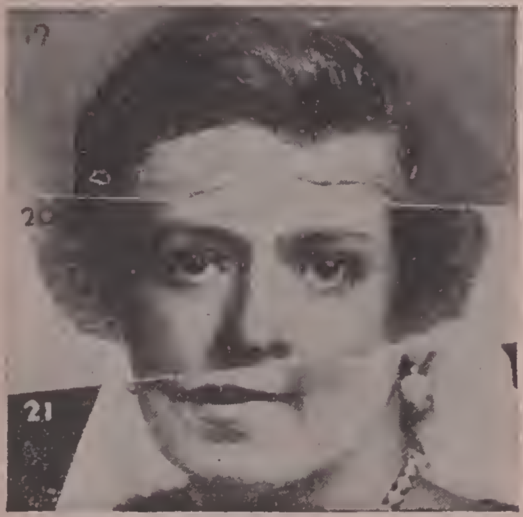

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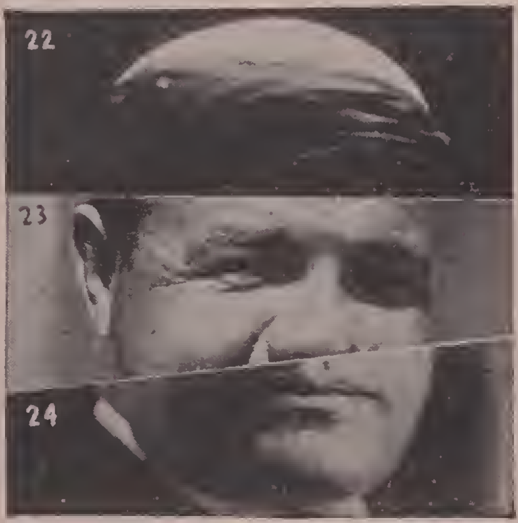

NAME.............................

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THE PRIZES

First Prize............	$ 500.00
Second Prize..........	200.00
Third Prize............	100.00
20 Prizes, Each $10.00..	200.00
200 Prizes, Each $5.00..	1,000.00
Total 223 Prizes.....	$2,000.00

THE RULES

1. Each month for three months TRUE STORY will publish a set of composite pictures of famous personalities.
2. Each set of composites, when cut apart and correctly assembled will make four complete portraits. To compete, simply assemble the portraits and identify them.
3. For the nearest correctly assembled, named, and neatest complete sets of twelve portraits TRUE STORY will award $2,000.00 in cash prizes according to the prize schedule herewith. In case of ties duplicate awards will be paid.
4. Do not send in incomplete sets. Wait until you have all twelve portraits.
5. Below each portrait write the name of the person it represents.
6. When your entry is complete, send it by First Class Mail to FAMOUS PERSONS EDITOR, TRUE STORY MAGAZINE, P.O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department. Make sure your name and address are plainly marked.
7. No contestant shall be entitled to more than one award. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.
8. Accuracy will count. Neatness will count. Elaborateness is unnecessary. Simplicity is best. No entries will be returned.
9. All entries must be received on or before Thursday, November 15, 1934, the closing date of this contest. The judges will be the contest board of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

TRUE

TRUE STORY AWARDS A NEW PRIZE AUTOMOBILE

Revealing America's Greatest Menace

SPOILERS OF WOMEN

WELL-DRESSED, free-spending, clothed with the magnetic glamour of outlawry, a new race of men bids for the companionship of America's daughters—and the bid is successful in tragically many instances. For modern gangsters, hard-living dispoilers of all things legitimate, to whom flouting all civil laws is a casual matter, think little of flouting the time-tried laws of social order.

Take the case of pretty Janet Nydahl, sister of a staff physician in a large metropolitan hospital. It was while she was calling on her brother at the institution that Tony Spavoni, gang chief, saw her—and continued to stare. Dr. Nydahl expected difficulties as he noted the tableau but, alarmed though he was, even he could not foresee the drama, the tragedy, the inescapable bitterness that would result from Spavoni's uncontrollable fascination. The The doctor's tremendous story of the case beginning in October True Story is at once a gripping account of real-life drama and a warning to the nation. Don't fail to read the opening episode in this fast moving epic of the clash of two worlds today.

THE CRASHING CLIMAX OF NORMA MILLEN'S SELF-TOLD TRAGEDY

"I DARE to write about my intimate moments with him. I loved him. I had married him. He had made me his wife legally. But I learned that night that I must accept my husband's embraces as a sister, not as a bride!"

Thus Norma Millen opens her heart and tells the story of her astounding marriage in October True Story. From her cell in the Massachusetts penal institution where she awaits sentence, having been found guilty as an accessory after the crime for which her husband has been condemned to be electrocuted, her personal story of her bizarre career comes direct to you.

If ever a young girl lived stark drama, that has been Norma Millen's lot. A child of divorce, wooed by a man she met at a beach, persuaded to elope against her father's orders, driver of a crime car, fugitive about the country, witness to her gangster husband's capture during gun-play in the crowded lobby of a hotel in midtown Manhattan, her brief years have been in grotesque contrast to the sheltered life of the girls in your own family. Yet for all its seeming unreality her story is written into the records of a sovereign state. Only Norma herself, however, can reveal her deepest thoughts and bare the various motives through which she became involved in the toils of the law. True Story Magazine presents her thought-provoking story just as she wants you to know it. Read it in the October issue today.

OCTOBER TRUE STORY ALSO BRINGS YOU—

The Girl My Husband Kidnapped
For Just One Moment of Folly
The Self I Left Behind Me
And I Didn't Want to Marry Her
No Man Should Live Alone
Outcasts
Under Cover of Marriage
The Girl Who Loved to Dance
A Soul in Prison
Afraid to Wed
Nine Special Features
The True Story Homemaker with Eight Helpful Articles

STORY

OVER COLUMBIA SYSTEM EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT

Check Your Ailment!

1. Sleeplessness ☐
2. Nervousness ☐
3. Tired—Run Down ☐
4. Gassy Fullness ☐
5. Acid Indigestion ☐
6. Chronic Constipation ☐
7. Nausea ☐
8. 3 O'Clock Headaches ☐

If you have to check one or more of these symptoms, you may be a victim of gastro hyper-acidity.

For, while many things may cause stomach trouble, any doctor will tell you that most of the above painful symptoms are due to gastro hyper-acidity and food fermentation.

Four things are necessary to control this acidity. First: stimulate the secretion of the alkaline gastric mucus.

Second: soothe the sore, inflamed stomach lining. Third: check fermentation and putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal.

Fourth: rid your intestines of the foul, poison gases and the fermenting, poisonous mass.

No mere indigestion remedy or laxative can do all four things—but there's *one* prescription which can!

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arrested for vagrancy. He was, he discovered, in Portland, Oregon.

There he had friends. The kind of friends to whom he could go for help. In the station he freshened up as best he could. A porter brushed him off. And with a grand gesture Clark parted with one of his dimes!

His friends lived on the outskirts of the city. It was a long walk. He traveled quickly so that, even though they lunched early, he'd be in ample time. An adequate meal served at a table with a fresh white cloth—that was something.

A church clock was chiming twelve as Clark reached his friend's house. He rang the bell. There was no answer. It was strangely quiet. A neighbor called to Clark. The family, it seemed, had left for New York the week before.

In Clark's pocket now there remained one dime, one nickel and one penny. He was further than ever away from his home and family. And having gone another twenty-four hours without food he was in no better shape physically.

It was the same afternoon that he made his way back to Portland and landed a job with a little fly-by-night theatrical company. His salary provided only the necessities in a most uncertain fashion. But he was on his way up again. . . .

To be broke, even to touch rock bottom, judging by the experiences of these several stars is nothing to fear. For, often enough, it proves a turning point, the beginning of better times than you've ever known, providing, you keep your chin up!

His Mother Reveals the Real Douglass Montgomery

(*Continued from page 57*)

all attend an after-dinner *outdoor performance*, created, directed, and acted by Master Douglass Montgomery. For at least a half hour, he'd strut about on the oddest makeshift stage you ever saw, acting and declaiming under the Japanese lanterns that he made our poor gardener string up in the trees each day. And if we didn't violently applaud his act, or if any member of the household was missing from the audience what a scene afterwards!

"All this made me realize that he was *different*, and would certainly be a difficult child. Why, even my women friends used to ask me to bring 'Dougsie' over so they could visit with him and hear him discuss his curious ideas and ambitions."

For that odd little boy from Berkeley Square (no, not London—but the very stronghold of fashionable conservatism in Los Angeles) had an obsession. He had made up his mind to become the leading juvenile actor of New York state—and nothing was going to stop him. Nothing else mattered. *The only reality in his life was an illusion: the theatre.*

Other little boys decide to be street car conductors, engineers, firemen, policemen, etc. Normal childish ambitions which change every week or so. But practically ever since he was conscious, Douglass had only this one *fixed idea.*

It sounds fantastic, but so do many other things about Douglass Montgomery's child-

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hood. What a strange combination of self-consciousness and great talent it must have been!

When he was six or thereabouts, he used to be terrified to walk home from school bareheaded, because the blackbirds would swoop down and try to pluck hair out of his tow-headed thatch for their nests. Actually. From up there in the sky his tousled white head (his hair was lighter than an albino's) probably looked like a nice mass of white strings—which, no doubt, is the last word in nest-building material.

SEVERAL days after collecting these illuminating reminiscences from his mother, I bumped into "Dougsie" on the lot at Universal, and told him I'd been digging up the secrets of his dark and fearful past. He grinned sheepishly. "Mother hasn't told you the half of it," he confessed. "I must have been a terrible kid—self-centered and ruthless and conceited." (He's anything but that now—in fact, he's almost too modest, if that's conceivable in Hollywood.)

"I can tell by the things I wrote at the time how pretentious and nasty I was.

"I didn't care about school. I didn't care about sports. I didn't care about having companions or friends. Instead of eating my lunch with the other kids in the school yard, I used to sneak off to the darkened auditorium where they gave the school plays and sit there alone during the whole lunch hour. Just concentrating on the idea that some day I'd be stalking around such a stage, giving a performance that would make my audience simply *ga-ga* with enthusiasm.

"I must have been precocious for my age. Everything I did was conspicuous—and *self-conscious.* I literally began my professional career at the age of eleven, acting in and directing plays that most young men of eighteen or twenty wouldn't have tackled. Perhaps I had something—*then.*" He looked vaguely troubled. "It's a quality I can't describe in words, but it made the old men and women in Pasadena come to see me night after night at the Playhouse, and act as if they were actually warming themselves at my youth.

"Perhaps my trouble is that I don't know how to *want* in the right way any more. That's most people's trouble. I know that if you really *want* anything *enough, you can get it*! And by 'wanting enough,' I mean to the exclusion of everything else.

"Didn't I prove it? I wanted to be the most successful juvenile in New York—and I was, at the age of sixteen."

It's quite true. His mother had told me how he fought against the family's plan of sending him to the University, and how she finally, much against her husband's wishes, struck a bargain with him. Douglass was to get all his University credits by February of a certain year. If he made up his work this way, the family promised to consider his dream to go to New York, and to give him the money they would have spent for his college tuition.

"Dougsie" went to New York, after having made his mother three promises: 1. Never to live in Greenwich Village; 2, No matter how modestly he lived, to have his private bathroom; 3. To send his laundry out, and a postal home, weekly.

After his first appearance on that "Slippery Way," the critics were writing about "the new white hope among juveniles." And after his first two months in New York, the family never again had to send "Dougsie" an allowance. Without knowing a soul, he walked into one fat part after another.

"My ambition was simply uncontrollable. And everything seemed to be going my way. Then, suddenly, in the middle of all the success, something happened which made me see myself objectively, for the first time. I discovered, to my horror, that, like the man who had no shadow, I had never been a *real human being.* Up to that moment my emotions had been *stage emotions.* I never had a private life."

It was an amazing self-confession. Douglass, the enigmatic, was talking about himself as every interviewer in Hollywood had hoped he'd some day talk. And although he wouldn't tell me in so many words that the *something* was a love affair, and a very devastating one, I knew instinctively.

"Anyway," he blushed, "I came to with a real shock, and realized that just living for your profession *isn't half enough!*"

There was a queer little twist to his laugh when he said: "You can't imagine how strange you feel trying to be *human* for the first time in your life. No wonder people made fun of this 'portrait of a young man in search of his soul.'

"But there was one trouble with all this. As I became more interested in living a private life, my career became less important to me. I realized that the nicest people in the world were *not* the ones who have overwhelming ambitions—ambitions that often blunt one's finer instincts. So, subconsciously, I stopped *wanting*—as that unpleasant little boy wanted—to be the greatest actor in the world. I *became less self-conscious* as a person—but I *became more self-conscious as an actor!*

"So here I am—twenty-four years old—and what am I accomplishing? In comparison to what I promised when twelve, I've gone backward instead of forward!"

STRANGE and incomprehensible and funny young man! So much like Margaret Sullavan with whom you share the glories in your latest picture. Both of you self-conscious and critical of your imagined failings while critics rave and the public says: "Let's see more of them!"

And in the meantime to completely contradict everything you've said about yourself, Universal Studios has given you a luscious contract, and before they even have time to consider a new picture for you, along comes Fox and begs to borrow you for one of the leading roles in "Music in the Air."

You're in demand, Dougsie—and you might as well admit it to yourself. So you'll probably have to stop being stubborn and difficult and join the bandwagon of critics and producers and directors and motion picture audiences and Dolores del Rio—who rushes to see every picture you're in because she thinks you're the most interesting young actor in Hollywood; and Marlene Dietrich, who seems to think you're one of the most interesting young men in Hollywood, considering the number of times she's been out with you lately.

After all, they can't all be wrong!

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Why Loretta Young Broke Up Her Romance

(*Continued from page 9*)

angry parting. She has made for herself a beautiful memory, not a bitter one.

"IN the months that I have known him, Spencer has given me many things and I don't mean material things," Loretta continued. "He has given me gentleness, thoughtfulness and consideration such as I have never known in any other man. I believe I have told you before that he has a rare masculine quality—a refined mind.

"We have had a great deal of fun together, fun I wouldn't have missed even had I known that we were destined to part and that in parting, I would sorrow. Spencer has given me memories I shall always cherish.

"I have played too much at love—on the screen—not to know the real article when it comes along. Some day I want to marry again and when I do, I want to retire from public life while I am still young enough to enjoy living.

"My Church and its associations, however, are very important to me. I could not be without it and enjoy anything. I might not be so certain of this if I had not tried to get along without the Church once before. It proved to be the unhappiest year of my whole life."

Loretta's mother has told me of that year, of Loretta's brave attempts to avoid showing her despondency. "She tried so hard to keep from making others unhappy by her unhappiness," the mother said. "It was probably her greatest performance."

I have also been told of the year that followed Loretta's divorce from Grant Withers. She returned to the fold of her Church but she evaded all social contacts as much as possible. Night after night, she sat at home alone until her mother and two older sisters, Polly Ann Young and Sallie Blane, became worried.

They urged her to go out where there were dancing, life and merriment. Imagine having to urge one so young to play.

Tired of saying, "I don't want to go out," Loretta started to invent "dates." She told her family of nice young men she had met and with whom she planned to go dancing. These boys always "called" when the rest of the family had gone out and "brought her home" before they returned. Such pitiful deception.

After more than twelve months of this, Loretta did begin to go out, partly in self-defense. Eventually, she fell in love again. This is the romance of which she never speaks. After it ended tragically, she again withdrew into a shell that protected her from further hurt.

Then came Spencer Tracy.

THERE are many who find themselves unsympathetic with Loretta's attitude in conforming to the dictates of her Church. It is not our place to take sides in any question that concerns a religion. We leave controversy to others and simply confine ourselves to facts.

Loretta and Spencer made no secret of their interest in each other. They lunched and dined together in public. They danced in public and attended the theatres and sporting events together quite openly. When Spencer dined at Loretta's home, it was upon her mother's invitation. Both Loretta and her mother helped him decorate his apartment.

More talk started when they stopped seeing one another than at any time since their friendship began. Which is the reason this story was written that you might know the truth.

We have given you Loretta's statement. What about Spencer?

There was an incident on the polo field, a few Sundays ago, that will give you a deeper understanding than anything he might say for publication. It occurred during a charity game played by two all-movie teams.

Loretta attended with a party of friends and Spencer, although not scheduled to play, mounted a pony to assist in running the affair. For the benefit of the public that paid more to see celebrities than to see polo, Eddie Cantor, acting as master of ceremonies, introduced the stars seated in boxes.

Spencer was astride his horse in midfield, leaning heavily on the pommel of his saddle, when over the loud speakers came Cantor's voice, "And now it is my pleasure to introduce the lovely Loretta Young. Take a bow please, Loretta."

At the mention of Loretta's name, Spencer involuntarily rose in his saddle as though shot. He gazed in her direction for a long moment before he was aware that as many eyes were observing him as were looking at Loretta. Then he trotted his pony to the sidelines, and on that note ended another chapter in the dark destiny of the lovely and beloved Loretta Young.

The Most Unusual of Hollywood's Untold Romances

(*Continued from page 33*)

read me so many times that line from Emerson: 'To believe your own thought, to believe what is true for you in your private heart is true for all men—that is genius.'

"I get myself into terrible muddles because I don't know how to be firm without offending. Because I am slightly introspective, it seems absolutely necessary for me to take stock of myself ever so often, so I must have some time alone. Please don't make that sound silly or selfish if you write it. You don't think it is egotistical for people to want to progress, do you? One needs solitude to grow, no matter how much he gets from his contacts with people. His growth is in his soul.

"As far as Clare is concerned, she *will* live her life as she likes, serenely and grandly, whether she has $10.00 a week or $1,000.00. She has been through both stages and her experience has not varied. When she finishes a picture, she goes home to her large (or small) abode, with about twelve books under her arm, which she has been wanting to get at. She grabs a package of raisins and a few pounds of nuts and takes them all to her bedroom. She stops long enough to cold-cream her face, so the cameraman will not lose his temper over photographing her. Then she locks herself in . . . maybe for two days, maybe for two weeks, and she never sees or talks to a soul. Just gorges herself mentally and when she emerges, she is so refreshed and stimulated you would think she had spent six months at Baden-Baden.

"Of course, I was madly in love with Clare, from the moment I saw her. She probably guessed it. I couldn't have told her in a million years, nor do I suppose I could have concealed it. There is some difference in our ages, but that did not enter into it. I never even thought of that. She is just as young in spirit as I, but infinitely wiser. She accepted my infatuation on the basis of friendship and kept it there.

"It will not make any difference in our relationship, whether I am married or Clare is married—once or a dozen times. Any woman I marry will certainly understand and appreciate what Clare has done for me. And I suppose I will marry someday. Clare thinks I should. And right after I completed my house, even I thought I would just have to get married. But I have no definite plans for marriage now.

"SHOULD I ever fall in love again, I'm going to put my sweetheart under a bushel. It is the only way in Hollywood. If one person sees you with her, if one mention is made of your association, something happens to the gossamer thread of romance. I won't risk it. This is the first time I have ever talked about my love and I'm almost superstitious now.

"One thing I know now. I shall never marry for just what is termed 'love' in the average acceptance of the word. You see Clare has given me so much more than love that I could never be satisfied with what a man usually expects.

"Any woman I marry will have to have all that a sweetheart usually has, but, in addition to accelerating my heart beat, she will have to possess many of the attributes that make Clare such a fine companion. I may fall in love . . . I have many times . . . but I am pretty certain when I marry I will expect to find the wonderful spirit of comraderie that exists between Clare and myself, and I must get some of the stimulation and exultation that I get from Clare. You notice I say some. For of course, I could not expect to ever find another woman like Clare.

"When a man travels with another man, they rarely like to do the same things; when he travels with his wife, she demands much of his time and attention; when he travels with his parents, their ideas of a good time never agree with his.

"So, I still say, I can think of no companion as desirable as Clare, and, *married or single,* I expect one day to go around the world with her!"

"I'm An Absolutely Free Soul," Says Bette Davis

(*Continued from page 37*)

I MUST repeat—wowie, *how she has changed!* I talked with her again yesterday, after two years, and I met—a flaming young person with pink-red hair, pale but *flaming*—with eyes that have darkened and deepened; with provocative lip-sticked mouth, a floppy hat, a vermilion sports dress, not an inhibition in her vanity case. The delicate gray cocoon of the first Bette Davis has burst and an insolent, dramatic butterfly floats, bold as a thought, over a Hollywood suddenly and sharply, Bette Davis-conscious. She has herself become Bette Davis-conscious.

She said, "People say that I have changed, have gone high-hat, gone Hollywood, gone 'bad.' One critic remarked that he'd bet his hat no-one could play *Mildred* in "Human Bondage" and be anything but the type of person not to be borne for five minutes. I hope that this is mistaken talk. I don't feel like that. I don't know that I even realize that I have changed. Change in one's self is a gradual process. But I do know, looking back two years and more, that the things I then hoped to do and hoped to have I have, for the most part *got* and *done*. At least I know what I can do and I feel that I am on my way.

"Perhaps I have become *aware* of myself and of the part I must play, not only professionally but also personally. Because the two are one. It's absurd to try to make a Connie Bennett or a Gloria Swanson or a Joan Crawford into a sweet domestic type who stays at home and counts the laundry and is known for her housewifely or maternal virtues. Some women are born for just such purposes. Other women are destined for glamor and excitement and a certain personal irresponsibility because of the *professional* responsibility they must assume.

"Which is what I mean when I say that I have none of the traditional feminine virtues. I don't want children. I shall never have children. This is primarily selfish . . . because I don't want to be tied down; I don't want the responsibility. It may be caused, this feeling of mine, by my mother's unhappy experience in which my sister and I necessarily shared. I remember it all—so painfully—my mother's divorce. It may come, too, from watching my mother's long years of self-sacrifice for my sister and me. Literally, she has had nothing and done nothing for twenty odd years that have not had to do with us. She could have married again—two or three times. She never did . . . *we* might not like it. On one occasion when she did ask us whether we would like a certain, and very charming man for a father I stamped my foot and said, 'I would *hate* him!'

"The result is that my mother has, today, no life of her own at all. She has only what she can share and *serve* of ours.

I HAVE decided not to have children for another reason, too—the children's reason. I feel bitterly sorry for these children of the stars and of professional people as a whole—you ought, by the way, to hear George Arliss on this subject!—they don't *belong,* the children of professionals. They are relegated to starched nurses and elegant nurseries. They are the pushed-to-one-side shadows of their famous parents. A woman *must* make a choice between the personal and the professional life, or she should. Most of us don't. Most of us try to have the whole cake and someone suffers acute indigestion. I have made my choice and it is—the *professional one.*

"I am not in human bondage to marriage, nor even to love. I believe that we can make ourselves *emotionally indestructible.* Which is precisely what I am trying to do. I'm glad that I married. I'd do it all over again if I had it to do. I married Harmon because I was in love with him and had been for a long while and because it was the best thing to do.

"I have learned that sex is important, biologically important, but I do not believe it is of the tremendous importance we in America and most especially in Hollywood make it out to be. A woman who has sex experience is not suddenly changed from one sort of human being to another. That's silly. There was only one thing for me to do—get married. I did. And I'm glad. We're still in love, Harmon and I. I am a much more comfortable person, both to live with and to live with myself, than I used to be. I am more confident. I'm not oppressed by the feeling that I am missing some transcendental experience and must DO something about it.

"I believe that our marriage will last, Hollywood comment and rumor to the contrary. One of the reasons why I believe it will survive is because we are both essentially selfish persons. He is more interested in his work than he is in mine and I am more interested in my work than I am in his and we both have a regard and a normal degree of interest in what the other is doing. He is much too selfish, or too self-centered if that sounds better, to be at all impressed with the notoriety and the noise of any movie 'fame' of mine. He has often told me that if I ever get to the stage where I think I am the Personage in our household he will kick me good and proper just where I ought to be kicked! And I like him for it. If he didn't feel like this I couldn't respect him. I'd *hate* a man who toadied to me, who catered to me, who ran to do my bidding whenever I opened my mouth. I have no sort of use for the under-dog. Women never have. They never 'mother' the under-dog—*they kick him.* Which is precisely what happened to *Philip* in 'Human Bondage'—and rightly, say I. He was a poor sap, an utter ass.

"I am in bondage to money to a certain extent. *I want money.* I'm not one to disparage what money can do for you, and get for you. But this is, really, a part of being in bondage to myself. I want money for the things it can give me, travel, independence, *freedom.*

"This is the way I feel about things. I have not gone 'bad.' I wouldn't allow myself to be in the stupidest bondage of all—the bondage of going ritzy, Hollywood, high-hat or whatever it is called.

"I think the change, is really this—two years ago I was groping and trying to get my hands on the propeller. Now my hands *are on the propeller—and I'm ready to go!"*

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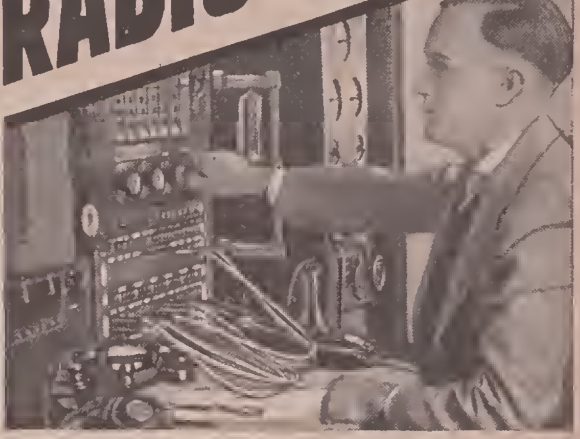

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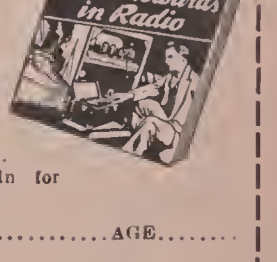

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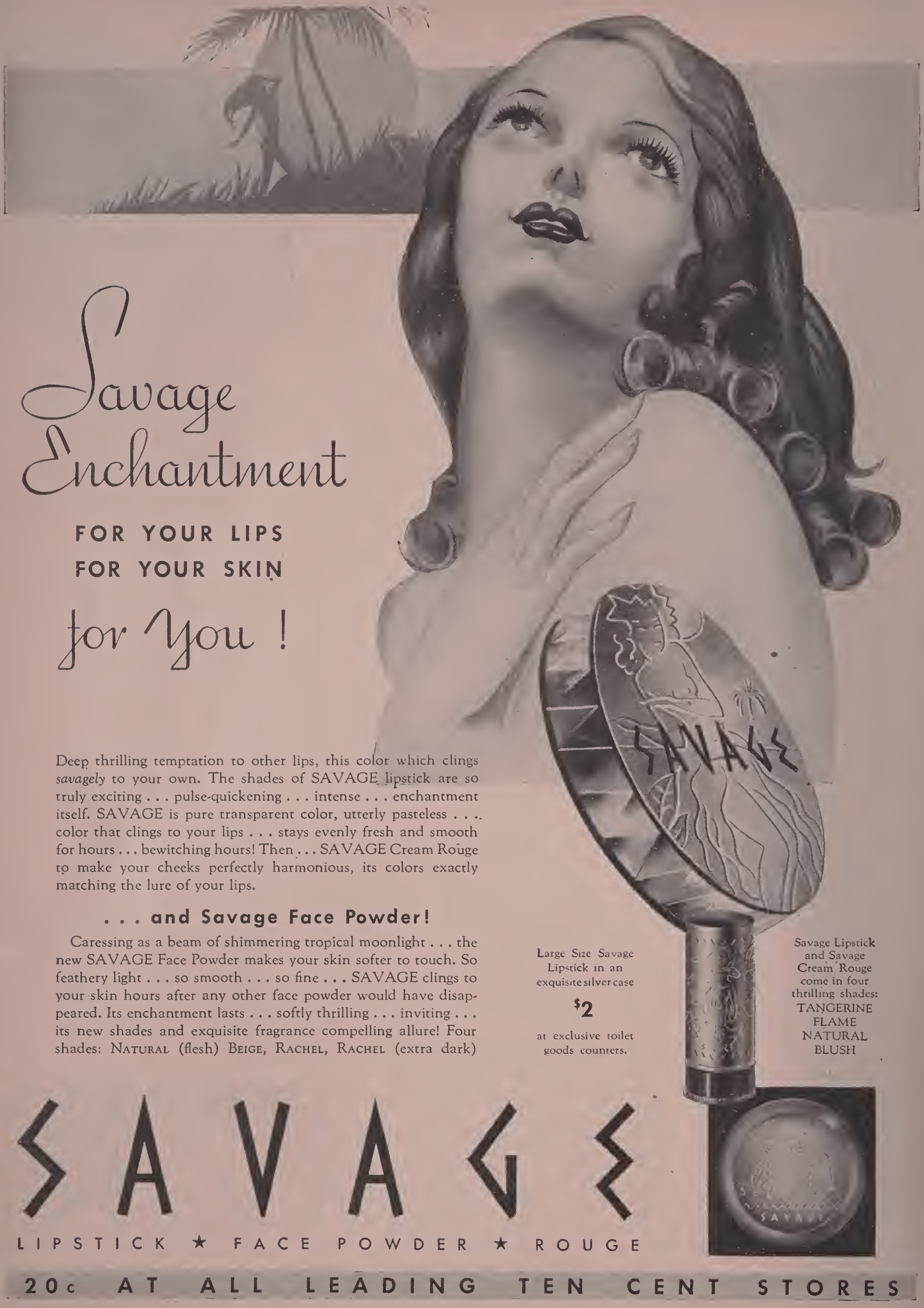

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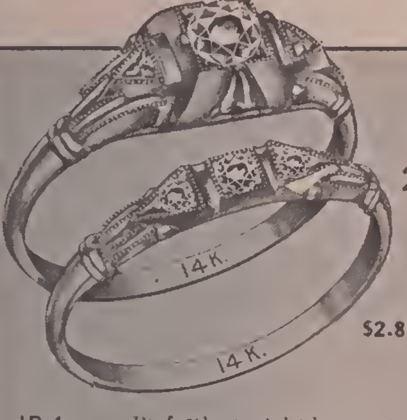

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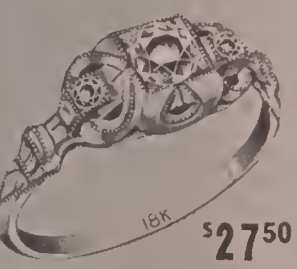

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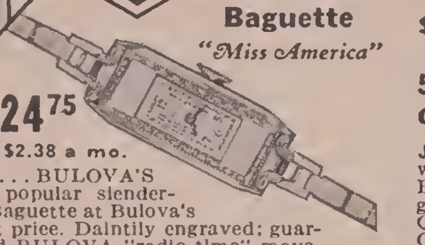

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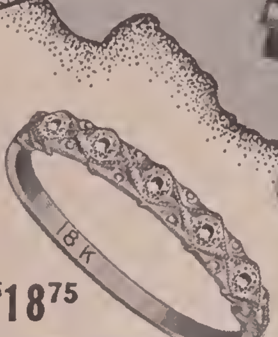

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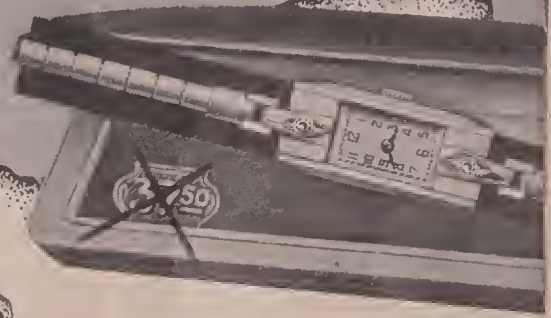

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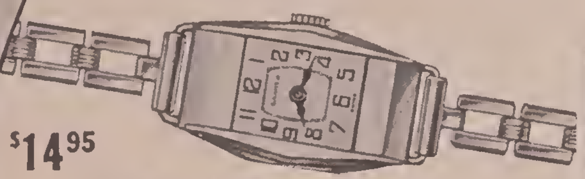

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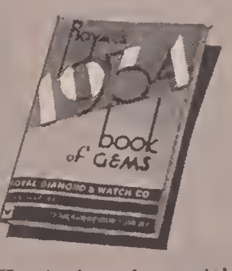

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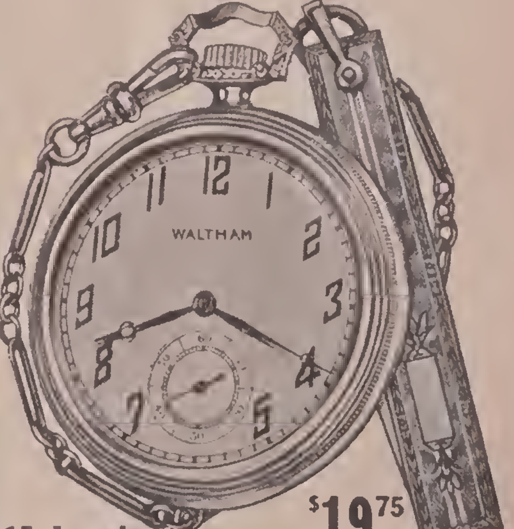

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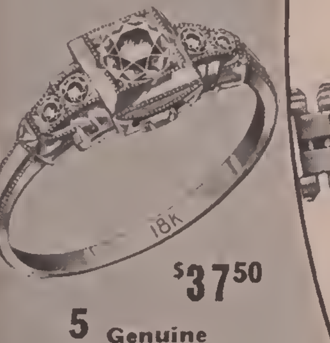

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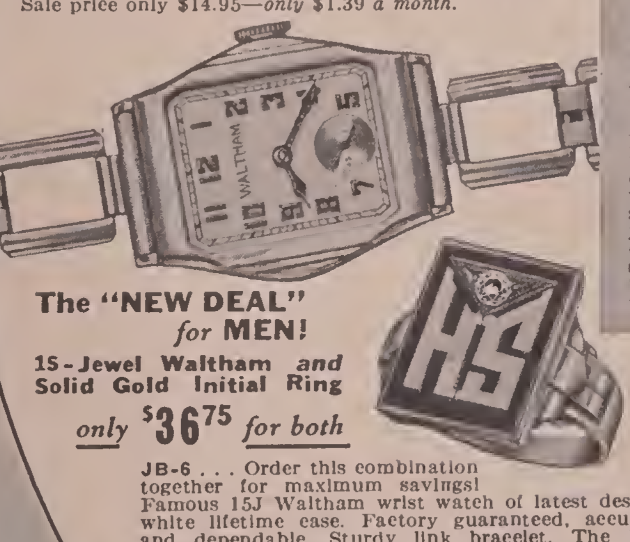

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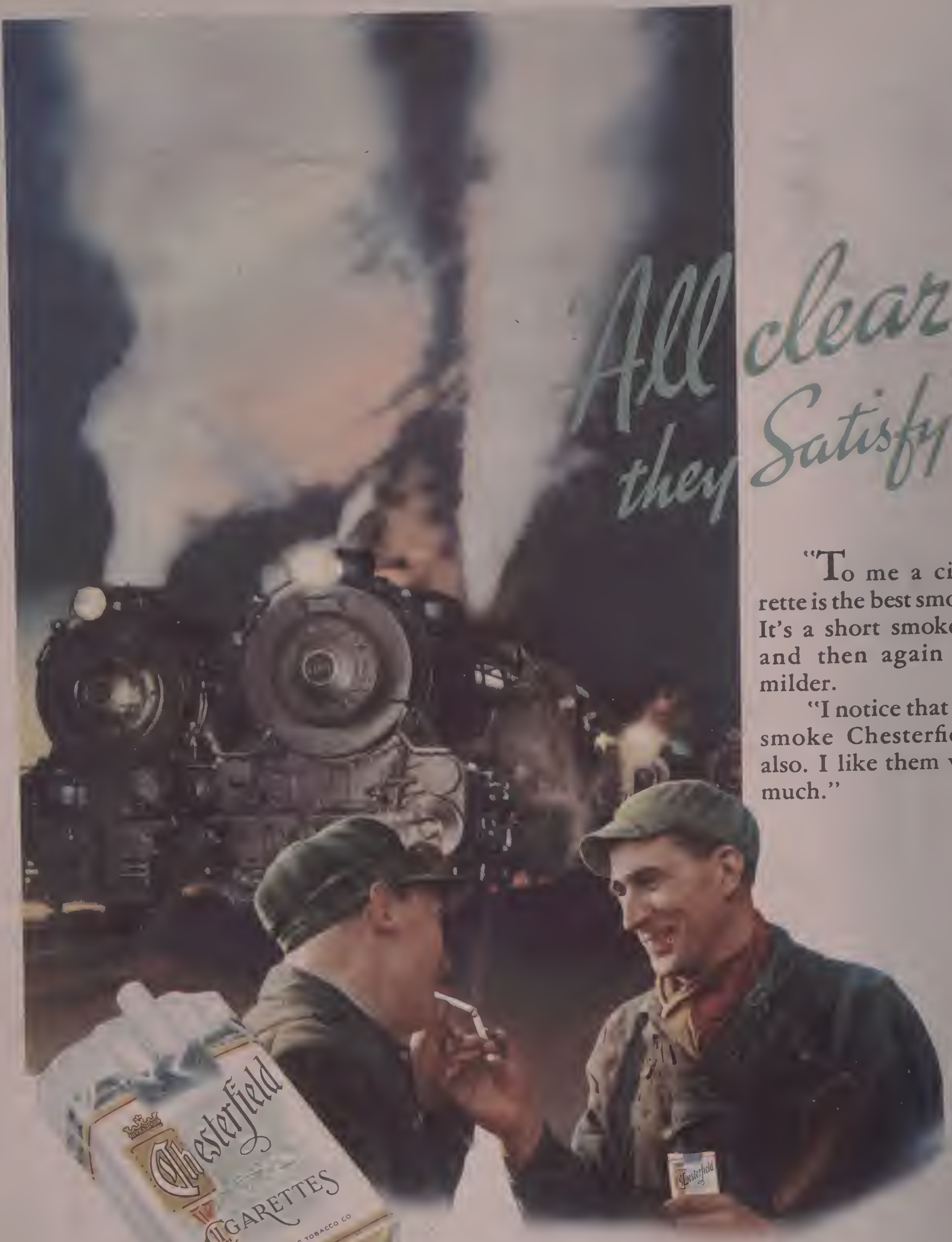
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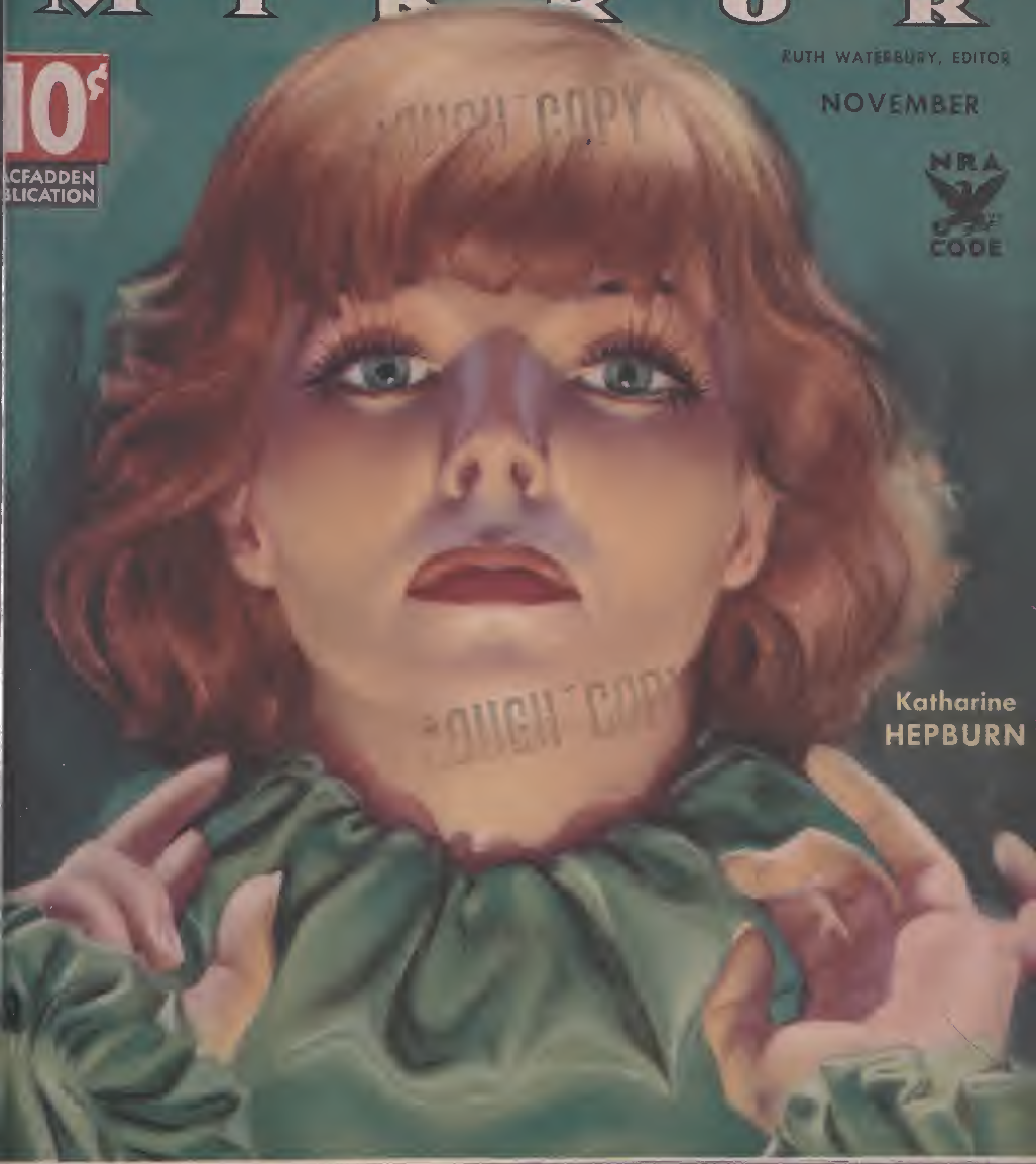

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How A Smart Girl Gets Along In Hollywood

By **FAITH BALDWIN**

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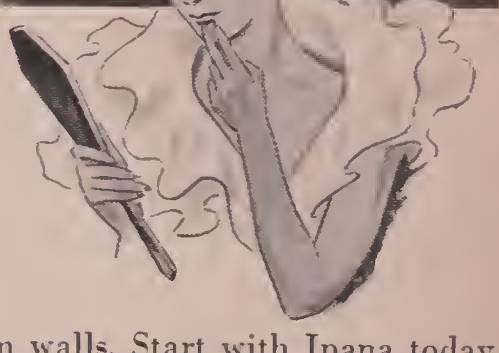

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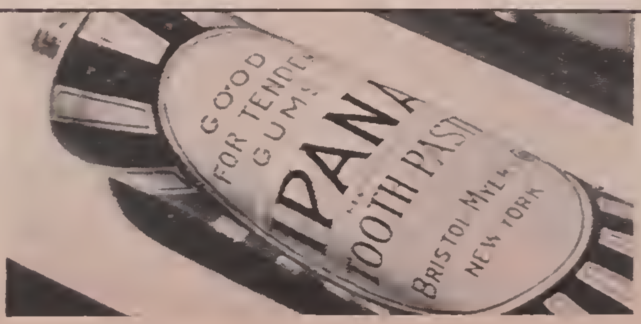

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Edited from Hollywood

RUTH WATERBURY
EDITOR

Ernest V. Heyn, Eastern Editor

WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL, Art Director

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Katharine Hepburn
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The HIDDEN HOLLYWOOD

by Ruth Waterbury

Our Editor Unearths the Very Latest Lowdown

THE Battle of Catalina was the name given to the warfare that went on between Lewis Milestone and Joan Crawford when they two were making "Rain" on location at Catalina Island. But that battle looks as nothing compared to the one that is expected to take place when the beautiful Crawford and the dynamic W. S. Van Dyke start making Joan's next picture, "Salute, There Goes Romance."

"Van" is not only one of the greatest box-office directors in the movie business but a personality in his own right. With the exception of "Eskimo" every picture he has made has been a terrific success, with "The Thin Man," his latest effort, the big money-maker for the summer season of 1934. Actors who work for him usually end by worshipping his every word, but they all admit that, while working, what he says goes.

It is no secret to the inner Hollywood, however, that Crawford doesn't want him for her next director, and that W. S. Van Dyke doesn't particularly want her for his next star. Van even goes so far as to declare that the Crawford music box will not be on the set while Joan is working, the music box being a phonograph that plays the music the star demands to get her in the mood for certain scenes. But the fact that Metro is putting its most sure-fire director on the next Crawford vehicle, giving her Clark Gable and Robert Montgomery in support, is proof enough that it realizes that the girl needs better pictures than have been given her recently.

It ought to make, this three-star lineup, and with this star director tussle, an interesting picture. There is a much greater actress in Joan Crawford than has yet been revealed. If anyone in Hollywood bears the true stamp of greatness it is this same girl with the sulky mouth and the wide, unhappy eyes. Van Dyke believes in Joan's genius and he is determined he is going to bring it out, even if he has to fight to do it.

Hollywood hasn't had such fun waiting for the fireworks since Clarence Brown and Garbo fought it out in "Inspiration."

Stay in Hollywood long enough and you get the answers to the questions that may not be asked.

WILL BILL POWELL REMARRY?

A few days ago I sat in the garden behind Bill Powell's house. We had had lunch and a swim in the pool that is dropped like a blue saucer in the center of Bill's lawn. We had been talking about everything under the sun. Bill always does. He is a grand, intelligent, tolerant, witty person. He calls himself "the backyard Demosthenes." I got my nerve up and said, "Bill, this is not for publication, but do you think that you will be married again?" We both knew what beautiful girl was in my mind, and his too, probably.

All Hollywood wants ringside seats for the expected battle between Joan and her new director.

Bill said, "For publication or not, I doubt it. Still I doubt if you will find a man in Hollywood who would like to be married as much as I would. But I've had two marriages, both failures. It's strange, too, since there's none of that wandering around in me that dogs most men. I'm a one-woman man, but to find that one right woman"—he shrugged and looked away for awhile—"I don't seem to find her," he said.

WILD EVENING WITH RANDY SCOTT

I ran into Randy Scott at a preview. Photographers snapped at us, I imagine for the sheer silliness of it, Randy so very tall and me such a gnome. There was a gang of us who had started for the preview together and Randy asked, "May I join you? I'm alone tonight, a stranded bachelor and lonely as the devil."

People outside of Hollywood are apt to believe that all actors are cocky and conceited. There are rather dozens like Randy Scott, charming, well-mannered, very shy. I honestly can't think that Randy realized what a blessing he was to our crowd, how very show-offish we all became just because he was with us.

We invited him back to my house afterward for a very wild evening of beer and potato chips. He asked me to drive there with him in his car and then hesitated, apologetic.

"You probably won't want to ride in it," he explained. "It's an open car."

"I love open cars," I said.

"Most girls out here hate (*Continued on page* 94)

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A PRINCESS Looks at

Movie Mirror is proud to present the Princess Kropotkin, one of the most widely read authors in this country, a descendent of the first Czar of Russia, and who numbers among her friends the most famous people here and abroad. Her views on Hollywood and the stars, appearing in this and later issues, are always frank and invigorating.

Is Life Among the Stars "Synthetic Glamor"? Why Is Scandal Mongering Popular? How About Feuds and Friendships There?

by Princess Alexandra Kropotkin

FIRST I must make a confession that expels me at once from the camp of those snooty writers who look upon Hollywood as a cross between Coney Island and the Ford plant. I will begin by admitting that I cannot write about Hollywood with my tongue in my cheek or my thumb at my nose.

I take Hollywood seriously. For better or for worse, that is how I take it.

My attitude may be hopelessly simple-minded; I know it would be considered so by writers pledged to the more precious fields of criticism. Before I went there, some of my literary friends warned me not to be awed by Hollywood's sweatshop devotion to the arts. Also they said I would be a sap if I allowed myself to become excited by the synthetic glamor of life among the stars.

I thanked my friends for their advice—but it didn't do me any good. No good at all. Sappy or not, I was impressed by Hollywood. I was impressed by the place, by the people, and by the work that goes on there. Moreover, I do not see how any normal, open-eyed person could fail to be impressed. Hollywood is a place where nature gives every home an extravagant blessing of trees and flowers and sunshine. The physical aspects of life are pleasant in Hollywood. I am not too sophisticated to appreciate such advantages.

Now for the people. Of course, there are all kinds—

Hollywood

good, bad and indifferent. As a visiting writer with stories on the fire, I inclined quite naturally toward those of glittering reputation. The big stars were *copy* for me. I tell you frankly that I was thrilled by their command of wealth. Where on earth could I meet another slip of a girl like Janet Gaynor whose pay amounts to a fortune every week? I am human! Why shouldn't I be fascinated by the money these Hollywood people earn?

As for the work they do—it claimed my interest always, if not invariably my respect. Some of them try to convince you of their artistry by telling you what long hours they put in, or how earnestly they study their parts. I didn't give much attention to that. All genuine artists work hard—but the best ones don't talk about it.

What stirred me most deeply was the realization that Hollywood—the whole of Hollywood—is dedicated day after day, year after year, to the pursuit of endeavors more or less artistic. The fact that many of Hollywood's attempts are cheap and vulgar does not seem to me to make a great deal of difference. All the tremendous energies of Hollywood are directed generally toward art—toward the highest art that Hollywood's public is always ready to understand and patronize.

"I cannot write about Hollywood," says Princess Kropotkin, "with my tongue in my cheek or my thumb at my nose."

Think of the advantages enjoyed by Hollywood! A landscape ripe with beauty! An aristocracy of self-made millionaires who, if they have any gratitude in their souls, will surely feel obliged to subsidize the art from which they have won their fortune.

LAST—though far from least—comes the Hollywood commerce, perfected by science, organized by industry, fed by the audience-millions who constitute a patronage richer than any art ever has had since the world began.

When I look at Hollywood, is there any reason why I should not see a new Athens coming to life on the blue shores of the Pacific?

I would like to make one point clear before I set forth my detailed impressions of Hollywood.

Right, Princess Kropotkin on the set with Clark Gable; left, with Bill Powell, Myrna Loy and Director Van Dyke at the M-G-M studio.

A reader of my page in *Liberty* Magazine wrote to me recently saying:

"I like your page very much—even though you are a princess."

I value that letter. I hope that twenty years of writing about travel, fashion, politics, domestic sociology and other varied subjects have outworn the title with which I was endowed at birth. I hope I can now claim some right to express myself as a private individual—as well as a princess.

In Hollywood, I think, you find better conversation than you will encounter elsewhere in America. I heard Charlie Chaplin employ his childhood memories to open an animated political talk. I heard Mrs. James Gleason narrate a perfect story in a few short sentences. I heard Anna Sten tell a Russian tale in words that were all the more dramatic for being pigeon-English. And I have rocked with laughter at the

(*Continued on page* 100)

THE THREE LIVES Katie

KATHARINE HEPBURN has three lives.

In each of her lives is reflected a different facet of her colorful, complex personality. And yet in none of her lives is she the wild, madcap Hepburn that the Hollywood legends created, the girl who jousts with windmills and laughs at the things other people weep at.

There is, first of all, her life in Hollywood. You think you know all about that? You're wrong. Here is how Hepburn *really* lives in Hollywood:

In a beautiful white house, neither too large nor too small, lives Katharine while at work. Her life couldn't be any simpler. Most of the time she has a guest staying with her, Laura Harding, her best friend, a New York society girl, a little older than Katharine but having the same likes and dislikes, the same tastes, the same hatred of pretense and ostentation.

Early in the morning Katharine awakens and before going over to the studio, she plays a few sets of tennis with Harvey Snodgrass, her tennis teacher. As yet she doesn't play a very good game, but her service is really excellent. Then, while she goes to the studio, Laura Harding plays a few sets of tennis with Harvey. Nearly always the girls have lunch together. If Katharine Hepburn happens to be on location, Laura prepares lunch at home, and then drives out to join Katharine. Often, if there is enough lunch, they share it with other members of the company, and sometimes Katharine even waits on her guests, at an informal table, set on the location "spot."

When the day's work is over, Katharine goes for a swim, or simply lolls around, reading.

Her evenings she spends very quietly. Rarely does she mix with the other members of the motion-picture colony, and only once in a while does she go out to the gayer places in Hollywood. When she does, she is always accompanied by Laura Harding and some of the more intellectual young men in Hollywood. Movie premières she attends occasionally, but not as often as other stars. But there is one thing she delights in doing, and that is entertaining informally at home, with a selected group of friends around her. Often too she entertains important out-of-town visitors, for instance, Stokowsky, the famous symphony conductor.

She has a passion and a weakness for celebrities, not because they are celebrities, but because of the qualities that lift them above the ordinary rut. For a long time she worshipped Lucrezia Bori, the singer, and wanted to meet her. Finally she succeeded. "But I'm sure Bori must have had a terrible opinion of me," she confessed, "because I admired her so much that I was shy and embarrassed when I met her."

There is something very touching in this girl who has the world at her feet, idolizing the shining achievements of other women, and being just as humble about meeting them as if she were just a dumb ga-ga little fan. Apart from the fact that she does meet these celebrities, her life in Hollywood doesn't differ very much from the life that any person outside the picture business would follow, and it's at the opposite pole from everything you've been led to believe about the madcap capers of Katharine Hepburn, the glamorous Hollywood motion picture star.

But now, moving on to New York, where Katharine flies as often as her work allows her to, we find ourselves before

OF Hepburn

The retiring star, the woman-about-town and the girl at home depicted here.

Intimate Revelations of Her Doings in Hollywood, New York, and Hartford

by GRETA MONTEBEL

her house at East Forty-ninth Street. It's a studio apartment, very charming and a little old-fashioned, with four evergreen plants in front of the window. Here Katharine lives her second life. On entering the hall we find the dining room ahead of us, and behind it the little garden. There are also two drawing-rooms, a guest room, and servants' rooms. Then there's her own bedroom, a curious feature of it being its extremely low bed.

A good staff of servants keeps the house running smoothly and so Katharine finds herself able to entertain, on a moment's notice, without much worry. She loves to have other celebrities for lunch or dinner. Here in this studio home, she has entertained Lily Pons, the opera singer, whom she adores. But she doesn't adore opera!

One evening I bumped into Katharine Hepburn at the première of "Linda de Chamonix," in which Pons sang. After the performance Katharine met Lily in her dressing-room, and she raved about her to me. But later in the season, when I asked her if she was going to see "Rigoletto," she said, "Oh, I'd love hearing Lily Pons again, but I just couldn't sit through another opera."

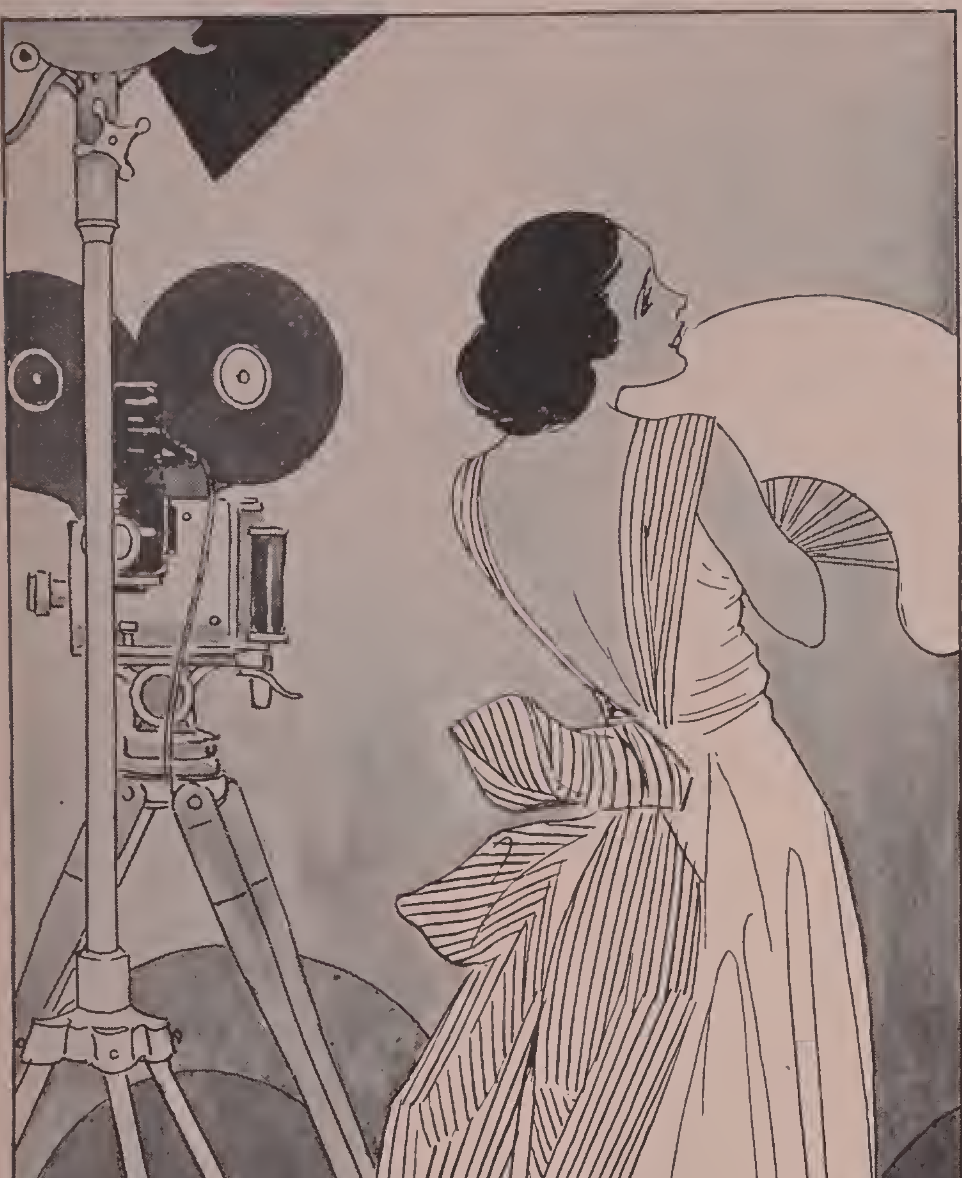
Though she hates opera, claiming she doesn't care for the human voice, Katharine Hepburn loves every other kind of music, especially symphony concerts. When she is in New York, you will always find her at Carnegie Hall, at Town Hall, or any of the other places where concerts are given.

Then she has a set of friends with whom she goes around continually to parties and dances. Unlike Garbo, she hardly ever walks, but rides everywhere in her car, which she formerly used to drive herself, rather recklessly to be sure, but which is now driven by a most imposing-looking chauffeur.

She likes meeting new people, if she can meet them on an equal level, but she detests it if they insist on talking to her, not as a warm, simple human being, but as "The Star." If she likes anyone, she'll encourage (*Continued on page 74*)

How a SMART

This famous novelist points out the road to success in movieland



No matter what beautiful gowns she wears for the screen, the smart girl dresses modestly on the street—and she never outdresses the more important women stars!

THE wave of reform which is sweeping over Hollywood has not suddenly extended to the Emily Posting of the etiquette of girls' behavior. There have been certain standards for the young stars for a good long time. Only the public, seeking front page sensation, hasn't been aware of these standards. The public still believes in the Dark Ages when a scandal got a girl along nicely, thank you.

That day is no more. Even the older, the mature stars, whose popularity has long been established, are finding that a little scandal goes a long way—and a way which is often entitled—*this way out*.

Nowadays, a rising young star in Hollywood, if she has common sense, intelligence and ambition will not fling away her chances for something loosely—very loosely—termed a good time. She will be careful with whom she is seen. She will pick her escorts with an incredible caution and she will, if possible, refrain from marrying or from heavy emotional entanglements.

Of course, in the interest of publicity, every so often a girl who is headed for the star billing must have a publicized romance . . . a romance which, even if it is only on paper, will interest the fans and cause them to view, not with alarm, but with rapture the next picture in which this girl is perhaps starred with the object of the press agent romance.

But—and this is very important—whoever the young man is whose name is to be linked publicly with hers, with or without reason, he must be very well-known—and not necessarily in pictures, I hasten to add—and, most important of all, he must not be married.

The old days are over when getting herself entangled, voluntarily or involuntarily, with a studio official could assist the young star to bigger and better successes. Now, such a door to fame has *exit* written all over it.

A young star even if she is earning a very excellent salary does not, if she is wise, appear with great suddenness in sable or mink coats, she will not blossom forth in capes of Russian ermine and she will not sit behind a uniformed chauffeur in a sixteen-cylindered or costly imported car. Such gadgets are not for her, as yet. They will merely, until it is perfectly apparent that she had earned them over a period of years, cause malicious gossip among her circle or stamp her with the dreaded phrase—"She's gone Hollywood."

Such a girl, without sacrificing her beauty because she houses it in a cottage instead of a mansion-plus-swimming-pool, may dress very well but not too expensively with perfect impunity. She may also drive one of the cars in the lower price class—if she really wants to be informal and amusing, it may

GIRL Gets Along in Hollywood

by FAITH BALDWIN

be a station wagon or a Model T flivver.

The utmost caution must be exercised by the intelligent youngster not to arouse the jealousy of the wives of those producers with whom she conducts her career. This is more difficult than it sounds but it can be done.

Another inflexible rule is that a girl who is definitely going places cannot afford to go to the *wrong* places, not unless she has all her wits about her.

She cannot be seen in the gayer night spots, or anywhere else for that matter, rather the worse for wear or for, to speak bluntly, the popping of corks. Definitely, this isn't done. And she won't do it if she has sense, if she cares for her contract, her complexion, her reputation and her figure.

If there is a mother in the offing, she must remain in the offing and be exhibited only at the right time. The days of the anxious mama in the foreground are past. The background is the place for mother and if the intelligent girl has an intelligent parent, there she stays, managing to look the way we fancy duchesses may look—only they never do.

I am not casting any aspersions at the many attractive and *bona fide* mothers of Hollywood girls. There are a good many of them and they have common sense. Only, if by chance the coming star is not blessed with a normal and sensible and keep-out-of-it parent, she is cautious about mother. She does not drag her into interviews by the white hair of her head or have her photograph taken mixing up a batch of cake batter. The public has grown a little cynical.

A CLEVER girl does not go to Hollywood parties looking like a sore thumb. In other words, she does not outdress her hostess. It isn't wise. Neither does she outdress the more important women stars. It is much wiser for her to play the other women's game rather than the men's any day in the week, including holidays. In Hollywood the women are very solidly behind the throne. They outnumber the men about three to one. They can help or they can hinder. And they know it.

These young stars do not flock entirely within their own narrow, if populous, circle. They make a point of meeting the right people who come to Hollywood, the visiting celebrities, the Big Shots. And they have not one book, but several books. If really clever, they read them. Believe it or not, a number of them actually *like* to read. The beautiful-but-dumb gag has been outmoded for a long, long time.

The time when stars talked as if they had hot potatoes in their pretty mouths, in a wild effect to be Boston, Park Avenue or Mayfair has also passed, and thank heaven for it. Good American, properly enunciated, is all right. (*Continued on page 79*)

Illustrated by
HUBBELL REED McBRIDE

What It
GEORGE RAFT

GEORGE RAFT has closed the doors of his one-man bank!

The Lending and Trusting Corporation that was George Raft did a rushing business. His loans were made without interest and the only collateral necessary to get one was a hard luck story. George was, until he learned to say "no," the most "touchable" man west of the Rockies. The reason why he got wise to himself is a story which reveals a new side of the man himself.

George's single gesture since he "closed shop" smacks of mockery. He has moved from the cramped, modest apartment, where his generosity to others kept him for years, to one of the most impressive ten-room penthouse apartments in California.

From his fourteenth floor garden terrace, George looked down on the speck that was Hollywood and told me how he learned to shake his head, horizontal fashion.

"When I came back last month from a seven weeks' personal appearance engagement in New York that netted $28,000, but for some reason left me owing $7,000, I did some heavy thinking.

"I hadn't squandered one cent of that money on myself. Outside of buying some new suits I needed for my stage work, and paying the hotel bills, the rest went to friends in financial jams, and for some legal advice that comes awfully high when a guy is in pictures.

"The only thing I have to show for my work after three years in Hollywood are a lot of 'boos' from the sidelines."

George didn't stop to think that it was anybody's business but his own when he hired a business manager, who put him on a sophomore's allowance that wouldn't stand the strain of a "touch" over fifteen cents. He thought his friends would sympathize with his belated efforts to "salt it away" and laugh with him over the two-penny tyranny of the new budgeteer.

There were plenty of laughs but not the kind George had figured on.

"Let 'em think I'm spending everything on myself for a change," he told me. "I don't care now. At least, I'll have the memory of a couple of years of living the life of Riley when I'm washed up at the box-office."

Only those who really know George realize how rough the going is for him. He loved that fabulous army that called him "pal," and came to him with its collective and individual troubles. And it came in droves.

When the Raft bank was wide open, I have counted as many as twenty-five pals crowding into his tiny dressing-room at the Paramount studio, intent upon a lunch-time visit. Many of them edged their way to the guarded interior of the sets, where I've seen them sit throughout an entire day within tripping distance of the hard-working star. There was always a delegation near his car when he left the studio at night, and his table at the Brown Derby

Costs To Say "NO!"

The champion lender and truster got wise to himself! Despite the jeers and groans of the hard-luck boys, he's living for himself now

by JULIE LANG HUNT

looked like a mobbed ticket booth for the World Series.

In those days George thought a fair-weather friend was something around which scenario writers liked to wind plots.

In his echoing penthouse, he is now discovering rather grimly that scenarists often borrow their plots from life.

"IF I had never received a raise, I think everything would have worked out all right for me," George explained. "My salary was $179.77 a week for the first year of my contract, and out of that, ten percent went to my manager, ten percent to my ex-wife and $50 a week to my mother. I lived on exactly $50 a week myself, and managed to lend my friends money out of that, too. Of course, it was only in small amounts then, but it kept me in the red.

"Then I was jumped to $500 and I thought my worries were over. The loans got larger, but I figured it this way: the depression was tough on a lot of fellows and it was up to those of us who had a little to hand some out. From my $500 I managed to keep about $100 for living expenses and this had to cover all my wardrobe for picture work. The red side of the ledger got worse and I couldn't figure out why.

"Then I had my disagreement with the studio, I was suspended for eight weeks, and I didn't draw a cent during that time. When the fireworks were over, I was up in the four figure class, but my lawyer's fee was $5,000 and my debts for those salary-less weeks were staggering. I set to work to pay everything up immediately."

George managed somehow to wriggle out of debt, but he did it by paring down his living expenses almost to the marrow according to Hollywood standards. He should have been able to afford a modicum of luxury with the new contract, but the borrowing pack was still yapping at his heels.

He drove a small inexpensive car, lived in an inconvenient three-room apartment, he never took a trip or even a vacation. If a few free weeks loomed on his schedule, he asked permission from the studio to make personal appearances. He worked at a murdering pace to balance the books. Just before he left for his last engagement with the Paramount Theater in New York, he was warned by his doctor that he was on the brink of a nervous breakdown, but George went through with it anyway.

"Last winter there was another salary raise, and I decided to treat myself to a swell car, the first expensive fling I've had since I've been in Hollywood. It was a beauty and just three days old, when it disappeared one night. It was discovered the next day in a junk heap. Naturally, I reported it as stolen to the insurance company and waited for them to fix it up, but suddenly they found out that the guy at the wheel that night was a pal of mine, who claimed that I loaned him the bus. Well, there was some catch in the insurance clause that didn't cover pals wrecking cars, so I had to pay almost $1,000 to have my new car put together again."

THEN there is the story of the two friends who talked George into backing them in business. The request was timed perfectly, just one week after the last salary boost. Your guess is right. George settled the debts and closed the doors of the "business" before the sheriff did.

After this came another pair, who just had to get back to New York to see their sick mothers. Funny how many ill people there were back east last winter, just after Raft's new contract was published in the (*Continued on page 96*)

SPEAK FOR YOURSELF

$20 PRIZE LETTER

What Makes a Star?

Is it the avalanche of ballyhoo, the royal welcome of foreign talent or the glowing, colorful account of the inimitable genius displayed by the stars who have reached the top and have gone temperamental on the great hidden powers that gave them their opportunity? I refer to the forgotten army of producers whose financial status is the magic that turns the wheels of Cinderella's pumpkin coach and takes her to the ball.

Then there is the vast army of writers whose creative genius colors a gray and drab existence and with a master's stroke turns reality into a beautiful illusion.

Unseen, unheard on the screen are sculptors who work with human clay and transform an ugly duckling into a beautiful swan. The make-up artists who make tired eyes bright and exotic, ugly noses beautiful and weak features strong, ordinary faces glamorous.

The directors whose knowledge of minute details and infallible touch change a hovel into a magnificent paradise.

Marching along in this big parade are the unheralded fashion designers who add their magic touch and metamorphose the sparrow with the splendor of peacock plumes.

A spray of forget-me-nots to the prop boys, the electricians, the script girls, the office boys and all the unknown not listed in the cast who play their parts in contributing to the success of the resplendent star.

Mary Adams,
Muskegon Hts., Mich.

Movie Mirror awards seven prizes each month for the best letters—$20 first prize; $10 second prize; five prizes of $1 each. Just write in what you think about talkies, stars or stories. Keep your letters down to 200 words or less. Address: "Speak for Yourself," 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

$10 PRIZE LETTER

Our Heroes Debunked

In picturedom changes come and go, but must these things go on forever?

Westerns: Our Hero never fails to rescue both the heroine and the old homestead.

Murder Mysteries: Our Hero is either suspected or charged with the murder. To make the situation worse for him, his sweetheart is spirited away by the villain. Need I add that the two are finally happily reunited?

Musicals: Our Hero, if perhaps a director or manager, must wear that harassed, do-or-die look. We're certain, and he's fairly sure he will lose the financial backing and his biggest star. But Lady Luck just will smile at the right moment.

Newspaper Yarns: Our Hero always gets drunk, a bawling out from the "Boss," his story, and at last, a "yes" from Her.

Am I right?

Mary C. Groves,
Los Angeles, Calif.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

Gags that Repeat

Why oh why are most short comedies the same? A new gag now and then would be appreciated. The ones where the people all get angry and start throwing mushy pies and cakes at one another, or a man that doesn't know how to drive a car, who drives madly down the street turning corners on two wheels and dodging cars and trains just in time, are horribly washed out. The bored audiences would welcome something different.

Tony Thomas,
Portland, Oregon.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

Hail the New Era!

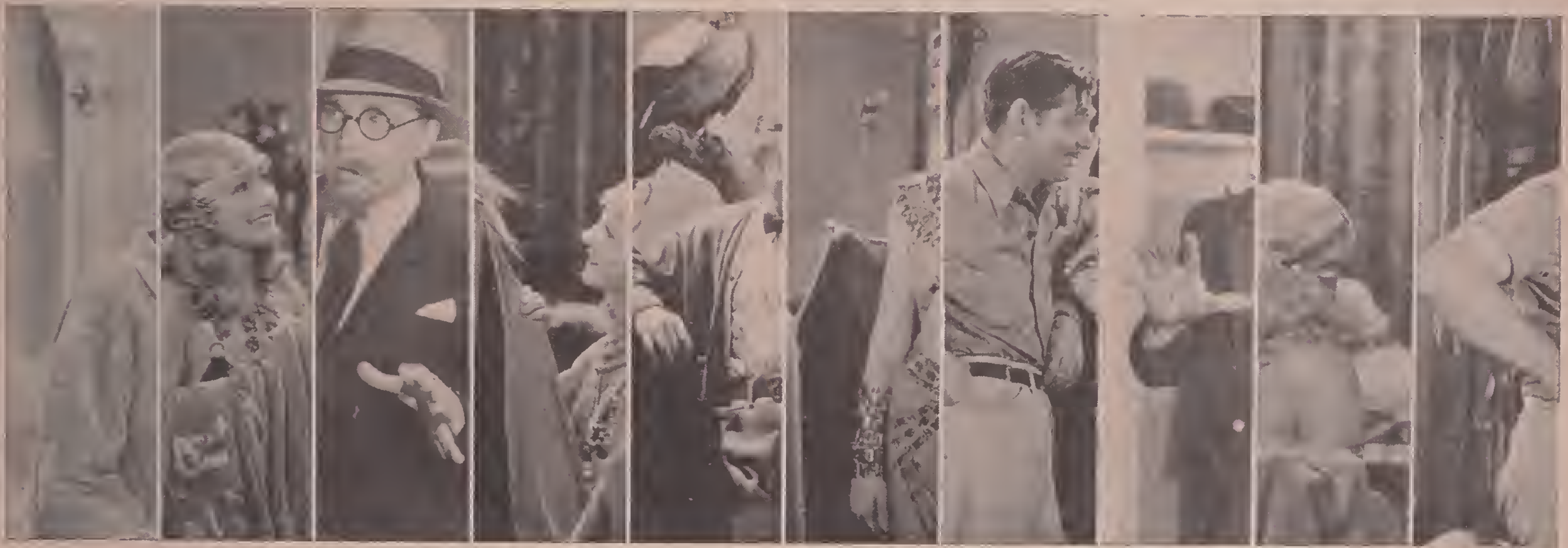
I see by the papers that the big bad pictures have been cleaned up. No more sex, no more gangsters. We are going to have wholesome entertainment.

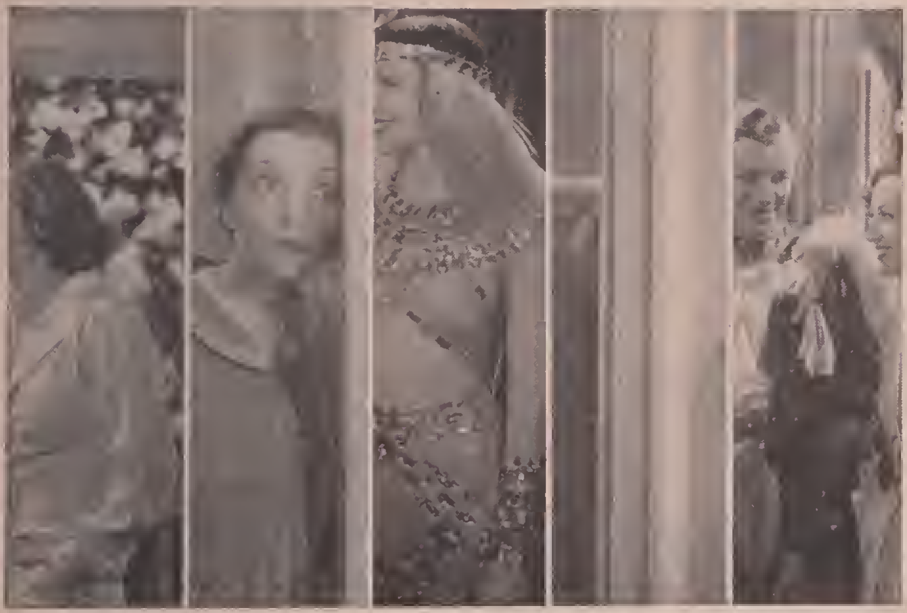
Goody, goody gumdrop! I can hardly wait to see Mae West in a super-super production of "Pollyanna" to say nothing of Jean Harlow as "Annie, Princess of Everything." But say, can't you just hear those box-office records breaking when Joan Crawford rollicks forth as Elsie Dinsmore? Oh joy!

What is really going to be the nuts, make screen history or something, is when Garbo skips merrily through the woods carrying her basket of goodies and utters (*Continued on page* 81)

Shirley's not doing a Joe Penner—she has a ducky line all her own to make the box-office for Fox Films. Even the ducklings worship at the shrine of this Temple.

$500.00 CASH PRIZE SCRAMBLED MOVIE CONTEST





GET INTO THE EASY MONEY

The fifteen strips on this page, when properly rearranged, will form scenes from three well-known motion pictures. They are scenes that have been widely published from coast to coast in newspapers, theater publicity and periodicals. Can you reassemble them correctly? Get busy and try. It may mean a cash prize for you.

Read the rules carefully. They explain everything you need to know in order to win. Then get started on this test of your knowledge of the pictures that have furnished, and are furnishing, entertainment to millions of your fellow Americans.

Look at the schedule of cash prizes! Everyone of them worth the winning. What couldn't you do with the $200.00 cash first prize! Or the $100 check that will be paid to the next best entry. If you just happen to miss one of these major awards there are five $10.00 prizes, ten $5.00 prizes and fifty $2.00 prizes, any one of which may be yours.

MOVIE MIRROR publishes the scrambled scenes and posts the prize money. It's up to you to prepare a winning entry!

THE PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE	$200.00
SECOND PRIZE	100.00
FIVE PRIZES, *Each $10.00*	50.00
TEN PRIZES, *Each $5.00*	50.00
FIFTY PRIZES, *Each $2.00*	100.00
TOTAL 67 PRIZES	$500.00

THE RULES

1. Each month for three months MOVIE MIRROR will publish in scrambled form scenes from three widely-known pictures. Each of these nine scenes has already been widely published in newspapers and periodicals. The motion pictures involved have been shown in theaters from coast to coast.

2. To compete, cut the scrambled strips apart, reassemble them properly into three complete scenes and identify the resulting pictures with the name of the movie of which each is a part. When your set of nine scenes is complete write a note of not more than fifty words telling "The motion picture involved in this contest I liked best, and why."

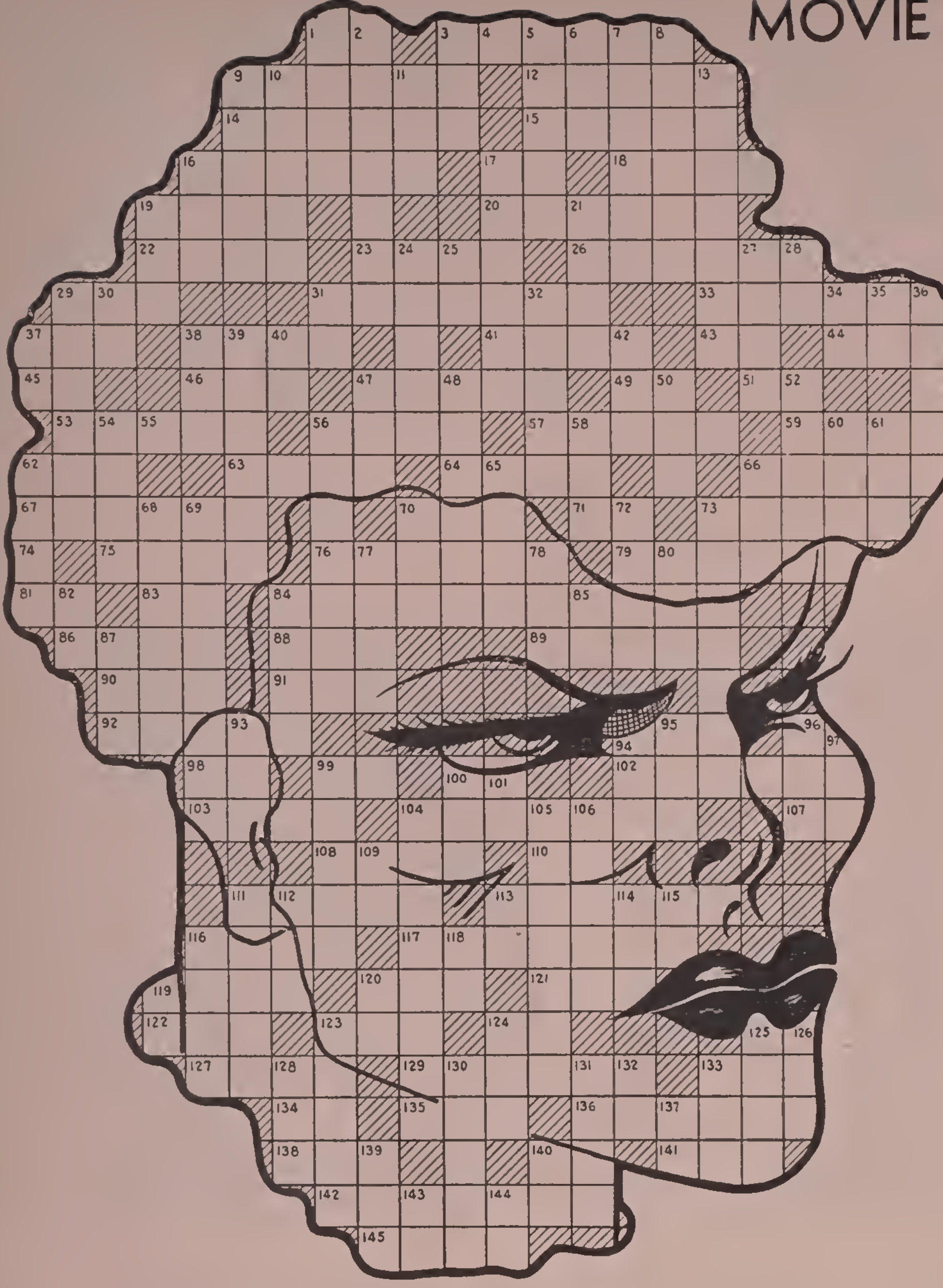
3. Cash prizes according to the schedule on this page will be paid for the best sets of unscrambled scenes accompanied by the best notes on the above subject. Accuracy and neatness in assembling the scenes will count. Clarity and conciseness will count in the note of preference. In case ot ties duplicate awards will be paid.

4. Do not send in any scenes until your set of nine is complete. When you have them all, mail them together with your note of preference to SCRAMBLED MOVIES, Movie Mirror, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Simplicity of presentation is best.

5. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, January 16, 1935. The judges will be the contest board of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

SET NO. 2 OF THIS SERIES WILL APPEAR NEXT MONTH

MOVIE MIRROR'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE



Movie Mirror awards $20.00 for the best original puzzle submitted in the month of July, to Max Hodge, 292 Oakland Ave., Pontiac, Michigan. Why not try your luck? You, too, may win the same amount. You must create a new and original puzzle. No trick words, no phoney definitions, please. All letters must be keyed. Submit it before November first. Address Puzzle Editor, Movie Mirror, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

ANSWER TO LAST PUZZLE

B	L	O	N	D	E	L	L	▨	▨	▨	S	P	I	T	F	I	R	E
A	▨	F	R	A	N	C	I	S	▨	R	O	O	M	E	R	S	▨	L
R	A	▨	A	F	T	▨	▨	D	E	E	▨	▨	M	A	Y	▨	L	O
R	M	S	▨	T	O	▨	C	▨	A	▨	S	▨	E	L	▨	M	E	N
Y	O	U	R	▨	U	▨	A	T	▨	I	T	▨	R	▨	L	O	N	G
M	E	S	M	E	R	▨	G	R	E	T	A	▨	S	Y	L	V	I	A
O	B	I	S	▨	A	▨	N	I	T	E	R	▨	I	▨	D	I	E	T
R	A	E	▨	L	G	▨	E	M	▨	M	E	▨	O	S	▨	E	N	E
E	S	▨	B	E	E	R	Y	▨	G	▨	D	E	N	N	Y	▨	I	P
▨	▨	L	E	W	▨	I	▨	M	A	E	▨	B	▨	O	E	R	▨	▨
K	B	▨	N	I	P	P	E	R	▨	R	O	B	E	R	T	▨	D	M
A	R	E	▨	S	A	▨	▨	S	P	A	▨	▨	M	E	▨	S	E	A
T	O	L	A	▨	R	▨	P	▨	A	▨	B	▨	B	▨	T	A	L	C
H	O	O	P	L	A	▨	O	S	▨	A	L	▨	R	E	E	L	E	D
E	D	G	E	▨	M	▨	S	T	O	N	E	▨	A	▨	A	L	T	O
R	E	E	▨	J	O	▨	S	E	D	G	E	▨	C	A	▨	Y	E	N
I	D	▨	S	O	U	▨	E	N	D	E	D	▨	I	N	N	▨	S	A
N	▨	M	E	A	N	E	S	T	▨	L	E	A	N	T	O	S	▨	L
E	N	T	E	N	T	E	S	▨	▨	▨	R	E	G	I	N	A	L	D

ACROSS

1. His wife is the former Jobyna Ralston (initials)
3. Star of "Operator 13"
9. The actor with the perfect physique
12. Last seen in "Roman Scandals"
14. Oliver Hardy's partner
15. Like a lawn
16. Famous Shakespearean character
17. Pronoun
18. Centuries
19. A gambling game at cards
20. Islands situated in the North Atlantic Ocean
22. - - - - Dinehart
23. A boxing match
26. Skillful
29. Warner's bald headed comedian
31. One who strives
33. Seen places with Constance Bennett
37. Consume
38. Famous clinic in Rochester
41. Rest
43. And (Latin)
44. Digit of the foot
45. Of or belonging to me
46. A beverage
47. Possessive of Tory
49. Ruby Keeler's husband
51. Attorney - General (abbreviation)
53. Conrad - - - - -
56. Principal personage in a movie (male)
57. One who eats
59. Slightly open
62. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., is Fairbanks, Sr's. - - -
63. Indebted
64. A new Paramount find
66. A hard, black durable wood
67. Male star of "We're Not Dressing"
70. To marry
71. Expression of inquiry
73. English actress featured in "Men in White"
74. Indefinite article
75. With Fay Wray in "Madame Spy"
76. Proclaimed loudly
79. His first picture was "The Front Page"
81. Exist
83. Opposed to stop
84. "Tarzan"
86. Featured in "Baby Take a Bow"
88. Before
89. Featured in "Fog Over Frisco"
90. The actor who never smiles
91. Stuart Erwin's nickname
92. Expert
94. Not thin
96. Hepburn's role in "Little Women"
98. Behold
99. A tool for chopping wood
100. Sixth note of the musical scale
102. Hero of the serial "Vanishing Shadows"
103. M.G.M.'s trademark
104. Plays the title role in "Cleopatra"
107. Swedish comedian
108. Male star of "Operator 13"
110. Suffix forming the comparative degree of adjectives
111. Swedish star
113. Infold
116. Star of "Affairs of a Gentleman"
117. Belonging to Winnie Lightner
119. Opposed to there
120. In the stern of a vessel
121. Conclusion
122. A sphere
123. Stir
124. Preposition
125. Near
127. "Most beautiful chorus girl"
129. Movement in music
133. Star of "I'll Tell the World"
134. Conjunction that marks an alternative
135. Mrs. Joel McCrea
136. Sally - - - - - -
138. Not dry
140. An exclamation denoting joy
141. Grain of a certain cereal grass
142. Star of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street"
145. Otherwise

DOWN

1. Male lead in "The World Moves On"
2. Side by side
3. Delaware (abbrev.)
4. Indefinite article
5. Featured in "Hollywood Party"
6. British actress who was recently stricken with infantile paralysis
7. Star of "Dark Hazard"
8. One who sings
9. Mrs. Rex Bell
10. Star of "Laughing Boy"
11. To wager
13. Something offensive to the sight
16. He played the title role in "Harold Teen"
17. Last seen in "I Am Suzanne"
19. Star of "Countess of Monte Carlo"
21. Long slender wooden implements for propelling a boat
24. Plays opposite Mae West in her newest picture
25. American Institute (abbr.)
27. A very small quantity or degree
28. Thallium (abbr.)
29. She plays opposite Charles Farrell in "Change of Heart"
30. First note in Guido's musical scale
31. Therefore
32. A frame to hold a painted canvas upright
34. Preposition
35. Opposed to Yes
36. Dear one (colloquial)
37. Unit to measure printed matter
38. Star of "It Ain't No Sin"
39. Substances composed of two or more metals, united by fusing
40. You
42. Same as 37 across
47. He has three stooges
48. Star of "Twenty Million Sweethearts"
50. "Father Joe" in "Manhattan Melodrama"
52. "Blackie" in "Manhattan Melodrama"
54. At another time
55. Seventh letter of the alphabet
56. Leading man in the "Green Hat"
58. An alcoholic drink
69. Constance Bennett's sister
61. Star of "The Life of Vergie Winters"
62. One who takes the place of a striker
65. The same
66. Famous bridge expert who made several "shorts" recently
68. Affixed a signature to
69. The lead in "Smarty"
70. Part of the verb to be
72. Star of "Whirlpool"
73. Takes or keeps in custody by authority of law
77. Place; instead
78. Term used in golf
80. To stake on the event of a contingent issue
82. Nickname for Edward G. Robinson
84. The "C'mon up sometime" girl
85. Left end (abbr.)
87. Feminine lead in "The Cat's Paw"
93 Hawaiian food prepared from the taro root
94. Because
95. An insect
96. The comedian with the large mouth
97. A nocturnal bird
99. A Fox British importation
100. Feminine lead in "The Thin Man"
101. Featured in "Wonder Bar"
104. She portrays "Sadie McKee" in the picture of the same name
105. Star of "The Green Hat"
106. "Bruce" in "The Party's Over"
109. Preposition
111. Her first picture after returning to this country was "Queen Christina"
112. To regret extremely
113. Opposed to out
114. A bright color
115. Like
116. She played in "Meanest Gal in Town"
118. Pronoun
119. Stop!
120. Advertisement (abbr.)
123. Star of "Let's Be Ritzy"
124. An affirmative vote
125: Robert Woolsey's partner
126. An affirmative answer
128. Last played in "Hoopla"
130. Belonging to Hera
131. To perceive by the ear
132. Third note of the musical scale
133. Meadow
137. Look! Behold!
139. Definite article
140. Pronoun
143. - - Brendel
144. Second note of the musical scale

NORMA SHEARER

Transplanted from the 20th Century to the 19th Century, the modern Norma proves that romance is timeless, by her poignant portrayal of the invalid poetess, Elizabeth Barrett, in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." La Shearer gives a magnificent performance.

FRANCIS LEDERER

Here's the lad who revived the matinee idol tradition on Broadway last season. His current film is "Pursuit of Happiness," with Joan Bennett. He was loaned to Paramount by RKO.

Hi America!.. Here he comes!

...IN WARNER BROS.' WILDEST LAFF RIOT!

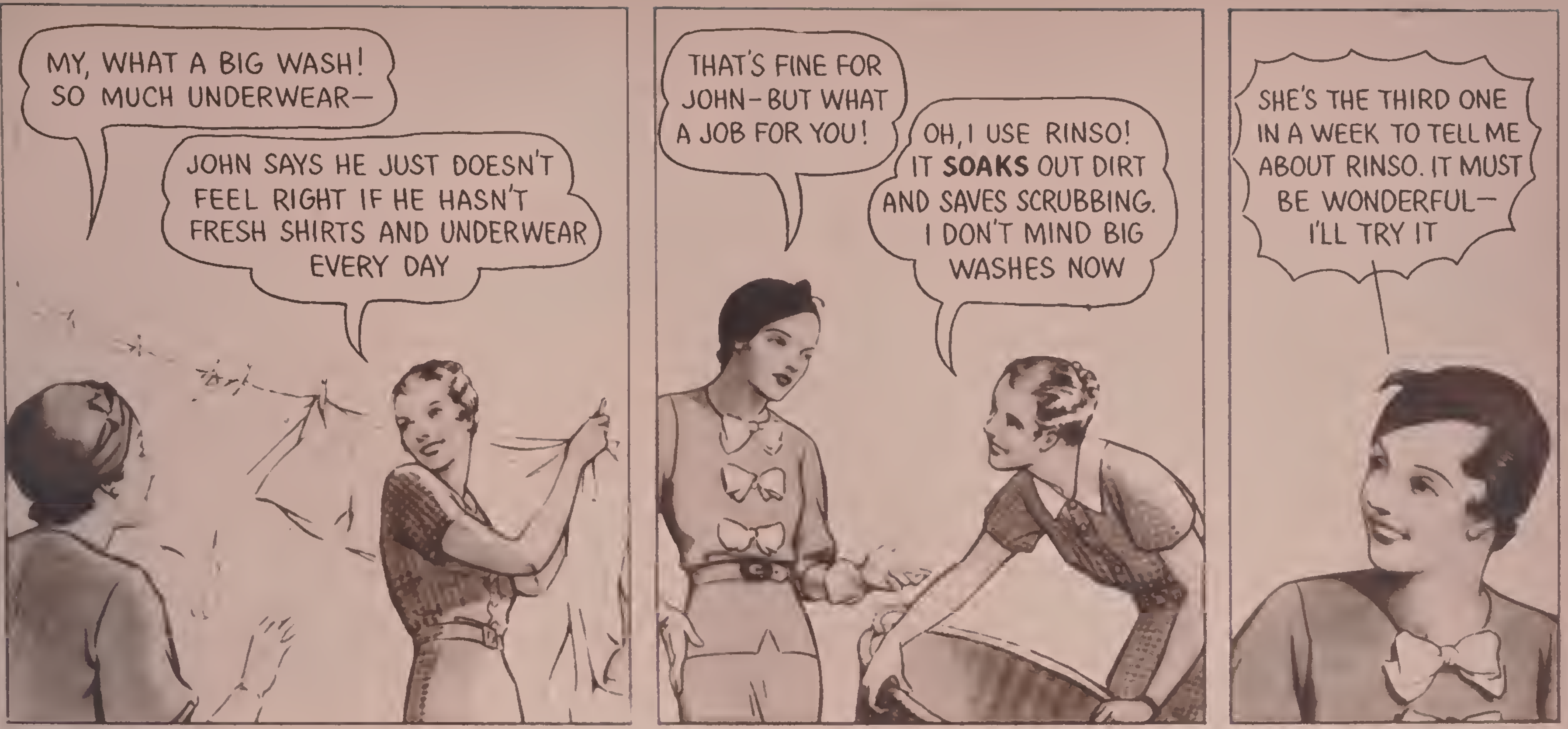
Every lap a laff as the screen's ace comic sets the pace!... See him as the Adonis of the Arena—making chumps out of champs ...a cycling cyclone of mirth—head over wheels in love with every gal in the grandstand! ... It's an hysteric event!

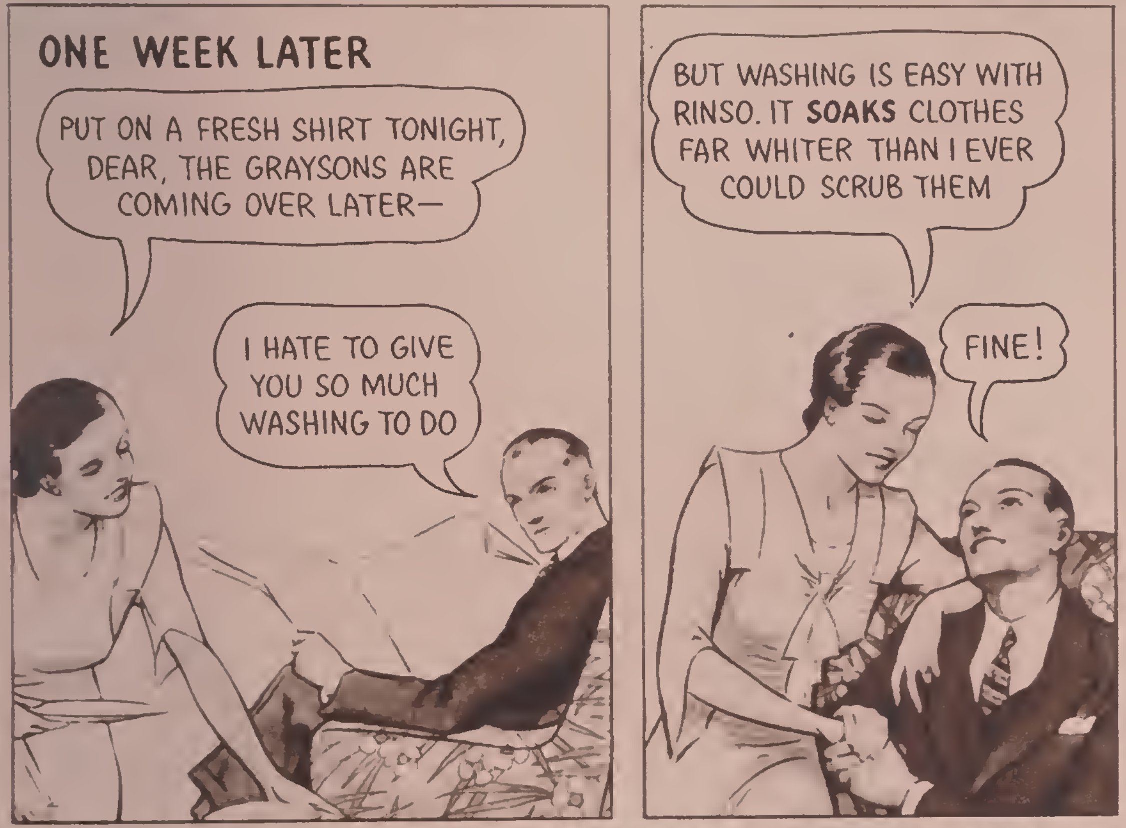
JOE E. BROWN in "6-DAY BIKE RIDER"

With Maxine Doyle · Frank McHugh · Gordon Westcott
Directed by Lloyd Bacon · A First National Picture

JUNE LANG

Yes, they're both the same girl, the small picture showing her in character for "Music in the Air," the gay Broadway musical success which Fox is filming. She used to be known as June Vlasek before she changed her name.


MY, WHAT A BIG WASH! SO MUCH UNDERWEAR—
JOHN SAYS HE JUST DOESN'T FEEL RIGHT IF HE HASN'T FRESH SHIRTS AND UNDERWEAR EVERY DAY
THAT'S FINE FOR JOHN—BUT WHAT A JOB FOR YOU!
OH, I USE RINSO! IT **SOAKS** OUT DIRT AND SAVES SCRUBBING. I DON'T MIND BIG WASHES NOW
SHE'S THE THIRD ONE IN A WEEK TO TELL ME ABOUT RINSO. IT MUST BE WONDERFUL— I'LL TRY IT


ONE WEEK LATER
PUT ON A FRESH SHIRT TONIGHT, DEAR, THE GRAYSONS ARE COMING OVER LATER—
I HATE TO GIVE YOU SO MUCH WASHING TO DO
BUT WASHING IS EASY WITH RINSO. IT **SOAKS** CLOTHES FAR WHITER THAN I EVER COULD SCRUB THEM
FINE!

This "no-scrub" way makes clothes last longer

YOU'LL save lots of money, washing clothes the Rinso way. For there's no scrubbing to streak colors — weaken fabrics — fray edges. Clothes not only last 2 or 3 times longer but they come from a Rinso soaking *4 or 5 shades whiter.*

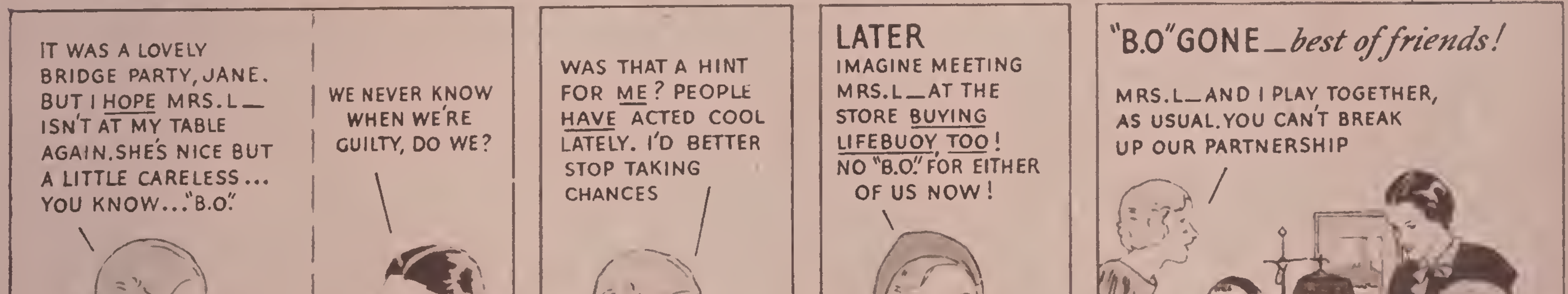
Makers of 40 famous washers recommend Rinso. It is tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Grand for dishes and all cleaning. Saves time — saves work. And so easy on hands!

Rinso gives lots of rich, lasting suds—*even in hardest water.* Get it at your grocer's.

The biggest-selling package soap in America

THEY BOTH OFFENDED_BUT DIDN'T KNOW IT

NRA CODE


IT WAS A LOVELY BRIDGE PARTY, JANE. BUT I HOPE MRS. L— ISN'T AT MY TABLE AGAIN. SHE'S NICE BUT A LITTLE CARELESS... YOU KNOW..."B.O."
WE NEVER KNOW WHEN WE'RE GUILTY, DO WE?
WAS THAT A HINT FOR ME? PEOPLE HAVE ACTED COOL LATELY. I'D BETTER STOP TAKING CHANCES
LATER
IMAGINE MEETING MRS. L—AT THE STORE BUYING LIFEBUOY, TOO! NO "B.O." FOR EITHER OF US NOW!
"B.O" GONE_*best of friends!*
MRS. L—AND I PLAY TOGETHER, AS USUAL. YOU CAN'T BREAK UP OUR PARTNERSHIP

I FIND LIFEBUOY MARVELOUS FOR THE SKIN

LIFEBUOY'S lather is bland and gentle, yet deep-cleansing. It washes away pore-embedded impurities brings radiance to dull complexions. Lifebuoy lathers freely in hot, cold, hard or soft water. Purifies and *deodorizes* pores—stops "B.O." (*body odor*). Its fresh, clean, quickly-vanishing scent tells you Lifebuoy gives *extra* protection.

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

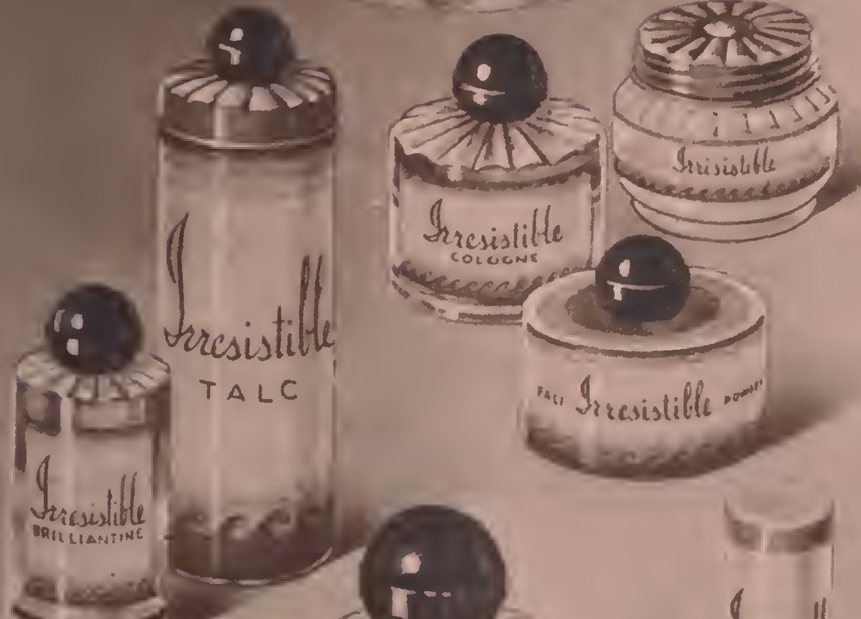
BETTE DAVIS

Bette in a reflective mood in the garden of her Hollywood home. Perhaps she's wondering when Warners are going to give her the big, sympathetic rôles her recent film work has merited.

"You can't buy love"

SAY PARISIENNES

But you can buy and be.. Irresistible


Irresistible
Irresistible TALC
Irresistible COLOGNE
Irresistible
FACE Irresistible POWDER
Irresistible BRILLIANTINE
IRRESISTIBLE
Irresistible LIP LURE

LIKE a Parisienne, you can set hearts on fire if you use the lure French women never neglect . . . an exciting, seductive perfume. Such is IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME. This mysteriously exotic fragrance stirs senses...thrills...awakens love. It makes you divinely exciting, glamorous, utterly irresistible.

Try all the Irresistible Beauty Aids...each has some special feature that gives you glorious new loveliness. Irresistible Lip Lure melts into your lips leaving no trace of paste or film... just soft, warm, ripe, red, *indelible* color that makes your lips beg for kisses. Four gorgeous shades to choose from. Irresistible Face Powder is so satin-fine and clinging that it absolutely hides small blemishes and gives you a skin that invites caresses.

Irresistible Beauty Aids are guaranteed to be of purest, finest quality...like $1 or $2 preparations. Be irresistible tonight...buy IRRESISTIBLE BEAUTY AIDS today...full size packages only 10¢ each at your 5 and 10¢ store.

Irresistible Beauty Aids
FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

WARNER BAXTER—MYRNA LOY

When Columbia announced that they were going to team Myrna Loy and Warner Baxter in their "Broadway Bill," under Frank Capra's direction, we just knew we could expect Romance with a capital "R." And here it is in an exclusive shot. Fox Films lent Warner for this role and it looks almost as though he really liked it!

Here are a few DON'TS about laxatives!

Don't take a laxative that is too strong—that shocks the system—that weakens you!

Don't take a laxative that is offered as a cure-all—a treatment for a thousand ills!

Don't take a laxative where you have to keep on increasing the dose to get results!

TAKE EX-LAX—THE LAXATIVE THAT DOES NOT FORM A HABIT

You take Ex-Lax just when you need a laxative—it won't form a habit. You don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results. Ex-Lax is effective—but it is mild. Ex-Lax doesn't force—it acts gently yet thoroughly. It works over-night without over-action.

Children like to take Ex-Lax because they love its delicious chocolate taste. Grown-ups, too, prefer to take Ex-Lax because they have found it to be thoroughly effective—without the disagreeable after-effects of harsh, nasty-tasting laxatives.

For 28 years, Ex-Lax has had the confidence of doctors, nurses, druggists and the general public alike, because it is everything a laxative should be.

At any drug store—in 10c and 25c boxes.

WATCH OUT FOR IMITATIONS!

Ex-Lax has stood the test of time. It has been America's favorite laxative for 28 years. Insist on genuine Ex-Lax—spelled E-X-L-A-X—to make sure of getting Ex-Lax results.

EX-LAX
THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE
for relief of constipation
6 tablets 10¢
18 tablets 25¢

Keep "regular" with

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

INSIDE STUFF

By PETER ABBOTT

With Photographs by HYMAN FINK

HOT NEWS: **Richard Dix** isn't going to retire after all. He is back on the RKO lot, having been signed up for two pictures.

William Powell is back on the M-G-M lot after having spent part of his vacation at Lake Arrowhead.

Isabel Jewell has been dancing at the Deauville Club with **Bill Henry** and not **Lee Tracy.**

Libby Taylor, **Mae West's** maid, has been cast in "The Nudist," a legitimate play to open in Hollywood.

Brian Aherne has been lunching with **Ann Harding,** and **Adrian** is constantly in the company of **Kathleen Howard.**

The **Neil Hamiltons** will probably have adopted their second baby by the time this reaches print. They want a boy this time.

The **Crosby** twins are home, wearing identification tags on their wrists to tell which is which.

* * *

THE starting date for Charles Chaplin's next picture is definitely set for October. Warner Brothers, who wanted to borrow Dr. Cecil Reynolds, who will be the villain in the Chaplin picture, for one of their forthcoming pictures, were told that he would be too busy.

Paulette Goddard, announced as Chaplin's leading woman, has gotten to the foot-stamping stage and declares she won't wait around much longer.

* * *

Alan Hale gives a very amusing imitation of a certain star imitating John Barrymore. After putting it on for a few friends the other day, Alan cracked: "That guy is so anxious to be John Barrymore that he'll never be satisfied until he begins getting Ethel's bills."

* * *

WHEN the censor issued an edict to the effect that a certain star must wear a less revealing dress in one of her latest pictures before he would give his official okay, every scene in which she had worn that dress had to be remade.

"Dear me," groaned the producer. "This cleanup business is costing so much money. Just think, $25,000 to cover up a few inches of blonde!"

* * *

THE other actors on the "The Painted Veil" set thought Greta Garbo and George Brent were holding hands, but they weren't. George was reading her palm! Of course George's knowledge of palmistry is limited. He only knows the location of the heart line, but Garbo seemed to like it and kept asking for more.

* * *

YES, Greta Garbo is thawing, the shell of shyness is cracking. She has become so human while making "The Painted Veil" that the assistant director calls her "Honey."

This particular assistant has told her to ask for a "magoo" when she wants a cigarette, then he can get her one without the entire company pausing to light up from suggestion. Garbo plays the game with gusto. But she forgets the word "magoo" and says "Red, give me one of those what-do-you-call-them, to smoke." And the company lights up with her.

* * *

ANNA MAY WONG'S five brothers and sisters have Chinese given names all save the youngest brother, Roger. Anna May tells that when he was born they couldn't think of a name fine enough for him until someone noticed an advertisement for Rogers' silverware, so he was named Roger!

Jim Butler, Evelyn Venable, Kent Taylor, and Carmencita Johnson in costume for "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" — having lunch at the Assistance League

BY the time you read this, the Crosby twins—Dennis Michael and Philip Lang—will have left their incubators and be comfortably established in their own nursery. All of which means that Gary Evan or "Gunder" Crosby, the first-born, will no longer be cock-of-the-roost and something tells me Gunder will no like. He's a gent as knows what he wants and insists upon having it.

* * *

"ELMER" ARLEN—Dick's young hopeful—inherits his father's love of boats. He has a miniature sailboat of his own in which he proudly cruises around their swimming pool—by the hour.

* * *

PERT KELTON, who owns the Warner Kelton Hotel as a side-line to her screen career, was on her way to work one morning when she saw one of her better customers standing on the sidewalk. She was in a hurry, but being a big-hearted gal she asked the man if he wanted a lift.

He said yes and got in. Pert was going so fast that she didn't ask him where he was going until she was miles from the hotel. When a signal caught her, she turned and asked.

He answered, "Oh, no place, Miss Kelton. I just came along with you."

So Pert had either to take him to the studio or back to the hotel. The ride back was the fastest ever recorded, with the exception of the patrol wagon.

* * *

AFTER months of tests, Frank Lawton, the English actor who played one of the sons in "Cavalcade," has been chosen to play David Copperfield in the picture by the same name. Frank was naturally elated. Then the studio told him that he must let his hair grow. So he shunned the barber and now looks like a miniature replica of Tarzan.

But the worst blow fell just the other day. He must get to the studio at six-thirty every morning, go to the hairdressing department and sit, surrounded by all the M-G-M actresses while a tong and spit expert curls his hair.

* * *

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN became so enthusiastic over photography while she was having publicity pictures taken that she rushed up to the drug store and bought a camera of her own. She snapped pictures the entire first day. The shock came when she called for the prints. There was nothing on the negatives; they looked like London in a heavy fog.

When asked what she could have done that was wrong, Maureen said, "I'm sure I had enough light. Why, I shot them right at the sun."

* * *

ROMANCE à la mode. Marshall Duffield has given his wife, Dorothy Lee, a ring of breathtaking sentiment. It is a plain gold band with two clasped hands at the top. Dorothy takes off the

I WONDER HOW SHE DID IT... SHE WAS SKINNIER THAN I AM!
"TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE"
"I CAN'T BELIEVE IT'S ME?"
"AND BEST OF ALL I FEEL SWELL"
"ALL SKINNY FOLKS SHOULD KNOW KELP-A-MALT"

GIRLS WITH "NATURALLY *Skinny*" FIGURES

...AMAZED AT THIS ENTIRELY NEW WAY TO ADD 5 LBS. OF SOLID FLESH IN 1 WEEK...OR NO COST!

New Natural Mineral Concentrate From the Sea, Rich in FOOD IODINE, Building Up Weak, Rundown Men and Women Everywhere.

Hosts of thin, pale, rundown folks—and even "Naturally Skinny" men and women—are amazed at this new easy way to put on healthy needed pounds quickly. Gains of 15 to 20 lbs. in one month—5 lbs. in a week—are reported regularly.

Kelp-a-Malt, the new mineral concentrate from the sea gets right down to the cause of thin underweight conditions and adds weight through a "3 ways in one" natural process.

First, its rich supply of easily assimilable minerals nourish the digestive glands which produce the juices that alone enable you to digest the fats and starches, the weight-making elements in your daily diet. Second, Kelp-a-Malt provides an amazingly effective digestive substance which actually digests 4 times its own weight of the flesh-building foods you eat. Third, Kelp-a-Malt's natural FOOD IODINE stimulates and nourishes the internal glands which control assimilation—the process of converting digested food into firm flesh, new strength and energy. Three Kelp-a-Malt tablets contain more iron and copper than a pound of spinach or 7½ lbs. of fresh tomatoes; more calcium than 6 eggs; more phosphorus than 1½ lbs. carrots; more FOOD IODINE than 1600 lbs. of beef.

Try Kelp-a-Malt for a single week and notice the difference—how much better you sleep, how ordinary stomach distress vanishes, how firm flesh appears in place of scrawny hollows and the new energy and strength it brings you! Prescribed and used by physicians, Kelp-a-Malt is fine for children too—Improves their appetites. Remember the name, Kelp-a-Malt, the original and genuine kelp and malt tablets. There is nothing else like them so don't accept imitations and substitutes. Try Kelp-a-Malt today, and if you don't gain at least 5 lbs. of good, firm flesh in 1 week the trial is free.

100 jumbo size tablets, 4 to 5 times the size of ordinary tablets cost but little. Sold at all good drug stores. If your dealer has not yet received his supply, send $1 for special introductory size bottle of 65 tablets to the address below.

"Gained 15 Pounds on My First Bottle"

I gained 15 pounds on my first bottle of Kelp-a-Malt and noticed an improvement in strength, energy and vitality. Kelp-a-Malt's minerals were just what I needed.—Bill Riesen, Ashland, Mont.

SPECIAL FREE OFFER

Write today for fascinating instructive 50-page book on How to Add Weight Quickly. Mineral Contents of Food and their effects on the human body. New facts about FOOD IODINE. Standard weight and measurement charts. Daily menus for weight building. Absolutely free. No obligation. Kelp-a-Malt Co., Dept. 260, 27-33 West 20th St., New York City.

KELP-A-MALT *Tablets*

inside stuff

continued

Charlie Chaplin is going to start his picture shortly but Paulette Goddard has begun to weary of waiting for the leading lady rôle.

ring and pulls the two sides of the band. The hands unclasp under pressure disclosing underneath a smaller band on which there are hearts, side by side like lovebirds on a perch.

And what is engraved on this immortal symbol? Pelleas and Melisande?

No.

Paolo and Francesca?

No.

The small letters of gold leave this message for posterity—Pa to Ma.

* * *

SALLY BLAINE and Joan Marsh used to be the bitterest of enemies. And all over Tommy Lee, one of the town's busiest swains. But now Tommy has a new girl and Joan and Sally are inseparable. The new girl takes the rap.

* * *

It is rumored that Jack La Rue and Constance Simpson of the Santa Barbara Simpsons, ahem, are on their way to the altar. But the bride's mother is not so sure. She calls Jack "that La Rue Person." But we are betting on that La Rue. He has a hypnotic eye.

* * *

JOSEPHINE WAYNE, the wife of John Wayne, was asked to a baby shower. She trotted herself to town and bought a nice gift for the new baby and presented herself at the hostess' door. She hadn't caught the name of the stork's customer but had bought a lovely present anyway. Imagine her surprise when she found that the shower was for her own baby-to-be.

* * *

IT was well known on the Paramount lot that Francis Lederer and Ralph Murphy who started directing him in "The Pursuit of Happiness" bore no love for each other. As a matter of fact, Mr. Murphy suddenly developed an abscessed tooth which necessitated his giving up the assignment. Relieved of the picture, there was no longer any necessity for keeping up a pretense of amenities and now Mr. Murphy refers to Mr. Lederer as "The Bad Czech."

RECENTLY Warner Brothers sent a photographer down to Philip Reed's Malibu Beach place to make a home sitting of him. The camera was all set up for a shot of Phil at the ping pong table out in the yard. Just as they were about to "shoot" the colored maid came rushing out of the house—fifteen or twenty feet away. "Stop! Stop!!" she screamed.

"What's the matter?" Phil asked.

"Mr. Reed," said the girl earnestly, "Ah ain't had a chancet to clean mah house today and dat man done got his camera pointed right thu mah dinin' room windows."

* * *

JOAN BLONDELL has been placed on a diet by her physician to keep her from gaining too much weight prior to the baby's arrival.

* * *

LAST month Warners were making a picture called "Gentlemen Are Born." Suddenly the name was changed to "Happiness Ahead." This month they've been making one called "Just Out of College." Now, suddenly, the name has been changed to "Gentlemen Are Born." Maybe some month they'll make "Title Unchanged."

Bob Montgomery has a drink of soda pop at the Uplifters Polo Field.

* * *

GLIMPSED on the Paramount lot: George Raft teaching Anna May Wong to do a Chinese snake-hips. The "Chinese effect" is secured by holding the hands alongside the face and pointing the forefingers upwards, after the fashion of the Japanese dancing girls in "The Mikado."

* * *

RECENTLY Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone were returning to the house after viewing a picture in Joan's theatre, when Franchot's dog, Poopchen, caught a toad-frog in his mouth. It seems toads are not digestible and Poops became violently nauseated. It was quite a sight to see Joan in a long, trailing evening gown, running around with mops in an effort to keep the place clean, and Franchot in impeccable evening dress, alternately feeding the pup milk as an antidote and soap and water in an effort to wash the taste of the frog out of his pet's mouth.

* * *

Here's the height of something or other. Fred Astaire, who is one of the most romantic figures on the American stage, lives in a house formerly occupied by Ben Turpin.

* * *

A WRITER recently had occasion to take some pictures of Dick Arlen and his dog, Jill. "Which picture did you use?" Dick asked, glancing at the finished product.

"This one," said the writer, indicating one.

"Oh," murmured Dick sorrowfully, "The other one is better of Jill."

* * *

THOSE who think of Janet Gaynor as a gaga ingenué, are woefully mistaken. Janet has a sense of humor, as witness the cards a couple of her friends received. To Rene Hubert, who designed the clothes she took with her on her trip, she wrote, "I think of you every day because I have to dress at least once a day."

And to another friend, she wrote from San Sebastian (where the bull fights are held) "This is San Sebastian, where they throw the bull. I'm having a swell time."

* * *

ETHEL MERMAN went up to George Hurrell, one of Hollywood's swankiest photographers, to be portraited. Ethel was wearing her serious face, trying to remember if she had brought everything that she needed.

Hurrell took the look for one of dejection and decided to cheer her up. He told jokes, did dances and made faces. Ethel looked on in amazement.

Finally light broke and Ethel, still in her serious face said, "But Mr. Hurrell, if you wanted me to laugh, why didn't you tell me?"

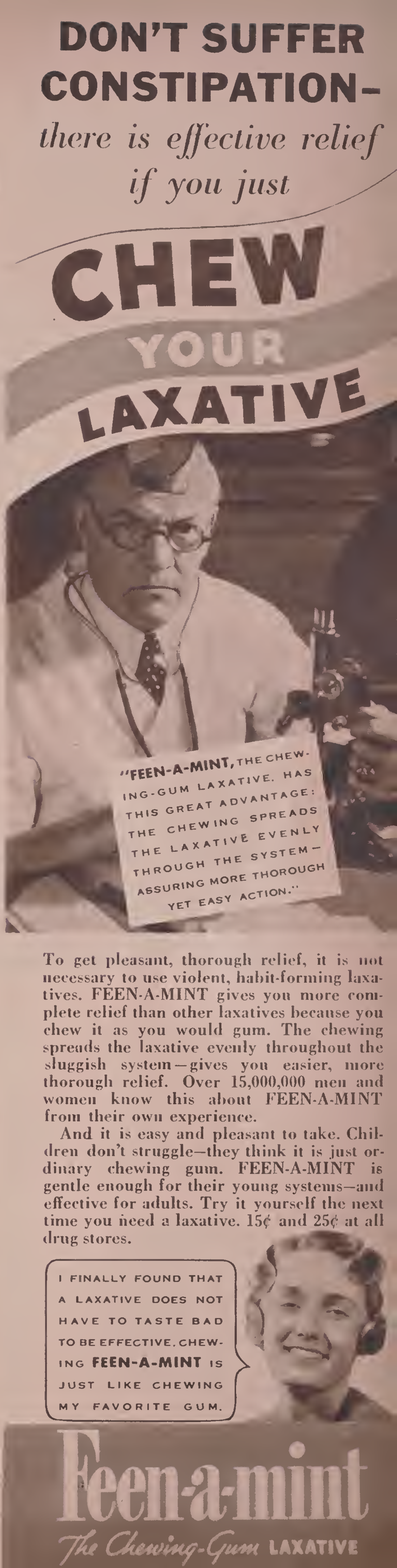
* * *

SAM GOLDWYN walked on the stage where the famous Goldwyn Girls were being photographed in a number on a staircase for "Kid Millions." Between scenes, one of the girls walked down from the background and over to him.

She said, "You remember me, don't you Mr. Goldwyn? I have been under contract to you for a year. I worked in 'Roman Scandals' too."

Mr. Goldwyn looked a little surprised and said "Of

Below, Mrs. Kate Murphy, Eddie Lowe and Mrs. Mary Rennie. They're his aunts. They had a swell visit in Hollywood!



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there is effective relief if you just
CHEW YOUR LAXATIVE

"FEEN-A-MINT, THE CHEWING-GUM LAXATIVE, HAS THIS GREAT ADVANTAGE: THE CHEWING SPREADS THE LAXATIVE EVENLY THROUGH THE SYSTEM—ASSURING MORE THOROUGH YET EASY ACTION."

To get pleasant, thorough relief, it is not necessary to use violent, habit-forming laxatives. FEEN-A-MINT gives you more complete relief than other laxatives because you chew it as you would gum. The chewing spreads the laxative evenly throughout the sluggish system—gives you easier, more thorough relief. Over 15,000,000 men and women know this about FEEN-A-MINT from their own experience.

And it is easy and pleasant to take. Children don't struggle—they think it is just ordinary chewing gum. FEEN-A-MINT is gentle enough for their young systems—and effective for adults. Try it yourself the next time you need a laxative. 15¢ and 25¢ at all drug stores.

I FINALLY FOUND THAT A LAXATIVE DOES NOT HAVE TO TASTE BAD TO BE EFFECTIVE. CHEWING **FEEN-A-MINT** IS JUST LIKE CHEWING MY FAVORITE GUM.

Feen-a-mint
The Chewing-Gum LAXATIVE

inside stuff
continued

course, I remember you Lucille." Then spake Miss Ball, "I knew you remembered me. And see, way back up there on the stairs. Do you remember Vivian Keefer and Dolores Casey? They have also been here a year. See them way back up there?"

Luckily Mr. Goldwyn laughed as he got the point. Lucille, Vivian and Dolores went to the front row in the next number.

* * *

IF you pass Charles Laughton's house and hear slapping and swear words, be not at all alarmed. It is just Charles on the road to slimness. He is losing weight at an amazing rate.

When friends exclaim at his remarkable metamorphosis, Charles becomes modest. He says, "My next part calls for a thinner man." Just that. Such is the soul of a true artist.

A swell snap of Eddie Robinson at the Uplifters Polo Field. He's an eager polo fan, and tries to see every game.

* * *

CARL BRISSON and his wife decided on Yosemite for their vacation. Carl is an enthusiastic amateur photographer and he felt that he could do wonders with the scenery. But he was afraid that the job was too big for him alone so he took an expert along to insure success.

The beauties of Yosemite were even beyond Carl's expectations and the expert shot hundreds of feet of film, not even allowing Carl to touch the camera. But Carl snitched the camera one morning, long enough to sneak a couple of scenes into the box, just so that he could feel that he had some part, it negligible, in the undertaking.

When they came back to Beverly Hills, Carl could hardly wait for the film to be developed. The day it was ready, he asked his friends to a private showing of the epic. There was only one clear picture. It was a donkey that Carl had photographed the morning that he had sneaked the camera.

Thelma Todd is financing a "Sidewalk Café!" Here she is at the cash register. What—no sale?

* * *

GEORGE RAFT and Jack La Rue have been sworn enemies for years although they had never met. It was a feud built by columnists. They met for the first time at the El Rey Club where the smart set of Hollywood gathers. Here was to be the battle of the century.

Raft and La Rue found themselves next to each other at the bar while the crowd held their respective breaths. Raft sized up La Rue and Jack once-overed George. But they seemed to be agreeably surprised. When last seen, they were sharing the same bottle, friends to the last drop. All of which points to this moral: Long bottled prejudices can be uncorked and washed away with the proper spirit.

Below, at Malibu, Nydia Westman, Raquel Torres, Florine McKinney, Renee Torres, Virginia Pine and her sweet little daughter, Joan.

ALICE FAYE must have a swell family! In this day and age when so many ambitious young females are trying to get away from their families, Alice has brought hers right along with her.

In her new picture, "365 Nights in Hollywood," her brother Sonny is third assistant director, and her cousin, pretty Barbara King, recently of Broadway, is her stand-in. With Alice's mother, they all share Norma Shearer's old house. There is also a youngster in the family, Alice's two weeks old Peke.

* * *

IF you are invited to swim in Fredric March's new swimming pool, watch yourself and don't dive into the first water that you see. For you would come to a sudden stop. A gold fish pool in the form of a shallow trench surrounds the swimming pool proper and the trick is to miss the fish and land in the deep water.

* * *

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN was autographing copies of the "Tarzan" books in a Los Angeles department store. Books were being handed to Maureen by the dozens with Maureen writing her very best hand. One book was given her and she finished signing "Very sincerely, Maureen O'Sullivan."

Noticing that the book was larger than the previous copies, she turned to the cover and found that she had autographed a copy of "Aphrodite." Before she could register a squeak, the pleased owner of the book was well out of the door, Aphrodite clutched to her side.

* * *

IT'S not news to get on a train. But it's news to get on one with a black eye. Nina Mae McKinney, the little colored girl who played the lead in "Hallelujah, I'm a Bum" got on in New York with a shiner that eclipsed the sun. And did she hide her face in shame? Pish tush. When last seen, she was shooting dice with the dining-car waiters. And winning too.

* * *

IN "The Scarlet Empress," Marlene Dietrich is photographed through netting, lace, gauze, veiling and what looked like a horse blanket in one instance which caused one Hollywood wag to say "Dietrich gets into one mesh after another."

* * *

MARY ROGERS, the daughter of Will was playing golf with a friend. They were on the putting green when Will called for Mary. Mary inveigled him into trying his hand at sinking a putt. Will took the club, gave the ball a tap and said "If anyone had told me ten years ago, that I would be standing on the grass with a stick in my hand, whacking away at a little white pill, I would have socked 'em one. I'm just a gol durned sissy."

* * *

JANE BAXTER who was brought from England by Sam Goldwyn to play in "We Live Again," Anna Sten's new picture, tells a typically English story. She was in a "Cinema" and was sitting behind a woman who hid the screen. Jane leaned over and asked the woman if she would please remove her hat, as it was in her way.

The woman said nothing. Jane asked again. Then the man who was with the woman turned to Jane and said, "She is not wearing a hat." It was one of the lady's pompadours.

(*Continued on page* 70)

Arthur Hornblow and Myrna Loy visited Eddie Lowe in his home. They were the first company he's had since his return to Hollywood.

■ YOU WOULD NEVER DREAM of giving your little gir
a sheaf of raw wheat when she can have its goodness concentrated in delicious cereals and bread. THEN WHY give children bulky cod liver oil when there is a better, really convenient and delicious way to take it...White's Cod Liver Oil Concentrate Tablets?

Medical science proves the

HEALTH-PROMOTING
VITAMINS A AND D

of cod liver oil are concentrated in
these candy-like tablets

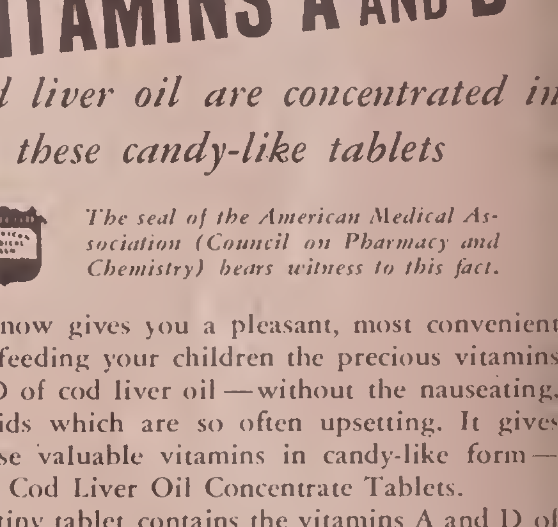
The seal of the American Medical Association (Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry) bears witness to this fact.

Science now gives you a pleasant, most convenient way of feeding your children the precious vitamins A and D of cod liver oil—without the nauseating, fatty acids which are so often upsetting. It gives you these valuable vitamins in candy-like form—White's Cod Liver Oil Concentrate Tablets.

Each tiny tablet contains the vitamins A and D of a teaspoonful of cod liver oil...Contains those qualities which aid in building resistance and promoting growth...Fine for teeth and bones.

Your child gets an accurate dose...You can be sure that the vitamin potency is always constant. The tablets are protected against the destructive effects of time, light, and atmospheric changes.

Grown-ups find these tablets easy to carry, easy to take—no bulk, no mess.



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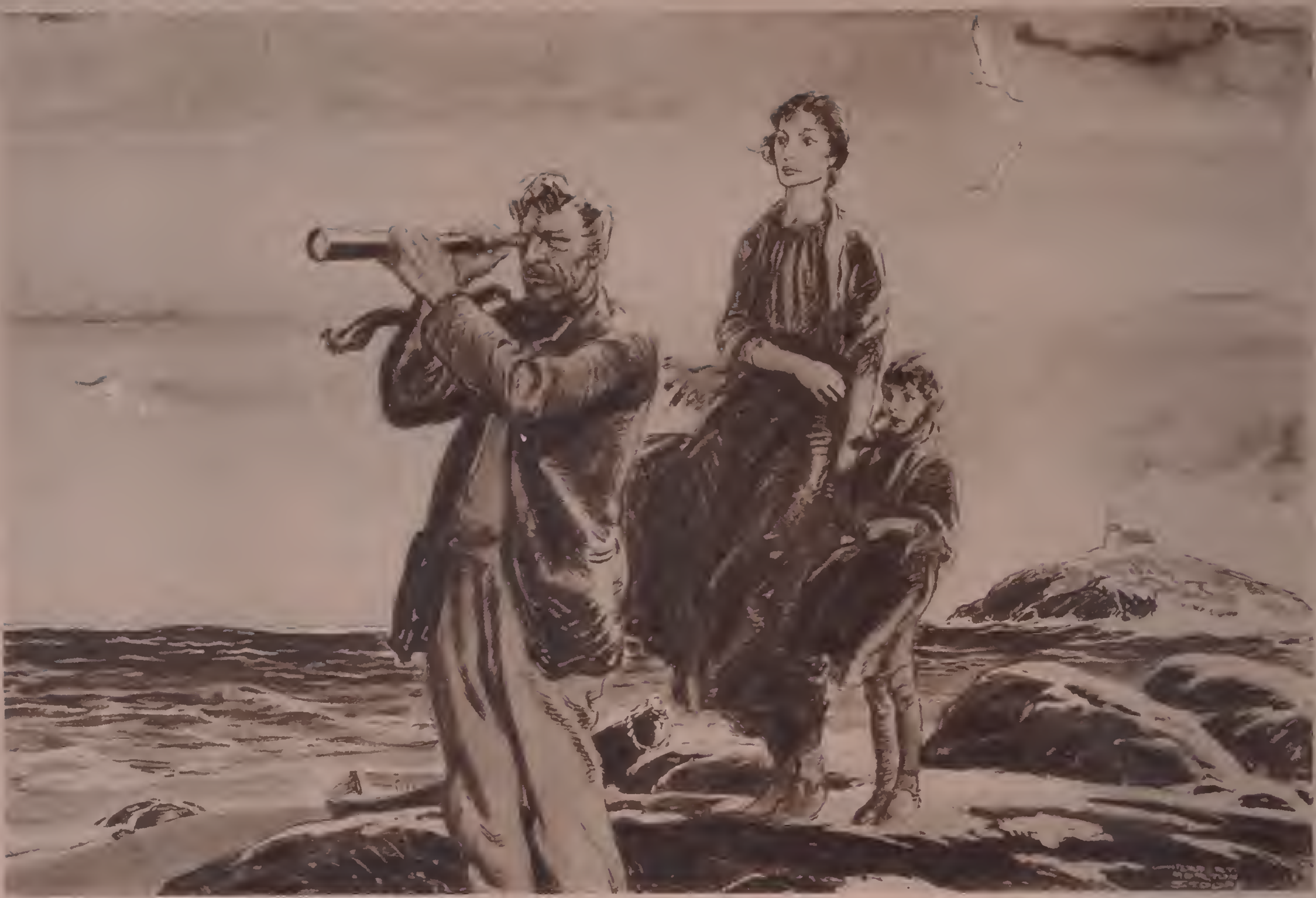


STARVING. . .yet they *Dreaded* the coming of the *FOOD SHIP*

FREQUENTLY emaciated and ravenously hungry, the people of St. Kilda's, the lonely island off the Scottish coast, dreaded the arrival of the supply ship from the mainland. They realized that though it brought food to the wilderness it brought also civilization's curse— the common cold. Illness and death invariably followed the rattle of the anchor chain. In the Arctic, the Eskimos had the same experience.

Reviewing such cold epidemics, scientific men came eventually to the belief that colds were caused by germs, not by exposure, wet feet, or drafts although these may be contributing causes.

Colds *are* caused by germs, they say— but by germs unlike any others previously known. Germs, if you please, that cannot be seen. Germs so small they cannot be measured except as they exert their evil effect upon the human body. Bacteriologists call them the filtrable virus because they readily pass through the most delicate bacterial filters. Using a liquid containing this mysterious virus, they have been able to produce repeatedly by inoculation, one man's cold in other men.

Under ordinary conditions, this virus enters the mouth, nose, or throat to cause the dangerous infection we call a cold. Accompanying it are certain visible germs familiar to all; the pneumococcus, for example, and the streptococcus— both dangerous. They do not cause a cold— they complicate and aggravate it.

To Fight Colds—Fight Germs

Obviously, the important part of the fight against invisible virus and visible bacteria should tak place in the mouth and throat. The cleaner and more sanitary you keep it, the less chance germs have of developing.

Tested and Approved
Good Housekeeping Bureau

"The daily use of a mouthwash," says one eminent authority, "will prevent much of the sickness which is so common in the mouth, nose, and throat. Children should be taught the disinfection of the mouth and nose from their earliest years."

For oral hygiene, Listerine is ideal— so considered for more than fifty years both by the medical profession and the laity. It possesses that rare combination absent in so many mouth washes— adequate germ killing power plus complete safety. And of all mouth washes, it has the pleasantest taste.

Numerous tests under medical supervision have shown that regular twice-a-day users of Listerine caught fewer colds and less severe colds than those who did not use it.

●

We will send free and postpaid a scientific treatise on the germicidal action of Listerine; also, a Booklet on Listerine uses. Write Lambert Pharmacal Company, Dept. MW-11, St. Louis, Missouri

For Colds and Sore Throat . . . LISTERINE . . . The Safe Antiseptic

EXPOSING-

Mary Boland

Is It Possible That She Has a Brain in Her Head?

by Charles Darnton

SHE won by a nose. For it was that humble feature of her disappointed face, my proud beauties, that shaped the destiny of the screen's funniest woman.

Mary Boland, unique as a comedienne, has her imitators, but no one genuinely like her. As is said of an antique, she's an original. The twittery type of woman whose scatter-brained chatter suggests the total loss of her mental hairpins is something all her own. So widely known is her gift for nit-wit femininity that wherever her name twinkles in electric letters it spells delight to thousands who take their sense of humor with them when going to a movie. For example, witness "Mamma Loves Papa," that domestic idyll which she made a blessed event in the by-no-means private life of Charles Ruggles. Already New York playgoers had hailed her as the dizzy star of "The Vinegar Tree," the stage comedy which in its film version snatched her back to Hollywood, where she had appeared less typically in silent pictures. Without a voice, she was only half herself. With it, she found her individual place in the screen world, settling comfortably and securely into mid-life popularity.

NATURALLY, one penalty of her success is general wonder about the woman back of the actress. What's she really like? Does she rattle on in her every-day talk? Is she always funny?

To know the real Mary Boland, first picture her as a distressed tot pulling not only a long face but striving desperately to pull a long nose. Hear her, too, piping plaintively:

"Mother, do you think it will always stay pug?"

Not that her anxiety was due to vanity. For even in those tender years—five, to be exact—she was determined to be an actress, just as her Irish father had been an actor, and she wanted a nose for it.

Her amazing precocity may be judged from the fact that at the age of twelve she knew five Shakespearian parts. There was no nonsense about her. But her serious growth far exceeded that of her discouragingly backward nose. Day after day she fairly cracked every mirror in the house watching it hold its own against (*Continued on page* 104)

The stage lover Edna Best married is, after all, an illusion, a figure fashioned by women in a world of Make Believe. Right, with Garbo in "The Painted Veil."

THE Other Herbert

DID you ever stop to think what the adoration of millions of women can do to a man?

Every stage and motion picture idol has been forced to bow before the soft and subtle tyranny of his feminine public. In their hands is the absolute power of ancient queens, whose nod or frown is life or death.

It affects men in many ways. Clark Gable turns rebellious, revolting from their demands. But there is no escape; he is a screen lover and as such he must obey the requirements laid down by women. Wally Reid couldn't stand the pace, and died; Doug Fairbanks finally fled from this tyranny. Only Valentino accepted it submissively.

Because of it, Herbert Marshall lives a double life.

He has a strange, psychologically divided mind. He can move from one life into another as readily as a man might pass from one room into the next, closing the door behind him.

He discovered this faculty years ago. He could shut himself up in that other life and find a mental refuge. Marshall learned early in his career how to escape from the suave, urbane and utterly charming character that women demanded of him. He could go into that other room, no matter where he might be in the flesh, and get into old slippers and lounging robe, laugh behind his hand at the sweet and lovable fellow these women worshipped, and then apply himself to business.

That habit gave him a bad scare once.

If you will recall the strange case of Jekyll, who could turn himself into that other man called Hyde, you will remember that the time came when Jekyll could not control those transformations. The man his subconscious mind wanted to be would get the upper hand in spite of himself.

Imagine, then, Herbert Marshall's moment of frozen horror when he found that he had slipped from his romantic lover character into his other self, without his own knowledge!

He told it to me one day during the production of "The Painted Veil," in which he plays the leading rôle opposite Garbo. And it was, indeed, a very strange tale!

"I've never told this before, as you can understand," he said. "We'd better omit names and places, for the person most directly involved might even now misinterpret the thing.

"I was appearing opposite a charming young woman in a certain play. In a lengthy scene preceding the curtain we sat at a candle-lit table while I made love to her.

"One night I returned to my dressing room after this scene, and began to fill out an income tax blank with figures which I had worked out in my mind. Suddenly I realized that I was in the theater, that I must have played in that scene, yet I could remember nothing at all of it. Instead, I had locked myself up in some mental room and rolled up my sleeves and worked out that entire tax. Naturally, I was horrified by this discovery.

"You can imagine my distress. I wondered what could have happened. Had the girl tried to give me my cues, had I sat like a lump on a log during that scene? What must she think of me? They might even have had to ring down the curtain. I was terribly agitated. What an injustice to do to that actress!

"At this moment a friend came in, and I fairly cringed. Yet he did not seem freighted with bad news. I opened the conversation, trying to sound casual, and to my surprise learned that my friend had observed nothing out of the ordinary. I went out and made guarded inquiries. Several remarked that they thought the scene had gone off rather better than usual!

"I was so thoroughly impressed, and felt so guilty, that I have never told this before. Superficially, it is nothing. Probably now she would laugh, if she knew. Yet that happening bothered me no end for years. I had stepped completely out of one life and into another, without intending to do so."

I THINK there you have a key to something that puzzles all who know Herbert Marshall. There really are two of him. Which of these Herbert Marshalls is the real one, it is hard to say. At best, one can only conjecture.

The Bart Marshall who makes love is not the real man. His true character, revealed here, has never been told before

by REGINALD LITTLE

Marshall

One Herbert Marshall is ruled by women and has become the romantic figure of their own creation. In that character he is suave, polished, urbane. He makes love and women respond. To meet him in this rôle, you may gain the impression that something is lacking; some touch of human frailty and imperfection. The truth must be that this Herbert Marshall lacks a heart.

The real Herbert Marshall is the business man whose mind runs to finance—the one who computed his income tax while making love to a woman. There are moments when he steps out of his rôle as the romancer and thoroughly detests the fellow. He hates to be called "sweet" and loverlike, but he must submit to it.

The original Herbert Marshall had no intention of becoming a romantic stage idol; quite the contrary. Although his father, Percy Marshall, was a noted English actor, his son "Bart" wished to be a business man. He had the mind of a business man; industrious, capable of intense concentration, conservative as the Bank of England itself.

Following his own inclinations, he would have been a prince of commerce; women have made him a king of hearts.

He prepared for a business career at St. Mary's College in Harlow, England, and after graduation he became an articled clerk with a firm of chartered accountants.

However, during a slack season he was laid off, and it was during this period of inactivity that chance sent him into the theater. A friend of his father's, Robert Courtneidge, offered him a job keeping accounts in his traveling stock company.

This was agreeable to young Marshall. He was a handy young man and was often called on for small bits. Gradually an actor evolved. Women seemed to like him in romantic rôles, and when he was cast as *Tommy* in "Brewster's Millions," there was no longer any doubt that his future on the stage was assured. It was a well-paying career and he was content. He got married, and applied himself to making himself liked on the stage.

The war very nearly put an end to all this. He enlisted and went to France, dropping the rôle of matinée idol for that of a soldier. But the old habit of being two persons still functioned. He could step out of one character into the other.

"After two days in the front-line trenches, in that hellish mud and shellfire, I felt as though that had always been my life," he said. "I seem to absorb my surroundings, you might say."

A wound very nearly ended both the stage Herbert Marshall and the real one as well. It left him, recovered but permanently disabled with a limp that should, to all intents and purposes, have ended forever the life of the stage lover.

But an offer from the stock company of the Lyric Opera House at Hammersmith came, and after all, he needed a job.

Destiny picked (*Continued on page* 82)

Are you UP-TO-DATE

Editor, MOVIE MIRROR:

I'm coming to Hollywood, to try my luck in pictures. But so many changes have been going on in the movie business, I'm all confused. Won't you please have somebody bring me up-to-date on how to break into the movies?

—Mary Roe

MARY ROE'S letter, typical of hundreds of others, has been given me to answer. Certainly, Mary is right when she mentions the confusing changes that have put an entirely different face on the matter of breaking into pictures in this year of grace, 1934.

Under the NRA eagle and the New Deal, Hollywood has adopted policies that greatly affect every aspirant to a place in pictures. Like the capricious queen she is, Hollywood is a most changeable wench. What pleased her in 1933, bored her in 1932. Once, she wanted only big name stars. Then theater people became her favorites, and ruthlessly she threw out dozens of her most popular court retainers. And now a new call has gone out.

Hollywood wants new faces!

The search for fresh starring material, a boon to Mary Roe, has been brought on by deep-seated changes in the industry. After weathering nearly five years of depression, improved business has opened up theaters that have been dark for years. As a result, producers found they did not have enough pictures to supply this increased demand.

Two rehearsals, opposite, of the M-G-M "talent laboratory." Top, Oliver Hinsdell, coach; Creighton Chaney, Martha Sleeper and Claudella Kaye. Below, John Hale, Mr. Hinsdell, George Walcott and Agnes Anderson, all learning and earning!

on Crashing the Movies?

The New Deal and the NRA have changed the whole set-up for fame-eager girls and boys in Hollywood. Here's the new, authentic lowdown.

by

JACK SMALLEY

Valerie De Lorenzo, once waitress at the Brown Derby, now M-G-M stock player. Part of the New Deal in crashing movies.

It has been the custom to shut down the studios during the summer. Not this past summer! Warner Brothers and First National ran full tilt through the summer, Paramount worked without a let-up, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer bought new stories and signed up players with a prodigal hand, and a bustling, ambitious activity ruled all Hollywood.

On top of these changed conditions, a new power behind the Hollywood throne took charge, and the NRA Film Industry Code drastically altered the policies affecting beginners in films. Sol A. Rosenblatt, divisional administrator, now had the ear of Queen Hollywood.

The status of the extra girl or man, under the NRA, suddenly became very important. One ruling, given by the Committee for Extras, with Mrs. Mabel E. Kinney as chairman, is going to give thousands of Mary Roes a better chance in pictures.

This one provision alone, requiring that any extra who is called for any individual line or lines in a picture, shall receive not less than $25.00 a day, has had tremendous consequences.

LET me show just what that means to you, Mary Roe, after the producers did some thinking over the matter.

They realized that they might just as well put new players under contract for say $50.00 or $75.00 a week, as pay some extra that much for two or three days' work. Then, if the bit player stands out, and attracts attention, she won't be picked out by a rival producer. Oh, no! For she'll be under contract, and if she has the stuff, the studio hiring her isn't going to let her slip away. Now it is just good business for a producer to sign up a new player, keep her "in stock," and give her a "bit" in his pictures. And as every beginner knows, a chance to speak lines means a real break and a chance to make a hit.

At the same time, Mary, it lessened your chances to get work as an extra girl. I'll explain that situation later, for first let us see what the studios are doing for newcomers.

They all want starring material.

Well, isn't that just exactly what Mary wants to be—a star? Here, indeed, is a bright side to our picture of her chances in Hollywood. There is no question that the studios are looking for new faces to crown with a halo of stars. The inrush of theater people subsided long ago to a dribble. The established stars are growing old and dropping by the wayside. In another three years an astonishing number of them will be ready for mother roles; you can't stave off Papa Time indefinitely.

And who but the Mary Roes will take their places?

And so the studios are setting out to *create* stars. To do so they must find starring material.

Out at Metro, a "talent laboratory" has been launched with twenty-three young players taking part in one-act plays. Admittance is restricted to directors and producers interested in using these young players in pictures. But one of them happens to be the most interesting example of the New Deal in crashing the movies. She's Valerie De Lorenzo. Valerie was waiting on table at the Brown Derby when an M-G-M scout saw her and signed her up for the studio stock company. (Things like that *do* happen in real life occasionally.) In the old days Valerie would have been thrilled to get a few extra parts. With the new set-up she has a chance to have real practical experience and still earn a living wage. You may never hear of her—but then, again, she may become one of the stars of the future.

Fox has been scouting for starring material for several months, finally selecting thirty-five young men and women, to put under contract. Their home towns dot the map from coast to coast; they hail from Kansas City, Duluth, New York, Dallas, Boulder, Sioux City—wherever the talent scouts picked them up.

Paramount, after its famous campaign for new faces, nationally publicized as the Search for Beauty, selected six young men and women for permanent contracts, and is keeping about twenty newcomers busy in their studio theater. Actually it's a school for future stars, directed by Miss Laughton, and they produce on their own stage many of the plays bought for Paramount pictures.

That is how serious the producers are when they say they want young people to make into stars of the future.

Mary has read MOVIE MIRROR magazine carefully and knows a thing or two about pictures, even if she has never been to Hollywood. She knows how the players eat, dress, and make love. Mary Roe has a wise little head, and she can reckon her chances in films as well as the next one; she knows that it's a matter of ability, determination and luck.

Moreover, pretty Miss Roe has no illusions that she is as pretty as the boys say she is. She can look in her mirror with a cool and critical eye, and yet—she's sure she has a chance.

BEFORE you pack up your duds, Mary Roe, listen to what the girls' best friend in Hollywood has to tell you. She is Miss Marian Mel, head of the women's division of the Metro Casting Corporation, which all the studios in Hollywood own and operate on a cooperative basis.

"Tell Mary to be sure she has enough money for at least a year," advises Miss Mel, whose alert dark eyes have looked upon thousands of screen aspirants. "No new extra players are being listed at this time, so you cannot count on getting work as extras. The labor market in Los Angeles is greatly overcrowded—perhaps more than in other cities because people flock out here to enjoy the climate and live on oranges. She must not plan on 'getting a job at any old thing,' as some think they can do to eke out their living.

"Her chances lie mostly with studios looking for unusual talent, where she might get an opportunity to play bits, under a nominal contract, while they study her possibilities.

"Clothes she must have—a good wardrobe is essential. Studios do not supply your clothes unless it is for a costume picture. So if Mary comes out, be sure she has enough money—say $1200.00—to see her through a year of discouragements, tell her to fill her wardrobe trunk with a plentiful supply of good clothes, and tuck in a rabbit's foot. For luck must be with you to succeed!"

"But why can't she find work as an extra girl?" I asked.

Miss Mel smiled and beckoned me to follow her into the labyrinth of the casting offices. She pointed to vast file cabinets.

"There are 17,000 players listed there," she said. "Persons of every possible description, from show girls to dwarfs, from Indians to ventriloquists. We can fill every possible need of the industry from them—as you can imagine.

"In these four ledgers we keep records of 1600 extras who get at least one call a week for work. That's the active list—the others may not be called on for months. Last year those extras earned an average of $8.13 a week. Out of that list, the average of one day's work a week was 425 men and 187 women.

"Under the NRA code, extras wearing evening clothes now receive a minimum of $15.00 a day—which helps, considering they must supply their own wardrobe. (*Continued on page* 101)

Right, over 17,000 photos of players of all types, in the Metro casting office. Below, Fred Datig, Paramount casting director, and Lillian Moore, one of his very fortunate "finds."

how RALPH MORGAN saved OTTO KRUGER'S Life

by Sonia Lee

One of the many occasions on which Ralph and Otto get together. Bob Montgomery and Russell Gleason were also at the gathering.

"WHAT we are doesn't depend on us," declares Otto Kruger. "We are the products of the people who love us and whom we love. Ralph Morgan has had a greater influence on my life—on my character—on what I am as a person—than success or environment or heredity. He has given me a great faith in humanity. I owe him an obligation which nothing will ever repay—which nothing could ever repay."

Otto Kruger of the brilliant mind, whose thoughts invariably come in rounded and complete phrases, becomes hesitant and at a loss when he seeks definition of a friendship which began twenty years ago on Broadway—and which has continued through two decades of success and failure; of absence and of a very close and intimate relationship. Even Hollywood, where friendships usually last from sunrise to sunset, has neither detracted from, nor modified this amazing spiritual alliance between two totally different men.

Ralph Morgan is deliberate, quiet-spoken—with a sense of humor which finds expression in illuminating crisp sentences—or perhaps in the raising of an eye-brow. He has the assurance of the well-routined, the well-trained, the complete master of the tools of acting, high-lighted by quick perception and by a sensitive spirit. He has a poise which cannot be disturbed; a philosophy of living which gives no undue importance to the small events of life.

On the contrary, Otto Kruger gives attention to detail. Nothing is unimportant, although he has to a certain degree a sense of relative values. His is not a passive philosophy but a militant one. Fundamentally extremely sensitive, he has achieved a protective armor. Ralph Morgan, knowing that life is essentially good, waits for it. Otto Kruger is less certain of its gifts—so he goes seeking its tributes and its disappointments.

"Neither of us," explains Otto Kruger, "could actually believe that such a friendship as ours could exist. But it does. We have never discussed it—because I doubt whether we could analyze it objectively. It has meant too much to us—certainly to me!

"In every test of my life, I have had Ralph Morgan to guide me to wise decisions. Not so much by what he does or by what he says but rather because he has always seemed a miracle in human guise. He takes blows beautifully. Disappointments—and he has had his share—never embitter him. Never for a moment warp his judgment or his sense of both fairness and justice.

"He has helped me in so many ways to be a good fellow, to take it on the chin and grin. Not to be afraid. To be tolerant. To be forgiving. To be understanding."

And Ralph Morgan says:

"Otto and I have clung to our friendship because friendships, particularly in Hollywood, are difficult. Friendship implies an understanding between two people whose experiences are similar, who have gone through the same struggle and the same failures and the same disappointments. It is a matter of compromise. A matter of mutual give and take. In new friendships there is a quality of uncertainty. A desire to overlook weaknesses. But no lasting friendship can exist without a realization of weaknesses. Otto realizes mine—I realize his. But that doesn't mean that we think less of each other. That our mutual appreciation of each other's qualities is lessened."

RALPH MORGAN has proven his friendship, his great affection, his loyalty to Otto Kruger. It happened some years ago in the Fall of 1926. Otto was rehearsing in a new play. One moment he was perfectly well—and the next—death was a matter only of moments. An ulcer had eaten through an artery. In less than three minutes he lost three and a half quarts of blood. One pint remained in his veins. When that went—

In the Lamb's Club a frantic Ralph Morgan had only one thought. Otto would need blood. He began recruiting volunteers, men of the acting profession who were willing to stand by a comrade in dire distress, to give their very blood.

Police lines were formed around his house. The word went down Broadway that Otto Kruger was dying.

Eighteen actors were finally on the list. All waiting for word from the attendant physicians, praying for a chance to do their share, to give what they had to give.

For ten days the little company remained within reach of a telephone. Long hours which were punctuated with reports—"He is holding his own. We think the blood will clot. He may live!"

It was Ralph Morgan who gave the messages, who took charge of the whole thing.

It wasn't until almost two weeks had passed that the hour came when Ralph Morgan could be at peace. Otto Kruger would live!

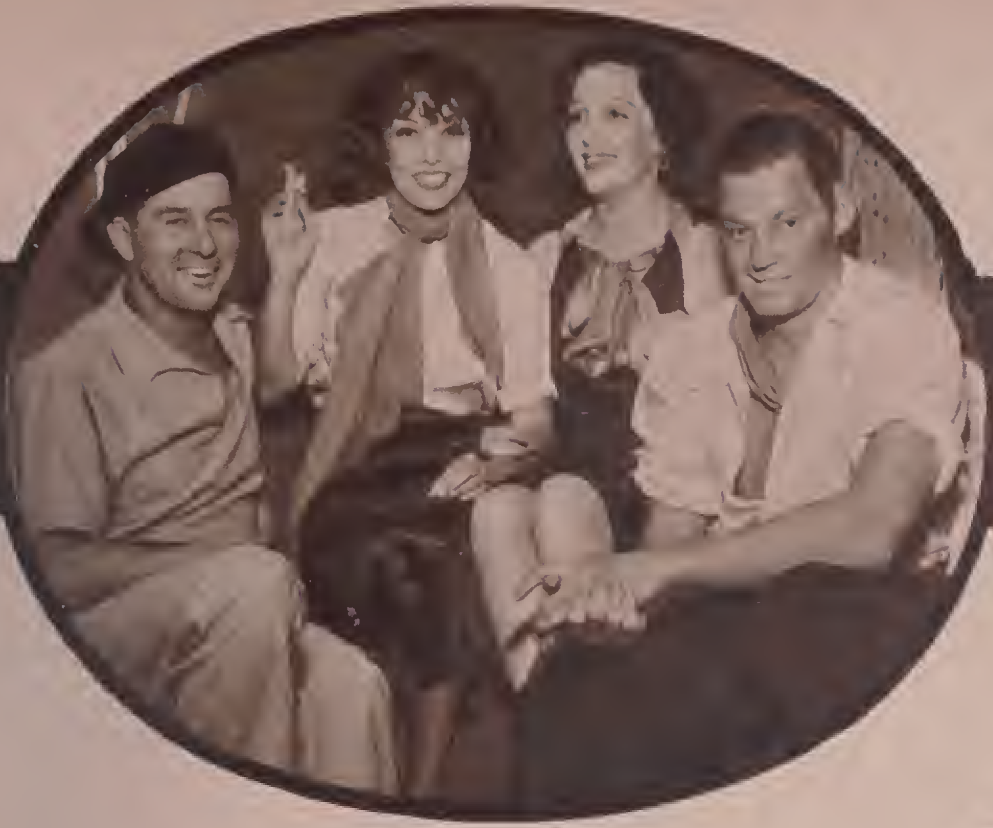
During Otto's long convalescence, Ralph Morgan was never far away. Giving advice and comfort to Mrs. Kruger, who as Sue McNanamy had been (*Continued on page* 95)

apache party

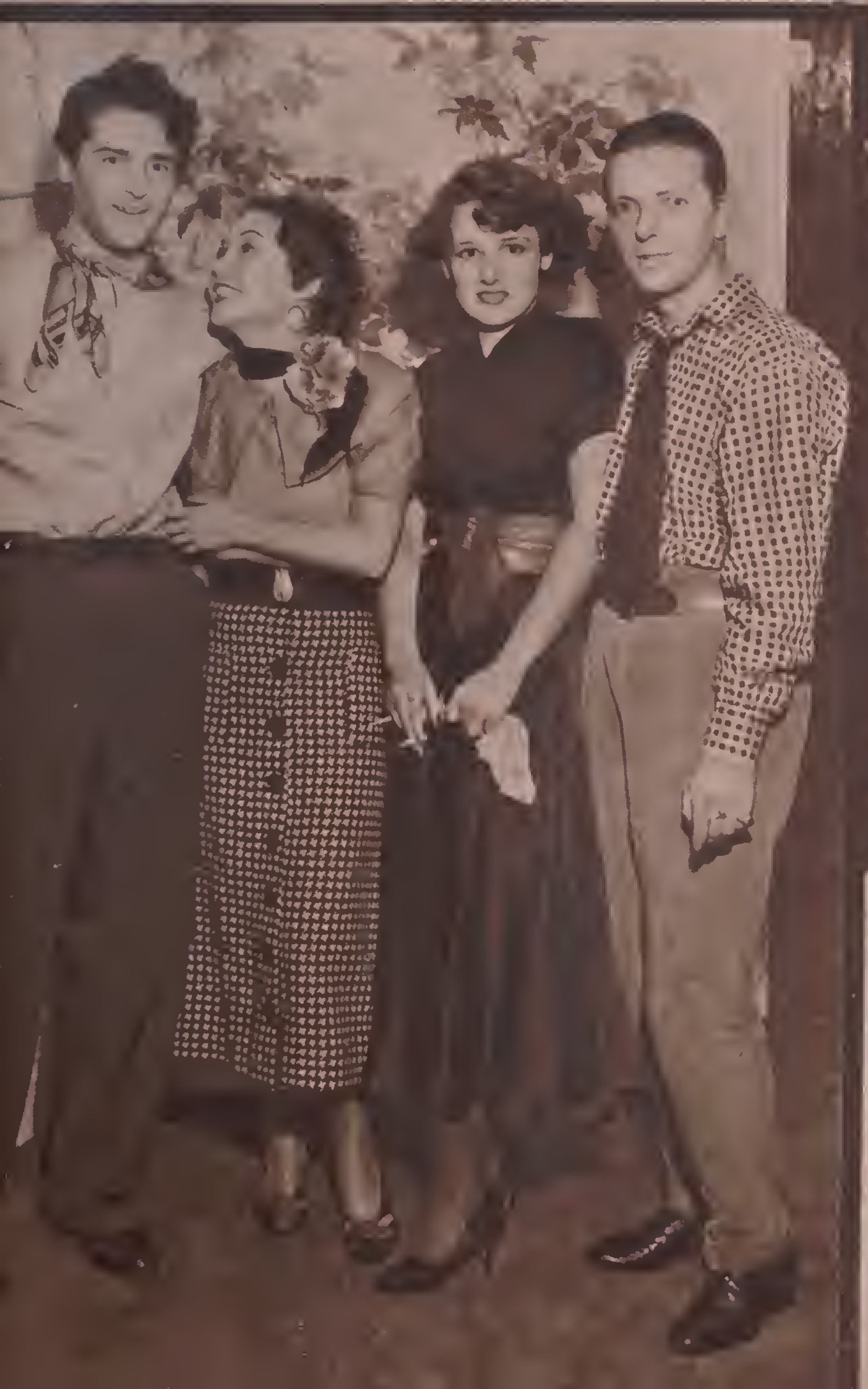
Our own Hyman Fink was the only photographer who crashed this grand shindig!

One of the couples at the party was none other than George Raft and Virginia Pine. There've been rumors that George and Virginia had lost interest in each other but the picture of them below indicates otherwise.

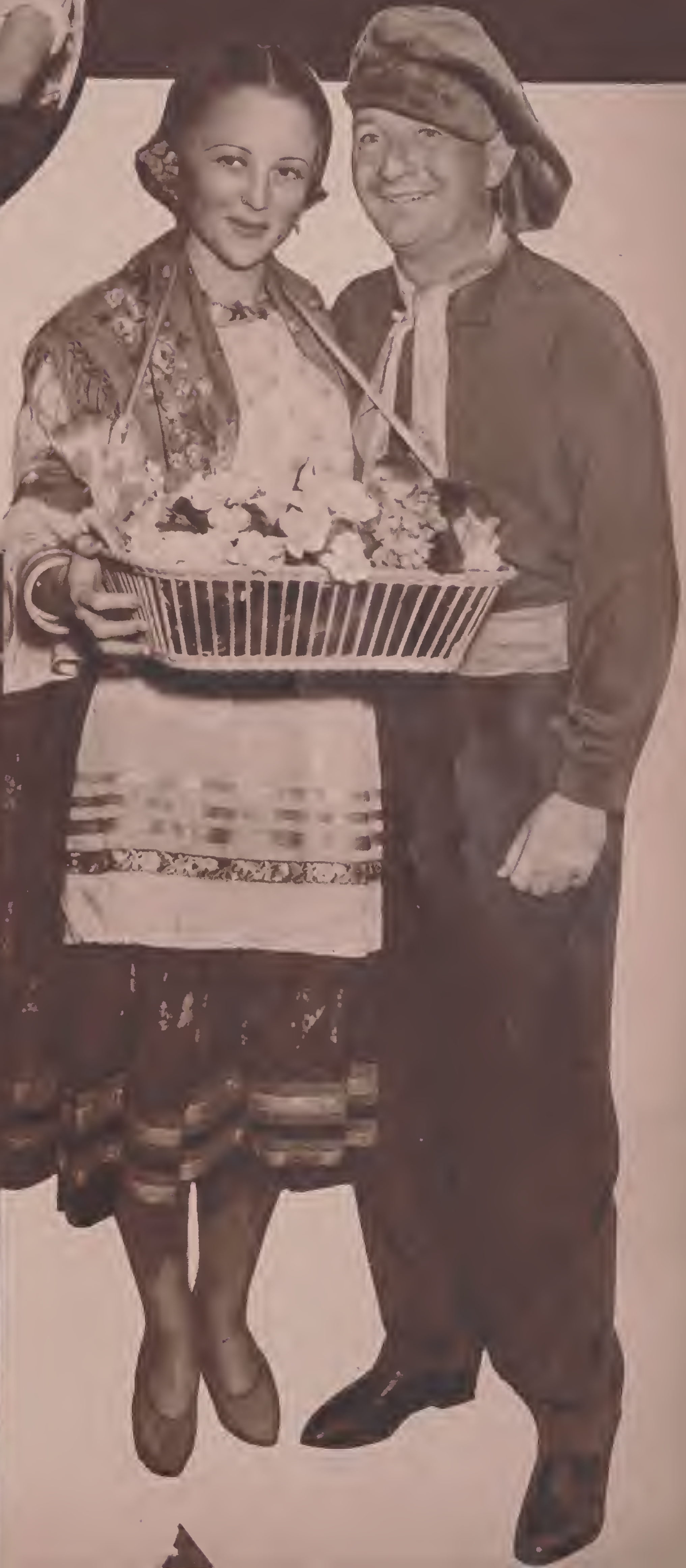
The Irving Netchers gave this swell party for their friends. The picture below shows Fannie Brice, the host, his wife (Rosy Dolly of the Dolly Sisters), Ann Pennington. Fannie and Ann are in "The Great Ziegfeld."



Above, Ben Lyons, Lupe Velez, Bebe Daniels and Johnny Weissmuller. When Francis Lederer (below) was called to Hollywood, he insisted on Steffi Duna's coming, too. The Al Halls (Lola Lane) are with them.



Those proud parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Joe Brown came to the Netcher party all dressed up, as you can see below. Sally Eilers looks more beautiful than ever before. One of Hollywood's most loving pairs!



Sneaking onto

1728
NITE TAKE 4
BOLESLAVSKY-776
Daniels
UND JUL 17

the Garbo Set

This unusual shot on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot shows Garbo relaxing between scenes of "The Painted Veil." Herbert Marshall and George Brent figure in the triangle that complicates Somerset Maugham's novel of China, from which the picture is taken.

Why Harold Lloyd has never "GON

by ROY BROOKS

HAROLD LLOYD's new personality started with a Hoot Nanny. No, that is not a Scotch goat; it is a strange contraption that draws geometrical designs on discs of paper. When the Harold Lloyds were returning to Hollywood from Europe last year, Harold stopped in at Marshall Field's in Chicago, as is his custom, to buy toys for his children. Among the loot was a Hoot Nanny. Thus started the new Harold whom his wife calls Michelangelo Junior.

Harold walked into the children's compartment the next morning on their last lap to the Coast and found Peggy, their youngest daughter, cranking away on this instrument, making designs of rare intricacy. Harold was entranced. From that moment on, the Hoot Nanny was as foreign to Peggy as an icebox to Admiral Byrd. Paints were ordered on Harold's first day home and a new hobby had been bred.

The life of an actor-producer in these days of double features is no easy road. Harold Lloyd has taken a radical step in his career by changing the type of his pictures. So his worries are many. The thing that saves him is his facult of submerging himself in his hobbies. He has a fortune to administer, an estate to manage, a whole independent studio with hundreds of employes to run. He loses all sense of time and care when he is interested in a new adventure and this time it is painting. Mildred Lloyd is pleased with this new avocation; she isn't called on to act as assistant, though she paints very well on her own easel. But she recalls those other days when a stooge was required.

There was the spell of card tricks. Decks of cards were so thick around the house that the library looked like a gambler's dream of a royal-flush heaven. Harold has a remarkable memory. In one trick, he could memorize the position of every card in the deck and call them back in sequence to the guest. Try that some time if you think it is easy. But in some of his tricks, he needed help. That was where Mildred came into the picture.

One very complicated feat required a set of signals from the assistant. Harold spent hours teaching Mildred to glance casually at the exposed card and give him the signal. A spade was designated by raising the right eyebrow, an ace by twitching the left upper lip and so on through the deck. Mildred became an expert at facial contortion. Then the night of the debut arrived. The guests invited for dinner that night were whipped up to a high pitch by Mildred's salesmanship—they were to see a trick that defied reason. When all were seated in the library, stuffed but expectant, Harold cleared his throat and the show was on. Harold allowed each guest to choose a card, place it back in the deck and think of that card.

Mildred was being the charming hostess, fluttering around behind her guests. If any of the audience happened to notice that she looked a little twitchy, they put it down to nervousness. For this was the zero hour. The cards were all back in the deck and the great moment had arrived. Harold coughed discreetly and named the first card—dead silence. He tried again on the next card—deader silence. Mildred's face looked like the Long Beach earthquake before it went completely blank. Then the light dawned. She had gotten her signals mixed and was one behind on each card. Harold looked around for another hobby.

Mighty jokes from little acorns grow. Harold took a mysterious trip into Los Angeles after the cards had been put away, but the first authentic news of his next hobby

HOLLYWOOD’’

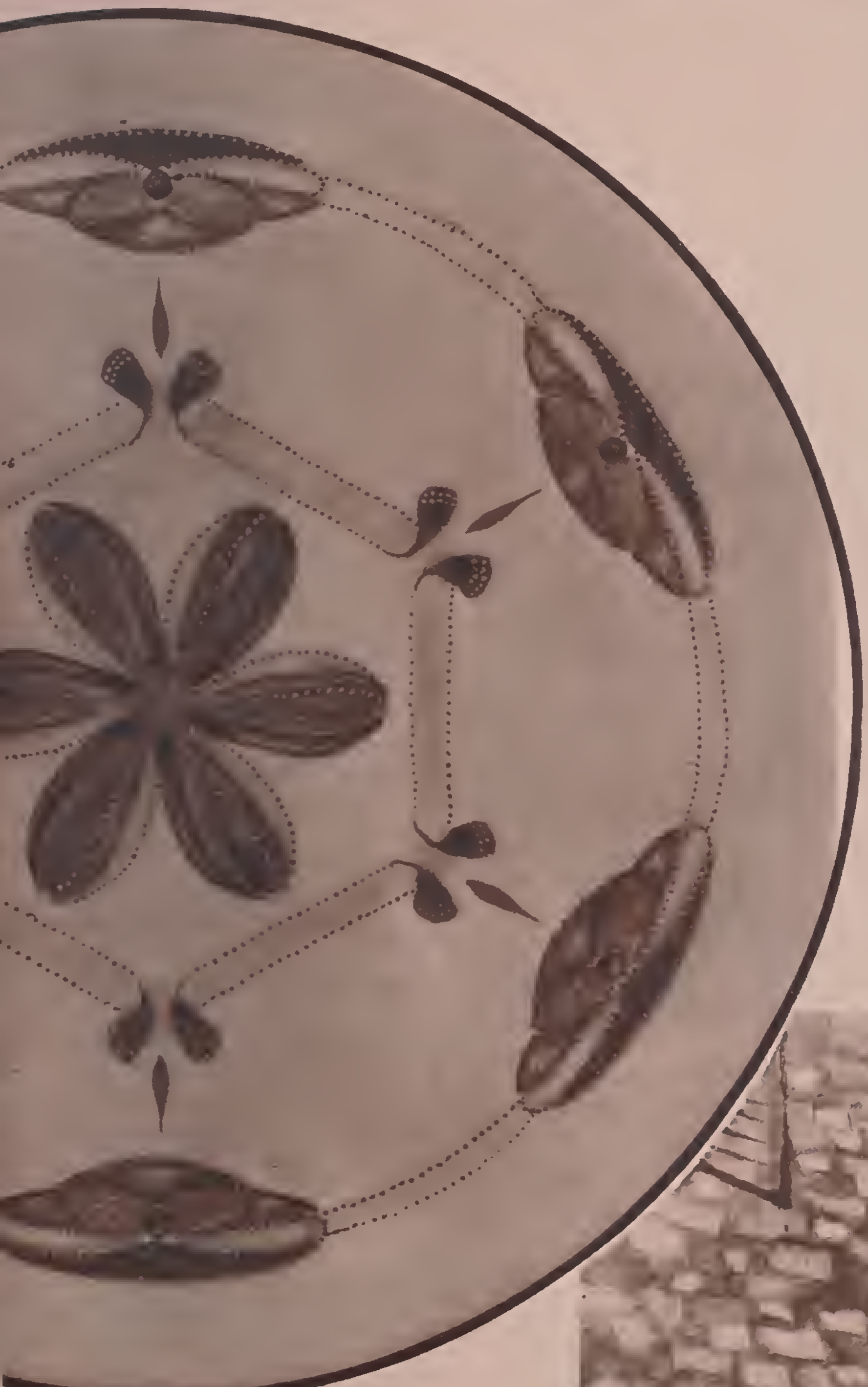
You can't know the real guy till you know about those amazing and amusing hobbies of his

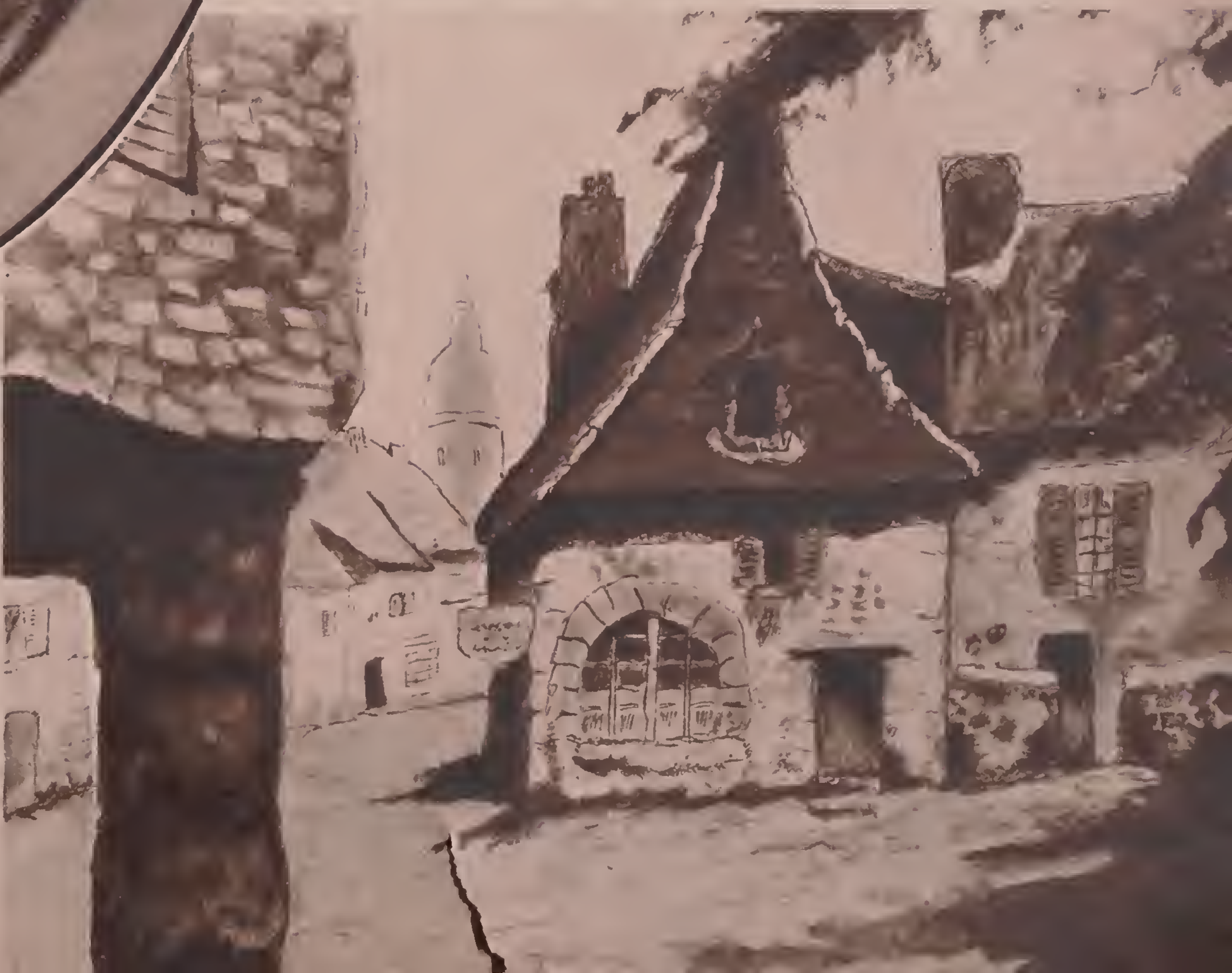
came with an invitation announcing that a meeting of the Society of Magicians was to be held the following week. That was Mildred's first intimation of the coming interest.

HAROLD dedicated a drawer in his desk to magic. It was forbidden territory with the entire family under oath not to open. In it were the tricks—amazing blocks that changed color before your eyes, a dollar that would change into two with the bat of an eye and many more fascinating knick-knacks. It took all the strength of character on hand to keep out of that drawer. For some of the directions were also in there.

Harold became late at dinner parties. It took only ten minutes to dress for clothes but to dress for magic was another matter. Rubber bands went around his waist, hooks were fastened to his sleeves and hidden pockets cached away in out-of-the-way places. Mildred was never sure what would happen during this period. Many were the hostesses who would scan their rugs for burned spots after the magical Lloyds had left. For one of Harold's pet tricks was the disappearance of a lighted cigarette. One moment he would be smoking it and the next it was gone, just like that. Mildred doesn't know to this day just where it would go. But she was sure it was lighted. The worried hostess was positive of that fact also.

Then there was the sliver in the finger. Harold would show the splinter to his hostess and the fluttering lady would bustle around for a needle and a tweezer and with many cluckings of sympathy, set to work. When she got the tip of the splinter and began to extract it, she would find that it came out by the inch, a sort of bird-pulling-the-worm idea. For it was a horsehair that Harold had slipped through the skin of his finger. That the Lloyds retained their popularity during this era is proof of their (*Continued on page* 84)





What's a Hoot Nanny? Directly above the great mystery is revealed. Harold bought it originally for his kids but it was that which led him to order that liberal supply of paints. Then he decided to paint a landscape. At the right you can see the astounding result.

HOLLY
Is Ruled

b

HOLLYWOOD is creating *a new moral code because it is ruled by women.*

This statement may shock you, but it is worth thinking about!

It came in a startling and rather dangerous interview with Carole Lombard. Startling, because she dares penetrate below the surface of things as they seem; dangerous because she shows us things as they are.

Carole has an alarming faculty for looking inward upon the truths that shatter illusions. Such women are dangerous!

A hundred years ago she would have been burned as a witch.

Today she is looked upon askance by those of the colony who cannot reconcile a cool, cuttingly brilliant mind of a philosopher with the body of a warm-blooded, beautiful woman. They quail from the lancing thrusts of her probing brain, from her fearlessly articulate language.

"Look about you and you will see for the first time since the ancient rule of the Amazons, a colony of economically independent women," she pointed out. "Here they are, rulers of a fantastic kingdom where the wealth is a product of the women.

"Contrast such a state with other times. Women in kitchens, subservient, mental and physical slaves. A roof over their heads and food for their stomachs—provided they could please some man enough to share him in marriage. Women in competition for male favor, striving with petty cunning to use their sex to best advantage. What a mean and loathesome position to be placed in!

"With all that went the so-called double standard of morals, a standard contrived by the lordly male. Well,

The beautiful Lombard says that Hollywood women, emancipated from masculine domination, have created a new social order!

WOOD

by Women!

GEORGE MADDEN

Hollywood, with women emancipated from masculine domination, is changing that. A new moral code, perhaps—at all events a different social order brought about by economic independence."

Quite suddenly, I saw Hollywood through her eyes. Her words explained a dozen puzzling things about the behavior of picture people; here, I felt, was at last a *reason*—one you could put your finger on.

For the first time a large group of women were creating wealth. Not inheriting it; not receiving it as a gift, but *earning* it with their brains and beauty. The results of this mental and economical power wielded by the feminine stars of Hollywood cannot help but be far-reaching.

"Consider its effect on marriage," said Carole. "The whole trouble with marriage in Hollywood is due to the fact that men can't get used to a financially and mentally independent wife.

"For ages, men have been used to a different scheme of things; it's traditional that the wife should have to fenagle her husband into buying her a new dress, looking to him at every turn in the road for protection and support. Would a man care for that sort of existence? Hardly! Yet it was expected of women that they be clinging vines.

"Well, that's all tommyrot. Women hate to beg for things. Today they want either a budget to administer, or a salary. In Hollywood a woman player can buy what she wants, and do as she pleases, without the say-so of a male. The tables are turned. Naturally that tips over a lot of the old ideas."

I ASKED her if she thought that Hollywood's matriarchy was dooming marriage to the limbo of outworn fashions. But she shook her head at that.

"In marriages of the future, I think that men and women will find greater happiness and be better companions," she said. "I don't think that men and women will ever come to believe in free or promiscuous love; certainly I don't and I consider myself modern.

"No, the point is this—when a woman is creating her own wealth, she need marry only when she is truly in love. I mean romantic love, not mere physical attraction that usually suffices for marriage. She no longer need marry because she is hungry for a home and the arms of a man; the Hollywood star seeks something more than that. A sympathetic friend—a comrade of the spirit.

"Then, don't you see, children will be better off? A child in such a home would be raised under ideal circumstances—in an atmosphere of harmony, thoughtfulness, love."

Being a man in the presence of a disconcertingly logical woman, whose blue eyes were of the most penetrating blue, I decided that a frank question would elicit an equally frank answer.

"Does this new moral code that we seem heading into mean that women will be more often tempted to cheat?"

Carole rested her chin on her palm, like a small, golden-headed Buddah.

"Before I answer," she said, "let me tell you something about women. They do not as yet have the same code of conduct as men. Bear in mind that women haven't had a chance—but men have evolved a set of standards out of centuries of making war and engaging in sports.

"But the code of chivalry wasn't imposed on women. They weren't important enough. You locked 'em up if you went away to war, and beat them when you came home.

"Men of culture and breeding carry their codes into modern life; in their work and in their sportsmanlike regard for others. Eventually women will acquire a similar code of honor, as they learn by sharing the rule of men.

"Now I come to an answer. Frankly, I believe that the future mating will eliminate what we call cheating. Both men and women will hold love in higher regard because it's a matter of honor between comrades.

"In these times we are in a state of confused changes. From our gropings will come a new and better order of things."

"With the next generation?" I asked.

"The one growing up today," she nodded. "We don't know what to do with marriage today; we know something is wrong. We know it is due to conflict between the old ideas men had toward women, and the changed status of women.

"I think it will be the men who have to change their attitude toward wives. At all events, it seems absurd and illogical that a two-fifty license gives a man and woman the privilege of legally living together, while divorce costs five hundred dollars to give them the privilege of living apart.

"SUCH things clutter up the whole marriage problem. I think that the youngsters coming along toward maturity now will find a way out of the woods. I'm sure they will. Let me tell you about the two young men I met in Reno, while obtaining my divorce.

"They are splendid lads—eager, alive, and intelligent. They have been born into a world of a thousand complications—among mechanical miracles and political upheavals—and they seem to have lit on their feet a-runnin', as the saying goes.

"We three were pals from the word go. Because I can swim and ride, I was nominated for a comradeship that proved terribly precious to me. Did I skeet? they asked. Skeet! What was that? I learned it was a new way of shooting clay targets—and they showed me the apparatus. Well, I'd try anything once. To my surprise as much as to theirs, my shotgun brought down five out of seven birds. To their eyes I was fully initiated; I was okay.

"Attractive, wealthy, they were hard workers and good students, unspoiled by money. Still in their teens, they had been competently instructed by common sense teachers, and knew enough about life so that curiosity wasn't getting them into trouble.

"Now those are the boys who will be forming our codes of the future. They'll do well by their jobs—depend on it."

Carole paused for a moment, smiling. She was thinking of her two young pals and the good (*Continued on page 77*)

A hundred years ago, says this author, Carole Lombard would have been burned as a witch for her radical beliefs!

Let the Wedding

There's more enthusiasm for marriage among the bachelor actors than there is among the actresses!

"I WOULD give anything in the world to fall so desperately in love that I couldn't eat or sleep. I feel that I have missed something."

Randolph Scott, his six feet three inches stretched comfortably on a large chair and hassock, looked from Douglass Montgomery to me with a quizzical grin. A mix-up in the hour scheduled for my interviews with these two young men had brought them both up to my house at the same time. Although they were from different studios and had never before met, we were soon plunged into an animated conversation on the chances of a happy marriage in Hollywood.

"But I feel that marrying in Hollywood is dangerous," declared Randolph. "I would be afraid to get married here. It's the whispers. No place in the world breeds such insidious gossip. If a married man is seen lunching at the studio with a girl other than his wife—no matter if they are working together on a picture and it's quite natural that they should lunch together—gossip circulates.

"Gossip starts suspicion. Suspicion causes trouble. You can't get around it."

Douglass sat quietly, with those expressive eyes of his intent upon Mr. Scott.

"I would not be afraid of marriage in Hollywood," he said quietly. "If I married here I would expect my wife to understand that there would be gossip about me. She wouldn't be very bright if she were not able to see through it. And if she were an actress she would understand and make allowances for it."

"Would you prefer marrying a girl in pictures?" I asked.

"To my mind, the most attractive girls are actresses," said Douglass. "Girls who have careers are far more interesting than those who devote their time just to amusing themselves. They keep alert mentally and physically. However, you cannot choose with whom you will fall in love," he smiled. "You just fall."

"I think there is a greater chance of running into trouble marrying an actress than a non-professional," interrupted Randolph.

"Marriage under the pleasantest conditions is not a bed of roses. Marrying an actress in Hollywood is taking on additional hazards. However, I admit that I am a skeptic as the result of seeing too many unhappy unions among my friends and in my immediate family."

"I, too, regret to say that I have seen very few successful, happy marriages," said Douglass. "The finest example I know is Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, with whom I have worked on the stage. For over ten years they have

Joe Morrison, youthful newcomer from the New York stage, maintains that marriage would be no handicap to his career despite his manager's objections.

Henry Wilcoxon (below) he's scared pink of marriage! And he has some opinions about whether a wife should have a career or not.

It's all set in Lee Tracy's mind that he's going to marry an actress — if and when he gets married.

Bells Ring Out!

by RILLA PAGE PALMBORG

been deeply, devotedly in love. There's an ideal couple!"

Douglass was most emphatic in his reply when asked if he would hesitate to marry at this time, thinking that matrimony might hurt his career.

"I don't think I would be in love if I hesitated to marry. I can't imagine anything that would stand in my way in case I fell in love and the girl consented to become my wife. And I certainly do want to get married," he added. "To have a wife and a home is, I think, the ambition of every man."

"Money, marbles, or chalk could never induce me to marry an actress," said Lew Ayres when I interviewed him. "I mean it," he reiterated. "No professional for me. It just doesn't work."

I reminded Lew of the rumors that he and Ginger Rogers would soon become Mr. and Mrs.

"Nothing to it," he said. "Ginger is a swell girl. One of the best friends I have ever had. We have grand times together.

"If I were to marry again it would be to a girl out of the business. An actress comes home nervous and temperamental. Pampered and spoiled by everyone that surrounds her, she expects to be treated the same way at home. When I come home I want a calm, sweet wife to greet me.

"Sure, I want to marry again some time. But I am getting along very nicely with my housekeeper and my two dogs. I think I will be able to carry on as I am a spell longer."

"I WOULD advise strongly against marrying before thirty," said Lee Tracy. "If a man is single he can make certain decisions that in this business are important to his success. I mean decisions in favor of himself instead of his family, such as taking advantage of sudden trips east or to Europe. Often a married man is unable to leave.

"And if I marry I certainly would want to marry someone in the profession. The peculiarities of the screen and stage are such that it is necessary for a man to have a wife who understands them in order to have happiness."

It was difficult to get Nick Foran, that six-foot-three, two-hundred-and-five-pound crooner from the Fox lot, to stop talking about fishing long enough to discuss marriage.

"I would never marry a girl who wanted to have a career," he boomed in that rich, deep voice of his. "The girl I marry would have to make up her mind that marrying me was her job.

"No, I wouldn't mind getting married if I fell in love," he grinned. "But I would not have

(*Continued on page* 97)

Douglass Montgomery (right) talks emphatically on the question of whether he would hesitate to marry at this time because of his movie career.

"Money, marbles or chalk could never induce me to marry an actress," says Lew Ayres (below).

"I feel that marrying in Hollywood is dangerous," says Randolph Scott — and he tells why in this story.

Crawford Coiffures

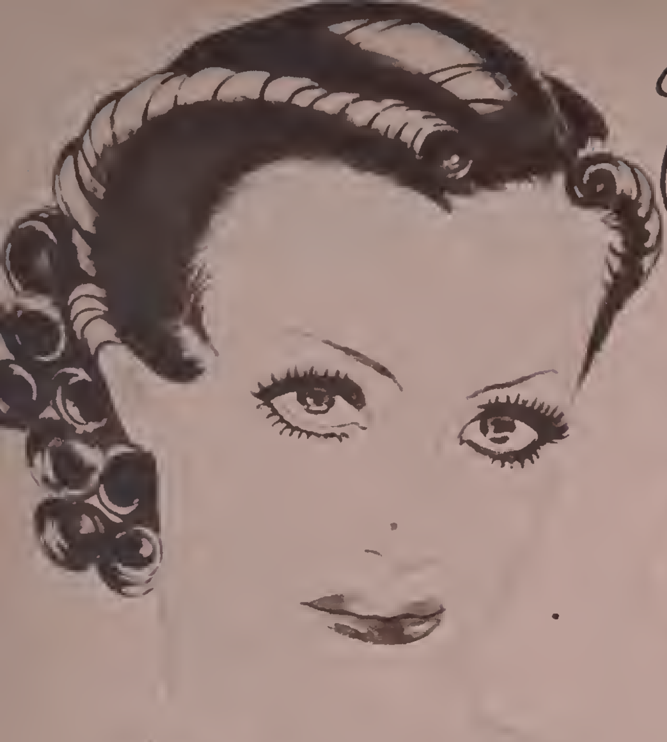
by GLORIA MACK

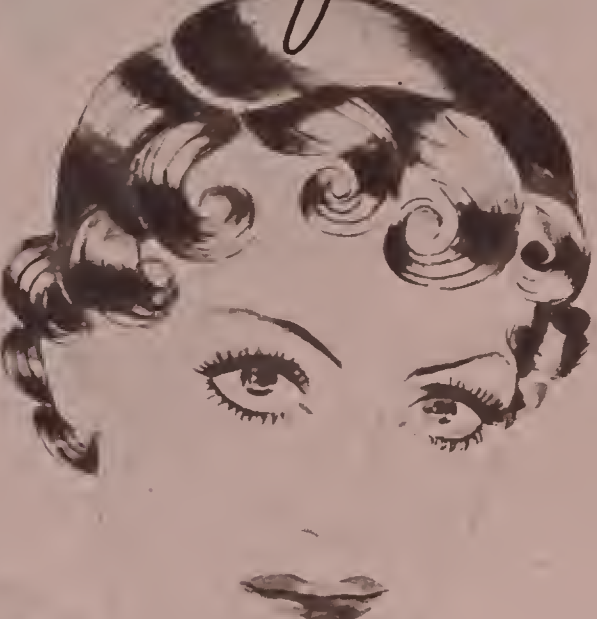
Created Exclusively for

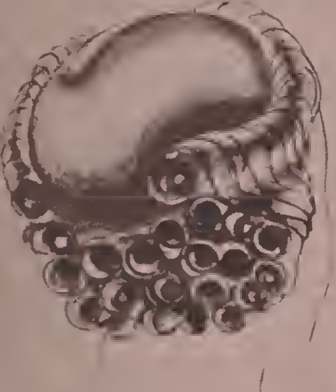
MOVIE MIRROR

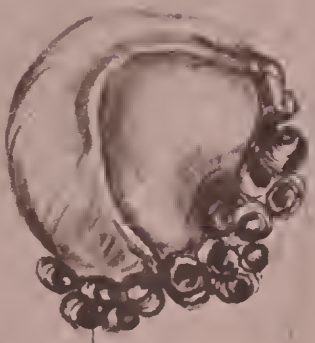
"Make your coiffure as new, as interesting, as fresh, as radiant and as provocative as your latest gown."

Joan Crawford





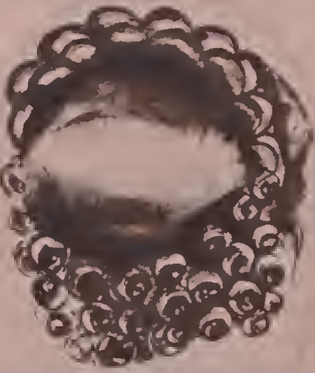


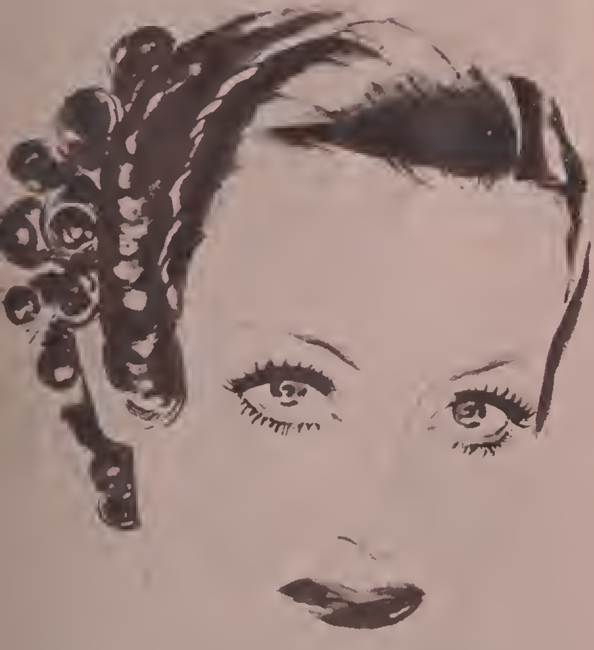


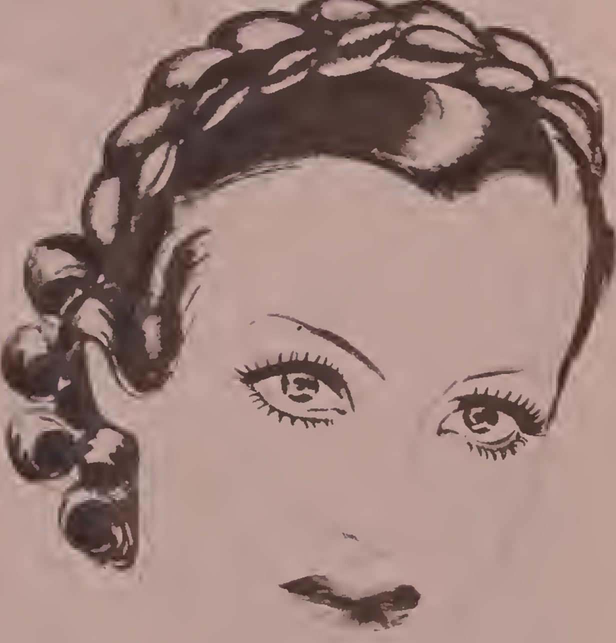
PETER PAN

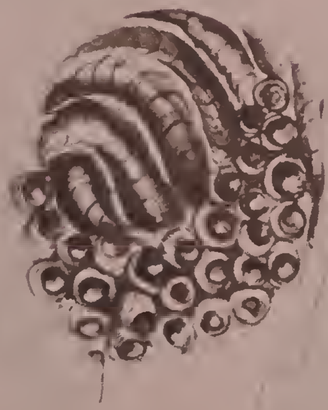
LIZBETH

DOREEN









CORNELIA

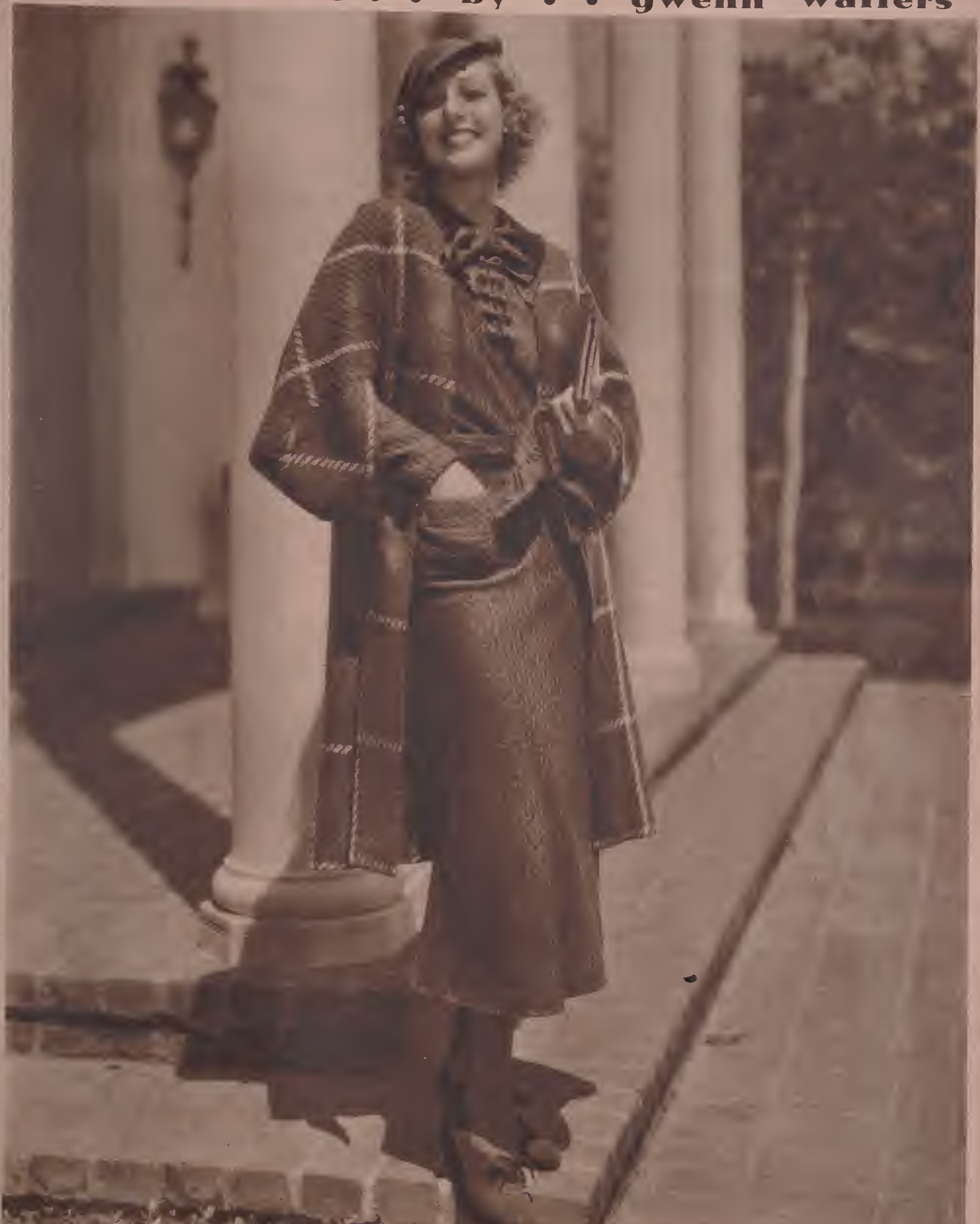
LIZBETH—Joan's favorite. Start your part over the center of the left eyebrow and continue it straight back to the top of the head. Brush your hair until it is exquisitely smooth, and then *over a pencil* roll the hair back toward the part. I would suggest that you make the roll in two sections and then just ease the two together, otherwise you might have difficulty in making such a long roll. The coiffure is completed with loads of ringlets. I'm afraid you'll have to have someone help you with them; however, artificial ringlets may be pinned on and are great time-savers as well as always being *ready to go* on the shortest notice.

PETER PAN—demure and coy, yet boyish and chic. Start your part over the center of the right eyebrow and continue it straight back to the top of the head and then down to the nape of the neck curving it slightly to the right. Brush your hair flat to your head. Then make ringlets around the entire hair-line. Artificial ringlets may be used for the back if you wish.

DOREEN—quite sophisticated. Makes one appear a bit older. Start your part over the center of the left eyebrow and continue back for two inches. Your hair should then be waved in large swirls. Be sure to start your first wave about two inches from your natural hair-line on top and then bring this first wave well to the front on the right side as shown in sketch. The back is finished with many ringlets. Your own or artificial ones.

CORNELIA—queenly and imposing. This is an excellent coiffure for a shimmering gown. Start your part over (*Continued on page 79*)

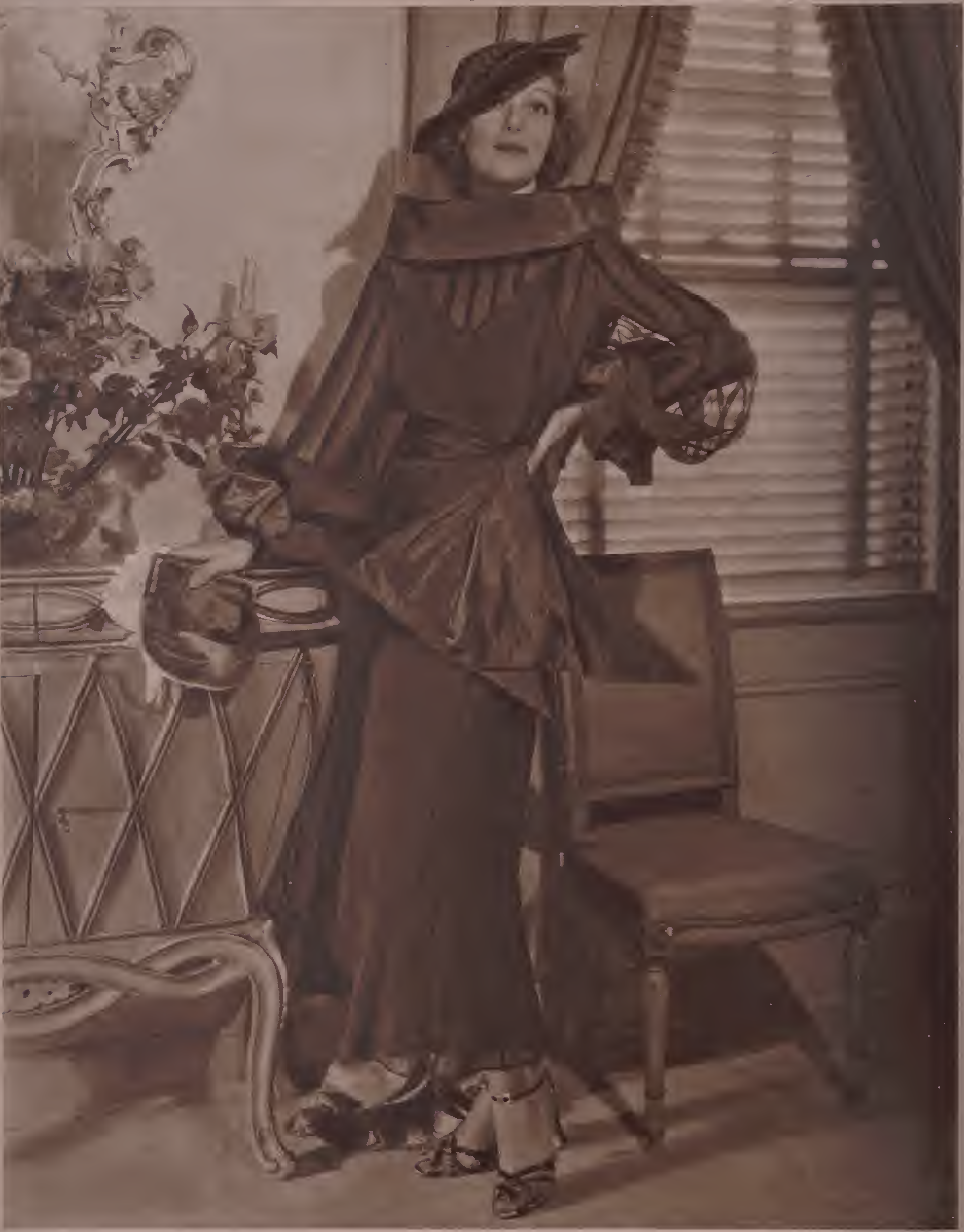
star fashions . . by . . gwenn walters



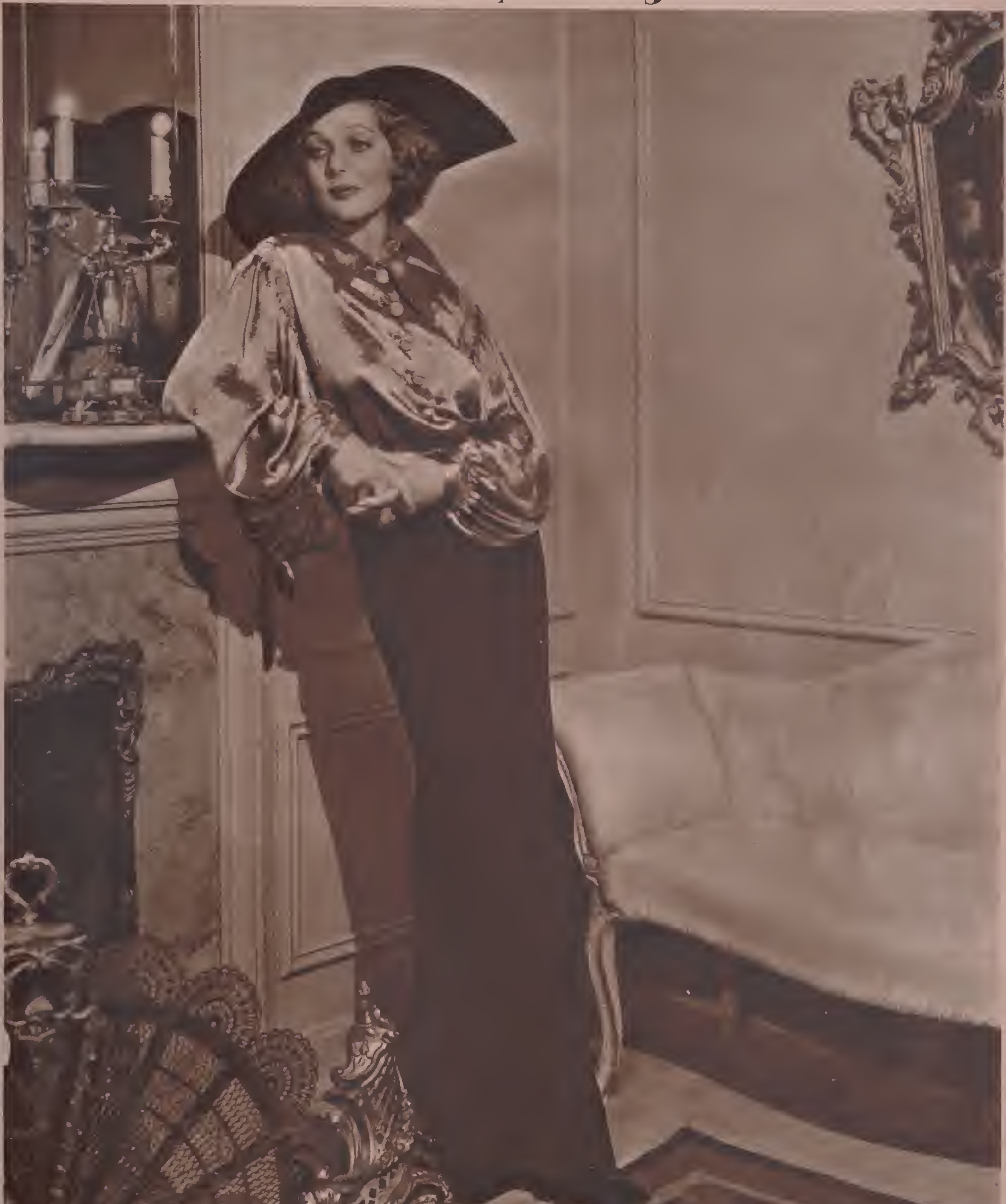
LORETTA YOUNG opens the door of her home and her wardrobe to you in a panorama of fall fashions. This spirited sports costume is of two-toned grey and red wool. Turn the pages and follow her through the different hours of the day! Such a combination of beauty and fashion shouldn't be hard to follow!

GOWNS — NINA FOLEY — Los Angeles - San Francisco - Paris

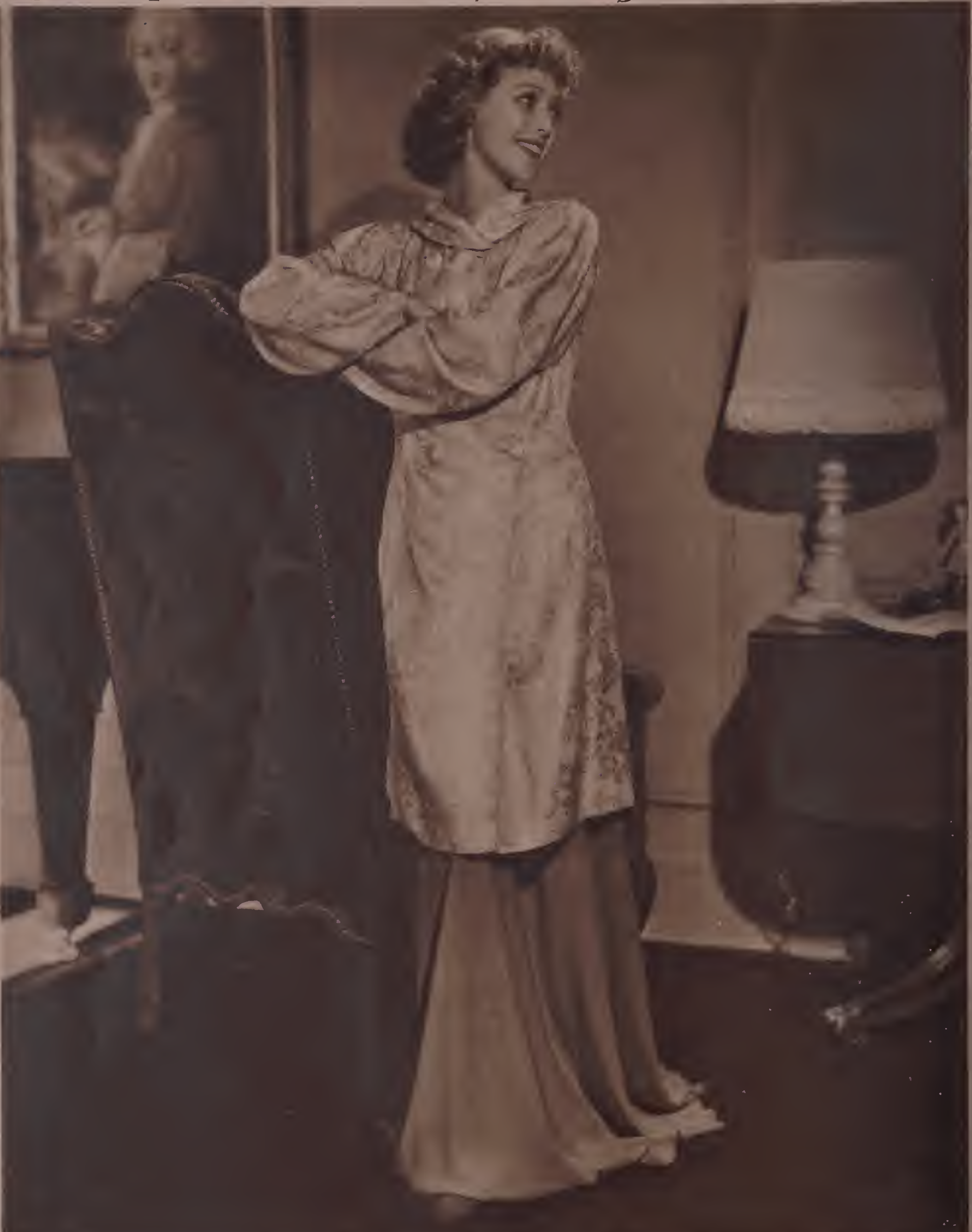
star fashions • • by • • gwenn walters



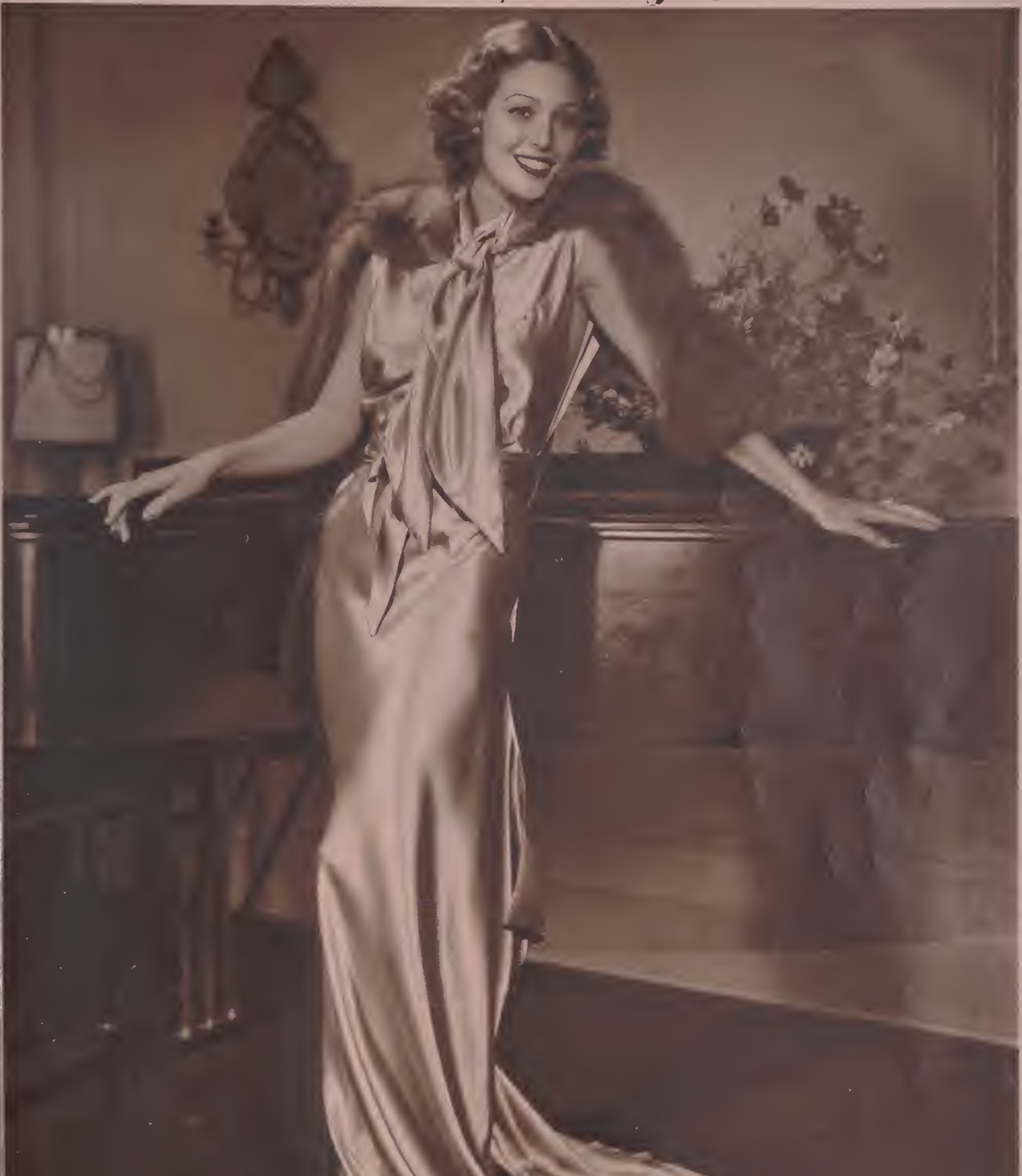
FOR AFTERNOON—A tucked georgette in royal blue trimmed in grand manner with rustling taffeta of the same shade. The hat is of blue felt and is worn jauntily over one eye. Note the flattering collar.



FOR DINNER—A tailored-looking dinner-dress with a top of green-gold lamé and a skirt of black chiffon velvet. The *large* hat is still smart and carries out the luxurious effect of this very elegant outfit.

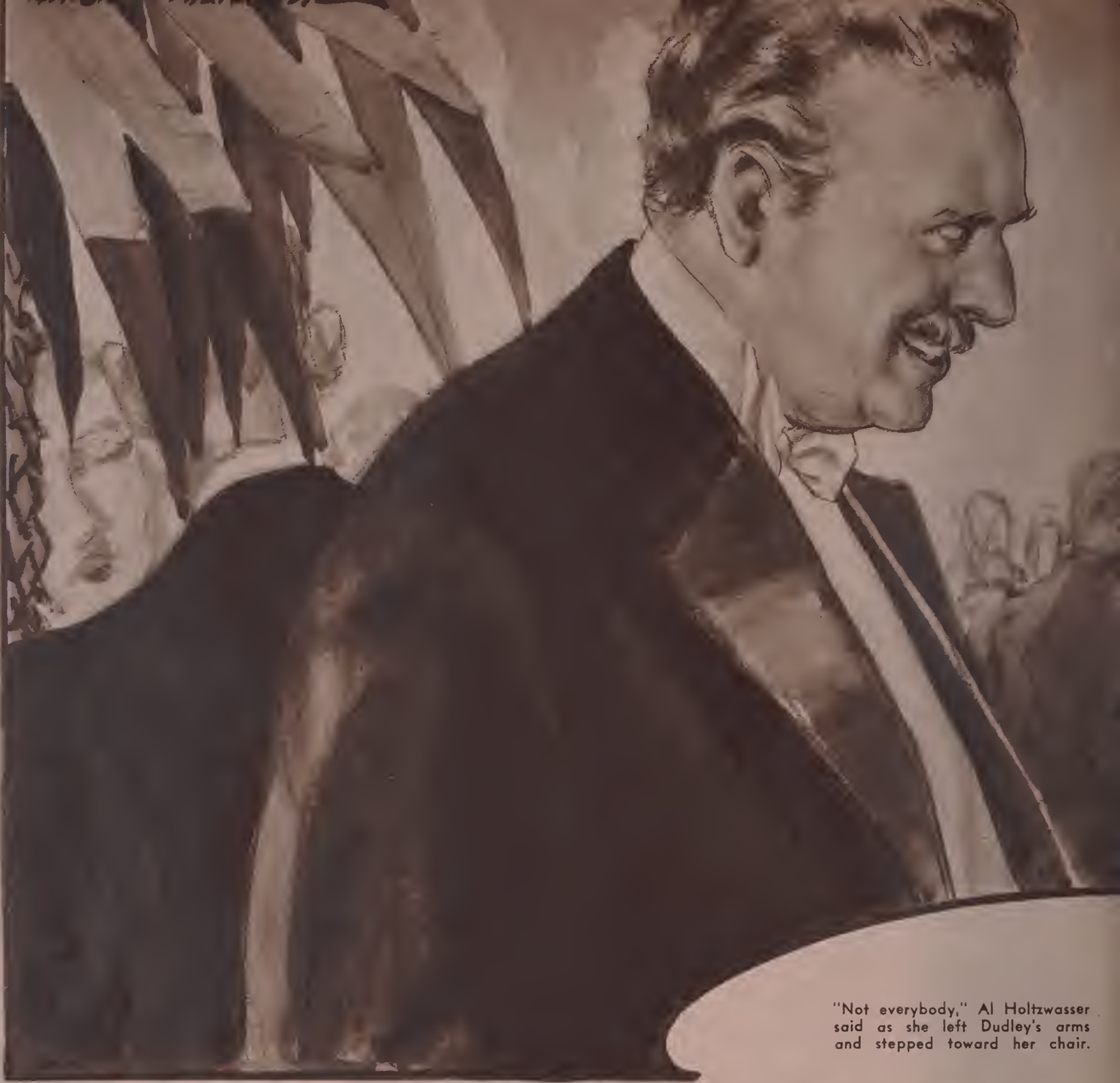


THE EVENING WRAP—Double-breasted and three-quarter length is of silver and white lamé. It is fastened with rhinestone buttons. Lamé seems to be holding its popularity of last fall, and no wonder!



THE EVENING GOWN—Like a slim column in blue satin, with a wee matching cape edged in blue fox. You've been very gracious—in every way, and grace is not only a matter of form. Thank you, Loretta!

Photographed Exclusively for MOVIE MIRROR by CLARENCE SINCLAIR BULL



"Not everybody," Al Holtzwasser said as she left Dudley's arms and stepped toward her chair.

HOLLYWOOD

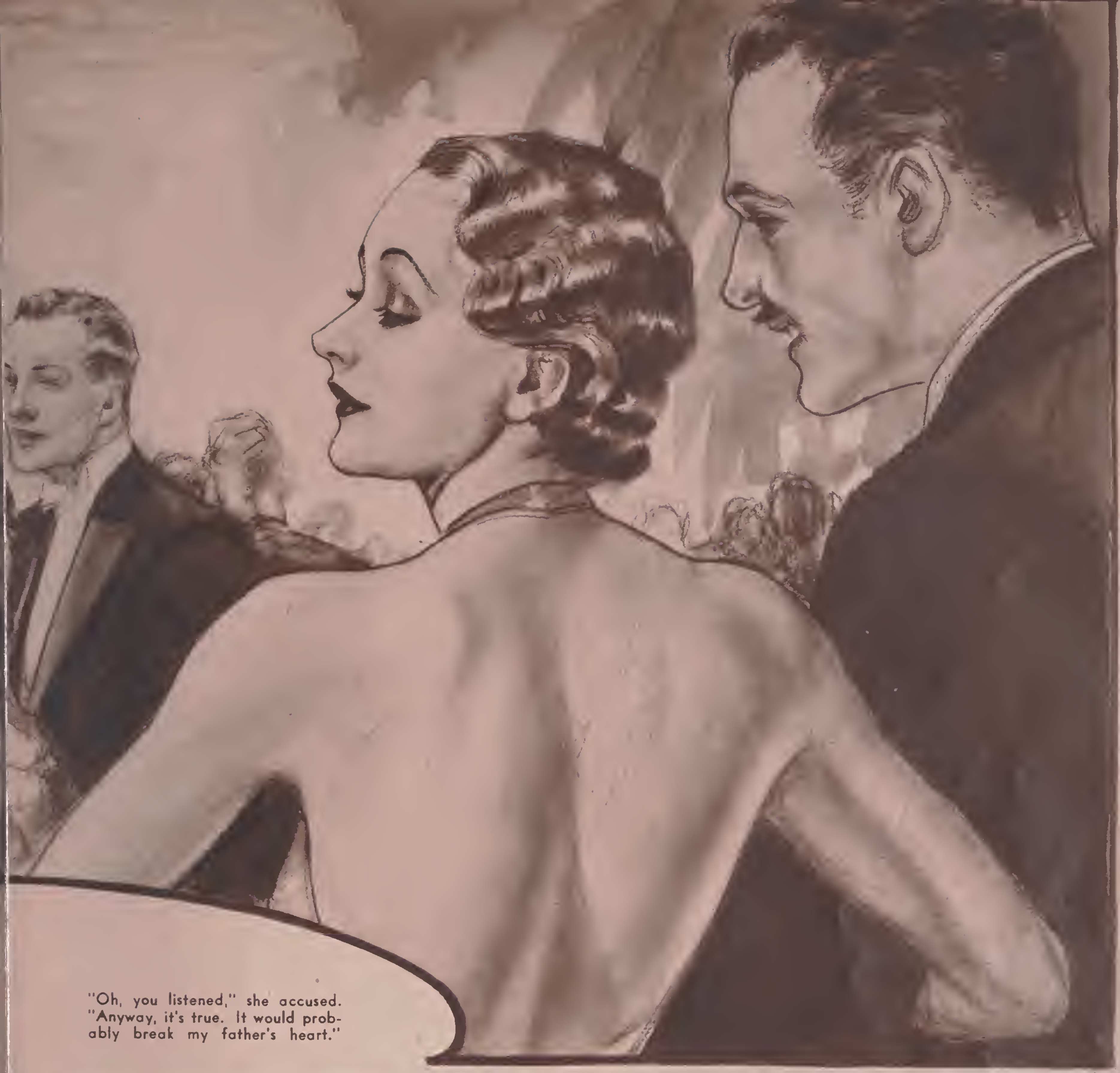
by NELL MARTIN

How Marnie Crashed the Studio Gates and Faced a Test in More Ways Than One

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
HUBERT MATHIEU

IT WAS an unusual group sitting at that luncheon table in Hollywood's Roosevelt Rose Room, Marnie Mason thought. There was Leland Ives, the millionaire bachelor! Duke Lansing, the "temporarily disconnected" publicity director; lovely Francesca Randolph, the once-famous star of silent pictures; and little Marnie Mason herself, broke and helpless within forty-eight hours of her arrival in the cinema capital.

And all of them except Marnie, who did not know him, were Holtzwasser's enemies—*the* Al Holtzwasser, general manager of All Star Productions. Ives because Holtzwasser's offers of a career had won his society fiancée away from him, Lansing because his employer had barred him from the studio lot, contract or no contract, and even Francesca, whose popularity he had deliberately laid waste with poor pictures, when he was no longer interested.



"Oh, you listened," she accused. "Anyway, it's true. It would probably break my father's heart."

CHEAT

She knew it was a dangerous game they were suggesting, but an exciting one. She thought it over carefully, and the glamor of it caught her imagination.

"You mean," she breathed, "you'll introduce me to Mr. Holtzwasser and get him to give me a real chance?"

"Once he believes that you're a wealthy deb," Duke answered positively, "and with the clothes and background we'll furnish he can't believe anything else—nobody can keep him from offering you a contract. You can even use your own name, pretend you're travelling incognito; we'll take care of the rumors that you're really a Rensellaer."

Sooner or later, she realized, their plot would be exposed. In the meantime she would have signed her contract, under her own name. She really didn't have much choice; Bab French, the one girl she could rely upon in all Hollywood. was away on location, and her home in Missouri was far away. It was the exposure that Ives and Lansing were anticipating; they wanted to set all moviedom laughing at Holtzwasser's social ambitions—and win their $1000 bet that Lansing would be back inside the lot before the week was out. Francesca alone did not want to join in the laughter; she was willing to be laughed at with him, and it had not taken Marnie long to discover that the actress was in love with her former manager.

At first, all went unbelievably well. At their one very brief meeting Holtzwasser was obviously much interested, and the one flaw in her happiness was her lack of opportunity to get in touch with Brandy Phelps, the laboratory man who had been her only male acquaintance in Hollywood.

THREE days of enchantment passed. Marnie was in a whirl. She could scarcely believe that it had been but five days since she landed in the film capital. She had been enough places, met enough people, had enough thrills to have filled as many weeks. Francesca had said "my few really good friends will be dropping in at odd hours."

From the number who did just that, Marnie had decided that half of Hollywood were Francesca's really good friends.

She had met movie stars who had thrilled her from the screen, back home in Webb City, and had been accepted as casually as though she had always been one of them. She had been told by no less than seven people that Holtzwasser, of All Star Productions, had asked them if they had met Francesca's guest and had shown much curiosity as to her identity. It had been arranged that Leland Ives would be her escort to the lavish dinner dance at the Coconut Grove Saturday night, and there was much conjecture about it, because everyone knew that Laurel Arden would be among the guests, and now Marnie knew all about Leland and Laurel.

Francesca had explained to her on their way home from Diana Markham's that Leland was a millionaire whose only interest in Hollywood was Laurel, adding that this was something Marnie would be supposed to have known.

"HE followed her out here when she was bitten by that picture bug," Francesca had told her. "She'd met Al on a boat coming home from Paris and Al fell for the 'Baltimore belle' stuff. Lee will probably never get her now, for you have to hand it to her—she is getting over in a big way. At that, he may wait until she's ready to slip and catch her on the rebound. She'll go downhill some time. They all do," she had grinned ruefully.

She had also told Marnie that Leland was to Baltimore what the Cabots and the Lodges were to Boston. And cautioned her against getting any ideas in her head about him. "It's been tried," she said. Marnie had assured her that she never thought of such a thing, remembering Brandy Phelps. And the next morning, while Francesca was busy at the beauty parlor, Marnie had telephoned Brandy.

He had seemed overjoyed. "Well, little stranger, I've been hoping for a call from you. Settled all right?"

"Not exactly. But I'm—stopping with a friend for a few days." She was afraid to explain that Francesca Randolph was the friend. After all, when she met Brandy Phelps, she was trying to locate Daisy Cantrall, an extra girl from Webb City. And she couldn't give him the address of the room on Vine street, for this morning she and Francesca had gone there, paid what she owed and taken away the amber chiffon dress Bab had lent her, and the satin slippers. That evening, when Bab had taken her to her first Hollywood party, seemed in the dim past, now! From the Vine street room they had gone to the Studio Club.

Returning the dress, Marnie was told Bab had not yet returned from location, but she left Francesca's telephone number for Bab to call. They meant to let her in on the secret. But didn't want to let Brandy in—yet.

"Well, am I not going to be able to see you?" Brandy demanded. "Have lunch with me today? Dinner tonight?"

Marnie explained that for a few days her time was pretty full.

"You see, I have to make every effort to get into pictures," she finished lamely.

"I've thought about you a lot," Brandy told her.

"And I've thought about you," she confessed.

"Sure enough? That's swell. It was my lucky day when I ran into you at Central Casting." Central Casting! Marnie had forgotten all about it. It had no place in this new adventure. But—she had met Brandy there.

"IT was pretty lucky for me too," she admitted.

"Then you found Miss Cantrall? You with her at the Club?"

Marnie gulped. "No, I'm not with her. I just—had a little visit with her. I think—" she added desperately, "she was going on location."

"Oh!" Brandy did not add that Daisy Cantrall had passed him on the boulevard that afternoon. He had a pretty good idea what happened. But he did beg Marnie to meet him.

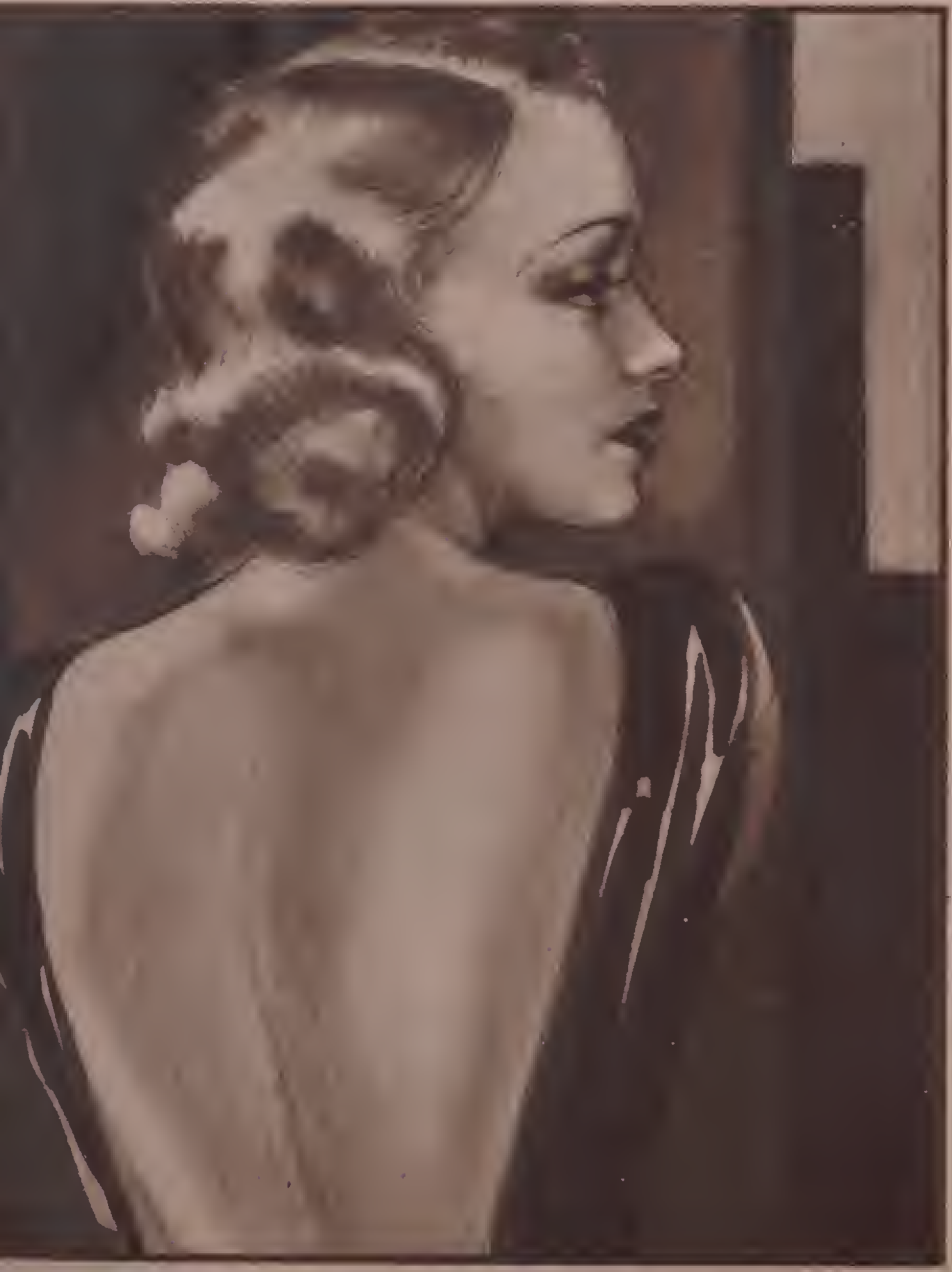
"I will. Very soon." She would have said yes then, but she didn't know what she would tell Francesca. She felt Francesca and Ives and Duke had a right to say where she should go and what she should do. They were doing so much to give her a chance.

Only last night Ives had brought a thick sheaf of bills out to Francesca. Marnie was aghast at the sight of so much money. Francesca had laughed. Then suddenly Marnie was frightened. All those beautiful, expensive clothes! Money to spend as if she were the daughter of a rich family. What if she never was given a contract! How could she ever pay it back? Ives had said carelessly, "That won't be a drop in the bucket if Holtzwasser signs you up. Don't you worry about paying me back. I don't care if you never do. It's worth it to me to watch the fun."

"Oh, but—I couldn't do that. But if I'm never anything but an extra I'd be years paying it."

Francesca had enlightened her as to what extras made. Far from being the fifty or sixty a week she had fondly imagined, she had been told three to five dollars a day was the rule, with long periods of no work at all. If she could do something that was in demand, sing, dance, then she might expect more money—when she worked. Too many girls never stopped to find out the facts, Francesca remarked, far too many.

So now she felt she *had* to make good. She owed it to the three of them. She wanted—she was truly surprised to find—to see Brandy. He was the first person she had ever felt that way about. The boys back home were all nice, but when you'd seen them every day



Daisy hesitated. "A girl has to be careful. If it gets around that a producer or anyone like that is personally interested in her——"

since you were able to walk, there wasn't much romance about them. Romance was wrapped around Brandy Phelps like a mantle; it peered out of his twinkling black eyes; it whispered of strength when he tried to look fierce; and tingled in his hand-clasp. So, while she might have to put it off for a few days, Marnie meant to see Brandy Phelps again. Just as soon as the Duke's idea brought any results.

Oh, surely it would work. Holtzwasser was curious. He would offer her a screen test—they all were sure she would photograph beautifully. Francesca would coach her in acting. She would be coached in speaking lines. Just a contract—her name on the dotted line. Then she would find a place of her own to live in—and she could revel in freedom. Brandy would be a part of it.

Not that this wasn't freedom—beyond her wildest dreams. But it was a freedom that might end any minute, if she didn't get a contract from Holtzwasser. "No other manager would let you walk across his pictures and say lines just because he thought your family would have him visit their Newport or Palm Beach home," Francesca had told her honestly. "Heaven knows why Al is like that. He could buy and sell some of the families he toadies to. It's worth more to him to have it in the paper that he spent a week-end with the Fifth Avenue Corneliuses than to see it on paper that a new picture has grossed its first hundred thousand."

Tonight Marnie was dressing for her first formal entrance into the world of Hollywood aristocracy. She was wearing the shell-pink crepe romaine, without a back, the silver slippers and silver wrap. Francesca had had the hair-dresser draw her hair back from her brow and do it at the side in a quaint way, all her curls low behind her left ear. Francesca came into her room as she was putting the last touch of coral on her lips.

"You ought to have a little glitter. One little diamond bracelet never hurt anybody," and Francesca clasped a narrow band of shimmering fire around Marnie's wrist.

"I might lose it!" Marnie wavered.

"YOU can't. It has a safety chain. See? Now, it's locked. And unless you know what to press, it won't open. Tricks in all trades."

"You're so good to me," Marnie breathed. "What can I ever do to show you how much—oh you're the sweetest girl I ever knew!" She threw her arms around Francesca.

"You aren't so hard to be good to, you know," Francesca said gently. She looked at a tiny watch set into a crystal ball pendant from a fragile chain about her neck. She looked very beautiful herself, in deep rose, with several bracelets of sapphires and diamonds, and a beautiful star sapphire surrounded with diamonds on her right hand.

"If you don't wear them now and then they say you haven't them any more," she grinned. "Come on, Marnie. And if Al says he'd like to show you a studio, tell him you're being taken to Paramount Monday by Tarrant. He's a director Al doesn't like. He'll insist on showing you All Star then."

Marnie gave a last look around the pretty yellow-and-white room, and caught up her wrap. She followed Francesca down the staircase with its grilled iron railing with the feeling that fairyland was about to open its door for her. Joel Warren, the star, Hollywood's perennial bachelor, and Leland Ives rose as the two entered. In formal evening dress they looked as if they might have just stepped off the screen. If Webb City could only see her now, Marnie thrilled. And thought it again as Ives' car drew up under the arched drive of the Ambassador and they went into the little shop-lined corridor to the elevator. But the Coconut Grove—it was beyond all belief.

At home Marnie had sometimes heard the famous orchestra over the radio and wondered what it would be like to watch the movie stars dancing to that wonderful music. And now here she was, not a movie star, but accepted by them, at a party given by two of them, escorted by a millionaire, accompanied by the lovely Francesca Randolph and the greatest bachelor of them all!

In the Hollywood manner, Barbara and Arthur Grayson had taken the Grove for the evening. Imagine being able to buy a public place and close it to the public whenever you chose! And to listen to or sway to Abe Lyman's music—in person! She didn't know it, but Leland Ives was watching her with amusement, which to any outsider might have been taken for a natural desire to show every attention to a friend of years.

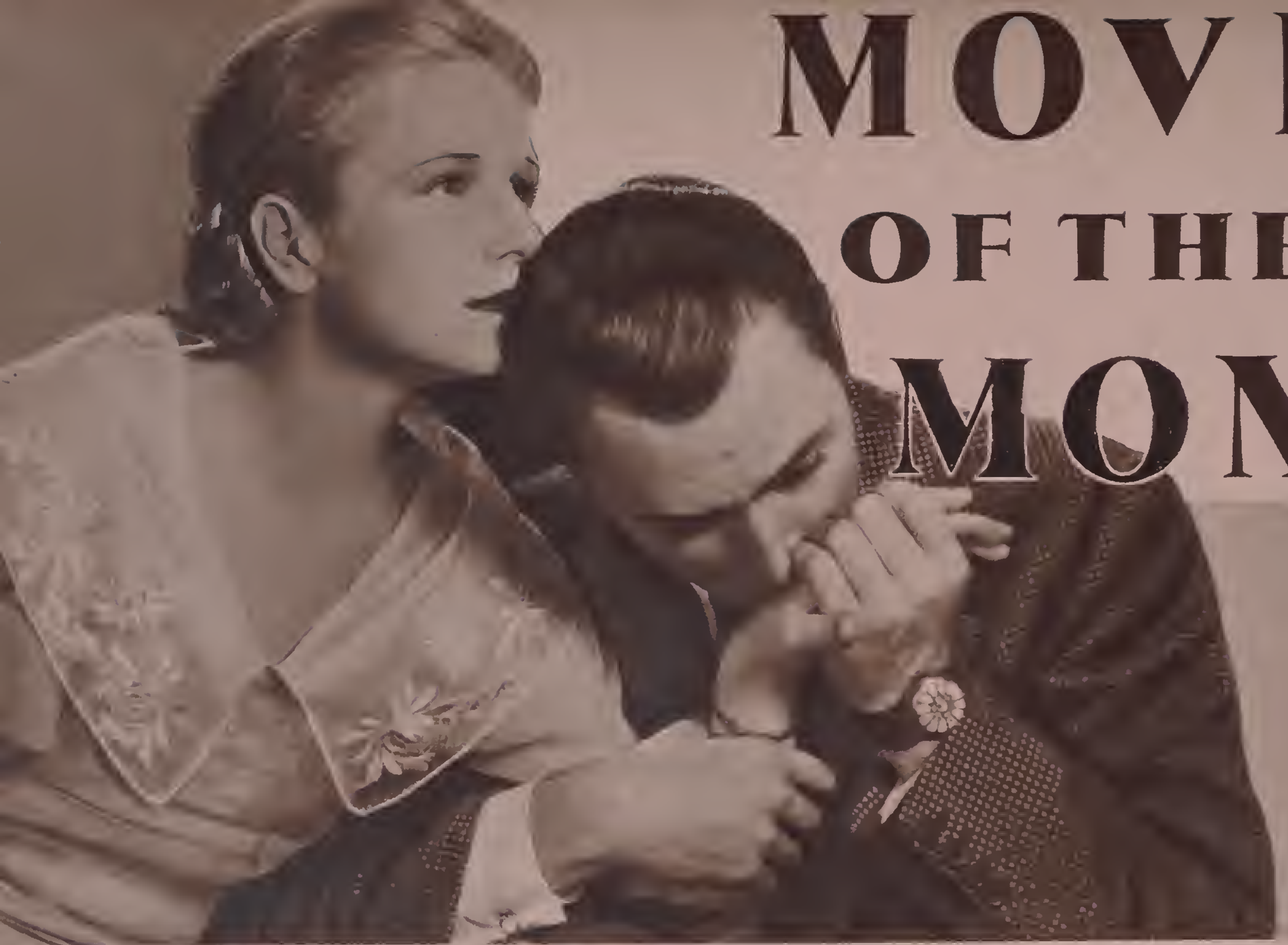
"She'll do," he said to Francesca quietly, a little later, after watching Marnie acknowledge introductions to great and near-great, now and then repeating—when asked—"Marnie Mason—yes, Mason." And from the expression on some faces, he knew that Duke had been doing his work well. If not out-and-out disbelief, at least a tolerant understanding of her desire for anonymity was plainly visible.

Marnie was torn between delight and despair. It was heavenly to be smiled at as if you were a friend of these idols of all the world, and it was terrifying to wonder what chance you had against so much beauty and artistry. What had any little Marnie Mason to offer that would make her one of these beings set apart, each on his or her own private throne? A pretty face? Yes. Courage, maybe. An eager heart, certainly. But what did she know? What could she bring them that was new?

The sleek, immaculately-groomed men seemed well satisfied to look at her, to dance with (*Continued on page 86*)

"Well," Marnie said innocently, "a producer seems interested in me. Almost everyone at the Grove tonight noticed it."

MOVIES OF THE MONTH



✓ Check for good
entertainment
✓✓ Double check
for extraordinary
ones you shouldn't
miss

"The Fountain" in which Ann Harding and Brian Aherne are the lovers, is a dragging and bewildering film. On the other page, Victor Jory and Dolores Del Rio from a romantic scene in "DuBarry."

THE two double check films this month are "You Belong to Me," which stars Lee Tracy, gives Helen Mack another swell chance to act, and exploits the male Shirley Temple, David Holt, and "The Age of Innocence," which brings back the "Back Street" pair in Edith Wharton's famous novel. There is good entertainment in "Chained," "DuBarry" and "The Dragon Murder Case." "The Fountain," however, is the big disappointment of the month.

"The Fountain" (RKO)

You'll See: *Ann Harding, Brian Aherne, Paul Lukas, Jean Hersholt, Ralph Forbes, Violet Kemble-Cooper, Sarah Haden.*

It's About: *The half-mystic love of a woman married to a cripple and tempted by the romantic appeal of an English soldier.*

Charles Morgan's very beautiful love story has been made into an extremely uneven, and we hate to admit, dragging and bewildering film. Try as you will to like its three very likeable central characters, the complete lack of action of the story bogs you down and kills off all your sympathy. A woman and two men caught in the usual trap of the triangle situation, these three sit and bemoan each of them their several fates until you are relieved to have the husband die and let the whole affair end. Brian Aherne is very wooden as the lover and Ann Harding is hopelessly handicapped by never being permitted a smile. Paul Lukas manages, by sheer art, to make the husband a human person.

Your Reviewer Says: You'll get no pleasure out of this.

For Children: It would only put them to sleep.

✓✓"You Belong to Me" (Paramount)

You'll See: *Lee Tracy, Helen Mack, David Holt, Helen Morgan, Lynne Overman.*

It's About: *The problems, loves and hates of some second-rate vaudevillians.*

Here is one of the most satisfactory pictures in months and for several reasons. It has a simple, charming, heart-warming story, it is perfectly cast and perfectly played, it gives you the pleasure of discovering a new personality and it is as clean as an April morning.

The story concerns those touching small-time vaudeville people who never have sufficient talent to keep working fifty-two weeks a year. Principally, it is about Fleurette,

Although perhaps not as good as "Sadie McKee," Joan Crawford and Clark Gable are in "Chained," a glamorous high society drama that needed some more drama.

THE EDITOR SAYS:

The picture thief of the month: David Holt, just seven years old, under contract to Paramount and a very dangerous runner-up for the throne of Shirley Temple. Be sure to see him in "You Belong to Me," which distinctly belongs to David even though it is supposed to star Lee Tracy, Helen Mack and Helen Morgan, who are good, too. David is not as cute nor as alluring as the Temple charmer, but he devastates you in another way by breaking your heart with his tears and his irresistible smile.

Ruth Waterbury

whose husband has just died, and her small son, and about her pal, a hoofer who is separated from his wife who has become a headliner. Through loneliness and desperation, Fleurette marries another entertainer. The little boy hates the stepfather and causes such a rift between him and his mother that he gets himself packed off to military school. Later events prove the boy was right in his suspicions of the stepfather, and when Fleurette can bear the tragedy of it all no longer and kills herself, the lad reunites the hoofer and his wife and finds his own happiness thereby.

No plot summary can properly give you the highlights on this picture. It moves swiftly from climax to climax with never a let-down. Lee Tracy is very fine as the hoofer, Helen Morgan ingratiating as the headliner, and Helen Mack even finer than she has yet been as the bewildered young mother. If this Mack girl is given the right rôles she will be a star in another year. It is young David Holt, as the boy who makes the picture so very special. Here is a new find and a great one.

Your Reviewer Says: Don't miss this.

For Children: Perfectly safe and they will adore it.

✓"Chained" (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, Otto Kruger, Stuart Erwin, Una O'Connor, Marjorie Gateson.*

It's About: *A girl who is in love with a married man and goes away to forget him, only to return and find that he is free and she is in a spot.*

Well, Gable-Crawford fans, here are your darlings again in another high society drama loaded down with moonlight, yachts, gardenias, furs, modern furniture, and in fact everything but good, swift drama.

Joan Crawford is an ex-secretary in love with her married boss, Otto Kruger, whose wife just won't give him a divorce. Otto suggests to Joan that she sail to South America to try to forget him or at least test her love for him, and on the boat she meets Clark Gable, who is a pretty hard test on any girl's love for an absent man. Clark and Joan swim, walk decks, dance together, and once on shore, ride and camp together. Love has them in its power when Joan thinks she ought to go back and tell Otto it's all over as far as they two are concerned.

Back in New York she discovers he is divorced, that he loves her more than ever, that he wants to marry her. She can't be cruel enough to tell him (*Continued on page 80*)

In "You Belong to Me," Helen Mack is better than ever, Lee Tracy, does a fine job, and we meet young David Holt.

A Truly Dependable Movie Guide Which Gives You an Honest Estimate of All the Latest Pictures

We Live Again!

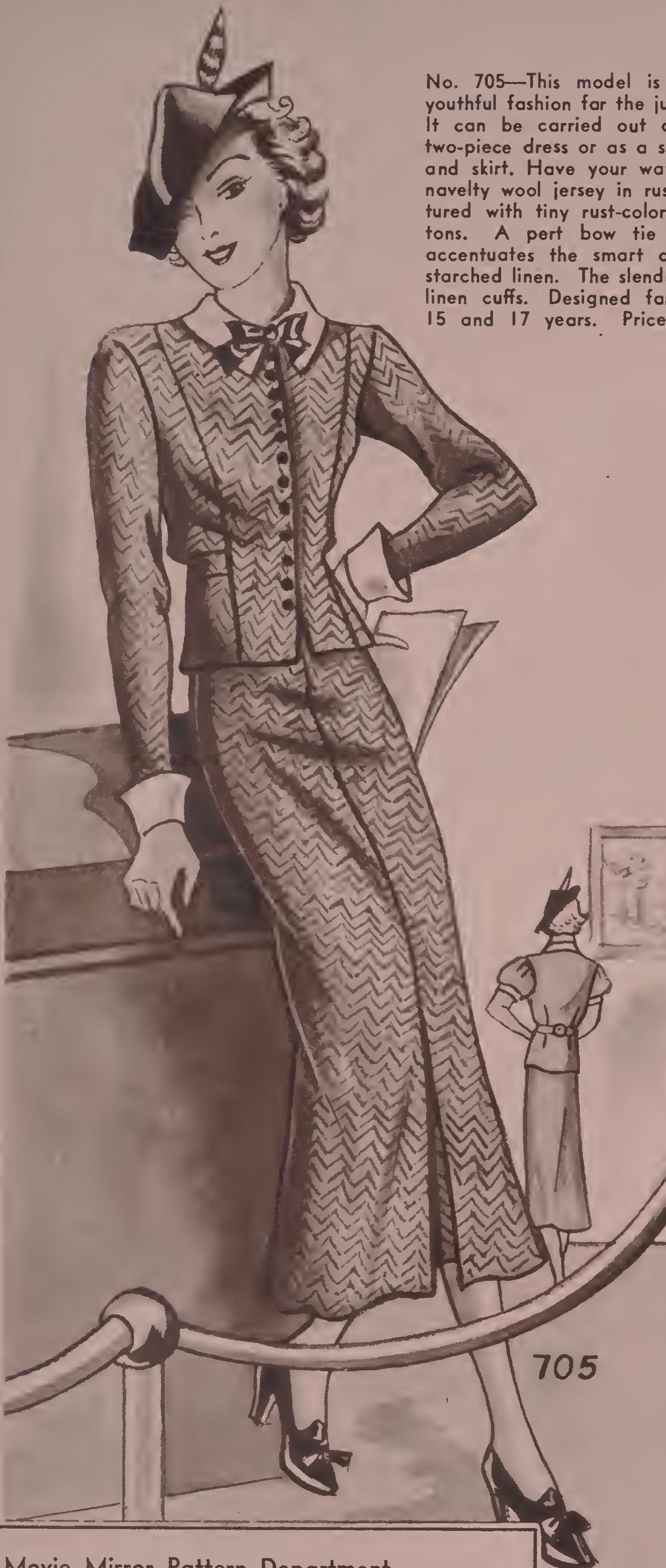
Tolstoy's "Resurrection" should win some sort of a prize for the most frequently filmed classic in literature. The latest version, which stars Sam Goldwyn's stellar candidate, Anna Sten, and the versatile Fredric March, is appropriately named "We Live Again." These magnificent photographs show the back-to-the-soil reformation of Katusha and Prince Dmitri which concludes this oft-told story of sin and selfishness.

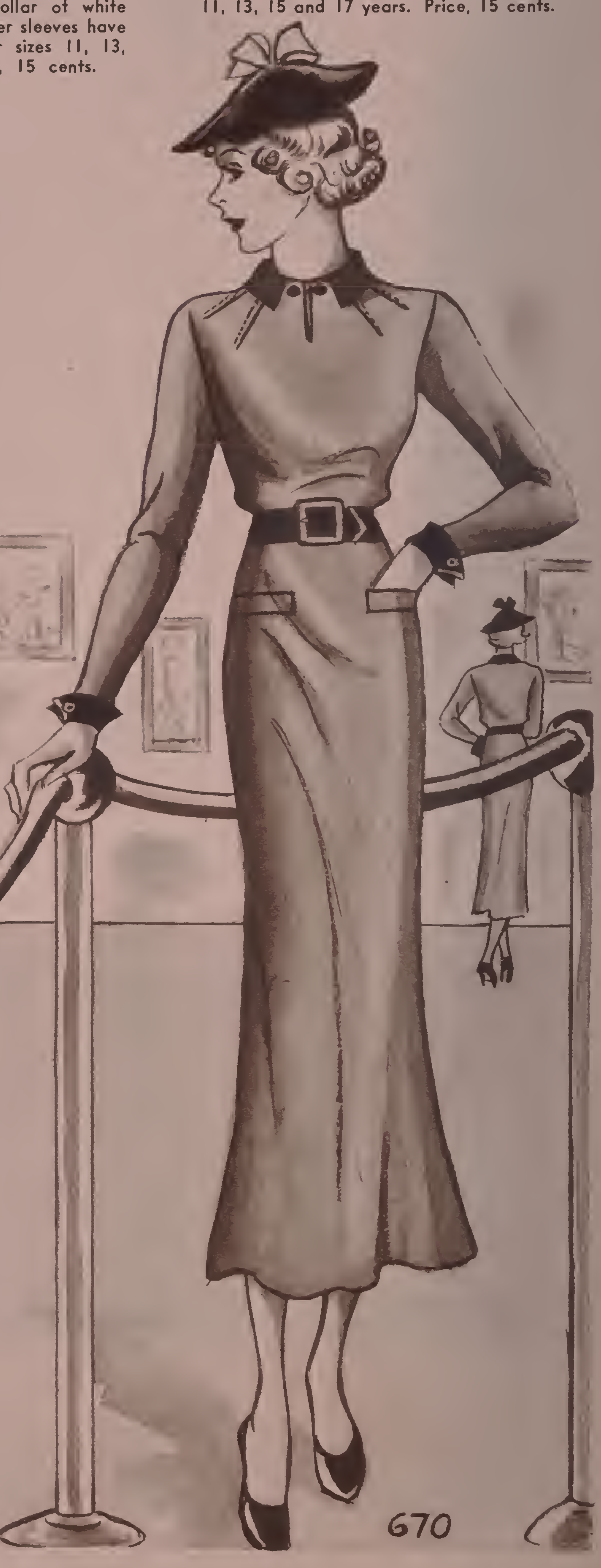
MOVIE MIRROR PATTERN DEPARTMENT

All Patterns 15¢ each in stamps or coin (coin preferred)

No. 705—This model is an essentially youthful fashion for the junior wardrobe. It can be carried out as a complete two-piece dress or as a separate blouse and skirt. Have your way about it! A novelty wool jersey in rust tones is pictured with tiny rust-colored velvet buttons. A pert bow tie of the velvet accentuates the smart collar of white starched linen. The slender sleeves have linen cuffs. Designed for sizes 11, 13, 15 and 17 years. Price, 15 cents.

No. 670—Here's that gay angora school dress you've dreamed about. It's a precious little model whose smart simplicity makes it especially lovely for the classroom. The main dress is exceedingly simple—a little moulded bodice and shaped skirt, a mode which has survived through the ages. For sizes 11, 13, 15 and 17 years. Price, 15 cents.





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the STORY behind Russ Columbo's DEATH

by

FRANCIS BARR MATTHEWS

BEHIND the tragic and shocking death of Russ Columbo there's a story which should touch the heartstrings of the most hard-boiled movie fan.

The very hour when his friend Lansing V. Brown, Jr., the photographer, and Russ Columbo sat in the trophy room of Brown's Hollywood home, they were discussing the singer's enthusiastic plan for the future. Often they had sat together talking over their problems. This day they sat opposite each other at a desk, idly fingering a brace of old pistols which Brown had bought a few years before. Brown accidentally dropped a lighted match which hit the percussion cap and set off the gun. The ball hit a table top before it struck Columbo over his left eye.

A few hours later the twenty-six year old actor was dead.

In another hospital lay his mother, too ill to be told about the death of her son!

Two women were prostrated by the death of this promising young man. One was Carole Lombard. The other was Sally Blane.

Completely exonerated by Columbo's family, Lansing Brown writhed on a bed of soul-pain, unable to bear the excruciating agony of having innocently caused the death of his dearest friend.

It will be weeks before these three people, two women and one man, will recover from the devastating horror of this tragedy.

And heaven knows who will dare tell Mrs. Columbo of the passing of the boy she so much adored.

When that accidentally discharged bullet ricocheted into the eye of the handsome crooner, it cut short the life of a man who was just on the verge of finding true happiness and success.

Not that Russ Columbo hadn't been a great figure in the radio field, once earning an income that approximated half a million dollars in one year. That was less than three years ago!

Not that Russ Columbo hadn't been in love before he met the glamorous and beautiful Carole Lombard.

But when he went to the West Coast over a year ago, the fame that had been his had dwindled so that the wiseacres around New York were saying, "Poor old Russ—he thinks he can be a movie star. Fat chance!"

And when he appeared in "Broadway Through a Keyhole" the film which Walter Winchell wrote, the wiseacres nodded their heads as though to say, "Didn't we tell you?"

Russ didn't wow the world in that picture. He was good looking and sang beautifully—but he had a lot to learn about acting.

Universal had faith in him. They took him over from Twentieth Century and put him in "Wake Up and Dream." Then they took up his option.

A few nights before he died, that picture was previewed by the western critics. It was a smash. In it he sings a song called, "Too Beautiful." It is a brilliant, touching rendition. His voice and his personality outlive his spirit—for you and me to hear and see, no matter how we shudder at the realization that this creature on the screen is no longer alive to witness the "playback" himself.

Russ will never reap the harvest of Universal's faith in him. Nor will he be able to express again his gratitude to Carole Lombard for working on his scripts with him, teaching him everything she knew about movies, teaching him the tricky, deceiving technique of acting before the camera.

He helped her, in turn, with her singing. In "We're Not Dressing" she appeared opposite Bing Crosby. Remember that, in the old days, Russ Columbo and Bing Crosby were enemies. And yet Russ was willing to contribute to the success of his greatest rival's film because he was honestly and sincerely in love with Carole Lombard. He hoped to marry her. For a time he was seen with Sally Blane, but in recent weeks he and Carole had become more and more fond of each other until Hollywood expected the announcement of their engagement at any moment. (*Continued on page* 80)

MOVIE MIRROR's HOMEMAKING PAGE

The Proper Curtaining of Windows Is a Delicate Art which This Famous Home Decorator Passes on to You

by HAROLD GRIEVE

LAST month I wrote you of the cardinal sin in decoration, by which I merely meant the too haphazard planning of the decoration of a house as a whole. This month I want still to deal with the large general problems of making your home both distinctive and liveable and discuss what I consider the greatest decorating problem—namely how to curtain windows most effectively. After this month, I promise to come directly down to cases of individual rooms, colors, and such affairs, but while we are getting into this series, I want to school you, if I can, in considering the problem of your house as a separate unit.

One of the most besetting problems is that of windows. Window space in a house is a point of view, both literally and figuratively. Some contend they break up surfaces, spoil lines and let in light where it is least wanted, but the decorator, on the other hand, can never get too many windows to suit him and uses them as the focal point of room decoration whenever and wherever possible. But since windows bring into a room both arbitrary shapes and arbitrary patches of light, they can be either the most disastrous or the most pleasing and decorative influences in a room.

Above, a bedroom in Neil Hamilton's home. The problem was not to emphasize the single window. Mr. Grieve used the simplest of white glass curtaining and white, striped-satin chintz. Below, in Dick Arlen's house—Venetian blinds strung on dark, vertical ribbons to make the window seem higher and smaller.

Too many women are too prone to pick up prepared curtains in stores and hang them without considering, first of all, the function of the window, secondly, the general tone of the room, third, the other rooms and windows in the house, and finally how the curtains are going to look from the exterior.

FIRST and for all time, no matter what your other problems, windows are to supply light and air, and sometimes they are to supply a view. But not always. (*Continued on page* 93)

HAVE YOU A HOME DECORATING PROBLEM?

Would you like advice on it? Is there any aspect of home furnishing or decorating which has worried you, and on which you want expert suggestions, gratis? Address Mr. Harold Grieve, in care of Movie Mirror, 6715 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal. Please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for a reply.

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The Soap of Beautiful Women can improve your beauty. You'll notice the fresh glow of cleanliness it brings to your cheek. And others will say you're a lovelier woman. For the regular use of Camay on your skin helps every good point of your features.

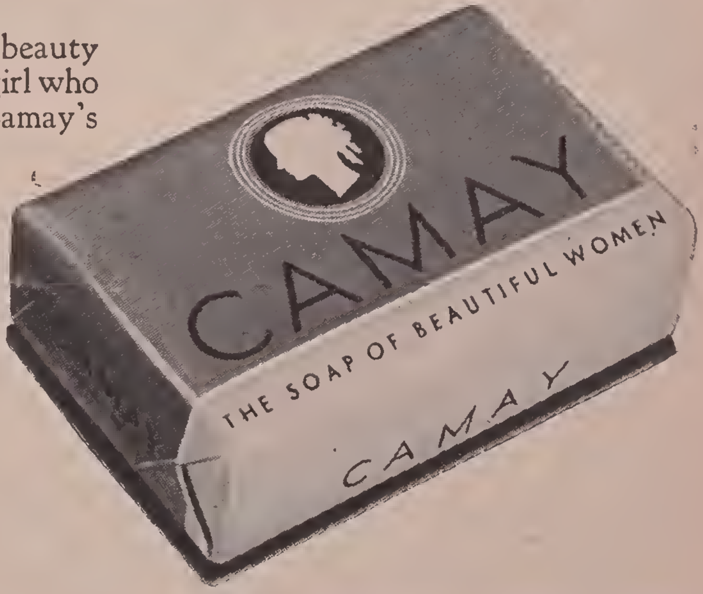
Win Your Daily Beauty Contest with Camay's Help!

You probably are far too modest to enter a Beauty Contest in which girls strut and pose before "beauty judges." But in daily life, your beauty is judged whenever someone glances at you. For every day is a Beauty Contest. And compliments, admiration are awarded to the girl with a lovely Camay Complexion.

"If I had to choose only one beauty aid, it would be Camay," said a girl who attends an Eastern college. "Camay's rich fragrant lather leaves my skin so soft and refreshed."

"My skin has looked ever so much fresher since I began using this mild, pure beauty soap," said one lovely bride. Try Camay and convince yourself. It's the creamy-white beauty soap with the delicate lather that can do wonders for your good looks! Get Camay today! It is beautifully wrapped in green and yellow, and is sealed in Cellophane.

Copr. 1934, Procter & Gamble Co.



CAMAY . . . THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

MOVIE MIRROR'S COOKING PAGE

by ANN HAMILTON

How To Make Most of Left-Overs

WHAT IS YOUR COOKING PROBLEM?

Are you bored with the meals you've been planning? Would you like new dishes, new ways of preparing the family favorites? For free advice, address Ann Hamilton, MOVIE MIRROR, 6715 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal. Enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply, please.

HOLLYWOOD homes are planned with a double aim; the maximum of comfort with the minimum of expense necessary to obtain it, and isn't that what we all want?

It used to be said that a French woman could feed her entire family on what an American household throws away. That's no longer true, and least of all is it true of Hollywood, where the stars budget their households so carefully, and so efficiently. They will tolerate no waste, nor, on the other hand, would they enjoy sitting down to a meal of warmed over food that was an unpleasantly vivid reminder of dinner the night before.

Their cooks and chefs have a very real problem with left-overs. Studio schedules are uncertain and many a delicious meal is ordered, prepared, and allowed to grow cold uneaten, because retakes are being made on the sets far beyond dinner time. Then, too, Hollywood entertains frequently, and you know by experience that the special meal, where you want to be very sure you run short of nothing, is more apt to produce a full ice-box the next morning.

The following dishes were all served in Hollywood homes, and if I hadn't been on a keen watch for good things to pass on to you, I wouldn't have been conscious that they were "all left-overs."

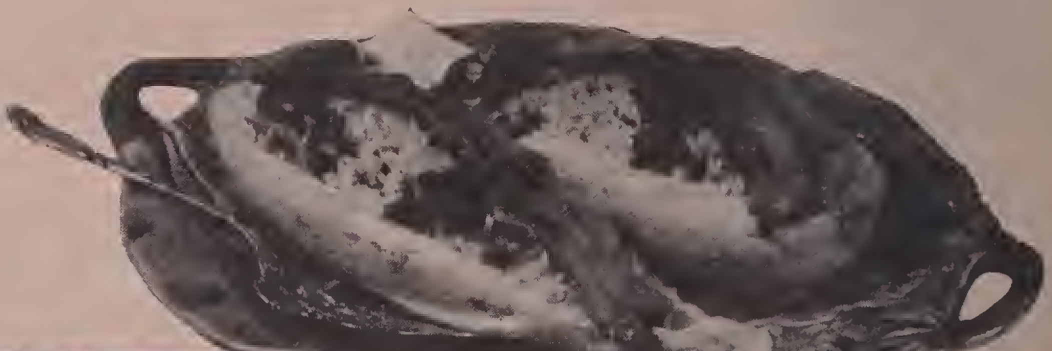
I am giving you the basic recipes, but remember they can all be adapted to take care of an amazing range of vegetables and meats.

There are two things to bear in mind: one is that in using left-overs you must be doubly careful to taste as you go, and not put in too much added seasoning. They have already been seasoned for serving, and unless you remember to taste, you may be surprised when they come to the table! The other important thing is to take a little extra time and thought in their appearance; putting them together in attractive ways and shapes helps to disguise their humble origin:

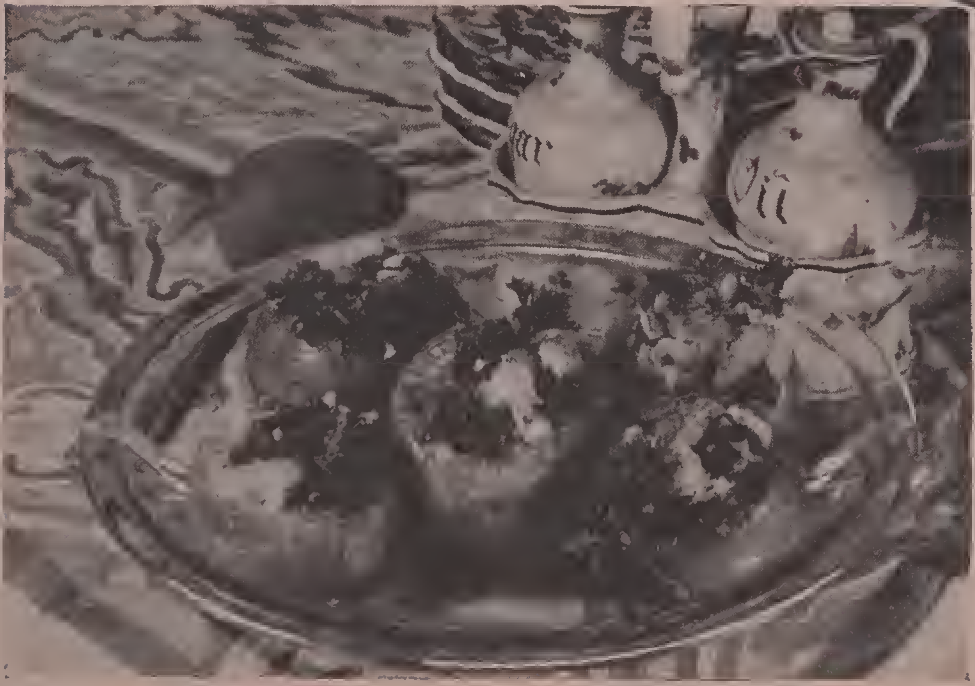
Baked Vegetables

1 onion, sliced
1 cup cut up meat, chicken or fish
3 tablespoons butter or bacon fat
2 cups soft bread crumbs (or a left-over of 1 cup of boiled rice)
Salt and pepper *to taste*
Few grains nutmeg
½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
Butter or strip of bacon

(*Continued on page 76*)



Above, Bake stuffed squash with bacon—a grand dish made from left-over vegetables. Rice combined with meat and seasoning is used in the stuffing; bacon strips are placed across each halved squash. The dish can also be made with egg plant, halved, instead of the squash.



Left, baked stuffed tomatoes, made with vinegar and oil cruets. Bread crumbs combined with meat and seasoning is used as stuffing in which one cup of left-over boiled rice can be substituted for two cups of soft bread crumbs.

Betty's ready for 8 hours Beauty sleep..

—What about her SKIN?

Let's hope Betty removes daytime make-up Hollywood's way—guards against unattractive Cosmetic Skin

BEAUTY sleep's *important*—for you and for your *skin*, too. So don't go to bed with daytime make-up clogging your pores—spoiling your beauty.

Many a girl who *thinks* she removes cosmetics thoroughly leaves bits of stale rouge and powder still in the pores. It is this *choking* of the pores that causes unattractive Cosmetic Skin.

Look closely in your mirror now. Do you see enlarged pores, tiny blemishes—blackheads, perhaps — warning signals of this modern complexion trouble? Then it's time to start using gentle Lux Toilet Soap—Hollywood's beauty care!

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its ACTIVE lather sinks deeply into the pores, swiftly carries away *every vestige* of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics.

Before you put on fresh make-up during the day—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night, use Lux Toilet Soap—the gentle care that for years has guarded Hollywood's priceless complexions.

In this way you can *protect* your skin—keep it lovely!

Use Cosmetics? Yes, indeed! But I always use **Lux Toilet Soap** to guard against Cosmetic Skin
LUX TOILET SOAP

Claudette Colbert STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S "CLEOPATRA"

READ **FREE** OFFER BELOW

Glorify Your EYES

How to give them life, mystery, charm in 40 seconds!

"WHY didn't I try it before?" You'll say to your mirror, after beautifying your lashes with a magic touch of Winx, the super-mascara. Remember, lovely eyes are woman's greatest charm.

You'll never realize the power of beautiful eyes until you try Winx—my perfected formula of mascara that keeps lashes soft, alluring. Your eyes—framed with Winx lashes—will have new mystery, new charm, I promise you.

So safe—smudge-proof, non-smarting, tear-proof—Winx is refined to the last degree. Yet so quick to apply—a morning application lasts until bed-time.

Millions of women prefer Winx to ordinary mascara. New friends are adopting Winx every day. Without delay, you, too, should learn the easy art of having lustrous Winx lashes. Just go to any toilet counter and buy Winx. Darken your lashes—note the instant improvement.

To introduce Winx to new friends, note my trial offer below. Note, too, my Free Booklet offer, "Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them". I not only tell of the care of lashes, but also what to do for eyebrows, how to use the proper eye-shadow, how to treat "crow's feet", wrinkles, etc. . . . LOUISE ROSS.

For Lovely Eyes

WINX

Darkens lashes perfectly

FREE Merely send Coupon for "Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them"

Mail to LOUISE ROSS, M.M.-11
243 W. 17th St., New York City

Name..........

Street..........

City.......... State..........

If you also want a generous trial package of Winx Mascara, enclose 10c, checking whether you wish ☐ Black or ☐ Brown.

Inside Stuff

(*Continued from page* 31)

Nat Pendleton is taking his gangster roles seriously. He has a bodyguard now. Nat went to a studio to see a pre-view of a picture he was in and took his armed shadow with him. By some mistake, a studio employee sat between Nat and the bodyguard. Nat looked over and said, "What's the matter with you? You're working for me. Sit next to me." Nat wants his money's worth. The guard moved.

* * *

OH, for the life of a movie star. Lunch at the Vendome. Tea at the Ambassador. Dinner at Victor Hugo. But all of that is not for Shirley Temple. She was seen at an elaborate luncheon, seated next to Will Rogers, eating a dish of buttered carrots, no more, no less. And what's more, she seemed to like them.

* * *

JAMES CAGNEY was asked to join a group of actors who meet occasionally for a stag party and call themselves the Riff Raff Club. A few of the members include some well known Irishmen—Pat O'Brien, James Gleason and Frank McHugh. After attending the first meeting Jimmy arrived home with a long face.

"What's the matter," inquired Mrs. Cagney. "Didn't you have a good time?"

"No. No one got drunk and there wasn't any fights," he complained.

* * *

BUSBY BERKELEY is so popular as a dance director that Warner Brothers and Sam Goldwyn went to court over which one was entitled to his services. Goldwyn lost and took Seymour Felix in Busby's place. But Goldwyn's loss was the chorus girls' gain. When Felix finished the numbers for "Kid Millions" which stars Eddie Cantor, the girls all chipped in and bought Felix a gold wrist watch in appreciation of his kindnesses. Seymour was so touched that he cried.

* * *

IF Lyle Talbot weren't so darn popular with everyone, the moving-van men of Hollywood would be giving him dirty looks about now. Lyle was moving to a new house. He invited some of his friends to a picnic, meeting at his old house.

When the front yard was pleasantly full of cars, he loaded his household goods into them, and they all trekked off to the new house, where the picnic became a house-warming.

* * *

CHARLES LAUGHTON playing Norma Shearer's father in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," may be a treat to the public, but it was just a chore to Norma's real father. Norma invited him to visit the set, an immense concession as Norma shrinks from spectators when she is working. He watched patiently while take after take of the same scene was made.

Finally along about the fourteenth, Laughton suddenly blew up in his lines, burst into that Homeric laughter of his, and pointed to Mr. Shearer. Mr. Shearer had found a newspaper and was earnestly perusing the Sports Page!

* * *

A VISITOR at Paramount was presented to Mary Boland recently. "Ah, Miss Boland," he burbled, anxious to make a good impression, "I've been seeing you on the stage for *years*. What was the name of the show I saw you in with John Drew, along about 1909 or 1910?"

There was an arctic silence for a few minutes and then, "I did *six* shows with Mr. Drew," came ominously from Miss Boland.

"I know," persisted the visitor, "but what were they?"

Mary reluctantly recounted the plays.

"Smith!" ejaculated the visitor. "That's the one. It was swell."

Miss Boland failed to share his enthusiasm. "Smith" was about twenty-five years ago.

When the temperature in Mary's vicinity reached the sub-zero mark the visitor turned up his coat collar and departed.

Mary gazed resentfully after him. "I suppose," she remarked icily, "that so-and-so will say they wheeled *him* in diapers to see me!"

* * *

EVER since he has been in pictures, Lew Ayres' one extravagance has been cars. He buys only the most expensive makes and he doesn't keep them long. About six months ago he bought a new one for which he paid $4,000. Now, suddenly, he has decided that is all foolishness. So he sold his car, only a few months old, to Ann Sothern at half price, and Lew is now the proud possessor of a Ford.

* * *

JOAN CRAWFORD was so impressed with the song Dorothy Dell sang in "Little Miss Marker" called "Low-Down Lullaby" she sent for the sound track and made a record of the song herself.

* * *

AND Ruth Etting is so fond of Joan, *she* made a record of Joan's favorite number—"Melancholy Baby" and presented it to la Crawford.

* * *

AND while we are on the subject of records, wait until you hear Bing Crosby's new ones. He has completely eschewed hot and popular numbers and has recorded three old favorites: "Jes' A-wearyin' For you", "I Love You Truly" and "Some Day, Sweetheart." They won't be on the market for several months yet but we were fortunate enough to hear them and if they don't sweep Bing on to new and greater heights of popularity, we're crazy—along with the rest of the world.

* * *

WE were also fortunate enough to see some of the gowns Gloria Swanson will wear in "Music in the Air". One, in particular caught our fancy. It is a tight-fitting silver number with which she wears a cape made entirely of white ostrich feathers, several fronds being knotted to-

(*Continued on page* 72)

John Held Jr.
John Held Jr.

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Keeps Your Apparel and Home Decorations Like NEW . .

Use ***TINTEX for*** *Underthings • Negligees Dresses • Sweaters • Scarfs • Stockings • Slips Men's Shirts • Blouses • Children's Clothes Curtains • Bed Spreads • Drapes Luncheon Sets • Doilies • Slip Covers*

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HAVE sun and laundering played havoc with your wardrobe? Or home decorations? Don't worry... Tintex will restore their faded color in a jiffy. Or, if you wish, Tintex will give them any of the smart, new Fall colors. It costs only a few pennies... and it saves dollars!

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Don't Let It "Get Going!"

A COLD is nothing to "monkey with". It can take hold quickly and develop seriously. Take no chances on inviting dangerous complications.

Treat a cold promptly and for what it is—an internal infection. Take a remedy that is internal and one that is expressly for colds and not for a number of other things as well.

The wise thing to take is Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine—for several reasons. Instead of a "cure-all," it is expressly a cold remedy. It is also an internal treatment which a cold requires. And it is complete in effect.

Does the 4 Things Necessary

First, it opens the bowels. Second, it combats the cold germs in the system and reduces the fever. Third, it relieves the headache and grippy feeling. Fourth, it tones the entire system and helps fortify against further attack. Anything less than that is not complete treatment.

Safe!

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine contains nothing harmful and is absolutely safe to take. For more than forty years it has been the standard cold and grippe tablet of the world, the formula always keeping pace with Modern Medicine.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine comes in two sizes—30c and 50c. The 50c size is by far the more economical "buy" as it gives you 20% more for your money.

Always ask fully for Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine and look for the letters LBQ stamped on every tablet.

LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE
1 GRAIN EACH TABLET CONTAINS ACETANILIDE
For Colds
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THE FIRST ORIGINAL COLD TABLET
PRICE 30 CENTS
The Grove Laboratories, Inc. St. Louis, Mo.
FOR COLDS & SIMPLE HEADACHES
SINCE 1889
LBQ

World's Standard

GROVE'S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE

(Continued from page 70)

gether to give them length. With this she wears a hat made of ostrich feathers, each frond being pasted in place.

Incidentally, all her hats for this picture are designed along the same line. They fit over her head and around her face in such a manner that they act as a frame for her features. Not a single strand of hair shows when she has a hat on and for all you can see, she could be a blonde or a red-head.

* * *

SOMETIME ago Barbara Stanwyck gave one of the hair-dressers at the studio a beautiful make-up kit. Recently when the girl was doing Maxine Doyle's hair she noticed Maxine's make-up box was about to fall to pieces.

"I've got a beautiful one Barbara Stanwyck gave me," she said to Maxine. "I've got no use for it so, if she doesn't mind, I'd like to give it to you."

Meeting Barbara later in the day she mentioned the matter to her. "I do mind," said Barbara. "You keep that. You may be a star yourself some day."

Next morning when Maxine came to work there was a package in her dressing room. On opening it, it proved to be a gorgeous make-up case with her name in gold letters and a note from Barbara (whom she has never met) wishing her good luck and happiness.

* * *

HARMON O. NELSON, Bette Davis' husband, who is working as a musician in a Hollywood night club, is very particular about living on his own income. Recently he wanted a car but felt he couldn't afford one. "You give me what you can afford to pay for a car and I'll get you one," Bette offered. Harmon laughingly handed over $20, thinking Bette would add to it. But Bette went out shopping and came home with an old Model T. Ford which she proudly turned over to Harmon, along with a receipt for the $20 she had paid for it. And Harmon goes bouncing happily around town in it.

* * *

CLASSIC was the squelch Gail Patrick handed Lyle Talbot. Lyle had been taking Gail around for quite some time when suddenly he was quoted in one of the newspapers as saying, "From here on out all girls, except Sally Blane, are just flies in my soup."

When he appeared next day at the Paramount commissary for lunch with Gail, she said, "Let's go somewhere else for lunch."

"Sure," Lyle agreed, "but why?"

"Well," she snapped, "if I'm only a fly in your soup I want it to at least be good soup!"

* * *

IT'S beside the point, but in just the few days that have elapsed since then, Lyle has switched to Genevieve Tobin so now Sally, too, alas, is just another fly speck in Lyle's checkered love life.

* * *

IMAGINE our consternation the other day to hear Tiffany Thayer, author of such torrid sex novels as "Thirteen Men," "Thirteen Women", "The Greek" and "Three Sheet", suddenly moan at luncheon, "I might as well go home. I swear I'll be no good for the rest of the day."

Pressed for a reason for his sudden drop in vitality, Mr. Thayer confessed it was all because the butterscotch sundae he was having for dessert was not up to par.

* * *

MRS. WALTER CATLETT met Polly Moran at a cocktail party and Mrs. Catlett began reminiscences. She was telling Polly that she didn't look a day older than she did twenty years ago. Polly was making strange faces. But Mrs. Catlett was warming up to her subject. Polly by now was pointing behind Mrs. Catlett. Mrs. Catlett looked around just in time to see Polly's husband approaching from the direction of the bar. Reminiscences stopped and conversation went modern.

* * *

WILLIAM JANNEY and Dorothy Appleby were making an Indian story out on a reservation. Some assistant got the bright idea to clean their wigs. But when the next day came, both Bill and Dorothy found that the wigs had shrunk and there was an inch of their own hair between their foreheads and the wigs. If you saw the picture and wondered why Bill and Dorothy walked out of one scene with just wigs and into the next scene with bands of ribbon across their foreheads, you now have the riddle solved.

* * *

CONSTANCE CUMMINGS gave a farewell party before leaving for Europe this last time. She had the elite of picturedom, and in honor of the occasion had bought an elaborate new evening gown. When she had dressed and was waiting for her guests, Benn Levy, her husband, happened to notice her feet. She was wearing red beach shoes that she had bought in Cannes. Her husband suggested that she wear evening shoes, thinking that she had forgotten to change. But Connie used cold logic. She said, "They won't show anyway so why not be comfortable?"

* * *

THE Fredric Marches are going to Tahiti for a change. And it will be a change especially since they have just moved into their palatial new home in Beverly Hills. They are now going to the other extreme. In Beverly they had gold bathroom fixtures—in Tahiti they won't even have hot water. Uniformed servants serve dinner at home—in the South Seas they will be lucky if the Chinese boys wear shoes. In Beverly white rugs cover their floor—down in the tropics there will be plain board floors embroidered with live lizards.

* * *

ADRIENNE AMES told a friend that she had fourteen trunk lines in her home in Beverly. The friend mentioned that the Harold Lloyds had twenty-four, that they could phone direct to the tennis court and all over the house. Adrienne said nothing. But the next day a newspaper column carried the news to the waiting world that Miss Ames had twenty-six trunk lines in her house.

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Smart women . . . stage and screen stars...debutantes and business women...are turning to Faoen, even though they can well afford to pay more than 10¢. You, too, should change to Faoen Beauty Aids today . . . they are smart . . . they are superlatively fine... they have made loveliness *inexpensive!*

10¢ each at the better 5¢ and 10¢ stores

CLEANSING CREAM • COLD CREAM • FACE POWDER • ROUGES • PERFUMES

The Three Lives of Katie Hepburn

(*Continued from page 9*)

the friendship by asking the new acquaintance to phone her and then they'll make a date. When the newly found friend calls, she'll chat on for hours; but the new acquaintance must be careful not to call her too many times. For she resents it when people phone her continually, probably because she suspects that they are trying to parade their friendship with Katharine Hepburn, the Hollywood star, and she definitely doesn't want friends who like her because she is the "one and only Hepburn"! She is quick to see beneath any mask of pretense, and she loathes the kind of celebrity hunter who seeks her out not because of what she is, but because of what she has done.

And so Katharine Hepburn's life, while in New York, is exactly like that of any well-to-do woman of cultured tastes, who spends her time doing the thousand and one things the metropolis has to offer to those of means.

THE third life of Katharine Hepburn is the most interesting, and in it she reveals the most lovable side of herself. That is her life in Hartford, where she lived and grew up, and where she is surrounded by an adoring and understanding family. She loves it, and goes there as often as she possibly can.

The cheerful greeting, "Hello, everybody! Here I am!" usually announces to her family that Katie has arrived again for a few days of rest.

In a few moments the entire family gather around her in the large drawing-room, to look at the gifts that she has brought for them this time—dresses for her sisters, books, victrola records, and for her mother—well, a brand-new car is waiting outside!

After they have gasped and oh-ed and ah-ed over the presents, everyone, laughing and chattering all at once, surrounds Katie, and they all fling questions at her at the same time. What has she done, where has she been, what new things have happened since she was last in Hartford?

Eager to please them, Katie sits down and the rest assemble around her in a circle, a circle of love and admiration, hemming her in. Reluctant though she is to talk about her career to outsiders, still when talking to her family it's her favorite subject! She talks a blue streak. The words tumble over each other in her eagerness, and they are received with the same eagerness. She tells them all about this other life of hers, about Hollywood, her movies, about the people she has worked with, about George Cukor, the director who discovered her and was sure she would make a great actress because he liked the way she put a glass down on a table!

Then she begins pelting them with questions. What have they been doing? What's new in Hartford? How is Dick getting along with his play? She is especially interested in her brother Dick, who wants to be a playwright and is working on a play which he hopes will be produced some day soon. And what fun it is for him now, when Katie is here, her impudent face no longer saucy and impudent, but sweet and lovable, to talk about the characters and the situations, and ask Katie what she thinks! "For, Katie, with all your experiences with motion pictures, you ought to know about this," he says, and Katie, adoring every minute of it, tells him exactly what she thinks.

Eventually she unpacks and goes up to her room, a rather large one with two French windows that allow sunshine and air to flood the room. The walls are of a reddish-brown color. In the room are a rug, a few chairs, comfortable furniture—hand-made, most of it—books scattered all over the place, and on a little table an electric victrola, made for her by her former husband, Ludlow O. Smith, before Hollywood ended the romance that had meant so much to them. Yet there was no bitterness in their parting, and, believe it or not, Katharine and Ludlow are still friends, friends who see each other sometimes and who clasp hands in silent understanding.

Eddie Cantor plays a male Cinderella in his new musical comedy, "Kid Millions." Ann Sothern and Ethel Merman are in this latest Goldwyn spectacle.

Katharine's life while at Hartford is rather quiet. Usually she rises early in the morning, earlier than the rest of her family, and has breakfast by herself. By the time the others come down, she's comfortably curled up somewhere, buried in a book, while she drinks her coffee.

At about one o'clock the whole family assembles for lunch. Now the house is no longer quiet. It's ringing with gay laughter. Everybody talks while eating, and outbursts of temperament are a usual part of the proceedings. Then out Katharine goes for a few sets of tennis. Although there isn't any court on the grounds, there's one nearby.

At tea-time they all gather again. Tea's an important rite in the Hepburn household, and no one would dream of missing it. The rest of the afternoon is spent in chatting, reading, or just lolling around contentedly. When she's home, in contrast to her other lives, Katharine loves to vegetate. For there is peace here, peace such as she can never know in the midst of the tinsel glitter and the heartaches of Hollywood.

After dinner, at eight o'clock, Katie and her sisters and brothers sometimes go to the local movie house, and if one of her pictures is being shown she gets a great kick out of it and makes the most ribald comments about her own acting. There was the time when she found that the feature picture on the program was "A Bill of Divorcement," her first picture, in which she made the rôle of Sydney so vibrant and alive. There were several friends who were guests at her home at the time, and naturally at the movie house they all tried to sit next to Katie; but, turning them all down, she summoned her husband, Ludlow Smith, to her side, for she was rather nervous, and wanted just him near her. Throughout the showing of the picture she commented on the acting and later she told her friends that of all the people she had ever worked with John Barrymore was her favorite. Those were happy days for her, before fame had taken its toll of her marriage.

BACK at home, after the theatre, at about eleven o'clock in the evening, milk and beer are served at the Hepburn home, and shortly afterwards Katie goes to her room, where she reads for a while, mostly play scripts.

On evenings when the family doesn't go to the movies, they all just sit around and talk. Bridge is never played at the Hepburn house, and Katie definitely dislikes it.

Guests staying with the Hepburns love it, for there is a most attractive atmosphere of informality. They are left in absolute freedom to do whatever they like. If some friends of Dick's come up for the week-end, Katie will look them over and decide whether they interest her or not. If they do, she'll be most gracious to them. If they don't—well, we'll skip it!

When guests ask her about the theatre or movies, she'll answer their questions courteously, but if they express any enthusiasm for a theatrical career themselves, she'll warn them against it. If in spite of this warning they persist, and Katie thinks they have any talent, she'll relent and promise to help them. For instance, there was the young man who, while spending a week-end with the Hepburns, told Katie about his dreams of becoming an actor. She promised her help. Of course, she said, she couldn't take him to Hollywood with her, because it wouldn't look well and she couldn't really get him a chance in pictures anyway, but some day when she returned to the stage, she'd try to get him some work to do. And she did. When she appeared in "The Lake" she saw that he had a part in it, too. Katie always keeps her promises.

Katie's most recent visit to Hartford was in August. Production of her new picture, "The Little Minister," had been delayed and at the same time Alexander McKaig wanted her to appear in the try-out of "Dark Victory" in Ivoryton. Without further warning to her family, Katie appeared in Hartford at 4 a.m. accompanied by a producer, an agent, and an author. They were to be her guests over the week-end. Everything went smoothly. Most of the day, hosts and guests would spend their time lying around in their bathing suits, but not so Katie. Dressed in beautiful white pajamas, she would sit quiet and aloof in one of the swings on the porch. This time people from the professional world were watching her and Katie decided that for their benefit she would be "Katharine Hepburn, the star."

PLANS were made for the try-out of "Dark Victory," but they had to be abandoned, for two days before they were to start Katie's leading man announced that illness in his family prevented him from keeping the engagement, and walked out on the show. There was no time to get anyone else, and Katie had to return to Hollywood without appearing in the play she had set her heart on.

Clothes are among the greatest interests in her life, and this is true in spite of the fact that Hollywood claimed that when Katie first came there her clothes made her look like a cross between a boa constrictor and a Mexican jumping bean. The truth is she loves clothes and spends hours describing to her family, with the most extravagant and expressive gestures, the "divine things" she wore and saw in Hollywood, New York or Paris.

People in Hartford would like to catch a glimpse of her, but they are usually disappointed, for Katie lounges around in a simple sports dress and sandals, and hardly ever leaves the house at all. Since local visitors rarely come to it, her neighbors have little chance of seeing her. When she is in Hartford, she belongs to her family and her friends.

So there you have the three lives of Katharine Hepburn—Katharine the movie star who lives just as simply and naturally in Hollywood as you do in your own small town, Katharine the girl of cultured tastes, who enjoys the theatre and music and everything New York has to offer a girl of means, and the most lovable Katharine of all, the Katie of Hartford, whom only her own family and her very intimate friends know and adore.

"Tattle-Tale Gray" made her friends whisper!

ISN'T JERRY'S WIFE PRETTY—I DON'T WONDER HE'S MAD ABOUT HER
HE'D BE MAD AT HER—IF HE KNEW WHAT WE THINK ABOUT HIS SHIRTS
DON'T BE A CAT! "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" DROVE YOU ALMOST CRAZY TILL I TOLD YOU ABOUT FELS-NAPTHA SOAP

GRACE: "Out with it—I saw you whispering about me!"
MARION: "Don't be offended, Grace. I know you work hard—but Jerry's shirts do have that 'tattle-tale gray' look. You ought to quit using 'trick' soaps and change to Fels-Naptha."

JERRY: "Gee, honey, you're a wonder! Even mother never got my shirts so white."
GRACE: "You mean Fels-Naptha is a wonder—that's what made the difference! And look, Jerry—see how beautifully Fels-Naptha washes my daintiest silk things, too!"

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray" with Fels-Naptha Soap

YES . . . and hang out a wash that the whole neighborhood is bound to look at with respect!

Clothes that are *whiter*—because Fels-Naptha gets them *cleaner*. Not just surface clean—but clean in every thread!

Fels-Naptha is nice in other ways, too—it's gentle to daintiest things. Try it for silk stockings, lingerie, lovely woolens. For those hurry-up washes in the basin, work up a rich suds—then take out the bar—and there isn't a chance of any undissolved soap particles sticking to fabrics.

Fels-Naptha holds soothing glycerine, too—so it's specially friendly to hands. It's a speedy worker in tub or machine; whether you soak or boil clothes.

And Fels-Naptha is now a thriftier buy than ever! For it sells at the lowest price in almost twenty years. Get a few bars today!

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Ashamed of Your Looks?
Sallow Skin?
Blemishes? Headaches?

NEW BEAUTY of skin and complexion

This Simple, Pleasant Way

WHY be ashamed of a blotchy, muddy, unattractive skin when this simple treatment will do so much for you?

Skin troubles indicate a disordered condition of your system—usually intestinal sluggishness or a run-down nervous state. Your trouble is internal and should be treated internally. That is just what Yeast Foam Tablets will help you to do.

These pleasant tablets of scientifically pasteurized yeast contain concentrated stores of the essential vitamins B and G. These precious nutritive elements strengthen your digestive and intestinal organs, give tone and vigor to your nervous system.

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Name____________________________

Address__________________________

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THIS OFFER NOT GOOD IN CANADA

Hollywood Cooking

(*Continued from page* 68)

Fry the sliced onion in the butter or bacon fat three minutes. Add the bread crumbs or rice and stir over heat for two minutes. Add the remaining ingredients.

This stuffing is perfectly delicious in tomatoes that have been carefully scooped out so as not to break the outer skin; or in crook neck squash that is cut lengthwise and the seeds removed; and very special extra in egg plant, halved, and enough of the pulp removed to make room for the stuffing.

When you have put in the stuffing, dot the top with butter or crossed slices of bacon. Bake in a moderately hot oven, 400 degrees F. until the vegetable shells are tender, about 20 to 35 minutes.

SCALLOPED HAM

½ pound ham, cut into cubes
1 quart raw sliced potatoes
Pepper
Prepared mustard
2 cups milk
A little minced parsley
⅓ cup grated American cheese

Make alternate layers of ham and potato in a buttered baking dish. Season each layer with a little pepper, mustard, and minced parsley. Add the milk, sprinkle the grated cheese on the top and bake in a moderate oven, 375 degrees F., about an hour and a quarter, or until the potatoes are tender. Be sure to watch this carefully, and to add more milk if the potatoes seem to be too dry.

This ham recipe sounds like an old familiar friend, but the additional seasonings do wonders with it and add new flavor.

CHICKEN TIMBALES

2 tablespoons butter
¼ cup stale bread crumbs
⅔ cup milk
1 cup cooked chicken, cut into pieces
2 teaspoons minced parsley
Salt, pepper
Dash of mace
Few drops onion juice
2 eggs slightly beaten

Melt the butter, add crumbs and milk and cook five minutes, stirring constantly. Add the remaining ingredients. Pour into greased timbale molds (individual custard cups will do nicely) Place in a pan of hot water and bake 20 minutes or until firm, in a moderate oven, 350 degree F. Unmold and serve with a well seasoned white sauce.

Try this in place of the everlasting "creamed chicken." The timbales are excellent with green peas and crisp celery hearts.

ROAST BEEF PIE

Line a buttered baking dish with mashed potato. Cover with a thick layer of cut up roast beef. Add a few slices of onion and two tablespoons of minced parsley. Add the left-over gravy. Cover with a layer of mashed potato and bake in a moderate oven, 375 degree F., until the potato is well browned.

This Roast Beef Pie is a left-over dish that even the fussy men folk will relish.

"Oh, Promise Me!" Judge James Pope gives Verree Teasdale and Adolphe Menjou his legal blessing at the recent wedding which Hollywood had long anticipated—almost since Verree first came to Cinema City and the flicking celluloid, as a matter of fact. Adolphe's mother and brother were there to wish them luck, too.

Hollywood Is Ruled by Women

(*Continued from page 47*)

times they had. In Hollywood, Carole likes the companionship of men. Her own mind is masculine in its honesty and straightforwardness. She is bluntly direct in speech and a total nonconformist, and sparks fly under the hammer of her forceful words.

She believes that women should inspire men.

"Every great man had the inspiration of some woman," she said. "And it's that inspirational quality of companionship that gives the relations between the sexes a meaning and a purpose, a power and a glory. It must be an unselfish devotion springing from mutual regard and self respect."

"Would you rule out jealousy in the moral code of the future?" I asked.

"No. Certainly that emotion can't be ruled out of human nature, and it's necessary. It's the chief safeguard for monogamy. By all means, let's hang onto our jealous dispositions!

"But the sort of monogamy that appeals to the Hollywood woman is not spelled 'monopoly'. You can't stultify marriage by going off in a corner and shunning society. Husband and wife have a right to friendships with others——provided the streak of jealousy rouses them when danger threatens.

"Don't let anybody tell you not to be jealous!"

HAVING read so often that the chief cause of marital unhappiness was jealousy, I thought this statement rather radical. But when Carole explained her version of it, I was ready to agree with her. If you remove jealousy you promote laxity in the relations of the sexes. Of course, if the emotion of jealousy is carried to excess, it is harmful.

"Will this female rule of Hollywood alter our other habits as well as our moral codes?" I asked her.

"It will alter our taste in pictures, quite definitely," she declared. "The increasing power of women in this business already is reflected in the change toward cleaner pictures. I've heard some film stars give orders that their children stay away from certain pictures. And those stars feel as strongly as other mothers. The result is a strong movement toward virile drama, toward pictures in which children play an important part—such as in my latest film 'Now and Forever'—and all tending to the elimination of objectionable sex angles.

"It has often been said in times past that women cannot be great in any art. Yet the motion picture drama most certainly is an art, and women are playing a dominant role in it."

Well, the king is dead. Long live the queens of Hollywood!

COOKING CHRISTMAS DINNER?
Or telling somebody what to cook? Then don't miss the grand feature in MOVIE MIRROR'S Cooking Page for December.

New, richer Polishes give you Lovelier nails! New GLAZO now only 25¢

GLAZO
GLAZO
FLAME

Whether or not it matters to you that Glazo's price is so low, you surely care enough about lovely hands to want, in your nail polish, the virtues that Glazo alone can bring.

For Glazo has new polishes, richer and more lustrous, that give nails a lovelier sheen . . . and that wear, by actual test, 50% longer.

The six Glazo shades are color-perfect . . . approved with highest honors by beauty and fashion authorities. An exclusive Color Chart Package shows them all as they look when on your nails . . . the answer to that problem of choosing the shades you like best. And that's not all . . . A new metal shaft brush is a special Glazo achievement, making application far easier with either hand. And neither brush nor bristles can come loose.

NEW POLISH REMOVER CONTAINS OIL . . . NO ACETONE TO DRY CUTICLE OR NAILS!

Glazo's New Polish Remover contains no acetone! It does contain a special oil that leaves the cuticle soft, and banishes all fear of brittle, splitting nails due to harsh removers of acetone type. Leaves a perfect surface for fresh polish. Extra-size bottle, to last as long as your polish . . . 25c.

Now 25¢
GLAZO
LIQUID POLISH
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GLAZO LIQUID POLISH. *Six authentic shades. Natural, Shell, Flame, Geranium, Crimson, Mandarin Red, Colorless. 25c each. In Canada, 30c.*
GLAZO NEW POLISH REMOVER. *Contains no acetone! It does contain oil that makes it non-drying to cuticle and nails! Extra-size bottle, 25c. In Canada, 30c.*
GLAZO CUTICLE REMOVER. *A new liquid cuticle remover. Extra-size bottle, 25c. In Canada, 30c.*
GLAZO TWIN KIT. *Contains both Liquid Polish and extra-size New Polish Remover. In Natural, Shell, Flame, 40c. In Canada, 50c.*

THE GLAZO COMPANY, Inc., Dept. GT-114
191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal)
I enclose 10c for sample kit containing Glazo Liquid Polish, New Polish Remover, and Liquid Cuticle Remover. (Check the shade of polish preferred) . . .
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BEAUTIFUL EYES are your best asset at any age. Have long, dark, curling lashes quickly and easily with harmless Maybelline mascara. It is non-smarting, tear-proof and applied in a jiffy with pure water and the dainty Maybelline brush. Do as over eight million other women do—insist upon *genuine* Maybelline! Black, Brown and the new dark Blue. 75c at all leading Drug and Department stores.

NOSEY NELLIE SAYS:

Garbo is going to resign from M-G-M despite stories to the contrary.

Nobody knows anything authoritative about those Pickford-Fairbanks reconciliation rumors, though everyone knows one person close to Mary who will be very unhappy if they do come through.

Sally Eilers' son is born, named Junior after its papa, and is not to be confused with any of the Joe E. Brown tribe though it probably will be.

It's been a bad month for Hollywood, with the suicide of director George Hill, the automobile wreck taking the life of Mrs. Ned Marin, wife of an important executive, the automobile accident that seriously endangered the life of writer Frances Marion, divorced wife of George Hill (she is recovering nicely, however), the tragic shooting of Jerry Jarnigan, Irene Franklin's composer-husband, and Russ Columbo's death.

Barbara Weeks and Big Boy Williams are expected to hop to Yuma any day now with object matrimony.

Bowling is the newest rage, with Lee Tracy, Bruce Cabot, Karen Morley, and director Richard Wallace as leaders.

June Vlasek, that pretty girl, has finally dropped her awkward name and is calling herself June Lang.

Franchot Tone will replace Henry Wilcoxon in "Lives of a Bengal Lancer."

Lee Tracy is going to stay with Paramount for another year, and Spencer Tracy and Fox have made up again, with Spencer promising to be very, very good.

Vivian Tobin is going into a New York stage play to be written by Sidney Howard.

The Fredric Marches' newest adopted baby is named Tony and very handsome.

Tom Brown has taken up shooting in a big way, even to fixing up a rifle range in his own garden.

Something going wrong with "Broadway Bill"? Not very likely, with this trio of box-office attractions at work on the new film. It's more probable that Frank Capra, Myrna Loy and Warner Baxter just put their money on the wrong horse. It must be a great temptation when "going on location" means a sojourn at Tanforan racetrack!

How a Smart Girl Gets Along in Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 11)

And the *A's* you now hear emanating from the silver screen will not be too broad, and they will not be too flat. They will strike a happy medium. They will be as easy to listen to as to look at. They will not send an audience chuckling to the exits saying, "Did you get her accent—and I know she was born in Kamakatcha!"

The younger unmarried stars are very careful to give interviews which state clearly that, when and if they marry, they will want children. Sometimes this is true. The average youngster in Hollywood is perfectly normal and the wish for a husband, home and children is normal, too.

The violently athletic girl is out. It does not detract to play tennis or golf, to swim and even swing a polo mallet. But the hideously active girl is not the favorite in this race. She must, however, not spend her time with chocolates and a light novel, for the preferred figure is the type which appears at its best in bathing costume and jaunty jodhpurs.

Consider Mary Brian. Prettier than any picture you ever saw, prettier even than the shadow of herself upon the screen, untouched by scandal, going serenely upon an extraordinarily sunny way she typifies the very best in Hollywood youth.

She typifies the very best of United States of America youth, as well. For all the basic things I have said about the Hollywood stars are true of the girl right next door. The girl next door may not be embarking on a screen career, and so is definitely spared a good deal, but she is embarking upon the career of herself. And playing the game straight and keeping the rules is as much to her advantage as it ever was.

So you see you can no longer hold up the new generation of Hollywood as a horrible example. It can be an example, all right, and a good one. For there has been a new deal in Hollywood, with clean cards.

Crawford Coiffures

(*Continued from page* 50)

the center of the left eyebrow and continue back for two inches. Brush your hair until it lies smooth and glossy. Curl your ringlets or add artificial ones, and finally add an artificial braid which you pin carefully into the ringlets on either side.

If you have trouble in mastering any of these coiffures take the pictures to a beauty parlor and they will be able to help you. Once you try a new coiffure you'll never be happy to wear your daytime coiffure for evening too.

Don't forget!

Write your beauty problems to

Gloria Mack,
Movie Mirror
6715 Hollywood Blvd.,
Hollywood, California

"DON'T TAKE CHANCES WITH MARRIAGE HYGIENE, MY DEAR, 'Lysol' is Safe"

SAYS DR. CLOTILDE DELAUNAY, LEADING GYNECOLOGIST OF PARIS

"SCORES of women come to me every year with their married happiness tottering, all because they are positively ill from fear. In nine cases out of ten the way out is correct marriage hygiene.

"My advice is given in two short words—'use "Lysol".' Marriage hygiene finds in this time-tried antiseptic its safest aid.

"When it comes to a crisis—involving life itself—the ablest physicians always turn to "Lysol". It's the one method I have absolute confidence in. I always say, 'Don't take chances with marriage hygiene, my dear. "Lysol" is safe!' "

(*Signed*) DR. CLOTILDE DELAUNAY

Thus Dr. Clotilde Delaunay, leading woman gynecologist of Paris, to a frightened patient, a bride of a few months. Thus leading physicians to young married women in every land.

The fact that "Lysol" is used in childbirth, when feminine membranes are most sensitive, is proof of its gentle safety in normal hygiene.

•

Let "Lysol" Guard the Family's Health

"Lysol" KILLS GERMS! Doctors order it in cases of mumps, measles, diphtheria and other contagious diseases. Disinfect clothing (especially handkerchiefs) and rooms with "Lysol" after every illness.

The "Lysol" Health Library, consisting of "Keeping a Healthy Home," "Preparation for Motherhood" and "Marriage Hygiene" will be sent you absolutely free, if you write to Dept. L-32, LEHN & FINK, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J.

Lysol Disinfectant

New!... "LYSOL" HYGIENIC SOAP
For bath, hands and face. Protects longer against body odors ...get a cake at your druggist's. 10¢

Tune in—"HALL *of* FAME" on the air every Sunday night, 10 o'clock Eastern Standard Time . . . WEAF and N. B. C. Stations coast-to-coast at corresponding hours.

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THEN
I found Hold·Bobs with *non-scratching* points

Ever suffer from bob pins that prick and scratch your scalp? Then say "Hello" to HOLD-BOBS. They can't pull or scrape—thanks to their smooth, rounded points.

HOLD-BOBS have a duty to beauty. The flexible, tapered legs, one side crimped, keep every hair securely in place, and the small, round heads are invisible in your hairdress. And one of the five natural shades of HOLD-BOBS will harmonize perfectly with *your* particular color. HOLD-BOBS beautify your coiffure.

GET YOUR GIFT CARD TODAY!

See for yourself how utterly different HOLD-BOBS are. Try a card at our expense. Check your color and mail the coupon today.

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Straight Style HOLD-BOB

SMALL, INVISIBLE HEADS

Curved Shape Style

Gold and Silver Metal Foil cards identify HOLD-BOBS everywhere . . . made in all sizes and colors to meet every requirement. Also sold under brand name of BOB-ETTES.

MAIL COUPON *for Gift* CARD

The Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co., Dept. O-114, Chicago, Ill.
I want to know more about the new HOLD-BOBS that match my hair. Please send me a free sample card and new hair culture booklet.
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Address..
City.............................State.............................
☐ Gray and Platinum ☐ Blonde ☐ Brown
☐ Auburn ☐ Brunette
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Movies of the Month

(*Continued from page* 61)

the truth so she weds him though her heart is with Gable in South America. Of course, Clark comes north and then the drama begins. The chief fault of the picture is that it has all been done before; you know every twist and turn of the plot long before it begins twisting and turning.

Your Reviewer Says: This doesn't seem quite as good as "Sadie McKee," but you'll want to see it anyhow and you won't be too disappointed.

For Children: It's a bit too worldly.

✓✓ "The Age of Innocence"

You'll See: *Irene Dunne, John Boles, Helen Westley, Lionel Atwill, Laura Hope Crews.*

It's About: *Life and love, and—ssh—divorce, in New York high society of the eighteen eighties.*

RKO may take a bow for the way they have brought Edith Wharton's famous book to the screen. It is a triumph for everybody. The adaptation preserves the flavor of those dear, dead days without getting bogged down in historical detail. Walter Plunkett's costume designs make bustles romantic. Even the photography suggests the gas-lights of the period.

It is ideally cast; famous names and unknown bit players giving flawless performances. It would take an artist indeed, to dominate a picture like this, but Irene Dunne is the artist who does.

The story opens with Ellen returning to her home in New York, after an unhappy marriage abroad. She wishes a divorce and retains the young lawyer fiance of her cousin to act for her. He is torn between a growing understanding of the fineness of her motives and a searingly clear comprehension of the inability of society to share his understanding. Meantime, they fall in love. Like the decent young chap he is, he runs away from it at first, back to the girl he is to marry.

The picture achieves the difficult task of making believable such barbaric blindness to human values, for "The Age of Innocence" is a caustic tilting of an era which was "so busy protecting a woman's honor, it forgot the woman."

Your Reviewer: See it for the stormy romance of two splendid people.

For Children: Way over their heads.

"Crime Without Passion" (Paramount)

You'll See: *Claude Raines, Margo, Whitney Bourne, Stanley Ridges, Paula Trueman, Leslie Adams.*

It's About: *A criminal lawyer who is caught in the web of his own passions and becomes his own client in a murder case.*

Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, who wrote, directed, and produced this opus, are two of the smartest boys in pictures. From a box-office standpoint, their chief fault is that they'd rather be original than meet the tastes of the bulk of movie-goers. The hero, played to the hilt by Claude Rains (barely visible in "The Invisible Man"), is such a dishonorable wretch that you follow his strange and not always believable career with fascination rather than sympathy.

It's the story of a criminal lawyer who wants to get rid of his adoring inamorata in order to be free to marry a cold, proud beauty with whom he is obsessed. Having forced the mistress into a compromising position, he accidentally shoots her; then his legal mind commands him to extricate himself from the predicament from which he has saved many clients. It develops that the girl isn't really dead, but ironically enough her faithless lover has in the meanwhile taken the high road to the electric chair.

A grim, fast-moving picture, "Crime Without Passion" is noteworthy for the performance of Margo as the mistress, for beautiful if arty photography and for the glimpse of Helen Hayes MacArthur and Fannie Brice in one of the scenes.

Your Reviewer Says: A praiseworthy experiment, not wholly successful.

For Children: No.

The Story Behind Russ Columbo's Death

(*Continued from page* 65)

Insiders say that it was not far off, the union of these two enamored people. It was Russ' dearest wish, and judging by the effect of his death on her, perhaps it was hers too!

Although they were recently reconciled, you remember the rivalry between Bing Crosby and Russ Columbo in the days when the latter was called "The Romeo of Song." You remember how "You Call It Madness But I Call It Love" became the most successful song he ever wrote. You remember his relationship with his erstwhile manager Con Conrad which started as a close friendship in the days when Conrad was exploiting the unknown lad as the coming radio success but which ended in a series of court battles.

But do you remember that once Russ Columbo adored the girl who met a similarly tragic death in an auto accident not many months ago—Dorothy Dell? Do you remember how Russ and she parted because his radio sponsors told him that he was the phantom lover of millions of women and that real-life affection might hurt his success? Until the very end, so friends of Dorothy Dell have it, she loved this man who would not be hers in this life because of his career.

Who knows? In this world, Dorothy Dell and Russ Columbo separated, said good-bye bravely, and went their ways. Perhaps she forgot him entirely—for that is the way of this world. Perhaps she didn't—not even during that mad devil-may-care drive when life was speed and a rushing wind—and Death rode on the running board!

But Carole Lombard, left here to suffer the tortures of grief, can't forget—and I'm afraid won't for a long time.

And that is the story behind the tragic and shocking death of Russ Columbo.

Speak for Yourself

(Continued from page 14)

the immortal words—"Grandma, what big feet you have!"

I'm all a-twitter. It is really going to be just too, too, divine. Dontcha think so?

Helen Nielsen, Chicago, Ill.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

Partial to Marshall

I've been very partial
To Herbert Marshall
But if his bosses don't soon break down and allow him to be flippant
They'll find to their sorrow his drawing power's slippant.
It's all very swell to have him involved with tragic, oversexed heroines maybe twice
Except that it would be more refreshing to have Lubitsch direct him again in something like "Trouble in Paradise"—
Which may have seemed naughty but was really nice.

Margaret Tschan, Pennsylvania, Pa.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

Box Office Royalty

In cinematic news I've seen
The bold pronouncement: Garbo's queen
And also: Sten
Or the Hepburn wren
May possibly upset her!
Now I'd be happy to agree
If first they will explain to me
Why it is so
That show for show
Joan Crawford's films draw better

Mrs. E. T. Winter, Hollister, Calif.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

Curtain

Marie is dead, her great heart still,
And none is left, her place to fill.
She gave us laughter, moistened with a tear,
Her kindly smile spread love and cheer.

I like to think Heaven's a brighter place,
Since the angels glimpsed her dear, sweet face,
White wings, golden crown, a seat near the throne,
Fellowship with other saints, Marie is not alone.

Mrs. L. C. Cox, Springfield, Missouri.

WHAT I HAVE LEARNED IN SIXTY YEARS
TOLD BY MAE ROBSON

Here's a story which no understanding or discerning reader should miss. Here's a chance to profit by the exciting and instructive experiences of one of Hollywood's most beloved stars.

In MOVIE MIRROR for December

6 WEEKS AGO
Y-E-A SKINNY

TODAY
HEIGHT 5 FT. 4 IN.
WEIGHT 120 LBS.
CLEAR SKIN
BUST 35 IN.
WAIST 26 IN.
HIPS 36 IN.
THIGH 21 IN.
CALF 14 IN.
Posed by Professional Models
ANKLE 8½ IN.

Skinny? New easy way adds pounds —so fast you're amazed!

Astonishing gains with new double tonic. Richest imported brewers' ale yeast now concentrated 7 times and combined with iron. Gives 5 to 15 lbs. in a few weeks.

NOW there's no need to have people calling you "skinny", and losing all your chances of making and keeping friends. Here's a new easy treatment that is giving thousands solid flesh and attractive curves—*in just a few weeks.*

As you know, doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health. But now with this new discovery you can get far greater tonic results than with ordinary yeast—regain health, and in addition put on pounds of healthy flesh—*and in a far shorter time.*

Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty-bringing pounds, but also clear, radiant skin, freedom from constipation and indigestion, new pep.

Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured *brewers' ale yeast* imported from Europe—the richest and most potent yeast known—which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—*made 7 times more powerful.*

But that is not all! This super-rich yeast is then scientifically *ironized* with 3 special kinds of iron which strengthen the blood, add abounding pep.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively. Constipation and indigestion disappear, skin clears to new beauty—you're a new person.

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

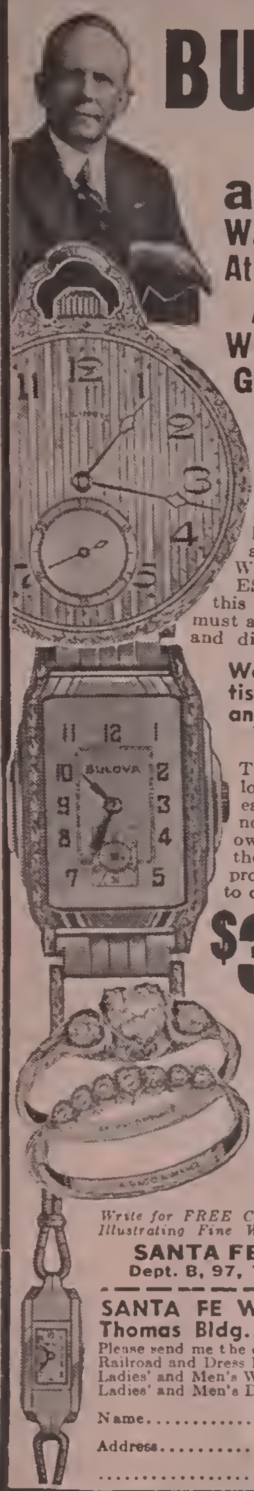
Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, or how long you have been that way, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. It is sold under an absolute money-back guarantee. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money instantly and gladly refunded.

Only be sure you get *genuine* Ironized Yeast, not some imitation that cannot give the same results. Insist on the *genuine* with "IY" stamped on each tablet.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health *right away,* we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you free of charge a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—*or your money refunded.* Sold by all good druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 2211, Atlanta, Ga.



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Buy Dr. Hand's from your druggist today

The Other Herbert Marshall

(*Continued from page 35*)

him up and carried him, willy-nilly, from one stage hit to another until he became the most adored stage figure in England. He never asked for a stage career; it was handed to him. And he never sought to become a romantic lover; that was forced upon him. Producers, seeing the long queue of women waiting at the box office wherever Marshall appeared, were astute enough to follow public demand and build up the character of the Marshall who makes a million feminine hearts palpitate from their worship of the shadow on the screen.

Equally idolized in England was an actress named Edna Best. She was in private life, Mrs. Seymour Beard, and the mother of twin boys. It was inevitable that she and Marshall, the embodiment of every woman's dream of romance, should be teamed.

It was a team comparable to Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor, or to go back, to John Gilbert and Greta Garbo.

An even more startling parallel case in America is found in Doug Fairbanks and Mary Pickford, as shall be explained.

When Marshall and Edna Best made love together on the stage, women wept with delight.

"It got to the point where in our plays we were not even permitted to quarrel," Marshall once said.

The public would not be satisfied until they became in real life the lovers they were on the stage, just as the American public so ardently desired the union of their favorites, Mary and Doug.

Marshall and Best already had mates, as had Doug and Mary, but so strong is the strange alchemy of public opinion that this dream had to materialize.

So Herbert Marshall, carrying out his character of a stage lover, and Edna Best, England's sweetheart, got their divorces and were married.

THE Marshalls undoubtedly were as happy as the public. Wherever one went, the other was to be found. They were England's best loved stage couple, and their popularity in New York, during engagements there, soon gave them an international fame.

I recall how the sob sisters carried on over the story that Edna Best gave up a Hollywood career to be near her husband. That was part of the legend that surrounded them.

And when Marshall was induced to come to Hollywood as Marlene Dietrich's leading man in "Blonde Venus," his wife came too. A story book romance in real life. Nothing could part these lovers.

But who knows what went on in those two lives of Herbert Marshall? For years the character of a man of glamour, demanded by the women who buy tickets to shows, has perforce submerged that other self. Many of us suspect that the role grew very wearisome at times.

Much as we would like to believe that Miss Best deserted Hollywood and threw up her Metro contract because she couldn't endure separation, that is only part of the true story. She was cast with John Gilbert in "West of Broadway," and to one accustomed to the smooth and gentle technique of the English theater, John Gilbert's pyrotechnical displays must have been a trial. Jack is the whole box of fireworks set off at once.

Then, a year later, while Edna and Herbert Marshall were appearing in "There's Always Juliet," a frothy bit that depended for its charm on the charming people who played in it, Josef Von Sternberg happened along. On the prowl for a leading man for his protege, Marlene Dietrich, he saw those long lines of women waiting for tickets, and decided that he had found the man.

His contract was bought up, Gilbert Miller was handed a check for his expected profits from the play's remaining run, and Marshall came west to play in "Blonde Venus." It wasn't long before every prominent star in Hollywood was demanding that swell fellow for a leading man. Norma Shearer, behind whose throne sits Irving Thalberg, demanded him for "Rip Tide." Constance Bennett, who rules with a whim of iron, took him for "The Green Hat." And the highest accolade of all fell on his shoulders with a lead opposite Garbo in "The Painted Veil."

What did women do to this gentleman from Mayfair?

Look at him in character as the romantic lover, as he enters the Cocoanut Grove not long ago with Gloria Swanson, Maurice Chevalier, Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg. Tall, with a rather boyish smile, suave, with that slight limp adding a touch of character, he is most certainly fascinating. In all that glamorous group, it is Herbert Marshall who is the center of attraction. He is more charming, if that overworked word may be permitted, off the screen than on. Men stir uneasily, feeling it. They look at their wives and sweethearts with sidelong glances. But they like the man. You can't help it.

And yet you don't get next to him, as the American phrase goes. Interviewers sitting opposite this romancer, come away baffled. He's there, and yet he isn't there. Sometimes he seems abstracted; it may be at such moments he is that other Herbert Marshall, leaving nothing but a stuffed shirt behind to engage in polite palaver while he goes off and engages himself with more interesting affairs.

SOMETIMES you may catch a glimpse of this other Herbert Marshall.

I remember him on the way to an interview. In a comfortable lounging robe, at ease with himself and the world, he is summoned to step into character and present to the public that figure which women have created.

"I suppose I must be told again how poised I am, what a perfect gentleman, what charm of manner," he sighed. "Doubtless I shall be asked about this 'romantic' limp. Ah, well . . ."

And with a faint grin at himself he lifts his head and goes. He has the faculty of recognizing the illusionary Marshall.

"In a few years nobody will want him," he said. "Inevitably, the time will come when pictures will bid Herbert Marshall an indifferent adieu. That is why I return each year to the stage to do a play, at an apparent sacrifice in salary. Naturally the stage cannot pay Hollywood wages. My motive isn't sentimental, either. When I am through in pictures, I want people to say, when I appear in a stage play, 'Here's our old friend,' rather than: 'Who's this chap—some movie has-been?' You see, it's just good business."

That is the level-headed, wise businessman speaking, the other Herbert Marshall, who hates to be identified as that stage lover with such words as "lovable," "sweet," and "charming."

Perhaps there is the real explanation for the manner in which Marshall and Edna Best have drifted apart. It would be futile, in an estimate of the man, to ignore a fact of general knowledge.

The stage lover she married is, after all, an illusion, a figure fashioned by women in a world of Make Believe. A very natural thing occurred to disrupt that romantic illusion.

In September of 1933, Edna Best gave birth to a baby daughter. They named her Sarah Lynn, and the parents were delighted with the little newcomer.

Yet those who know them well say that the arrival of a child began to change matters. Their dissatisfaction dates from then.

This adored stage couple went against the pattern of perpetual lovers in an endless romance when the baby came. Somehow, the role of father doesn't fit the character of the glamorous romancer women have made of Herbert Marshall, no more than it fits Colman.

He has known many beautiful women of the stage and screen in his career, has held in his arms the glamorous ones of this country and others, in his role as a lover. If any of them have touched him deeply, it has only been for the moment, for it is only the shadow that embraces them. Currently he is seen in the company of Gloria Swanson, the woman of many loves.

Marshall has said that women take love more seriously than men. That is psychologically and physiologically true. That is the nature of things as they are.

In Herbert Marshall's lives, the man who makes love is not the real man. The real one looks on, head cocked on one side in curiosity, rather intrigued by the play, but as a spectator. That, I think, is what women have done to Herbert Marshall.

ARE YOU GOING TO ANY PARTIES THIS FALL?

Silly question. Of course you are. We all are. We all want the latest and most up-to-the-minute clothes to wear at those parties. That's why we've combed Hollywood for the most fascinating fashion pictures we could find. That's why we're presenting the beautiful style pages posed exclusively for MOVIE MIRROR by

DOLORES DEL RIO
in the December issue

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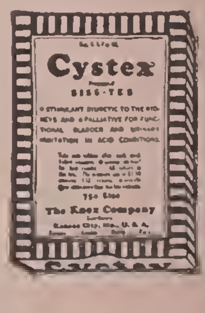
Dr. T. J. Rastelli

English Doctor Praises Cystex

Doctors and druggists everywhere approve of the prescription Cystex because of its splendid ingredients and quick action. For instance, Dr. T. J. Rastelli, Doctor of Medicine, Bachelor of Science, and Surgeon of London, England, recently wrote: "Without hesitation I am happy to pronounce Cystex one of the finest remedies I have ever met with in my long years of medical practice. Your formula is one which any fair-minded physician will at once recommend for its definite benefits in aiding the treatment of many common Kidney and Bladder disorders. When Kidneys fail to function thoroughly and acids are permitted to accumulate, there obviously follows an irritated condition. The patient complains of scalding pain, backache, headache, indigestion, poor sleep, no appetite, nervousness, and an all-tired-out feeling. Cystex counteracts the excess acidity, relieving the uncomfortable sensations within a very short time and flushes out the Kidneys and Bladder. For men and women, Cystex is of importance in helping to regulate these important functions, and particularly since it is safe and harmless, I am delighted to lend my name to indorse so meritorious a prescription."—Signed, T. J. Rastelli, M. D.



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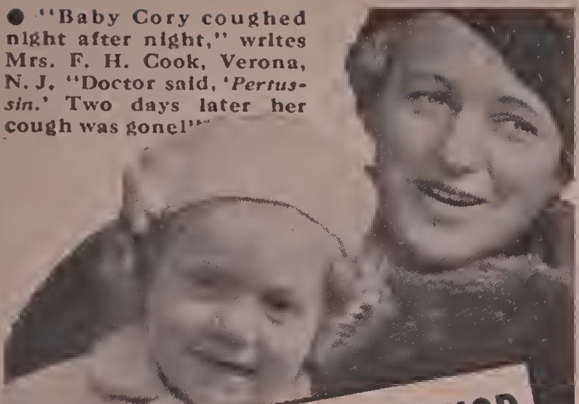

● "Baby Cory coughed night after night," writes Mrs. F. H. Cook, Verona, N. J. "Doctor said, '*Pertussin.*' Two days later her cough was gone!"

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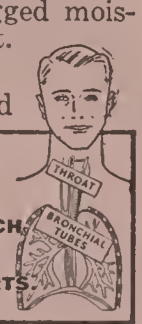
Pertussin is safe for old and young. Contains no narcotics. Will not upset the stomach. Keep a bottle at hand—always!



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Why Harold Lloyd Has Never "Gone Hollywood"

(*Continued from page* 45)

genuine charm and pleasing personality.

Little did Harold think at that time that all of this would be invaluable. But it was. In "Movie Crazy" he did a complete magician's sequence, one of the funniest sections of the picture. Only it was on a more impressive scale what with rabbits, mice and pigeons to hide away.

Then in his new picture, "The Cat's-Paw," he also delves into legerdemain (we use a big word because the magic has turned spectacular). To tell what it is would be to give away a production secret which as one producer would say "ain't ethical."

So ethics send us on to the next hobby, for magic wouldn't be magic if we all knew how to do it. One afternoon Mildred came home with a backgammon set, little knowing that she was starting the new hobby. When she saw the enthusiasm with which he took to the game, she refused to be taught. She had learned her lesson; besides six hours at a stretch with one game is a long sit. Harold became one of the town's champions at this game. He even found a double board on which four people could play at one time. But it was so complicated that he had difficulty in finding three other players who could remember who played what. He suffered a temporary setback when he went to the hospital for an appendix operation during this period. The loss of backgammon time worried him more than the incision. But a friend brought sunshine into the sick room. He found a small set with magnetized men which couldn't slide off the colored spears. So the game continued through rubs and dressings and by the time that Harold left the hospital, even the nurses were placing side bets. This game still holds forth when Harold is far enough away from his paint brushes.

SO far the hobbies have been inanimate. There was, of course, the great hobby of his home. It is the show place of Hollywood, a garden estate of more than twenty acres set on what was once the barren side of a hill. Harold planned the entire thing from the house building to the final sparkling fountain. It was like the palace of a king but Harold proceeded—and still proceeds—to live in it as simply as though it were a bungalow.

Now we get to the livestock. Harold called Mildred one morning, telling her that he had bought a dog. Mildred spent hours dreaming of the cuddly stranger that was about to brighten their home. She was about to order a cushioned basket to hold the little mite when the door opened and in walked Harold with the biggest Great Dane in the country, a dog that stood thirty-six inches at the shoulder. As Mildred had never entertained a pony in the drawing room, she didn't quite know what to do. So she stood and waited for the giant to make the first move. He wagged his tail, grinned a doggy smile and they became fast friends. But as the days went on, Great Pal Prince, as he was formally known, seemed lonesome so Harold looked around for a suitable wife for his pal. He found an Eastern girl, Zampa von Wilhelmstrand by name and the family was complete. Zampa was a picture bride, having been chosen by photograph. But it almost required a duplex to handle both families. The bedroom was somewhat crowded, Prince and Zampa sleeping on the polar bear rug while Mildred felt guilty retaining the bed.

Prince and Harold became inseparable. In fact he grew so fond of Prince that he decided on another dog. So he bought one in New York. Ilo was a German dog, a little prejudiced against strangers but devoted to Harold. He has a way with dogs. Harold stayed a day in Chicago for his toy shopping on their way to California. He stopped at an hotel and feeling that Ilo needed a rest, took off his muzzle and left him in the baggage room of the hotel for a few hours of quiet before resuming the trip. Then Harold went on his toy spree. When he came back to the hotel, the manager was waiting. Francine Larrimore had threatened to move out if the big dog weren't removed. She claimed that Ilo was trying to chew up her Pekingese. And no one wanted to get close enough to find out. No one but Harold. He went down to the baggage room and found them buddies, this David and Goliath combination. But Harold was leaving for home that night anyway.

There is just room for so many dogs in one house. For from then on the dogs multiplied. And they came without benefit of birth control. Prince and Zampa had fourteen puppies. Francis X. Bushman was leaving Hollywood so he sold Harold another five, the puppies grew up and had puppies, and lo, there were seventy dogs. So with the exception of Prince and Zampa the dogs were housed in kennels on the Westwood ranch. Harold took enormous pride in his dogs. He would go to the dog shows, as nervous as a father at a baby show, holding his breath while the judging went on, even though his animals always brought home the ribbons. But the depression hit this country and Harold thought he was being extravagant. So he placed some of the giants on sale. He also gave away a few to his close friends. But it was a tug to part with his pets. Harold would stand for a half hour before he would decide to give the word to let the dog go. For it almost took the pleasure away from the kennels. And along with this, bad luck hit his pals. Ilo was poisoned at a dog show, Prince and Zampa died and Harold was heartbroken. He hasn't shown great interest in his kennels since.

BUT as they say in the movies, the retrospect faction is killed and we are back, face to face with the Hoot Nanny. Like the ingenue who said that she must have a lot more money in the bank, just look at the checks left in her book; by such deduction Harold is a cinch to be a great painter. For he has bought all the paints on the market. He has the entire line of three national water color companies with the stock of a French house thrown in, just in case. Color fascinates him, merely mixing shades and putting them on paper. He will sit for five or six oblivious hours doing nothing but making swatches of harmoniously blended color.

Birthdays and Christmas are easy on the family for the first time in years. Mildred haunts the art stores, buying anything that is a near relation to painting. Harold's quarters in their home looked like a painter's store house on Harold's birthday—easels, brushes by the dozen, reams of paper, books on color and hundreds of bottles and pans. Up till the birthday deluge he had been painting in his dressing room but he found that the light was better in his bath room. So in amongst the tile went the easel with the now deserted dressing room left as the base of supplies. Harold's bath room, which is the size of an ordinary dining room, is now the most populous room in the house. When Harold is painting, the three children sit in awed silence on the edge of the bath tub, Harold, Jr., being the most entranced. But he wants Harold to change colors every two minutes. Otherwise things turn dull. Mildred has had her easel moved in, too, just to make it more impossible to shave. But there is still the swimming pool.

AFTER coloring countless Hoot Nanny discs, enough to cover Kate Smith, Harold decided on a drastic step. He would paint a landscape. He chose an English village scene and went into seclusion. He accepted no engagements and painted every night until two or three in the morning. The house was hushed and company banished—the master was creating. And strangely, the picture turned out to be surprisingly good, so good that Mildred had it framed and it hangs in his studio bungalow. But Harold wouldn't sign it. If someone says it is a good picture Harold beams as he tells them that he painted it. But if they say nothing—he says nothing. Sound logic.

By way of relaxation after this great work, he next painted a couple of bananas. Just bananas—no dish, no table, no nothing. That was his let-down, something prosaic. But the fattening fruit turned out a success. Some of his critics like them better than the landscape. Harold argues that point. Two bananas *can't* be better than a whole English village.

He is now working on a head of Joan Crawford and is in deep trouble. He can't get the flesh tints right. The Joan of Harold's creation suffers from liver spots at the moment but in time her skin will clear up. For Harold has that stick-to-it-iveness that goes with all great men and the Crawford trouble isn't a matter of diet but pigment. And you can be sure that her complexion will be right before he finishes.

Harold Lloyd has discovered one of the finest secrets of happiness. Simple things make him happy. He has the love of his children, the love of his wife, his many long-known friends.

Harold could never go high hat or Hollywood. He hasn't that kind of a head. His is a good head—not a fat one.

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You can learn at home in spare time. Course endorsed by physicians. Thousands of graduates. Est. 35 years. One graduate has charge of 10-bed hospital. Another saved $400 while learning. Equipment included. Men and women 18 to 60. High school not required. Easy tuition payments. Write us now.

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Hollywood Cheat

(*Continued from page* 59)

her. That was one thing in her favor, she thought. Marnie could dance. She was supposed to be the best dancer in Webb City. She knew all the latest steps. Never let it be said that Webb City, or any other little city, is five minutes behind the clock when it comes to dancing. They might even be five minutes ahead.

A sip of your cocktail, a nibble at your caviar, a shred of that boneless squab, and then the music was throbbing again and some other handsome chap was saying, "Could I—please?"

Marnie lost track of their names after the first seven. Three or four times she asked Francesca who it was she had just danced with, and was horrified to find that she—Marnie Mason—had danced with one of her favorite actors and hadn't known it. They looked so different on the screen. Here they were more of a pattern. Tail coats and gleaming shirt bosoms, shining hair and all smiling. They weren't acting now. They were at play. And before the evening was over, she discovered that they played as furiously as they worked. And no one ever thought of going home. They broke up into groups and went elsewhere.

THE evening was well advanced when Al Holtzwasser came down from the velvet-padded steps from the entrance. He went at once to the Grayson table, danced with his hostess, then, as many others were doing now, went from table to table, having a sip of champagne here, chatting a moment there. Marnie was dancing with Raoul Whitfield, the famous writer, when Holtzwasser spied her. He stood watching her until the end of the dance.

Then he started toward her, but before he reached her, Dudley somebody whirled her away again.

At the end of that dance, she saw Al Holtzwasser at the edge of the floor beside their table. She said, as they stopped, in answer to a question from the partner, "Oh, I hardly think my people would want me to be—an extra girl—isn't that what everyone has to be at the start?"

"Not everybody," Holtzwasser said as he stepped toward her chair.

"Oh, you listened!" she accused him. "Well, anyway it's true. It would probably break my father's heart—or at least he'd disown me. He hasn't a great deal of sympathy for 'motion pictures—' " she gave an imitation of a stern father.

"That is because he hasn't seen his beautiful daughter in them," Holtzwasser said promptly. "My dear child, may I tell you how lovely you are? I thought at Diana's the other day that you were, but how much more tonight . . . will you dance?"

Marnie's heart was thudding madly. They circled the floor before he spoke again. Then he asked casually: "You're enjoying Hollywood?"

"Oh, very much. Francesca has so many friends and they're all so good. They're planning so many parties—I think we're going to two tomorrow."

"Miss Kimberly's tea, I imagine, and of course Joel Warren's in the evening, since he's in your party tonight."

"I believe that's right," Marnie smiled. "You know," she went on as in a burst of confidence, "after all, Hollywood's just like it is at home. You all know the same people and know about all the parties, and play in the same crowd—"

"But you have so many playgrounds," he reproved her. "You're in New York a month or two in the winter and then Florida or Bermuda or the Riviera. In the summer you head for the country—"

"Now, now, Mr. Holtzwasser, you forget. I'm from Webb City, Missouri. I don't know a thing about all those places you're talking about."

He looked down at her with a confidential lift of the eyebrows.

"You would do well on the screen, little Miss Webb City. You're an excellent actress. What woman isn't? But you aren't fooling me any. Remember, I know Francesca pretty well. She never was in Webb City in her life. I discovered Francesca. I made her a star."

"Yes, and isn't it a pity—I think she ought to be one now," Marnie said, without the slightest idea that there might be a meaning to her words that she did not intend. "I think if I were in her place I'd feel pretty bitter against the talkies. But she's very sweet about it."

"Francesca has too much sense to be bitter," Al Holtzwasser told her, wondering if his words would be carried back. He hardly thought so, however. Too much water had run under the bridge. Francesca hadn't ever been the kind to hold a grudge. She wouldn't be talking at this late date. And this lovely child hadn't meant anything except what she said.

"You needn't try to throw me off the track," he reverted to his former topic. "I said she never met you in Webb City. Come now, where was it?"

The music had stopped. Marnie looked up wide-eyed into Holtzwasser's eyes.

"You're too clever for me. I'm sticking to my story, but I'll say this much: no, it wasn't in Webb City." Laughing, she went to her chair. He followed her, leaned over her and spoke across Joel Warren's head to Francesca.

"I WAS going to ask a favor. Next Thursday's the premiere of Barbara Grayson's new picture, *Mademoiselle*, as you know. I wondered if you and Miss Mason—" he gave amused emphasis to the name—"wouldn't go with us? It's a party of twelve. Dinner and the opening."

"That's very nice of you, Al," Francesca said evenly. "I've had that date for some time. I'm going with Hobby Vernon's party. But you could have Marnie in your party if you like. I was going to speak to Hobby tomorrow."

"Well, since you can't both join us, I'll be glad to get one of you. Next Thursday, then Miss Mason. And could I have another dance very soon?"

"I'm sorry, but that would be more than you deserve," Francesca smiled, rising. "We were just about to leave."

"So early?"

Francesca said, with meaning, "I'm afraid it wasn't early enough." Holtzwasser followed her gaze, and so did Marnie. Holtzwasser's face was expressionless. Marnie was puzzled for a moment. All she saw was a very pretty girl in a scarlet taffeta frock that clung to her body from throat to knees in liquid lovely lines, and then billowed out in great clouds of tulle to the tips of tiny scarlet slippers. She was sitting straight across the dance floor staring at their table, astonishment written large across her countenance. Leland Ives had just reached his chair, coming back from a distant table, when he saw her.

"If you'll excuse me," he said to Marnie and Francesca. "I'll just go and speak to Laurel."

SO that was Laurel. Marnie watched her lovely sullen mouth curve in welcome as Ives bent over her hand and she said something that made both Ives and her escort, a round, bald-headed man, laugh.

"That's Coburn, the director, with her," Francesca told Marnie.

"She wouldn't feel that I—" she began.

"Not Laurel. She's entirely too sure of him. But she was astonished. It's something entirely new, seeing him with any female. Here he comes back."

Many of the tables were deserted now. In twos and in groups the guests were departing. "Barbara wants us to come on down to the beach club," Ives said. "Three or four cars heading that way. What do you say?" "I vote for a cup of Brown Derby's coffee and then call it a night," Joel said. "We can stop at the Wilshire Derby on the way."

They departed, after a goodnight to their host and hostess, with waving hands and thrown kisses following them out of the room. Down at the carriage entrance again the caller megaphoned for "Mr. Ives' car" and when it came opened the door with a flourish. Francesca climbed in, and Ives turned to Marnie. She was standing on the stone curbing a few feet away. Her right arm was upraised, thumb pointed up the driveway, gesturing energetically.

"Going as far as Beverly Hills?" she demanded impishly. Joel and Ives laughed as she got in beside Francesca.

"I'd give you a lift in any direction," Joel assured her. "Anybody would." This time Marnie laughed.

"That's a nice thought to hold," she said.

In the Wilshire Derby they ordered coffee. Then they decided they were hungry. As the waitress was leaving she stood aside to let a party pass down the aisle. Marnie looked up to give her order and met the astonished gaze of Daisy Cantrall, in the group just coming in.

"Why, hello," Marnie said easily.

"Oh—hello." Daisy fled after her party.

Ives looked surprised, Francesca grinned, but Joel didn't seem to notice. Francesca said, "Who's your little friend, Marnie?"

"The girl I—looked up the day I got in," Marnie said honestly. She had told Francesca about Daisy a day or so before, but Francesca had dismissed it as unimportant. "You'll probably never see her again—unless you try to. You don't run into extra girls much."

Well, Daisy hadn't stopped to talk. But presently the waitress delivered a little folded paper. "Miss Mason?" she said, and Marnie took it. "Please come back to the ladies' room," it read. It was signed "Daisy."

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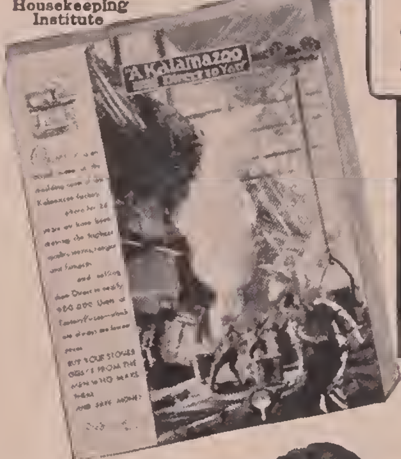

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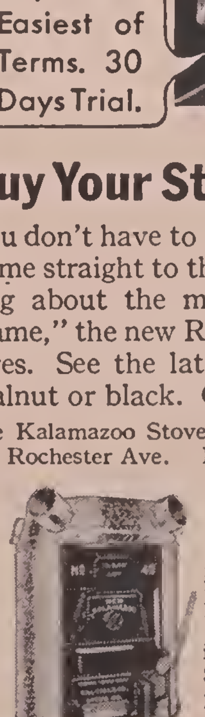
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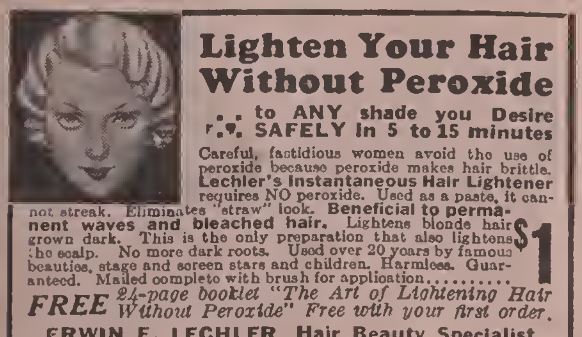
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to speak to me. I'll be back soon."

Daisy was hurrying toward the rest room as Marnie went toward the rear of the restaurant, and she held the door for Marnie. Then she carefully closed it. "Well, Marnie, you look quite swell," she said. "That's a very good-looking dress. I was certainly surprised to see you. You hadn't let me know where you were. I was very sorry, Marnie, that I had to rush so the day you dropped in."

"Oh, that's all right. I understand."

"Did you find your suitcase? Or your trunk come, or something?"

"No," Marnie said. "I got this here, at Bess's Shop."

"Bess's?" Daisy was startled. "Why Marnie—the prices—why—"

"I know. They scared me to death, too, but then she has such lovely things."

"But I thought you'd lost your money—too—"

Marnie suddenly felt wicked. "Oh, I went in debt for it."

"Marnie Mason!" Daisy gasped. "How—how could you?"

"I don't know," Marnie said defiantly. "But you said yourself a girl had to look her best to get anywhere."

"Oh, then you've got a job—already?"

"Not for sure. But this next week I think I'm going to sign a contract."

SHE could see that Daisy didn't believe that one. A contract—and one week in Hollywood? Hardly.

"Well, I've heard of such things, but not—I mean not on just your talent, Marnie. I hope you're not—I mean—you must remember a girl has to be very careful of her reputation. If it gets around that—well, a producer or anyone like that is personally interested in her—"

"Well, I must admit that a producer seems interested in me," said Marnie innocently. "Almost everyone at the party tonight noticed it. We've just come from the Graysons' dinner dance at the Coconut Grove," she said.

"Why, Marnie Mason, you didn't tell me you knew—people—like—I mean that you knew anyone in Hollywood," Daisy finished lamely.

"Well, we didn't have much time to talk," Marnie reminded her.

"Well, I ought to skip now, Daisy. I'm with Francesca Randolph and she's pretty tired."

"I didn't notice her," Daisy said. "But the young chap opposite you looks a lot like Joel Warren."

"That's who he is." Marnie powdered her nose, using the lovely little new vanity case, and slipped it back into her silvery bag. In the mirror she could see Daisy's face. It was a study.

"I can't understand," Daisy said. "How on earth you ever met—Joel Warren, or the Graysons—or Miss Randolph—"

"It's kind of a secret," Marnie said. "But as I told somebody else tonight, it wasn't in Webb City."

"Oh, that reminds me," Daisy hurried on. "I wanted to ask a favor. It's just this: if you just wouldn't mention, in Hollywood, that I—that I ever lived in Webb City. You see, when I came here I sort of said Kansas City—Jean Harlow came from there, too, you know. And now that I'm getting better known, I just haven't said—you know how it is."

"Oh, I won't tell a soul. We'll make a bargain. I won't tell anyone you used to live there. But then you won't be able to tell anyone you knew me, either, because I'm bragging that I'm from there."

"Well, I guess we better go, I'm with an assistant director and he wants to order." Daisy seemed dazed, as if she wanted to say something else and couldn't think what. She managed: "Well, I'll always be glad to have you come and see me, Marnie, when you can."

"Thank you, Daisy," Marnie said as they parted. "I'd say the same if I knew where I was going to live."

"Your sandwich is cold and I drank your coffee," Francesca said.

"If I know what I mean," Joel said. "That little blonde wanted you to speak a good word for her. She was a stand-in on our lot for a while, and they got so tired of being asked to speak a good word for her that they all spoke at once. But is wasn't the word she wanted."

"Oh no," Marnie assured him. "It was a small favor—she asked me to keep a secret."

"And you will, of course," said Ives.

"I'm delighted to."

"If you don't take me home," Francesca complained, "I won't be at Claudine's tea tomorrow. Maybe I won't anyway."

"You'll be at my garden party tomorrow night," said Joel. "I'm not going to the tea myself."

"Neither am I," said Ives.

"Then I have to," Francesca said. "I wouldn't want Marnie to miss it." This she maintained against Marnie's argument that she didn't care. "I won't be this sleepy tomorrow."

Nor was she. She wasn't even sleepy when she got home. She came and sat in the yellow-and-white bedroom and demanded every tiny detail of Al Holtzwasser's conversation. When Marnie came to what she had said about Francesca and the talkies, that shocked her:

"Marnie, you didn't!"

"Why, of course I did. And I do think it's a darn shame. You're so beautiful—and your voice sounds to me like the loveliest music, and—

"IT wasn't just the talkies that did for me," Francesca said slowly. "But it wasn't anybody's fault. Some of us just aren't meant to—stay at the top. Maybe it wouldn't be good for us if we did. Some stay longer than others—and who can say why? Some who do pay too great a price for it. Honey, remember this, mountain climbers never stay there when they get there. It was just the fun of climbing that they were after. Then they want a higher mountain to try."

"Do you mean—you didn't—want to stay a star?" Marnie puzzled.

"Not exactly. But I knew I'd made it, and a lot of others were coming up and I didn't care enough to fight. I wonder, sometimes, why I didn't. Maybe the climbing took the heart out of me, and maybe—maybe I wanted to try another mountain. And then was just too tired to hunt for one. Maybe you'll know what I mean, when you get up."

"You think I will?" Marnie asked eagerly. "You all really think I have a chance, don't you?"

"You'll have the chance, all right, but

I'm not sure I hope you go over. Sometimes I do. But you're so young and—alive. You're awfully tired—and old—when you've seen all there is to see. And, down on the level it's mighty comfortable walking. And looking over your shoulder at where you used to be, the scenery is lovely to look at." Smiling cryptically, she kissed Marnie goodnight—or good morning, and went across to her own room.

Sleepily Marnie wondered about it. There was sadness in Francesca's smile, and yet there was something that said she had a secret no one else knew, a delightful little precious something that was all her own, with no sadness in it. Marnie wondered if she would ever have a lovely little secret all her own; or if fame and fortune should come to her, would there be another mountain she still wanted to climb? Mistily, Brandy Phelps and his fierce little scowl came between her eyelids and her thoughts. She was smiling as she drifted into sleep.

THE tea at Claudine Kimberley's rambling Spanish castle high on a crag above Benedict Canyon, was more like a convention, but many of the people she had met last night greeted her gaily. Without the dancing, however, it was less fun. Most of the talk was of retakes and scripts, studio gossip, all of it over her head. Marnie gleaned that everyone who wasn't an actor was a writer or a director. There didn't seem to be any laboratory men there. She wondered how Brandy Phelps would fit in such a group. She wished Brandy were there.

Claudine Kimberly was a grande dame, a Hollywood pioneer, and a stage actress many years before pictures were invented. Her wit was sharp, her humor was deep and her laugh was infectious. She patted Marnie on the head as she might have patted a puppy. "Heard about you. When you go back to your family, tell your father you were at my house. He used to know me," she smiled. "As who didn't—I said it first!" she laughed. She was everywhere, a perfect hostess.

Crowds came and went until Marnie thought all of Hollywood and Los Angeles must have driven up the mountain in a steady stream. But Al Holtzwasser did not appear, while they were there. She drew a deep breath when they escaped. But Joel Warren's lawn party was different. Here was none of the public splendor of last night, none of the hectic chatter of the afternoon. There weren't more than thirty people there. Voices were lower pitched. There was no glitter. There was no rushing about.

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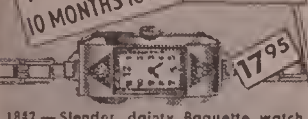

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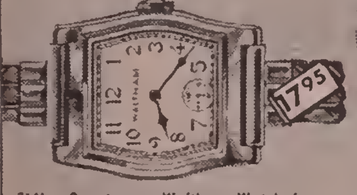

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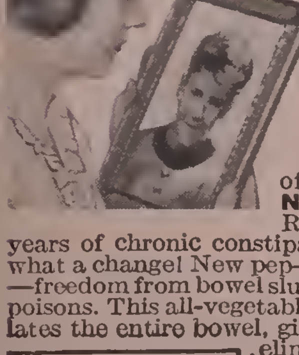

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in the dining room was spread with every imaginable picnic delicacy. Another table on the terrace supplied punch, iced coffee, thin wines. This, thought Marnie, was a perfect party. Voices from the door would call "Barbara, where are you?" and "Anybody seen Francesca?" Marnie sat on the steps talking with a handsome young blonde boy. She didn't know his name. Nobody was pointed out here. These were Joel Warren's friends, this was his home, that was enough.

The blonde boy was talking about Honolulu. Marnie just listened. Then Al Holtzwasser came out.

"Oh, here you are." He sat down beside them. "You needn't move." But the blonde boy did. He drifted away. Holtzwasser said:

"I missed you at the tea. I was late. And I can't stay now. I have to see some rushes. But I wanted to see you. I wondered if you wouldn't like to drive over to the studio with me. It might be interesting to you. I spoke to Francesca."

"Does she want to?" This was important—this moment.

"Rushes are an old story to her. But she said you'd probably like to."

"It's such a lovely party—" Marnie hesitated.

"Joel's parties always are. But they are never late ones."

"All right." Marnie stood up. The creamy lace of her frock swirled around her as she ran up the steps. She found Francesca curled up on a divan, listening to the music. She said: "Of course! But first see Duke. He's in the library."

MARNIE hadn't seen Duke since that first night at Francesca's. He greeted her with a crooked grin. "Hear you're making hay. Atta girl. Don't look eager but act as if it might be a lark. I did a nice piece of work today. Arranged for Al to hear that Francesca was going to get you a screen test tomorrow. That ought to burn him. I'll be at Francesca's when you get back. Watch your step, baby. Don't forget to deny that you're a Rensallaer."

Marnie took her little velvet jacket from the maid and fled. Holtzwasser was waiting in the hall. He handed her into the limousine, said "Studio" to the driver and got in beside her.

"I feel tonight is going to be lucky for me," he said. "And perhaps it may be for you. They're shooting some retakes. Have you ever watched them at work?"

"I've never been inside a studio," Marnie said truthfully.

"That's almost always the first thing a visitor wants to see. Especially when they know so many in the industry."

"Oh, naturally I wanted to see one before I went back. But there have been so many parties—it's been so much fun. I've loved meeting everyone. They're such grand folks. They don't act a bit like—I was an outsider."

"Wouldn't it be more fun," he said deliberately, "if you were really—one of them? You know, I've been thinking about you. Hollywood is full of beautiful girls, who'll do anything at all to get their chance. But who are they? Movie struck, small town high school girls; mediocre actresses from the legitimate who would never get any more than bit parts in the theatre; notorious characters who think

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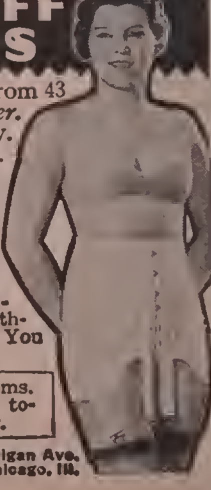

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they can sell their unsavory newspaper publicity to pictures. I'm against that sort of thing. Pictures are too great an influence to be cheapened. My idea is that breeding and blood should count equally as much as beauty. Talent—any intelligent person can be taught to act. Why not put in that time on those who will bring true culture to the screen? That's my idea."

"It sounds reasonable."

"Look at Miss Arden," he went on. "Now, no finer, more cultured family exists than hers. She was educated abroad. She was a real member of the Junior League. She knows the swell places in real life, so when she's in a picture where she's supposed to be at a reception in Newport, she acts like she was at a reception in Newport, not as if she was a movie extra walking on a set after a director has told her she was attending a reception in Newport.

"Well, now I have a picture coming up with a part in it for a runaway daughter of a swell family who pretends she isn't who she is. It struck me that you could play that part and give it reality."

"Why me, Mr. Holtzwasser?" Marnie asked, wide-eyed.

"Want me to tell you?"

"Of course."

"First—because when I met you at Diana's, I thought: here is a beauty I'd like to know. Second—because when I saw you at the Coconut Grove, I thought: she has something more than beauty; she has poise and presence. Third—when I danced with you I knew you were a woman, with feeling, fire, all the possibilities of showing emotion, yet restrained. Fourth—because you are who you are."

"And who am I, Mr. Holtzwasser?" Marnie asked, faintly.

"SOME people think I'm stupid," he replied. "Look!" He reached up and turned on the dome light in the car. He was offering her a clipping. Marnie took it and read it. After a moment she said:

"But you're wrong, honestly. That has nothing to do with me."

The clipping stated that "Margaret van-Cortland-Rensellaer was spending the summer" on a dude ranch.

"Isn't that you?" he demanded.

"No," said Marnie firmly.

"I looked your family up in the Register. Margaret came out last year. Aren't you nineteen? Have you brothers or sisters?"

"Two of each," Marnie said. It was the truth. He laughed aloud.

"I've looked up your family. Two sub-deb daughters. You might be Gracia or Corinthia. Which are you?"

"I'm Marnie Mason," she said firmly. "I'll never admit I'm anyone else."

"All right, Marnie Mason." The car rolled through the studio gateway and stopped in the paved avenue. He got out and helped her to alight. Then taking her arm he led the way to one of the great stage buildings, which was brightly lighted.

"They're shooting in there," he said. "We can't go in while the light's on. That's because of sound," he explained. Presently the light went out, and Holtzwasser turned the knob.

It was a hospital ward set. Girls in nurses' uniforms, men as internes, stood

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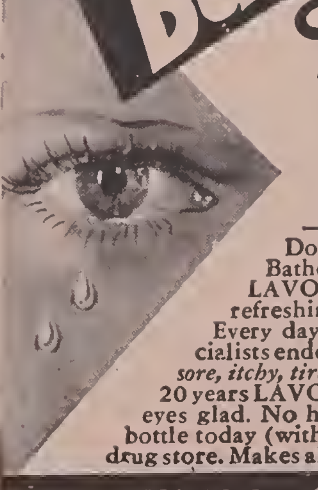

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around chatting. The director was talking to the star. Two long rows of beds lined opposite walls, most of them occupied by patients. Some of these were fixing their make-up to simulate pallor.

"Now let's see another set," Holtzwasser suggested. He took her to a drawing room set which was lighted, but no one was working on it. A camera man, an electrician, a makeup man were sitting quietly, smoking. They got up quickly as the general manager came in.

"O. K.," said the camera man. He looked searchingly at Marnie. "So this is the little lady, eh?"

"This is Miss Marnie Mason," Holtzwasser said. And to Marnie: "This is Mr. Crowell. Mr. Graves will be here in a moment. He's due at ten-thirty. I thought it might be nice to make a little test of you, just in case—"

"In case of what?" Marnie asked.

"In case I can persuade you to stay."

THE next half hour was the most exciting one Marnie Mason had ever lived through. She was made up by Leon; she was made to walk, stand, sit, recline on a divan, laugh, cry, wring her hands, wave at a parting guest, beat her breast in anguish. She was Marnie Mason denying that she was anyone else. She was a heart-broken wife pleading with her husband to forget their quarrel. She was an injured child, begging her mother to believe her. She went through the tiny scenes with fluttering pulse. Her chance! Oh, she *had* to make good. And she had to keep these people from knowing how desperately she was trying.

"Well, that's over," Holtzwasser said, when her makeup was off. "When you see the result, perhaps you'll really want to stay and carve out a career."

"I'm—afraid I wouldn't be allowed." But Marnie didn't mean what Holtzwasser thought she meant.

"Your father is a business man, he has an honorable reputation, hasn't he?"

"He certainly has," said Marnie promptly. It was true. There wasn't a more honorable man in Webb City than Papa.

"He wouldn't want his daughter to break a contract, I feel sure," Holtzwasser said craftily. A contract! Marnie's heart stopped. "And think of how proud he will be when he sees 'Gracia van Cortland-Rensallaer' in electric lights."

"If I did this at all, Mr. Holtzwasser," said Marnie, using the look Duke had called "blank," "I wouldn't use that name. Never in the world."

"Oh, well," he said indulgently, but his disappointment was clear, "we can think up a better name than Marnie Mason. That wouldn't do. But whatever name you use, your identity would be known. You can't keep a thing like that a secret."

"No," said Marnie slowly. "Not very long." And she smiled.

No, you couldn't keep your identity a secret very long. She prayed that it would be long enough to get that contract—if her test came out all right. Tomorrow would tell the story. She wondered whether she could live until then.

What will the screen test say of Marnie Mason? Where will the swift currents of deception sweep her next? This unusual story of the real Hollywood reaches its dramatic conclusion in the December MOVIE MIRROR.

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Movie Mirror's Homemaking Page

(*Continued from page 66*)

Make up your mind whether you want the view brought into the room or sternly kept out of it. Either may be achieved by the right use of curtains. You can go to the extreme and use no curtains at all, as I once advocated in doing a sun-room for Colleen Moore's estate; or to the other extreme of completely shrouding the glass with translucent white glazed chintz or glass curtains draped in heavy folds.

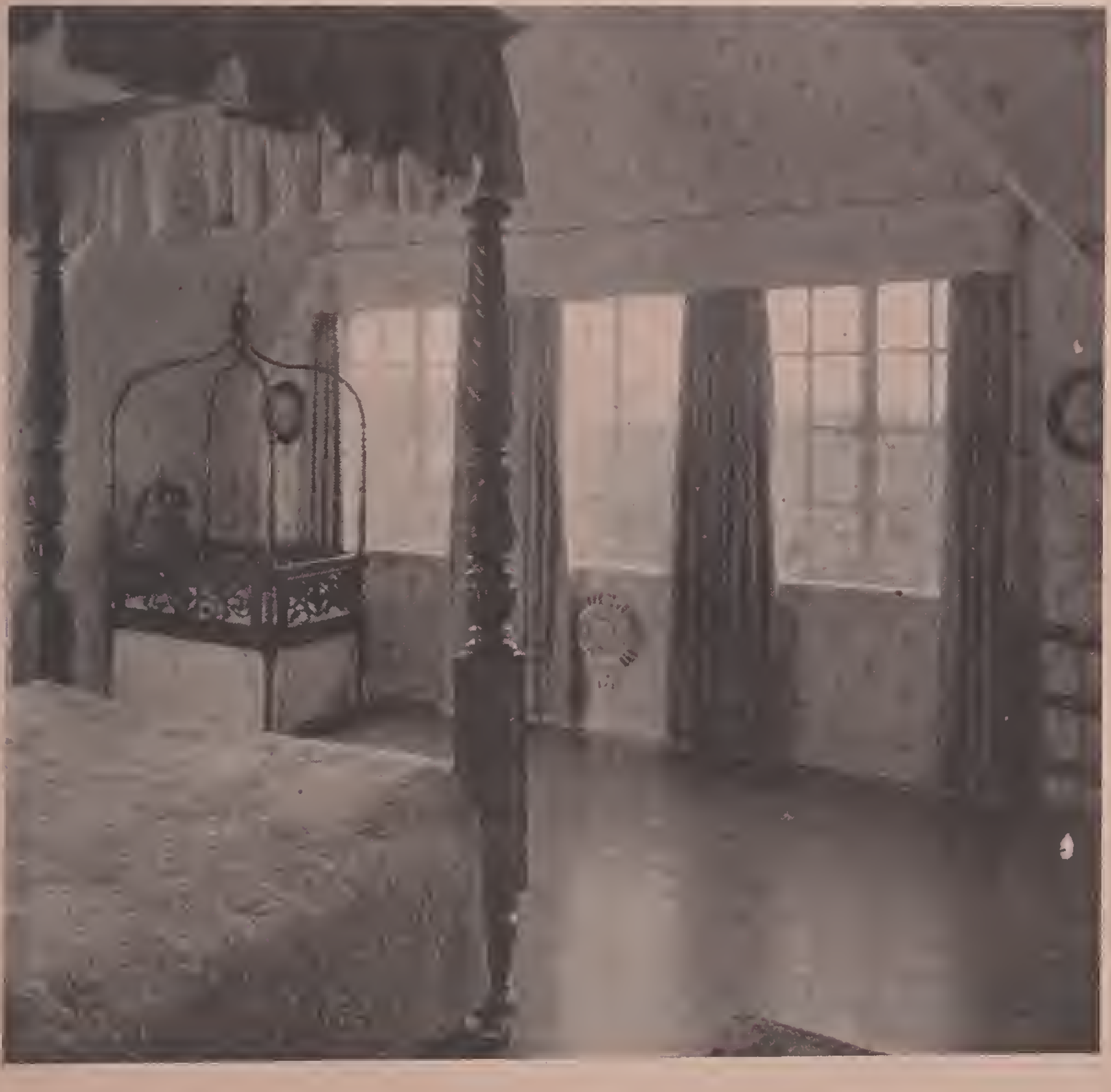
With your view either welcomed or spurned, take under advisement the shape and sizes of your windows. Do you want them larger or smaller, higher or lower?

Look at the photograph of the window in Richard Arlen's living room. The architect had put a very long window in a room which was also long. My problem was to make the window seem both higher and smaller and yet in keeping with the room, the keynote of which was daintiness and informality. I achieved this by using Venetian blinds strung on dark, vertical ribbons, which cut the space into four divisions and gave an illusion of height. At the sides of each window frame, I hung dark, flowered chintz. Then to eliminate the somewhat severe look the chintz and blinds produced in combination, I added a valance of dotted swiss across the top of the windows, and put under-curtains of the same swiss behind the chintz hangings, so that only the little swiss ruffles showed. It all produced an inexpensive but, to me, very delightful effect.

A quite different problem rose in doing a window in one of the bedrooms of Neil Hamilton's residence. It was a gay little room with a single window in it, but as it faced an elevation on which there were no trees or other protection from the sunlight, the problem was not to emphasize the window, but, in an actor's language, to "throw it away." The room I had done in gay colors, in fact in a scheme of red, blue, and white, with the latter predominating. The walls were papered with an amusing antique paper in those colors and I didn't want the window to break up the effect produced. Therefore on the window, I used merely the simplest of white glass curtaining and a roller shade of white, stripped-satin transparent chintz. The tie-backs were of red moire and a small red ball-fringe finished the bottom of the shade. The result was effective but restful. Any use of a patterned material in that room would have been obtrusive and fussy.

STICK to simplicity but do not be afraid of using unusual fabrics. Another effect I secured was by using the same quilted material both for a valance above plain hangings and for a bedspread. Nothing could have been simpler but people liked it because they had never seen it done before.

It may cost you a little more to have your curtains custom-made by a good decorator, but the chances are that you will save this money through their more lasting qualities and their resistance to sun and dirt, to say nothing of their greater effectiveness. Consult a good decorator on what kinds and grades of materials to use; whether or not you need lined materials; whether to use valance boards, or



Mr. Grieve gave an unusual treatment to the windows of this room, with the quilted bedspread matching the long quilted valance above otherwise plain window drapes.

I was Starving for Romance

until a "scrap of paper" led me to loveliness

I used to be considered plain and dull and couldn't seem to make friends or attract men at all. I was so lonely that many a night I cried myself to sleep. How strange to think that a chance visit to the 10¢ store led me to loveliness and changed my lonely tears to smiles.

I accepted from the girl at the cosmetic counter a sample card sprayed from the giant atomizer of Blue Waltz Perfume. What exquisite fragrance! It made me think of music... moonlight... romance. Quickly I bought this perfume and the other Blue Waltz Cosmetics, too.

Next day I made up carefully with Blue Waltz Lipstick and Blue Waltz Face Powder. I finished with a touch of Blue Waltz Perfume. I left home with a fast beating heart... Would others notice how unusually nice I looked? Would they think my new perfume alluring? I soon learned the answer. Men who used to pass me with a cold nod looked at me twice and stopped to chat. Girls were friendlier, too. Soon I actually began to be asked for dates. What a thrill to be told I'm glamorous... even though I know it's really Blue Waltz Perfume that turns men's thoughts to romance.

Girls, go to the cosmetic counter of your 5 and 10¢ store... get a free sample card sprayed from the Blue Waltz Giant Atomizer... you'll love its enchanting fragrance. Buy Blue Waltz Perfume and all the marvelous Blue Waltz Cosmetics...certified to be pure and only 10¢ each.

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poles; whether to have them tacked into immobile lines or arranged on traverse cords.

Certain fundamentals you can easily master. Draperies brought away from the center of the window will increase its size. The reverse will decrease it. Valances need not be hung flush with the top of the window frame. Hang them higher or lower, depending upon what effect you are trying to produce.

Cost need not worry you. Charming curtains can be made from material that retails for half a dollar a yard, and atrocities can be produced from fabrics worth their weight in gold.

Study your windows as spaces, as block outlines, and see how you can emphasize that space most effectively. The colors are another story which I'll tell you another month. Meanwhile, if I can help you, will you write me in care of MOVIE MIRROR, 6715 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, California?

Hidden Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 4)

them because they blow their hair about," Randy explained. "They can't afford to be seen not at their best."

I wondered if that wasn't the answer to almost every Hollywood question. The town is thick with beautiful girls without men to take them places. Yet the men are without girls, too. The girls are lonely and the men are lonely. It is ambition that comes between them. It is ambition that keeps them separated.

R. W.

LAST MINUTE NEWS

Warner Brothers has just signed a contract with Joseph Cawthorne.

★

Dick Powell has flown East for a six weeks' personal appearance tour. When he returns his new home at Toluca Lake will be ready for him.

★

Franchot Tone is feeling very blue on account of two of his little Scotty puppies fell in his fish pond and drowned.

★

Bob Montgomery while on his way to Lake Arrowhead on location rescued two people from probable death when their car went over an embankment.

★

When Director William Howard started on his new picture "Evelyn Prentiss" he received a huge tribute in the shape of a horseshoe with a card saying, "A tribute from Gregory La Cava." When inspected it was found to contain quantities of cabbages, onions, etc.

★

Evelyn Laye, the English actress, has arrived in Hollywood to go into a picture opposite Ramon Novarro.

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The manufacturer wants 500 men and women at once to help him introduce this strange chemical sponge. He has a special No-Risk Trial Offer for the first person in each locality who writes him. Send in your name today—also ask for full particulars on how you can get the Agency and without experience or risk have a BIG STEADY INCOME. *Address:*
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Unloved

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THE AKRON LAMP CO.
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How Ralph Morgan Saved Otto Kruger's Life

(*Continued from page 39*)

his leading lady in a play called "The Five Million." He had introduced Otto and Sue. And it made him glad when his best friend, and a girl whose fine qualities he admired, loved each other and married.

For many months Otto didn't know what had transpired in those ten days when Death had tempted him almost across that invisible threshold. When he was told of it he could only look at Ralph Morgan and turn away for fear his tears of gratitude for such friendship would betray. There are no words in which a man might phrase his thanks for such devotion!

Not once in all the years have these two exchanged a word about those desperate days. But it is no wonder that to Otto Kruger Ralph Morgan is a monument to all the virtues.

Their friendship has never been one which needed the definitions, the props of words. There were months when the Krugers and the Morgans never saw each other. They never wrote letters—but when their paths crossed again, there was that same ineffable contentment that at last they were together again!

Their ambitions frequently crossed, too. Often Otto was considered for a rôle in a Broadway production which eventually would fall to Ralph Morgan's lot. And sometimes Otto won a spot which Ralph wanted. But there was never a vestige, a breath of jealousy between the two men—alike enough to interpret similar characters—to play the same types.

In Hollywood that spiritual contact between Ralph and Otto has the additional comfort of almost daily association. The two men play golf together when their studio work permits it. Or the two families spend the evening together.

It's a rare afternoon when Daisy Morgan and Sue Kruger aren't together. The friendship between the husbands has fortunately extended to their wives. Their holidays are spent together—fishing, motoring, or possibly a trip to a near-Hollywood resort. There are discussions, differences of opinion among these four—but never anger, never misunderstanding.

Thursdays and Sundays they all dine together. Thursdays—the servants' day out—in some hotel or restaurant. Sundays—either at the Krugers or at the Morgans.

If it happens to be at the Morgans, then Ottilie, the Krugers' seven-year-old daughter, goes placidly to sleep in her own special Morgan bed. As a matter of fact, she is frequently confused which is her *real* home. And she seems to have two sets of parents.

For Claudia, the Morgans' daughter, the Krugers hold an affection as great in intensity as they hold for their own daughter. When she was recently married, it was "Uncle Otto" who played the wedding march; it was Sue and Daisy together who helped select her trousseau.

RALPH MORGAN has as yet not achieved the place in Hollywood to which his great talent, his vast experience on Broadway, entitle him. And it is Otto Kruger who rants at Fate—who derides the perception of producers who fail to recognize amazing and comprehending ability. Not that Ralph Morgan hasn't had significant rôles—but—

"Not great enough," explains Kruger seriously. "I know the man and the artist. I know what he has done—and what he can do.

"He's the only man in the world," says Otto Kruger, "for whom I'd give up anything and everything. And in whose success I can rejoice more completely, more gladly, than in my own.

"I can say in all sincerity that whatever virtues I may possess are virtues developed because Ralph Morgan has been my inspiration—and my friend."

John Gilbert just told Victor MacLaglen why "The Captain Hates the Sea." Or perhaps they are only overjoyed at the prospect of finally disembarking after those long weeks aboard the "S.S. Ruth Alexander" on location.

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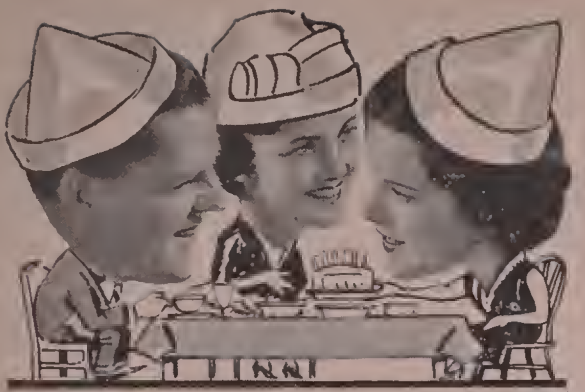

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Frances Lonsdale also has thick, wavy hair now, although at one time it was believed her hair roots were dead. She used Kotalko.

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What It Costs George Raft to Say "No!"

(*Continued from page 13*)

papers. It was a regular epidemic. Another "palsy" who had found the Raft largess a source of comfort for years, split fifty-fifty with a writer on a magazine article headlining some startling, albeit false, details from George's past.

At this point, just in case you're muttering "sap," let me explain why George couldn't and wouldn't call a moratorium on friendship. As you probably know he gathered his code of ethics from the tough side of New York, where a pal sticks by a pal through everything including his pocketbook. The guy down there who welches on a friend, goes down for life as a no-good lug.

Of course, there are a few staunch Raft followers who have stuck to him right through the financial drought. One of these loyal friends told me that George felt the first twinges of enlightenment last Christmas.

He had spent weeks figuring out what to give to whom, and more than two hundred gifts were personally selected, wrapped and delivered. Forty of the boys and girls at the studio received suede coats made to their individual measure, while the pals outside the studio were sent traveling bags, golf clubs, radios and checks. The day before Christmas the apartment was a riot of stickers, ribbons and tissue paper, but George had the time of his life in the confusion.

PROBABLY that is why he was so quiet when, on Christmas morning, he found just two packages under the tree for him. A cigarette box from Mack Grey, his best friend, and a remembrance from his mother.

The pals even forgot to send cards!

And while George was still managing to keep his personal accounts down to a slim $100 a week, he asked me one day to think up a likely gift for a young lady's birthday. He had forgotten the event until the last moment and he was in a panic. I suggested fox neckpieces, jeweled clips, wrist watches, initialed cigarette cases, fitted traveling cases and enameled compacts, but George shook his head.

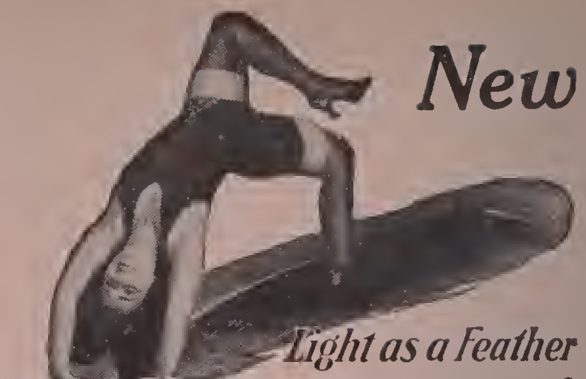
"I've given her all those things. Can't you think of something else."

"Yes," I answered rather enviously, I suppose, "Why don't you find out if Buckingham Palace is for sale?"

But, strangely enough, I think something good is coming out of this debacle for George. He is slowly gathering up some radically new values of life, the sort that will protect him forever from the hisses of the mob.

When I was leaving the hanging garden, he said, "I stay home a lot now. I like it here with a few friends. It's a nice place to entertain. Don't like the night places much any more. It's funny too, I don't even miss New York so badly either."

He will never welch on a pal, as long as he lives, but I think George has learned at least how to say "No!", how to separate the chaff from the wheat.



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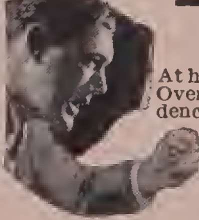

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Let the Wedding Bells Ring Out

(*Continued from page 49*)

a jealous wife. She would have to be the kind of girl who would not get excited over any love scenes that I was called upon to do or get to imagining things if I were seen out with other girls."

Rather a large order for a girl, I thought. Especially with so attractive a man as Nick Foran for a husband.

When I asked Nick if he thought he could make marriage a success in Hollywood he answered with the confidence of youth.

"Certainly! Mine would be the one that would stand out as a shining example! I am a constant guy!"

Joe Morrison, the youthful newcomer from the New York stage who created a sensation in his first picture, "The Old-Fashioned Way," frankly admits that he would like to get married. Staunchly he stuck to that despite the fact that his manager, quite upset by Joe's announcement, in no uncertain terms told him that marriage would hurt his box office value.

"I disagree with you," Joe told him. (Evidently I had started something.) "If I married, perhaps some of the girls wouldn't come to see me, but others would. Married ones, I mean. And if later I had children, fathers and mothers would come to see me. I would get a new audience. All of my old fans wouldn't desert me just because I got married."

The manager made a hopeless gesture. "You are too young, Joe. You shouldn't think of marriage for at least five years. You should build up your box office."

"If I fell in love and had to choose between the girl and the box office, I would take the girl," smiled Joe.

"TO tell the truth I am scared pink of marriage," said Henry Wilcoxon. That statement was not forthcoming until almost at the end of the two hours we had sat at luncheon in the Paramount café. Before then Mr. Wilcoxon had evaded the subject. He talked about women in Hollywood. Women in his native land, England. Women in the time of Cleopatra. Having just finished playing the rôle of Marc Antony—the lover of one of the most glamorous women of all times—this Englishman had, he confessed, a few new ideas about marriage and women.

"My conception of a happy marriage state is impossible," he said quite definitely. "Not that I wouldn't like to marry if I could be certain of happiness. But the man is in such a difficult position any time, anywhere. Through publicity, marriage in Hollywood would be even more difficult.

"If a man were to marry a good and clever woman his career would be benefited by it."

I asked if he would marry an actress, one who wanted to keep her career.

"It should be a woman's career to create a home," he answered. "I would prefer that my wife did not have a career, although I am not saying that I would not marry an actress if I fell in love."

I had followed Frank Melton, the lad with the slow, Alabama drawl from the Fox studio in Hollywood to "Fox Hills," only to find that he was working on a "closed set." A "closed set" means that intricate "shots" are being made which bar all visitors. However, in view of the fact that I had made the trip out there, I was allowed to pass through the forbidden portals where I found Frank playing in a barroom scene of "Judge Priest."

"Sure, I would like to get married," he drawled. "And I would prefer to have the girl in pictures. We would have more in common. I'd rather talk acting than anything else. Acting is my business. If both of us were in the profession we would be interested in each other's achievements. I think that would be swell."

"Wouldn't you be afraid that jealousy might creep in, as so often happens in Hollywood? Would you mind seeing your wife being made love to by some other man or she in turn seeing another girl loving you?"

Frank hesitated a moment before answering. "I might be a little jealous," he answered. "But I would conceal it. I wouldn't want to detract from her acting by making her conscious of my feelings. And I would see to it that she had no reason to be jealous of me."

OUT of nine young men, all had admitted that they wanted to marry. Quite a different reaction from that of the actresses to whom I had talked. This in face of the fact that to a man his career is vastly more important as far as his livelihood is concerned, while a girl, if she marries, is not financially dependent upon her career.

At First National, Phil Regan, the singing Irishman of radio fame, who has come to Hollywood to carve a career for himself, feels that it will take all of his time and energy to make good in pictures.

"I plan on marriage later," he says. It is no secret that there is a girl back in New York. "I have gone around enough and am old enough to know what is real and what isn't. Right now with a new career before me I feel I must devote all of my time to it."

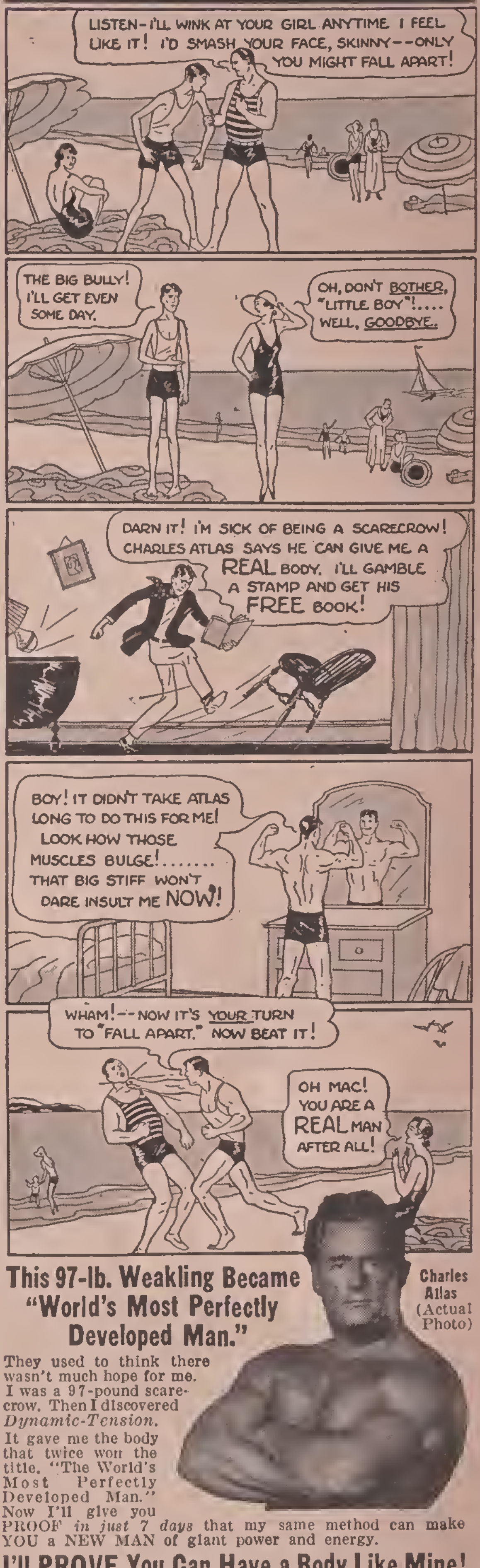
After talking to twenty-five of Hollywood's promising film players chosen from five major studios, it looks as though we might have one of the answers to the reasons of so many divorces here.

The girls, with fame and fortune luring them on, are continually fleeing from the male who threatens their independence.

Only three of the fourteen girls interviewed confessed a willingness to become a bride, while ten of the eleven young men expressed a wish to marry. Only five of the men were against having their wives go on with a career.

When men want to marry they find mates whether they live in Hollywood or Iceland. It makes no difference how the fair sex may try to fight them off. Such has been the case since the days of the cave dwellers. Men are the pursuers. They love the chase. The fact that in Hollywood, the actresses are not looking for matrimony may be the reason why film romances are more hectic than the average. But I believe this: As long as Hollywood men want to marry, wedding bells will continue to ring in the film capital.

THE INSULT THAT MADE A MAN OUT OF "MAC"


LISTEN-I'LL WINK AT YOUR GIRL ANYTIME I FEEL LIKE IT! I'D SMASH YOUR FACE, SKINNY--ONLY YOU MIGHT FALL APART!
THE BIG BULLY! I'LL GET EVEN SOME DAY.
OH, DON'T BOTHER, "LITTLE BOY"!.... WELL, GOODBYE.
DARN IT! I'M SICK OF BEING A SCARECROW! CHARLES ATLAS SAYS HE CAN GIVE ME A REAL BODY. I'LL GAMBLE A STAMP AND GET HIS FREE BOOK!
BOY! IT DIDN'T TAKE ATLAS LONG TO DO THIS FOR ME! LOOK HOW THOSE MUSCLES BULGE!....... THAT BIG STIFF WON'T DARE INSULT ME NOW!
WHAM!--NOW IT'S YOUR TURN TO "FALL APART." NOW BEAT IT!
OH MAC! YOU ARE A REAL MAN AFTER ALL!

Charles Atlas (Actual Photo)

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They used to think there wasn't much hope for me. I was a 97-pound scarecrow. Then I discovered *Dynamic-Tension*. It gave me the body that twice won the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man." Now I'll give you PROOF *in just 7 days* that my same method can make YOU a NEW MAN of giant power and energy.

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DEMONS OF DESIRE!

COULD A MAN ELOPE WITH THE WOMAN WHOSE HUSBAND WAS HIS BEST FRIEND?

"FOR weeks I fought down the desire to tell Ruth that I loved her—to catch her in my arms and cover her lips with kisses—to hide my face in the soft masses of her beautiful hair—to avow my love. For weeks I fought the demons of desire—the tormenting wish to feel the pressure of her lips against mine, for the embrace of those white, shapely arms. I fought—and for the time—I won.

"Finally one afternoon I got up from my desk determined to see Ruth once more before her husband returned. I did not know what I would say or do. All I knew was my determination to see her.

"The maid let me in and told me Ruth was in the library. I took a step toward her and all the pent-up emotions that raged within me burst their bounds!

November
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TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION
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MACFADDEN PUBLICATION
MY OWN LOVE TRAP
REVEALS
ROMANCE

"A long time later I became aware that Ruth was crying, her face buried in the folds of my coat. 'I love you, too, Garry. I've loved you for months and months,' she was saying. Then her voice trailed off into silence as she remembered Basil."

* * * * *

THIS, in Garry Trevor's own words, describes the situation that confronted him and Ruth and Basil Valentine, her husband. Both men were madly and sincerely in love with the girl who was married to one of them. Garry had saved Valentine's life in a mine accident. Valentine had given Garry his one great opportunity in business. Valentine was middle-aged. Garry was young and impetuous. Could they calm the fires of jealousy and work out a sane solution of this problem or must one or more of them suffer a soul-searing wound? You will find Garry's account of what actually resulted as Fate took matters out of their hands one of the most stirring true-life stories ever to tug at your heart-strings. It is love. It is life. It is the inscrutable balancing of nature's scales. It is titled "I Wrecked Four Lives."

True Story Magazine paid a cash prize of $1,000.00 for the manuscript "I Wrecked Four Lives." As you read it in the new November issue you will agree that they selected a masterpiece of graphic realism. Begin this powerful story on page 19, the first story in another great issue.

TRUE

NOVEMBER

THE TRUE STORY COURT OF HUMAN RELATIONS

"Perhaps I should have rung before I came in but as this happens to be my own house I hardly thought it necessary. Will neither of you say anything?"

MORE ABOUT AMERICA'S GREATEST MENACE

SPOILERS OF WOMEN

EVEN if you thrilled to the opening episodes in this amazing account of a new type of danger that is threatening American womanhood, you will find this month's revelations even more exciting. If you missed the opening chapters they are pungently summarized and you can pick right up today without losing a single throb of the story's rhythm. Only from actual life could Spoilers of Women be reported. Only cloaked by the anonymity guaranteed to all TRUE STORY'S authors could a man be persuaded to put it in writing. Turn to page 34, November TRUE STORY, and read about Spoilers of Women today.

ALSO IN NOVEMBER

TRUE STORY

MY OWN LOVE TRAP
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WAS I GUILTY OF MURDER?
TWO KINDS OF LOVE
SPOILERS OF WOMEN
WHAT ELSE COULD A MOTHER DO?
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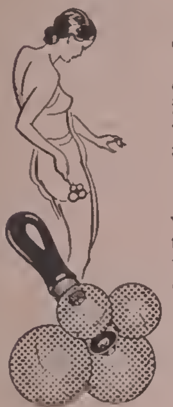

Most people become fat in one or two places—hips, thighs, etc. Exercise, diet, medicine, take fat off all over—in many places where it can't be spared. Hence come wrinkles, sagging chin, crepe neck, and other aging after-effects of "reducing."

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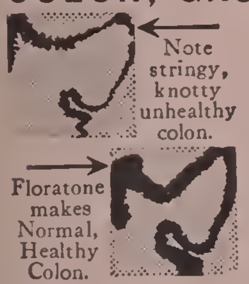
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A Princess Looks at Hollywood

(*Continued from page 7*)

fantastic, off-hand humor of Sam Hoffenstein, the poet and writer.

The scandalmongering that prevails in Hollywood is really a lot of fun if you're not mixed up in it. Everybody tries to get the dirt on everybody else. Please don't remind me that virtuous ladies refrain from gossip. I know that. But I don't know any ladies—virtuous or otherwise—who refrain successfully from Hollywood gossip. The gossip is too good.

Hollywood reacts to scandal exactly as other places do. Not long ago a certain star, notorious for her interest in other women's men, indulged herself in a flagrant case of husband snatching. She got the man, but her Hollywood neighbors became frigidly conservative. No invitations for that couple. They were left exclusively alone. A congregation of Puritans couldn't have isolated them more lonesomely in their sin.

WE hear much about the feuds and rivalries of Hollywood. They would be inevitable to any industry offering great prizes for superior talent. Rarely do we hear about friendships that originate in Hollywood, and survive there through long periods of cinematic warfare.

Hollywood friendships are preserved, I believe, by the extraordinary virtue of Hollywood hospitality. Visiting here is informal. The "Old West" is still a tradition. Parties are fluid; friends and acquaintances amble around, everyone speaks to everyone else, you don't have to wait to be introduced. I wish this feature of Hollywood life would be taken up all over the country.

Words innumerable have been written about the marvelous machinery of filmdom. The giant engines of photography are fearsome enough, to be sure—particularly when you see them lined up in front of some antique historical scene such as Cleopatra in her barge on the Nile. After watching this Hollywood-Egyptian enterprise for a bit, I drove through the old Chinese quarter of Los Angeles, where ancient yellow men squat on their doorsteps as quiet as cats in the shadows. In Olivera Street I find a shrivelled Mexican dame brewing coffee on a miniature stove, such as I have seen used by the Tartar women in villages of old Russia.

Mill workers, factory workers, boys and girls from the offices—for their romance most of them go to the movies.

When I look at Hollywood I try to see the vast hinterland of pent-up emotion that has created it. The yearnings of inarticulate youth from the farms and factories! The secret tears shed by over-worked women for a lost romance that they will never find! The quickening heart of a worn-out man who never ceases to dream of adventure while he toils his life away!

As I said in the beginning, I take Hollywood seriously. I know there are millions of us who live the lives of our hearts' desire only when we identify ourselves with our movie heroines and heroes. We ache for their experience.

This is, indeed, a serious proposition.

"A Woman may Marry whom She Likes!"

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Alice White
Universal Pictures

Are You Up-to-Date on Crashing the Movies?

(*Continued from page* 38)

The code administration hopes to cut the entire list down to only active players."

"How do you handle all those extras?" I asked.

We went into another room for the answer.

Here three switchboards were set up, and facing the telephone-girls was a long table at which sat the casting directors. I watched one girl at the board. As extras phoned in she called out their names to the casting directors, until she would have about a dozen lines open, with a dozen anxious listeners at the other end.

"Give me Jane Doe," orders the casting director.

Her call is transferred to his desk. The girl at the switchboard speaks into the mouthpiece, saying: "No work, no work, no work," as she disconnects the lines. Eleven extras are disappointed. The twelfth is getting instructions from the casting director to go to the studio tomorrow at nine.

"Three thousand calls an hour come through here during the rush period," says Miss Mel. "Mary Roe can reckon her own chances from that!"

There, Mary, you have the picture from the point of breaking into pictures via the extra girl route. That way is pretty well closed up, as you can see.

THE producers are not looking for extras. Therefore, unless you have real screen possibilities, and are convinced you have a chance to prove you are starring material of the future, don't come to Hollywood hoping for an extra's job.

Now let us see what happens if you go at the attack from another angle, and join the line at the studio casting offices. We'll go direct to headquarters for information, and pick out Fred Datig, Casting Director for Paramount.

Mr. Datig is gifted with a patient, agreeable disposition, and an uncanny knack for picking talent.

"Mary would come around during the hour of twelve to one," Mr. Datig explains, "for an interview. I, or my assistant, would question her.

"The one thing we must have in a screen neophyte is personality, as every one knows. We can tell at a glance if she has the physical photographic requirements. Of course, we may look across the desk at a funny looking goof who might make a comedienne, and have to photograph her to see if our guess is right. Or an elderly woman, say, who is applying for some special part, might have to be made up and photographed.

"But imagine the expense of making a film test of all likely applicants! Silent tests cost at least $50.00 to make, although we can group the applicants and make a number of tests at one time. But a voice test in which you would appear with another player, doing some dialog, costs at least $250.00. Some tests, where a more exhaustive test is made, with the player giving bits from five or six plays, cost up to $2500.00.

"So you can understand that the studio cannot afford to make tests unless the applicant has a real chance. Even then, we often sign them up without seeing them on the screen at all. After several months 'in stock,' that is, playing bits, and rehearsing plays, the girl is better prepared to make a test. She has learned how to make an entrance, how to modulate her voice for the microphone, and has more confidence. Then she can be tested for some particular part, probably a small one, but all roles are important in a screen production."

Mary Roe now has had a view of her opportunities from two angles.

She can see that the old method of climbing up from extra ranks has greatly changed, and a new mode of attack has taken its place for the newcomers.

There's a big advantage in this new system, for a girl with talent and personality is now put under contract, with a regular salary, and is given a chance to play at least minor roles.

Under the NRA, the studio finds this method is more economical; certainly it is more efficient. Instead of standing around in a mob as atmosphere or background, the newcomer, once signed up, finds that as a contract player her status has more dignity, and obviously provides more opportunity. Meanwhile, she is getting a remarkable training, and is being paid for something money couldn't buy! She is taught how to act, how to talk, and what to do before the camera, at studio expense in studio schools.

All this means, Mary, that while your chances of getting into pictures are more limited than when you could enlist as an extra girl, once you do get in via the new method of handing out contracts, your opportunities are vastly improved.

NOW let's approach the problem from another angle, and find out how to break into pictures from some girls who have made the grade.

For instance, one day not long ago Mr. Datig interviewed a girl from Fort Worth, Texas, who wanted to find out if she had picture possibilities. He had concluded the interview, when he noticed that another girl was waiting for her in the reception room.

"That's my sister," she explained.

"I want her," Datig said. "She has what we're looking for."

That's how Lillian Moore got into pictures. She's just the person Mary Roe wants to talk to, for when Mary comes to Hollywood, she'll be looking for the same opportunities, and go through the same experiences. Lillian is in a better position to give practical advice to a young hopeful than could be had from an established star, when it comes to breaking into pictures in 1934.

"Well, to begin with," says Miss Moore, who is eighteen, "you're apt to get discouraged and blue if you have to depend on getting work in order to live. If you have enough for a modest living for a year, you have a better chance to break in. You can wait for your opportunity, and put in your time looking for a studio chance instead of worrying about your next meal. That's important.

"When you fill out your questionnaire,

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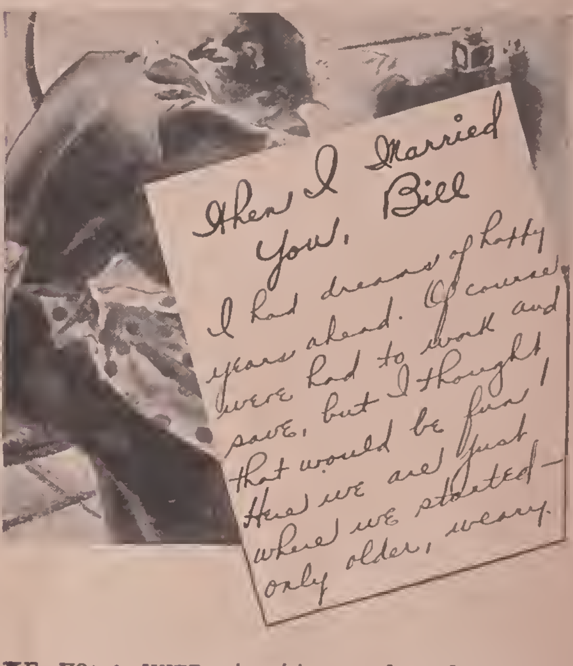

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they'll ask all sorts of questions. I was told to answer 'yes' to all of them. I went first to Fox for an interview, and when they asked if I could sing, I said yes.

"Imagine my embarrassment when they sent for me to make a test of my singing voice for an important role in 'Melody in Spring'! So maybe you hadn't better say you can sing, if you can't.

"I'd take lessons in voice if you can afford it," she advises. "Every bit of training you can get, in voice, dancing, or in the theater, is going to be mighty important when you get your chance in front of the camera."

Patricia Ellis, who is only turning sixteen, had somewhat the same break as Miss Moore. Patricia was playing a "bit"—which means speaking a couple of lines—in a stock company in New York. A studio executive had gone to see another player work, and noticed Patricia. He took her instead of the actress, and in two weeks she was on her way to Hollywood.

"By all means try to get some experience in a stock company," is her advice to Mary Roe. "It will improve your chance of breaking into pictures by a hundred per cent. "I'm not so sold on going to dramatic schools as I am on getting practical experience behind the footlights. It certainly proved invaluable to me."

Helen Mack, another newcomer to pictures, came into prominence this year by winning a leading role in "The Lemon Drop Kid" with Lee Tracy.

"IF you have enough money to last you for a year, you have a better chance," she said, stressing the advice already given Mary Roe. "I was almost ready to give up when Paramount signed me. I had thought my big chance had come when I came out here under contract to Fox. Being an unknown, however, I was lost in the shuffle. My luck last year was atrocious. If I hadn't saved my money, I would have had to give up and go back to New York.

"Your first effort in pictures is apt to be most discouraging, so tell Mary to bring along plenty of courage. You have to learn how to dress, how to make-up, how to hold your positions in front of the camera, and by the time you have put on the wrong color on your face, found out how funny your clothes look, and had them even nail blocks of wood on the floor so you can keep your feet in the right place, you feel like a worm! And you must be ready to put in long hard hours of work.

"I get up about 6:30 and reach the studio by 7:30, where the hairdresser and make-up artist are waiting to try to make me look like something worth photographing. Much as I might wish it, I'm not one of those girls who can come into a room and have everybody turn to give her an admiring look. No studio casting director ever gave me one glance and cried in ecstasy—'Just what I've been looking for!'"

But Helen Mack has a sparkle in her brown eyes, and a way about her that spells personality. It's that elusive element that makes stars. As Mr. Datig said, a girl can be actually homely, by usual picture standards, and still have that certain something that we call personality. And that is what pulls people into the box office by some magical power.

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"This past winter found the little theater movement booming in Los Angeles," he told us. "The explanation is simple. They offer an excellent training and testing ground for pictures, and while waiting for a chance, a girl or boy can enroll in one of these groups and obtain valuable training. Particularly active in this work is Leila Rogers, the mother of Ginger; her playhouse is winning recognition everywhere."

Jeanette MacDonald, pausing between scenes of "The Merry Widow," presented the same view. At the top of the heap, Miss MacDonald's advice coincides exactly with that of Miss Ellis who has just begun to climb to success.

"By all means get stage experience if you can," she said. "Fortunate is the one who lands in a stock company with its great variety of roles called forth by each week's new play. Go to a school and learn to dance gracefully. It gives you poise. Take singing lessons, even though you never intend to sing a note in your picture career; it helps your speaking voice. And never give up! The girl who sticks it out has the best chance to win."

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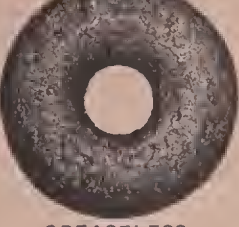

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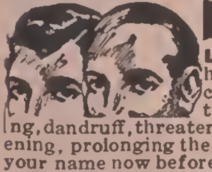

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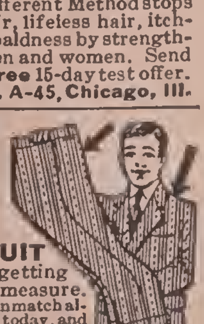

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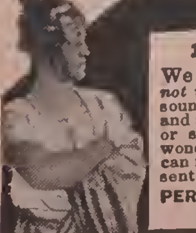

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Exposing Mary Boland

(*Continued from page 33*)

relentless stretchings calculated to make it rival Cyrano's imposing frontispiece, if not to surpass the charm of Jimmy Durante.

"I was horribly intense, tremendously serious," she gravely informed me.

And well she might have been on the day she kissed the good sisters a fond farewell and stepped from a Detroit convent out into the world. For even through her tears she saw herself in the theatre as a tragedy queen. Let other actresses charm audiences, she would scare the daylights out of them.

How to do this with a nose obviously built for comedy purposes was a problem not to be sniffed at by the far from snooty candidate for classical fame. But she was still in her early stock company days when she played Lady Macbeth.

Yet even then comedy winked its capricious eye. As she stole grimly through the sleep-walking scene one night, vainly washing that haunting blood-stain from her murderous hand and muttering, "Out, damned spot!" a helpful soul in the gallery sang out, "What you need, lady, is some soap."

AN impish fate trailed her through the years, overtaking her again in that aristocrat of New York theatres, the Empire, where for six seasons she meant perection to the town's smartest audiences John Drew's leading woman. She was cting the name-part of Somerset Maugam's play, "Smith," that of an earnest rlor-maid who waited, tray in hand, ter bringing in whisky. When Mr. rew had poured his drink, she dutifully inquired, flicking a demure eyelash at the bottle, "Shall I take it away, sir?" Whereupon a bibulous gentleman in the front row frantically pleaded, "Don't take it away, I like to look at it!"

Yet even in circumstances over which she had no control, Mary Boland then remained serious.

"And I'm still very serious today," she assured me.

I must say she didn't look it as, on a Sunday afternoon, she sat in her lovely rose garden, her sun-lit comeliness glowing beneath sky-blue eyes.

Now I saw only too plainly that the years had touched her so lightly as to leave no trace of shadow across her face. Nor in manner was there any of the artifice too often typical of the life of a public figure. Indeed, this particular woman had narrowly escaped the exacting fate of a professional beauty. It was easy to accept everything but her seriousness.

Just a word of explanation concerning her present identification with somewhat eccentric comedy: It began when she went to Atlantic City, as a favor, to take the place for a week of Lynn Fontanne in Booth Tarkington's comedy, "Clarence," as the step-mother of the children played by Glenn Hunter and Helen Hayes.

"And I've been playing comedy ever since," she told me.

Playing it matchlessly, as doubtless you know, and taking it sensibly.

[illegible] this, I asked her what she [illegible]

absurdly funny. She all but knocked me off my chair into the swimming pool with:

"I am very conscious of the stupidity in my own sex."

It took all the breath left in me to bring out an amazed "What!"

"Yes," she placidly repeated, "it is woman's stupidity that interests me and makes me want to worm it out of her."

I glanced fearfully over the sheltering hedge to see if a vengeful neighbor-woman happened to be within earshot.

"You see," explained Miss Boland, sweetly, "I like her for it. I admire her devotion to what is an essential part of her, for being true to herself, even though she makes herself ridiculous. This is her significant charm. With it she gains her greatest attraction, without it she would not be attractive to men."

For the life of me, I couldn't puzzle it out. Even if men did like 'em dumb—and I, for one, have enjoyed blissfully restful hours with that kind—it didn't seem within human possibility that the type could make sense, let alone appeal, to other women.

"Other women," Miss Boland patiently enlightened me, "do not enter into her scheme of life. She is concerned only with men. And men find her fascinating."

"For being ridiculous?" (The matter called for stern words.)

"For being feminine," was the illuminating reply. "A woman ceases to be so if she hasn't some peculiar little quirk."

"Mentally?"

"Possibly," conceded the serene Miss Boland. "There still is too much of the primitive in man to admire, sentimentally, the able, self-reliant woman, for the reason she represents the type of female who never can be flatteringly dependent. Indeed, he resents her. Only the highly superior man can appreciate her, and he's a rare specimen. That's why women are on the hunt for the average man. All are Dianas at heart."

That shot exploded my unmannerly mirth. With amused tolerance, Miss Boland went on to instruct me in ways which are feminine with a thoroughness that left no doubt I was learning more than my Sunday school lesson.

"TAKE the matter of dress," she proposed. "You hear that women dress to please other women. But don't you believe it. If one thinks of the others at all when choosing her clothes, her only thought is to make them envy her. Everything she wears is chosen to attract men."

"But men don't know anything about dresses," I argued.

"That makes no difference," was her blithe rejoinder. "All that a woman's after is the effect she'll make on a man. She knows that the way she gets herself up does something to her spiritually. What the man doesn't know is that the spell she works is wrought by her dressmaker."

So that was it—what we poor devils imagined to be romance, when all the time it was nothing more than a slick job of dressmaking!

"And let me tell you something else," she w[illegible] on, reckless in her appalling honesty, "something that only a woman knows—but no, maybe I'd better not."

"Please go on," I muttered, sunk into bitter resignation.

"All right," she heartily agreed, "but I'll probably be murdered for giving it away. Do you know," she asked, her eyes narrowing with the words, "that a woman dresses for a man *even when she's going to bed?*"

"You mean," I was startled to say, "*before* she gets her man?"

"That's—exactly—what—I—mean," she declared in measured tones that left me limp and gasping. "Of course, she realizes the man can't possibly know or see what she's doing, yet she'll fuss herself up just for his sake. Isn't it strange?"

It was almost unbelievable. Not knowing what to make of this inside stuff, this astounding revelation of the Adamless boudoir, I could only wonder: "What do you suppose is the matter with her?"

"Nothing," blandly murmured Miss Boland, "it's only her feminine nature expressing herself."

SECRETLY considering whether my fair companion might express herself in such clandestine style, I ventured:

"How do you feel about it?"

"Well," she reflected, "I'd like her if I were that sort of woman, but I'm not."

This was said almost regretfully, as though she might be missing something.

"Is the woman you play on the screen that sort?" I was curious to know.

"I shouldn't be surprised," admitted Miss Boland, with innocent credulity.

"And is she a new type?"

"The stage has shown her for ten or twelve years, but the screen has just started to show her."

To show her up, I'd say, just for the fun of the thing. Certainly, she was funny to men. But, to women?

"Women laugh their heads off at her," Miss Boland assured me. "And the funny part of it is that they never think they're at all like her. I've heard them say, 'Isn't she Mrs. Smith to the life?' and, 'If that isn't Mrs. Jones to a dot!' They call her everybody but themselves."

"And would you," I risked, "call her a perfect fool?"

"No one is perfect," she said.

Today, Mary Boland herself comes close to perfection in what she has made of her life. In its Indian Summer, it is her glowing reward. Hollywood has given her what she wanted—a home. Her gypsy days are over. Occasionally, she may return to New York for a fling at the stage. So far as that goes, a play now is being written for her by Moss Hart, who, with George Kaufman, perpetrated that outrageous satire on Hollywood, "Once in a Lifetime." But she'll be back, with the front door-key in her hand. Here she is settled, with comfort in her heart, as a landed proprietor in Beverly Hills, the ministering angel to an aged mother, a tireless worker in the cinema mills, and a woman who is the match of any man in her grasp of world politics.

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